

Acta Victoriana

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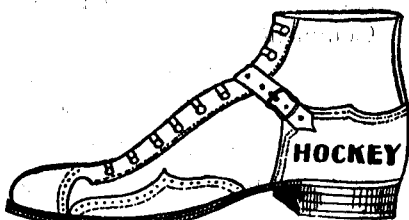
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ACTA VICTORIANA

J. L. STEWART, '01
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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BUSINESS MANAGER.

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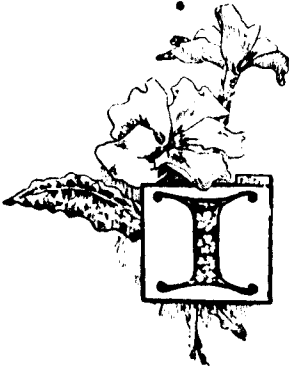
"When I dipt into the future
Far as human eye could see."

Acta Victoriana

Published Monthly during the College Year by the Union Literary Society of Victoria University, Toronto.

VOL. XXIV. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 3.



A Railway Romance.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

T was in one of the comfortable coaches of that comfortable road, the Wabash, and we were all enjoying the ride. The first snowstorm of the season was raging outside. All you could see from the window was the white, swaying branches of the leafless trees, ghostly glimpses of field and hill top, and, at intervals, the almost deserted street of some country town. The wind ran mad races with us, got the start of us, came back to try it over again. Away, away it flew, leaving a hush behind it; back again to strike the windows and shriek and rail at us for being such laggards.

"Isn't it jolly?" said the boy, his eyes dancing, "travelling is fun on a day like this."

"You mean that the cold and dreariness of the outside world makes you appreciate, to the full the luxurious chairs and warm atmosphere of the coach?" I suggested.

"No, I mean it's jolly to be going home for the Christmas dinner, the fun, the skating, the—oh everything! I feel so good I can't sit still. Am going into the next coach and see if any of our friends are on."

He was back again in a little while wearing an amused grin, and brimming over with excitement.

"Come on," he whispered, gathering up all the parcels, "I've gotten a seat just behind them, and we'll have no end of fun."

Before I could remonstrate I was hurried forward, helped across a wind-swept platform, plumped down in a seat near the door.

"There they are," in a stage whisper. "It was too good to keep all

to myself, I had to go and get you. One of the nicest things about you is that you see the humor of a thing always."

What I saw was a grizzled man of perhaps fifty, dressed rather shabbily, and a woman somewhat younger. But what was giving the boy and half the other travellers the greatest amusement was the affectionate way they sat there—hand in hand, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, caring nothing for aught but their two selves.

"Some old maid has captured a husband," the pretty blonde behind me was saying. "She had her head on his shoulder awhile ago. And mark the way she looks at him, will you?"

"The old girl is proud as a peacock of him," commented the boy, and he—did you ever see anything so silly?"

There was little sentiment about the boy; he was at the age when love is only a thing to jest about, and when even a mother's caresses are only allowed and approved of in the privacy of home. And there was, I was forced to own, something laughable in the very public way the mature lovers were showing their regard for each other. There was much looking and smiling among us, and we all laughed at the witticisms of a smart young fellow across the aisle who seemed to know all about everything.

"Who wouldn't rather be an old maid's darling than a young maid's slave?" he wound up with, and just then the train plunged into a snowdrift and came to a standstill.

In the sudden quiet which fell, the grizzled man's husky voice could be plainly heard.

"I've thought of it so often, old girl. Through all the weary days and nights, of all the long years I've thought of it. 'She'll meet me,' I used to tell myself, over and over again, 'she'll meet me and put her two arms around my neck and lay her soft cheek on mine as she used to do.'"

The boy nudged me. "Isn't this rich, eh?"

"Yes," went on the husky voice, "I knew just how your face would look—the sweetest face in the world."

"Homely as a hedge fence," whispered the blonde, and the boy snickered.

The man who was talking, and the little faded woman who was gazing up at him paid no heed. They never even knew we were there.

"Were they kind to you in—in that place?" she asked. "Was the prison life awful?"

The smiling ceased, a sudden gravity fell on each of us. Prison! Ah, this was no comedy we were witnessing.

"No," he answered, "they were not hard on me; but to know that I was shut in, that I couldn't go to you though you lay dying, that was the horror—that, and the homesickness, that used to fairly tear the soul out of me."

"Dear Jim!" She drew down the grizzled head and kissed him. "It's over now, you've come home to me. It has seemed a long time, and I've cried the bloom off my cheeks, dear, and the waiting and longing has left me grey and homely, dear, and—"

"No, no," he interrupted, "never anything but good to look at, old girl. Do you remember how I used to say, in the old days,

'She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to live with?'"

Two big tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, and her lips twitched piteously.

"In the old days—yes, but that was long ago," she said; "not that I'm complaining because my youth and good looks went long ago. I don't care—now that you are back with me I don't care for anything. I told the Lord, if He'd spare us both to meet again and begin life over again, I wouldn't turn wicked or bitter. I told Him it would be all right if both of us died, for I made sure we'd find one another across the river; but that if you were taken and I left I'd make up my mind He had forgotten me altogether and lose all faith."

"And you're sure you never hated me for shaming you so?" he asked, brokenly.

The blue eyes turned to him were faded and misty, but oh the love that shone in them. The boy looked out of the window, the pretty head of the blonde neighbor was bowed.

"Oh Jim," she said, with an earnestness that was pathetic, "it takes a man a long time to know a woman's heart."

Poor little faded woman! the tears blinded me as I looked at her. The boy never looked up.

"I've got a job in Detroit," the man said, after a while. "I'll work hard; I can't get back to where I was before drinking and gambling ruined me, but I'll make a home for you. It won't take long, and then you'll come to me. I couldn't have you leave your brother's comfortable home till I've gotten one ready; but you'll come then, won't you, old girl?"

"No," she said, decisively, "I will not."

"I thought you would," he returned, with the air of one who had gotten a blow; "I thought—I thought that—"

"You thought I was a selfish thing—that's what you thought. Wait till the home is ready indeed! No, thank you. I don't mind work; but of waiting I've had enough, more than enough. I'm going with you"—her two little hands clutched his arm; her voice broke with the gladness in it—"to-day, now, I'm going with you—you!"

"But we're so poor—oh heavens, so poor!" he exclaimed, with a passion which smote sharply on us all, and made some of us pale a little.

"What of it?" she said, and smiled, "what of it? I'd rather starve with you, Jim, than feast without you. And we'll make a home and a living, never fear, Jim. The old days can't come back; but, please God, the new ones, though not so full of hope and happiness, can be fuller of love and patience and trust in each other."

"If I only had courage," he began. "If this fear—"

"Listen, Jim, you have the new year, the fresh beginning—and me." I wish you could have seen her then.

The grizzled head went up, a light shone on the thin, bearded face. He was coming into a fuller knowledge of a woman's soul than he had ever had, and it was making a man of him. I heard something like a strangled sob, as the train started on.

"Old girl!" was all he said, but she looked more than satisfied.

* * * * *

At Detroit the boy shows off at a great rate—helps the man into his overcoat, lifts the woman's parcels from the rack, insists on carrying the worn carpet bag to the door.

"I'm sorry I brought you in here," he says to me in his honest way. "If I had known—"

"I'm glad you did," I answer softly.

The boy whistles a merry air and does various things to prove that these sentimental affairs have little effect on him. But that night as we drive homeward from the station with the stars blinking down upon a white world, and the sleigh bells jingling musically, he breaks a long silence between us by the remark, delivered in the forceful way peculiar to boys:

"By George! the old girl is a brick and no mistake."



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

“Leetle Mouse.”

GET along, “Leetle Mouse!” kick the snow up behin’ you,
 For it’s fine winter road we’re travel to-night,
 Wit’ de moon an’ de star shinin’ up on de sky dere—
 W’y it’s almos’ de sam’ as de broad daylight.

De bell roun’ your body, it’s quick tune dey’re playin’,

But your foot’s kipin’ tam jus’ as steady can be ;

Ah ! you dance youse’f crazy, if only I let you,

• Ma own leetle pony—*petite souris* !

Acta Victoriana.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke you,
 An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill,
 He can drive you alone by de bridge on de reever,
 An' down near de place w'ere dey got de beeg mill ?

An' it's new cariote, too, is come from St. Felix—
 Jo-seph's only buyin' it week before ;
 An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter,
 Ev'ry-boddy was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit sam' he don't care about not'ing,
 Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de line ;
 Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin',
 An' all de young boy he was runnin' behin'.

Wall, sir ! Joe's put on style leetle soon for hees pleasure,
 For w'en de mill w'issle, you jump lak de cat,
 An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get busy ;
 Non ! I never see fine runaway lak dat !

'Way go de pony den, 'way go de cariote,
 Poor Joe say " Good-bye " on de foot of de hill ;
 An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning,
 Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah ! your right nam' jus' den should be " Leetle Devil,"
 An' not " Leetle Mouse," de sam' you have now ;
 Wall ! dat's long ago, an' you're gettin' more quiet,
 Since tam you was never done kickin' de row.

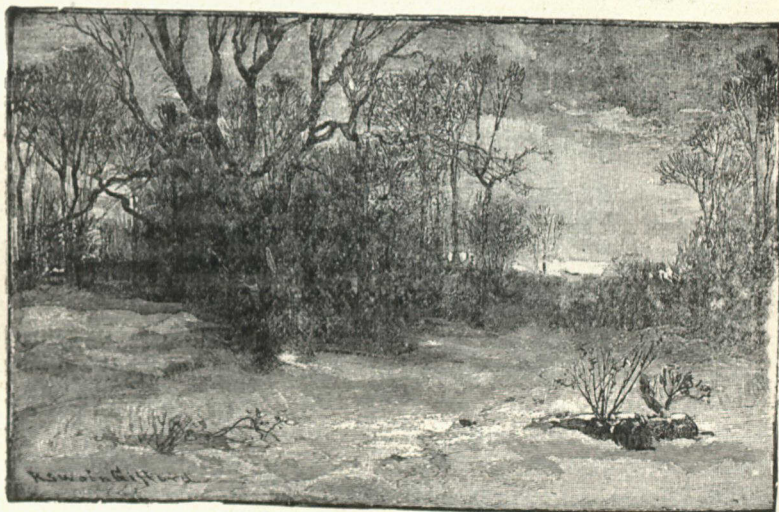
But I'm not very sorry de firse day I see you
 Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get,
 W'en he beat " Sorel Boy " on de ice at T'ree Reeever,
 Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she's come off de Lachapelle stock, too,
 Ole Canayen blood from Berthier below ;
 De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter,
 So it isn't moche wonder you know how to go.

Dat's church bell we're hearin' off dere on de hillside,
 Get along "Leetle Mouse," for we mustn't be late;
 Fin' your way t'roo de res' of dem crowdin' de roadside,
 You'll never get better chance showin' your gait.


Wall! church is all over, an' Josephine's comin'
 For drive wit' us home on her gran' moder's house,
 So tak' your own tam, an' don't be on de hurry,
 Your slowes' gait quick enough now, "Leetle Mouse!"

William Henry Steward



In the Ardennes.

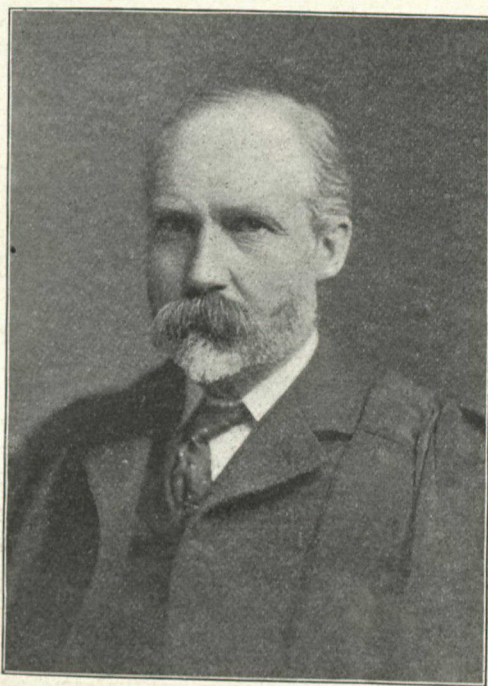
BY A. P. COLEMAN.

HAKESPEARE'S Forest of Arden, with its outlaw's, witty, courteous, and philosophic, living gaily on the deer that bounded through the green shades under the lofty oaks is so seductive that I could not resist the opportunity of visiting the famous forest in real life, when an opportunity was presented, under the guidance of a genial old geologist, Professor Gosselet. As Shakespeare's geography is characterized by a poetic vagueness, it may be as well to mention that the Ardennes are a wooded mountain mass on the Belgian frontier, north-east of the famous cathedral town of Reims. The River Meuse, or, as the Dutch, men name it, the **Maas**, and its tributaries, meander through the forest-cutting deep and picturesque valleys.

A party of thirteen geologists, hailing from seven different countries, under a Frenchman of the Frenchmen, who spoke no language but his own, has in itself the elements of picturesque confusion of tongues. M. Gosselet's refined Parisian French, as he explained the foldings and faultings of the rocks and the beauties of the geology of this old mountain mass, was largely wasted on his polyglot following, who, however, by a mixture of English, French, German and Norwegian, managed to communicate among themselves, and even with the outside world, As we were "personally conducted," and the whole excursion of ten days' duration had been arranged by the French Geological Survey, we were as jolly and irresponsible as even Shakespeare's outlaws, and needed to take no thought for anything.

Of the geology of the region no more need be said than this: that it was, in ancient times a range of lofty mountains, since worn down by ages of frosts and rains to a gentle plain, through which the Meuse wandered sluggishly. Afterwards, in comparatively recent geological times, the region was lifted 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea, and the Meuse and its handmaid streams entrenched their curves hundreds of feet deep in the solid rock. The rocks themselves contain only two things of value—great beds of slate of different colors, including our familiar school slates; and some of the finest marble quarries in the world, producing stone of royal purple, with rich mottlings, and also blocks of funereal black and white.

It is curious to see how man has been moulded by the geology in which he finds himself. The bleak heights are given over to forest, and most of the population are found in the narrow, sheltered valleys, where a strip of good soil winds along beside the river, village following village, with here and there a manufacturing town, doing its business by canal-boat and the bustling railway, which cuts off bends by diving into the mountain.

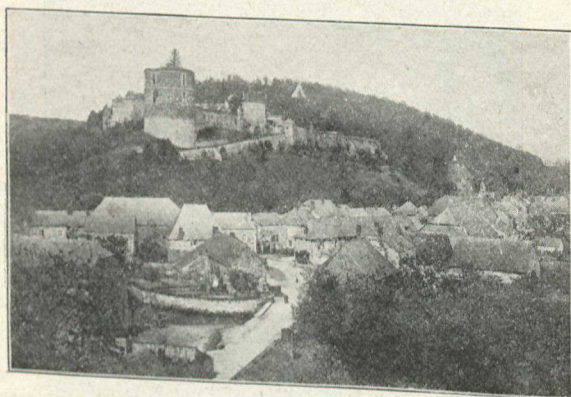


PROFESSOR A. P. COLEMAN.

The houses are built of solid stone, roofed with slate, both taken from the rocky cliffs that wall in the valley. The roofs grow green with mosses, and the gray old houses sink into place as natural parts of the scenery. The quarrymen themselves have something gray, rugged and stony in their aspect, and in some of the towns the quarrying of slate or marble provides the only industry, men, women and children drilling or splitting or trimming the gray slate, in long rows under

slate-roofed sheds, or sawing out and working into shape great blocks of precious marble. In the larger places the sidewalks are often of marble, and if you enter the shabbiest hotel, you find floors, wainscots, tables, mantles all marble—the only luxury, however, to be found in them.

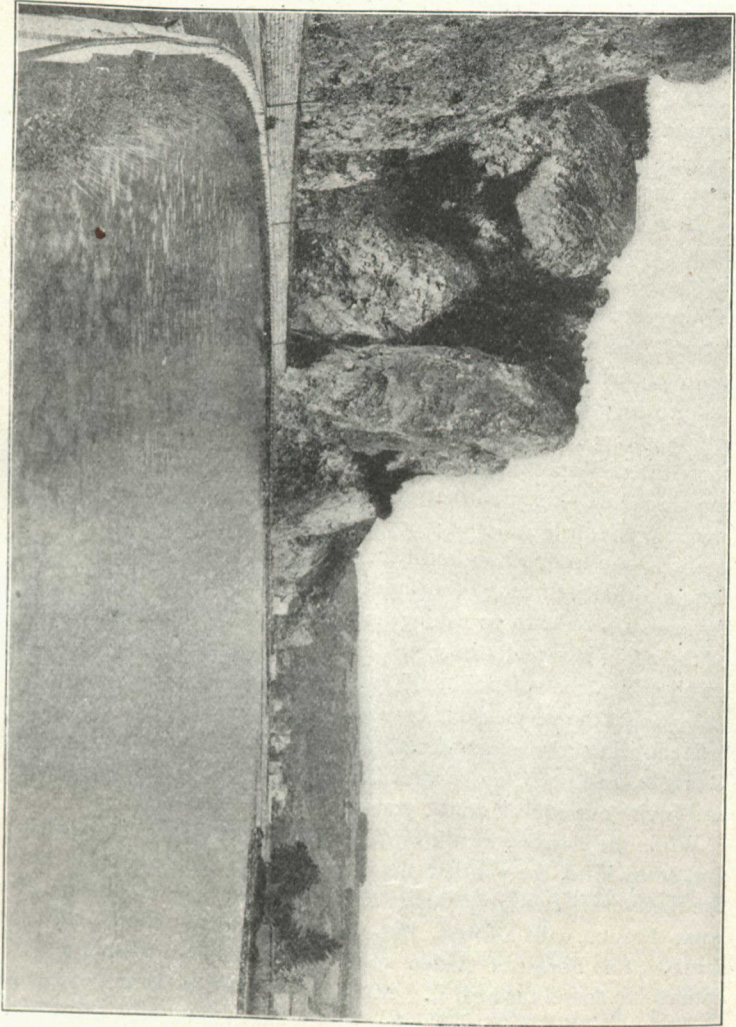
In so narrow a valley one expects to see narrow streets, and one is not disappointed; and in so stony a region these streets are naturally paved with blocks of stone, with a gutter and a narrow sidewalk of slate. As there are no sewers, the house drains are often made to pour, by a stone spout, right over the sidewalk slabs to reach the gutter. In many places, there is a small round window cut out of a block



HIERGES.

of stone just over the drain spout, so that the slop-maid may see when the coast is clear. In some of the villages, new and stylish houses have no such spout, having, I suppose, provided underground drainage; but the peep-hole window is there just the same, a typically use-less rudimentary structure.

When we tramped or drove in our three-horse carriage along the winding Meuse, the crops were just ripening, and it was really beautiful to see the gay ribbon of cultivation follow the bank of the gray water, a strip of grass still green, another of wheat or of barley or of oats, now ripe, each miniature field not more than twenty or thirty feet wide and a hundred long. Old women, bent with work, cut the grain with sickles, and carry it off to the lofts in the village, heaped in great baskets on their backs; while other women come down the mountain-side,



ANSEEMME AVANT LA CONSTRUCTION DU PONT.

loaded with green faggots for firing. The women have most of this work to do, as it seems, and they even steer the canal-boats tugged up or down stream by stout teams of horses. No matter how lean and stooped an old hag may have become, she seems always able to carry a big basket.

In every village there is a washing-place beside the river, where women, young and old, congregate with baskets of soiled clothes, which they beat and rub on slabs of slate, while their tongues are busy with the gossip of the day.

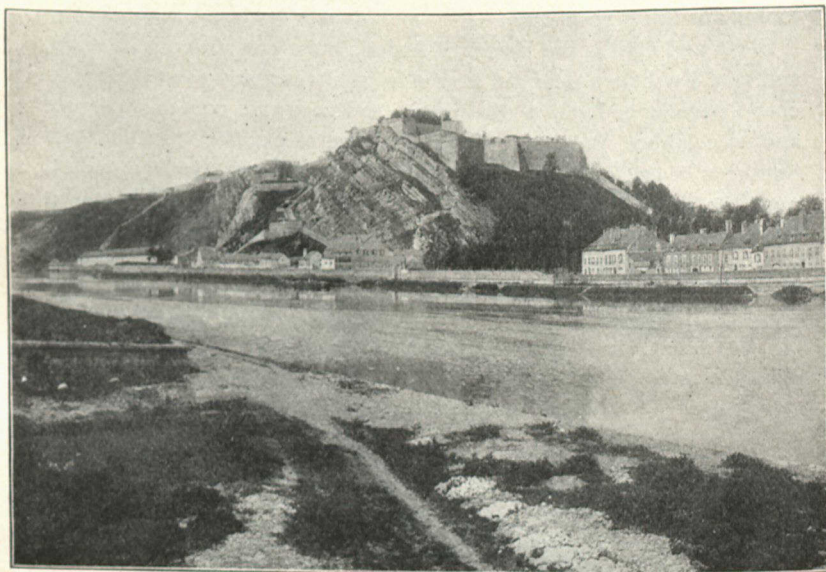
In general, the people seem dour, colorless and untidy, with very little comfort in their lives; but on fine Sundays and holidays they blossom out in brighter colors, and enjoy their one amusement, fishing. To be a fisherman on the Meuse, you require three or four poles, a large landing-net, a pail with boiled wheat for bait, and a big basket of lunch, with a bottle in it. In many cases they consider it well to take their wives or sweethearts along; and presently you find the whole grassy shore of the river lined with sportsmen. At first the three English-speaking geologists—the Englishman, the American and the Canadian—decided that the whole affair was a pretence, that there were no fish in the Meuse; but ultimately we really saw several fish, perhaps one to one hundred fishermen. The largest was six inches long and hardly needed the landing-net. However, the man of the Ardennes is right to go fishing on fine Sunday afternoons, for the fun of the thing lies really in seeing his neighbors, in watching the boats on the river, the splendid cliffs, with trees covering their tops or straggling down the ravines, the clouds and their shadows, all doubled by reflection in the placid water. If our seventy-year-old guide, Professor Gosselet, had not been so active, we also should have liked to “loaf and invite our souls” on the grassy banks of the Meuse.

While the narrow, winding valleys are full of life of a somewhat gray and stony kind, the gently-rolling highlands which make up much of the region, are strangely barren and lifeless. They are covered with what France calls a forest, but what a Canadian would call merely scrub. The Forest of Arden suffers a sad decline when one comes actually to travel through it. Much of the forest is cut over every twenty years, the young oaks furnishing bark for tanning and wood for fuel or for charcoal-burning.

Here and there, a few grey stone houses hide in nooks of the woods. In one we took our “fork” breakfast about noon one day. The low rooms were roofed with oak beams a foot thick, and tiny, small-paned

windows, set in a wall two feet thick, let in just enough of the gray light of a cloudy sky to make things visible.

But such a breakfast as they gave us! Soup, five courses of meat, fruit, cheese of an odorous kind, coffee for an extra half franc, red wine and white wine and beer—food for a week. M. Gosselet, who had often been there before, told us that in winter the snows, driving from the chill German Ocean, were heaped above the low windows, almost burying the house in the forest. The few fields to be seen showed the



GIVET—LE FORT DE CHARLEMONT.

effects of their 1,500 feet of elevation in the late and scanty harvest, so unlike the rest of sunny France.

The Ardennes are on a European frontier, and even though little Belgium offers no menace to France, every valley entry has its doorway guarded with sentinel forts, like the picturesque fortifications of Givet on the Meuse, where sentries march to and fro. By special permission, we were allowed to enter that fortress to collect fossils; but a natty officer watched us all the time. He chatted with our leader, and I overheard M. Gosselet telling what nationalities we were of, making a special point of having a Canadian in his party, on which the officer

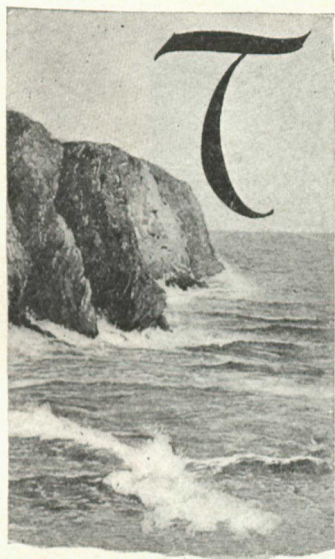
looked in my direction. Going down, I asked our Prussian lieutenant if he had made a sketch of the fortifications. He laughed, and said: "What! that antiquated thing? They need not be afraid to let anyone photograph it. Modern guns would smash it in half an hour." How nearly he was right I cannot say, for Prussian officers are sometimes burdened with a good deal of conceit. France has reminders enough to keep her defences in order, for not many miles away to the south is Metz, once a French fortress, now a German one; and nearer by is Sedan, where one of the most memorable capitulations in her history took place thirty years ago.

Bleak and chill is the Forest of Arden, puny and stunted its trees, and very few brown deer did we see in its shades, and yet we found a charm peculiar to itself in this remote and backward corner of France and its neighbor, Belgium. From the edge of a cliff we looked down hundreds of feet upon the tiny fields in the narrow, crooked valley, upon the crowded, slate-roofed villages and the big canal-boats toiling up stream, on the scars of the slate-quarries and the scattered fishermen waiting patiently for the bite that never comes, and we were sorry that to-morrow we must take the train for Paris, with its heat and crowd and tumult.



Prohibition as a Problem of Individual and Social Reform.

BY JAMES GIBSON HUME.



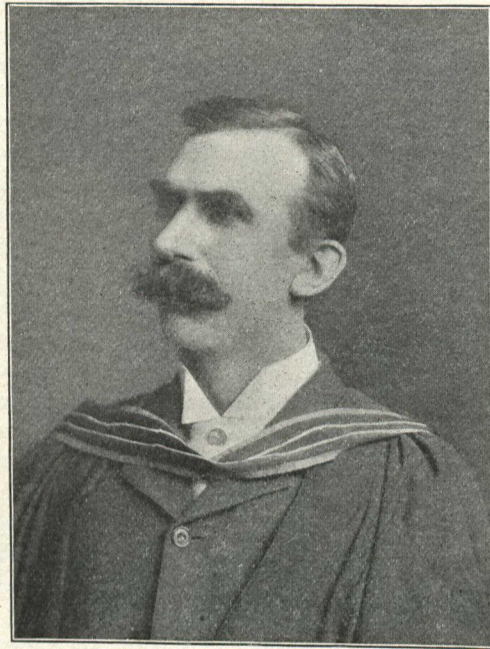
THAT it is a large part of the philosopher's work to deal with the commonplace, and to make us more explicitly aware of what we already vaguely know must be my excuse for discussing the threadbare topic of Prohibition, in answer to the request of the editor to write "something on some sociological problem from a philosophical standpoint."

Reform is one of the most familiar conceptions of modern thought, which dates from the Renaissance and the Reformation. Let us, however, pause a moment to note the meaning of "reform" and the nature of the being capable of reform.

The most zealous advocate of "reform" must admit that a large

part of the universe is not open to this process. The Highest Being in the universe cannot be reformed, for He is already perfect. The lower spheres of the universe, the mechanical external cosmos cannot be reformed. Changes may be made in inorganic nature, mechanical or chemical; plant life may be modified in various ways; animals may be trained and improved; but only that most cunning animal, man, possesses the capabilities for reform; man alone requires fundamental reformation. Without dwelling on those features of man's nature that make reform desirable, let us first consider what renders it possible. To state it briefly, we may say it is man's conscious possession of a peculiar capability of initiative, or free or voluntary action. Unlike the forces and beings around him, propelled by the conditions of the past inevitably, man may look forward and onward and upward to the future and better. He may look back upon his own past and

learn its lessons ; he may apply those lessons in the present ; he may look forward and strive successfully to realize what is ideal. Man not only "rules nature by obeying her laws," he rules also the one who rules nature—himself—and he may demand from himself that he should enter upon a new line of action that has in view and requires the complete transformation of his present self-hood ; he may "lose his life to save it." Now this free act and moral decision, this con-



PROFESSOR J. G. HUME.

scious struggling transformation of the character, is the field of "individual reform."

That this struggle towards perfection of character and conduct requires for success a reverent love for and devotion to the supreme ideal ; that this supreme ideal is Perfect Personality, and that this spiritual process is one in which the struggling moral agent may receive in some way assistance and strength and renewing, is the central thought of Christianity, which not only asserts that the human soul must

receive grace, but also insists that only by an act of obedient effort can this assistance become effective, and that this is a process going on whereby the sinner who has turned about continues "to work out" (not to) "his own salvation with fear and trembling."

It is a moral-religious experience—moral in so far as it turns from the past, religious in so far as it turns towards the future; and in so far as this is just the same right-about-face, it is always and necessarily moral and religious together.

Diametrically opposed to this view of the vital and inseparable union of morality and religion is the prevailing tendency to regard morality and religion as entirely distinct and completely separated.

Theory always affects practice, and the theory of separated morality and religion leads in practice to two futile lines of endeavor. The first futile effort is an attempt to live a moral life without religion; the second is the attempt to live a religious life without morality.

The moral effort that excludes and utterly repudiates religion produces a great deal of squirming and twisting and wriggling, but, like a mud-turtle on its back, though there is much movement, much beating of the air, there is no genuine progress. Before true progress can take place, the whole self-centred attitude of morality without religion, with all the variations and refinements of this attitude, needs to be reversed. A Copernican revolution must take place from the man-centred to the God-centred universe.

Seeing that a morality that excludes religion falls short, there is a very natural tendency to jump to the conclusion that moral effort should be utterly abandoned for the religious life. The religious life as opposed to the struggle and effort and activity of morality, is conceived as one of rest and peace and receptivity. Undoubtedly the religious life has in it rest and peace and receptivity, but if we exclude the moral element of struggle and action entirely, this rest and peace and receptivity becomes a purely mechanical passivity. But the soul cannot receive mechanically and passively, unless the soul is a mere mechanism. If the soul is spiritual, even its receptivity must be spiritual. Nevertheless, many people speak and think of the soul as if it were a kind of substance or matter to be stamped upon, like John Locke's famous "wax tablet" mind. And this view of the soul, combined with the attempt to exclude moral effort, leads them to suppose that, both in the inception and in the continuance of the religious life, the "wax tablet" "phonographic cylinder" attitude is the correct one. Only a very earnest conviction of its fundamental inadequacy could lead me to call in question a view of religion so widely believed,

so systematically taught. In the interests of religion there is needed a protest against this peculiar method of eviscerating faith of its meaning. Faith, which is so carefully opposed to "works," is in reality itself a work, both on man's part and on God's part—a co-operation of work. A passive faith is a round square. The life of active faith (a tautology) is a life of faithful work (not "works").

The inadequate effort of the morality that excluded religion failed, not because it was too moral, but because it was not moral enough. When it became truly moral, it abandoned the ingathering selfishness at the root of its movement for an outgiving unselfishness that recognized and adopted the highest duty—the duty of being true to Truth—and apprehended that this highest truth was the true life of perfect goodness and perfect love and perfect self-sacrifice in the Perfect God-man—the Way, the Truth, the Life.

We must eat and drink the flesh and blood of this life, make it our own life, our flesh and blood. At the very moment that the moral effort became truly moral, it became truly religious.

For the inception of the religious life a moral effort of faith on man's part is demanded to faithfully accept and adopt as his own what is freely offered. If this truth were clearly grasped and explicitly taught, many who are sitting waiting to "get religion" as children catch the measles, would see that the responsibility rested entirely on themselves for their failure. Morality is needed for the inception of the religious life; morality is needed at each stage in the religious life.

But the inveterate determination to absolutely separate, to have *either* morality *or* religion will make some reader exclaim: "Away with such rubbish; it is an attempt to put morality in place of religion." By no means, my indignant friend; it is an attempt to prevent the mutilation of religion; an attempt to allow religion to be rounded, adequate, complete. What right have you to take the moral element out of the religious life? Granting that the religious life must receive, it still remains true that there must be a right attitude before the soul can receive. It is admitted that this right attitude is faith, but my claim is that faith is not idleness or indifference or ignorance or mechanical passivity, but activity and earnestness and fidelity. "He that hath ears to hear, *let him hear*," said Christ. "To him that hath (an ear that hears) shall be given."

Prohibition is, in part, a matter of "individual reform." It is evident that any attempt to explain "individual reform" takes us at once into the storm-centre of all the controversies that have ever waged about the nature of man, the world, and God, and their proper relation.

As in theory, so in practice, the attempt to attain to "individual reform" on one's own part, or to lead others to "individual reform," is to face the most momentous and critical and far-reaching turning-point in life.

This is the great problem the church strives to solve in theory and in practice. The state, on the other hand, is specially concerned with what we may term "social reform," the problem of the regulation of society and social conduct through legislation or governmental action of some kind. In "social reform" one of the initial difficulties is to attempt to answer the question, "In what relation does society stand to the individual?" What is the justification for legislation? What may be accomplished by means of legislation?

Because society, in the last resort, rests upon and is made up of individuals, and as all collective decisions and actions must react upon individuals, it is very natural to conclude that in reality we have only individuals acting or being acted upon, and the term "society" is merely a confused name for referring to a number of individuals.

This all seems so natural and self-evident that we learn with a shock of surprise that it is in reality a very recent and modern view of society and of the individual.

Early civilization never recognized the individual as an individual. The individual was merged in family or tribe or clan or caste. Paradoxical as it may be to us, society preceded the individual. At least it preceded the individualistic individual, the one consciously aware of his own individuality, the one explicitly demanding for himself certain rights and opposing them to the claims of society.

Christianity did a great deal to awaken and deepen the consciousness of individuality. With Christ we have the question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The infinite worth of the individual is here plainly indicated.

During the middle ages the individual was largely dominated in an extraneous, external or arbitrary way by church and state. It was the downtrodden individual who arose, like a giant from his sleep, in the Reformation period, broke the secular power of imperial Rome, and disintegrated the great centralized church.

It is indeed true that new secular and religious organizations at once took the place of those which had been resisted or rejected. We shall find that the individual, again and again, with growing consciousness of power, resists various social claims, repudiates the "Divine Right of Kings," and more and more claims the "Divine Right of the People"

—“*Vox populi, Vox Dei.*” Triumphant democracy thus threatens to sweep away every social barrier. The individual is supreme. “*L' état c'est moi.*”

But just here a great difficulty presents itself. Granting the individual to be supreme, what is said individual going to do about it? Will he dispense with social control altogether? If he continues to tolerate it or use it, to what extent, on what grounds, according to what principles? This is the great problem for the individualist to solve.

What is the place and function and justification for collective or social action?

Let us note a few problems that all turn upon the enquiry concerning social or collective action. What, to begin with, is the place of government in our national life? How should government be constituted? How conducted? How regulated? In English history we read of the stages of the struggle through which we have passed in our endeavors to obtain the boon of “representative government.” Yet we are far from satisfied. Some, like Professor Dicey, claim that representative government needs to be amended by a division of labor, whereby every department of it will be carried on by a committee of experts; and this sounds reasonable. On the other hand, many claim that legislation affecting the whole people should be more directly decided upon by the whole people by a vote, or “Referendum.” This also sounds reasonable; but these two reasonable proposals are in apparently opposite directions, and both propose to amend what has long been regarded as the highest form of government. Then there are proposals and agitations for further extension of the franchise; demands for what has been termed “the emancipation of women”; the claim that women, too, should be directly and by vote consulted in regard to legislation that affects everyone in the community. This is a far-reaching question. There are difficulties about the proper functions of a government. Should government merely restrain or control individuals and corporations, or should it become an active participator in corporate action? Should government undertake and carry on certain enterprises usually conducted by individuals or corporations? In the debate—sometimes acrimonious—that goes on between the individualists and the collectivists, there is usually a failure to see that already in the great corporations we have abandoned strictly individualistic action without having arrived at fully collective action. The result is that the large corporation is sometimes dreaded, sometimes lauded by both individualists and collectivists.

If the corporation is condemned, each will repudiate it. The individualist will call it a collectivist affair ; the collectivist will say it acts irresponsibly and is not truly collectivistic, but rather individualistic. On the other hand, if the corporation is regarded as successful, each will claim it. The individualist will say : " Look at the results we gain by our method." " Excuse me," the collectivist will say, " it's success is due to our method." In spite of the radical divergence of views on such a fundamental point in theory, in practice the government has actually undertaken many enterprises, and conducts them as national, social and collective affairs. Education, for instance, in all its aspects, positive and negative, preventative or reformatory ; the postal service ; in some cases canals, railways, telegraph and telephone systems, electric lighting, and other so-called " natural monopolies," are being nationalized or municipalized—conducted by the country as a whole, or by county or city.

Then we come to a sphere of government where the antagonism between individualism and collectivism does not seem to be so extreme ; where government seems to be a compromise between the extremes in its exercise of supervisory or merely regulative control of various professions, as law, medicine and teaching ; where it regulates trade and commerce by tariffs and copyrights and patents ; where it controls usages bearing on health and general well-being in its laws regarding quarantine, vaccination, sanitation, etc., and probably under the general demand for sanitation and hygiene we should include what is the special problem we are considering—the regulation or prohibition of the traffic in and use of tobacco, opium, various poisons, and alcoholic liquors.

It is, in the very nature of the case, inevitable, therefore, that prohibitory legislation should be the meeting-point and battle-ground of opposing views.

An attempt has been made to indicate, to some extent at least, the fundamental opposition in the attitude towards government in general that underlies the view of the controversialists, so that we may see that this opposition and conflict is not restricted to a particular class of legislation, as is sometimes falsely supposed, but is found wherever legislation is proposed or enacted.

[Objections to prohibitory legislation will be considered in the January number.]

Acta Victoriana.

A Failure.

YOU say your life is a failure ;
 And I ponder the words you say,
 As I gaze on your deep brow care-lined,
 And your dark hair streaked with grey ;

For I see in your eyes, new-troubled,
 Earnestly bent on me,
 That the soul knows nought of failure
 As it looks forth strong and free.

You say your life is a failure !
 What then do the words convey ?
 I always thought that Failure
 Should be feared until to-day.

But I see by the years swift-passing
 A man in his earnest youth
 Turn aside from the mad world's honors
 To bow at the shrine of Truth

With his deep brow reverent, thoughtful,
 Aglow with the ages' light,
 And his pained heart's tremulous yearning
 Aflame with its new-found Right ;

The unquenchable fire-seed burning
 Through the frost of the night of Time,
 That he brings again to his brothers
 And offers with faith sublime.

Had they met not his prayers with laughter,
 Nor trampled his pearls again,
 This earth were indeed the Eden
 It never has been to men.

We give our praise to the martyr
 Who died while his faith was aflame ;
 We bow to his tomb as an altar,
 And worship the sound of his name.

But a greater than he is the brother,
 Through the chill of the frost of the years,
 Who soweth the seed of the faithful
 And reaps but a harvest of tears.

LLOYD ANTHONY.

Two College Men.

BY C. C. JAMES.



WITHIN the past two months have appeared the biographies of two men whose careers should be known to every college student in America. One was white, the other black; one began rich, the other poor; one was the child of the college, the other the child of the slave-cabin. From almost every point of observation these two men stand out in marked contrast, and it may seem strange to bring them into association. Yet a study of their lives will reveal at least one great controlling principle common to both. We can find something worth commending in nearly every life, but there are some lives that are an inspiration to mankind. The two here referred to belong to the latter class.

Francis Parkman,* was well born when he saw the light in Boston in 1823. The Church and Harvard College could both lay claim to the youth, for his father and grandfather were clergymen and many of his ancestors were graduates of the College. On his mother's side he traced back to John Cotton, who came from England to Boston in 1633, and a trace of the Huguenot mingled with the streams of Puritan blood that were concentrated in his veins. He started life with a superabundance of advantages. Fortune seemed to have favored him overmuch, and his future might have been considered overloaded with the excess of riches.

His Arts course at Harvard College covered the years 1840-44, and upon its completion he began his course at the Law School. But his college vacations had been spent in tours through the historical country west and north-west, reaching into Canada. He was quietly deciding his great life work and gathering material for his studies. As his life-plans grew within the secrecy of his own mind, his whole being swung free from law, and with only one purpose in view he turned his

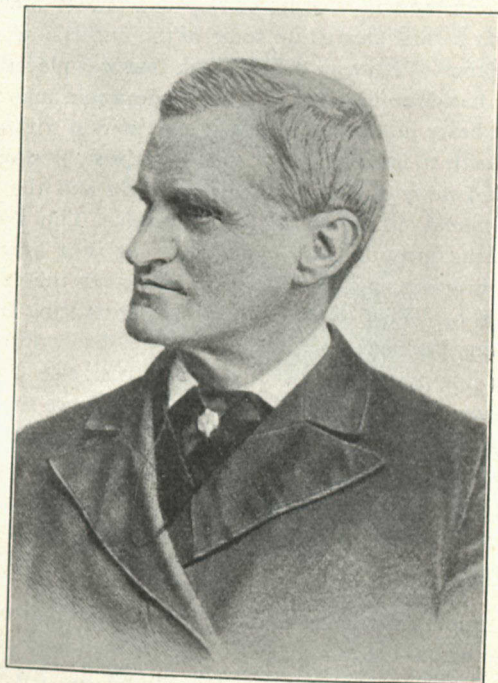
*A Life of Francis Parkman, by Charles Haight Farnham. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co., 1877.

thoughts and energy towards historical research. His explorations now took on a more ambitious form, and in 1846 we find him among the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi. With the assistance of friends he was able to dictate "The Oregon Trail" and then he set to work upon his "Pontiac." But now began his own personal half-century of conflict—he was crippled with rheumatism and threatened with total blindness. He had laid the foundation of his life-work, but that work had yet to be done. For nearly fifty years he was to grope his crippled way through the world. His life seemed blasted. His work demanded keen vision, but his eyes were almost closed; his investigations demanded travel, but his limbs were well-nigh powerless; his themes required keen mental powers, but nervous prostration and even insanity stared him in the face. What was he to do? Only one man in a million would dare continue the task—but he was that one man.

To help build up his constitution and to save what little strength he had he turned to nature. For four years of his boyhood he had lived on his grandfather's farm. Now for thirty years he divides his time between history and horticulture. While his fascinating pages are being prepared for the printer he is producing new and beautiful varieties of lilies, poppies and phlox, and writing a standard work on roses. He is an exhibitor at the Boston shows, the winner of no less than 326 awards, an active officer of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and for one year Professor of Horticulture at Harvard. Parkman's presidential address in 1875 is a fine piece of work. He ennobled and elevated the study: "Horticulture, broadly pursued, is an education in itself, and no pursuit can surpass it in training the powers of observation and induction." His gardening ceased only when rheumatism so tightly tied him up that he could not pursue the industry even in his wheel chair. This side of his work is noted here, partly because it is not generally known, but principally because his horticultural work enabled him to build up his strength for his literary pursuits. If it had not been for his flowers and his fruits we would have had less of his histories. The study of Parkman's career is especially commended to students of this day for one great lesson that it teaches, namely, that while outdoor exercise and nature communion are of the greatest assistance to the literary man, over-indulgence in athletics may be disastrous (pp. 320, 321). As a word of encouragement to some it may be added that he was not a brilliant student, his course would be considered quite ordinary, but he mastered himself and by pluck and

patience pulled himself through a half-century of work, the doing of which now seems almost a miracle.

It was to his love of the woods that we owe his first impulse to research and writing. "He became enamoured of the woods," "his thoughts were always in the forests." These are his own words. His love of the woods led him roaming, his imagination reproduced the hunter, voyageur and scout. His historical study thus began, and



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

one by one the stories grew until the immensity of his scheme almost overwhelmed him. Nature artfully attracted him to his life work, and through nature he maintained his strength to complete his task. Was ever such a burden loaded upon a man of such limited strength? Read his Life from page 162 to 179 and you will agree with Professor John Fiske's conclusion :

"The heroism shown, year after year, in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be noted, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in its shining pages" (p. 179).

Or, better still, turn to Parkman's own memoir (pp. 318-332); let us make an extract as a sample of many:

"Notes were made by him with closed eyes and afterwards deciphered and read to him till he had mastered them. For the first half year, the rate of composition averaged about six lines a day."

So many interesting phases of Parkman's life crowd to the front in studying his career that it is impossible to give an analysis of his character in a short notice; his life must be read in full, and the book will be laid down with the wish that he had opened himself more freely to his friends, that he had cleared up some of the uncertainties as to his beliefs and motives. It was a difficult task that was placed upon the editor, but he has done his work in a most admirable manner. Here we have not a hasty life-sketch rushed on the market within a month or so of his death to head off some other enterprising publisher, but a careful, detailed study of the man from his works and the few scraps of personal interest left by the historian himself. This *Life of Parkman* is one of the great books of the year. It is a necessary companion to his histories, and one is in doubt whether the reading of it should precede or follow the reading of his entrancing histories.

To Canadians Parkman is very dear, for he has written our early history with a fidelity and a charm that no one else has equalled. We should know something of him, and in this life we shall find probably all that we can ever hope to know of his personality. In these days of hasty work and surface-sketching, it is a real pleasure to read a work of substance, worthy of the man who built on the four cornerstones—sincerity, industry, scholarship, and identification with his theme (p. 181).

One of the great teachers of the United States, a man of world-wide reputation, to whom the homes of the most refined and the hearts of the great Christian public are opened, knows not his birthday, his birth-place, or even his own true name. He begins the story of his life as follows: * "I was born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. I am not quite sure of the exact place or exact date of my birth, but at any rate, I suspect I must have been born somewhere and at some time." Genealogical investigations with him have been much curtailed. "I have been unsuccessful in securing any information that would throw any accurate light upon the history of my family beyond my mother." And as to his father he says, "I

*See *The Outlook*, November 3, 1900, and following numbers.

do not even know his name." His mother was the plantation cook, and she brought up her little family in the cabin kitchen, through which the wind and storm blew unhindered. There was no glass in the windows, but there was a superfluous cat-hole in the corner. The floor was of earth. A covered pit in the centre of the single room was the cellar, and in one end was the great open fire-place, where the entire plantation cooking was done. For years his whole wardrobe consisted of one coarse flax shirt, the breaking in of which was torture, and he puts on record his opinion that the most generous act known to him done by one colored man for a relative was when his elder brother several times generously agreed to "break in" for him his new



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

flax shirt. Boots and cap were unknown. His food was limited to corn bread and pork—but not once did the family sit down together for a meal. "It was a piece of bread here and a scrap of meat there." As soon as he could run about he was put to work; there is no recollection of any boys' sports. All night he and the other children curled up together in some rags on the earthen floor. Amid such conditions he lived till the prayers of his mother were answered, and from the verandah of the great house an officer read the proclamation that set them free. "My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks." He was at the time about seven years of age.

Acta Victoriana.

His mother had married a negro on another plantation, and now, for the first time, his stepfather gathered the family together in West Virginia. After a touching farewell to old Master and the family they set off, and in several weeks reached their new home. The boy was put to work, but the desire to learn to read, the thirst for knowledge, soon began to stir within him, and from an old spelling book he learned the alphabet. His mother, uneducated, but sympathetic, gave him encouragement. "If I have done anything in life worth attention, I feel sure that I inherited the disposition from my mother."

A school was opened—then came the struggle. His small wages from the salt works were needed, but he was bound to have an education. The compromise was, work from early morn to school opening and a return to work after the closing of school. His entry at school was a momentous occasion. As the teacher began to call the roll he realized for the first time in his life that he had no name, at least no family name. As a slave he needed but one simple name; now more was demanded of him. By the time the roll was called and he was summoned to put down his name, his ready wits had served him well, and without a tremor he boldly answered, "Booker Washington." At last, he had a name of his own choosing and he was starting his educational career.

Soon after he changed his work from the furnace to coal mining; and one day amid the dark and soot a ray of light was flashed into his mind. He overheard two miners "talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia." Some months later, with a small satchel in his hand, a few coins in his pocket, contributed by his fellow negroes, and a hearty good will from all, he set off for Hampton, five hundred miles away. That was a "long, eventful journey," the details of which must be read in his biography. At last, with fifty cents in his pocket he walked up to The Hampton Institute and begged permission to enter. His reception was not very encouraging. He waited for the decision. After some hours he was ordered to sweep out the class room. "Never did I receive an order with more delight. . . . I swept the recitation room three times. Then I got a dusting cloth and I dusted it four times." The teacher came in and examined the room and tried the walls and furniture with her handkerchief. "I guess you will do to enter this institution" was the comment, and the young man had passed his matriculation examination with honors. He was appointed janitor, and his college education became a possibility. Here the wandering youth swung within the attraction of that wonderful man, General Armstrong, and the loving

tribute that he lays at the feet of his friend and counsellor is as honorable to the negro student as to the master so much beloved. To know General Armstrong was "a liberal education." He says: "The older I grow the more I am convinced that there is no education which one can get from books and college apparatus that is equal to that which can be gotten from contact with great men and great women."

We need not follow Booker Washington further, his present work at Tuskegee and his interest in his fellow negroes are so well known. He, himself, has revealed to us the lesson of his life for others: "I have learned that success is to be measured, not so much by the position that one has reached through life as by the obstacles which one has overcome while trying to succeed."

"A poor Virginian cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lonely door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need."

To the student of limited means and few advantages, the Autobiography of Booker T. Washington must be a stimulus and an encouragement; to the student whose fine opportunities are cramped and discounted by poor health and mental depression, the Life of Parkman will be a revelation; to the average man, the ordinary student and worker, both will be a source of pleasure, of profit, and of inspiration.



Nature and Miracle.

BY A. KIRSCHMANN.

THE legitimacy of the distinction indicated by the heading of this article is usually taken for granted, both by those who entirely reject belief in miracles, and those who do not question their reality; and, it may be added, by that class who in our day hold a convenient sort of opportunism which accepts of miracles in church only, but is utterly sceptical of them at home or in business. When is a distinction *legitimate*? It is legitimate either when the conceptions to be distinguished are different *elementary facts*, or when the difference between them can be clearly stated in *well defined terms* (i.e., in terms of such ultimate facts).



Now, are nature and miracle a pair of terms denoting different elementary facts, as are red and green, space and time, or light and darkness? Obviously not, for let miracle be what it may, concerning nature everyone will agree that it is not simple, elementary. For those who reject miracles (everything, for those who believe in miracles) the greater part of the world, comes under the head of nature. Then if the distinction between nature and miracle be legitimate, it can only be because the difference can be stated in clearly defined terms.

What now can be stated as the difference? The most common objection to the possibility of miracles is that they are not in conformity with the *laws of nature*. In this there is the implied distinction that nature is regulated by law, miracles are not. But let us examine whether this is a correct definition of miracle, "that which contradicts the laws of nature." Is it possible for anyone to say of anything that it contradicts the laws of nature?

Is it not true that we know only a few of these laws, and those imperfectly? Thus the above definition should properly be stated as

follows: A miracle is an event which *apparently* contradicts the laws of nature *hitherto discovered*. (Apparently, because our knowledge even of those laws is not complete.) And according to this corrected definition, any event which is not understood by those who experience it, must be regarded as a miracle. Thus, the first locomotive or the first balloon were miracles to the unlearned beholders, as the first directly observed fall of meteoric stones was for the learned Paris Academy, who declared that it was utterly impossible that stones should fall from the sky, and accordingly decided that they came from below. If such miracles afterwards occur oftener, the common people get accustomed to them, and find them by and by quite natural, and the scientists modify their theories (and with them the "laws of nature") in order to fit them to the new facts. A few years ago, it would have been regarded as a miracle to render objects visible through a board or a human body. At present the feat can be easily performed by means of certain somewhat mysterious rays, and ordinary people unquestioningly accept the miracle since it has been satisfactorily explained by—the letter X.

The question has still another side. The above stated definition of miracle implies that the laws of nature are absolutely certain; but we claim that natural laws possess absolute certainty only in so far as they coincide with mathematical propositions. Thus, e.g., the law of gravity consists chiefly of:

- (1) The geometrical proposition that surfaces of spheres are to each other as the squares of their radii;
- (2) The assumption that there are forces which act at a distance.

Now, this conception of forces which act at a distance is the meeting point of nature and miracle, even for those who regard this distinction as a legitimate one. Such forces are natural in that they are matter of common observation; but on the other hand they are in this sense miraculous, that no explanation of them can be given. We may illustrate this by the modern wave theory of light. This theory was invented to get rid of the difficulty of a causal connection between events at objects separated in space (the source of light and the illuminated surface or the eye): in other words, to get rid of the miracle of forces acting at a distance. The older "emission" theory involved, apparently, less difficulty in this respect, inasmuch as it assumed a sort of missile cast from the source of light upon the illuminated object. The difficulty, however, was only disguised by this theory, for it could not explain whence the missile obtained its

propelling force when once it was separated from the source of light. The theory had to be abandoned because it could not possibly be made to accord with observed facts. The wave theory explains very well such phenomena as diffraction, polarization, interference, and double refraction; but on closer examination we find that it does not get at the real problem, as will appear from the following consideration: The wave theory assumes a bearer of the movement between the source of light and the object, which bearer is called "ether." Now, there are *two* conceivable possibilities: that the ether is a plenum; or, that it consists of discrete parts. But the ether cannot be a plenum, for it is inconceivable how in a plenum (or continuum) a motion could start. If we assume that a continuum of the ether consists of different corpuscles or vortices, then we should be able to say how these particles would differ from one another, and from the ground in which they are suspended. The only possible answer is, by different density. But here it must be observed that density and continuum are mutually exclusive conceptions, for it can be shown that as soon as we are allowed to attribute the properties density and continuum to the same thing, we can prove that an infinitely extended matter possesses a finite mass, which is contradictory. If we conceive a matter of infinite extension arranged in spheres of different degrees of density in such a way that the masses of the spheres form a convergent progression, then the matter, although infinitely extended, has a finite mass, which is absurd. Thus we must conclude that the conceptions, density and continuum, exclude each other; and since optics cannot even explain refraction without referring to differences of density, it is not possible to maintain the continuum view of the wave theory. Therefore the undulatory movement must go on in discrete particles. But then we have come back to the original problem, for between discrete particles there is empty space, and if one vibrating ether molecule can cause the next one to move also, it possesses a force which acts at a distance. That the hypothesis of a secondary ether between the ether molecules only carries the problem a storey higher, is obvious.

It may easily be seen that neither the theory of the dynamides or centres of forces (which really starts with our miracle, especially in its latest form, a modification of Lord Kelvin's vortex theory, which assumes that every atom has the power of "creating an atmosphere around itself") nor the latest recourse to the original atomic theory, based simply on mechanical impact, can lead out of this difficulty, for in the latter case the atoms must be regarded as perfectly

rigid and yet elastic. But according to our knowledge of physical properties no elasticity is possible without deformation, *i.e.*, *change in the mutual spacial position of the parts*; and the latter implies interstices; in other words, if the atoms are elastic they must consist of separate parts, and if these parts can act upon one another, we have again forces acting at a distance. Thus we see that when we have advanced as far as the wave theory can take us, we stand yet in the presence of the old unexplained fact of a force acting at a distance. And since we have also seen that a miracle is nothing but an unexplained event, we are compelled to say that the distant acting force of light is a miracle.

But not only those physical events which are explained by forces acting at a distance contain inexplicable elements, but also those which belong to so-called rigid dynamics, and those which are attributed to molecular forces. The forces here referred to act only when the particles involved are in contact. Now, such a particle or molecule may be perfectly rigid and homogeneous, or it may be composed of still smaller parts. If it is perfectly rigid it cannot be seen at all how the moving force can be transmitted to it by another molecule which itself, after the contact, remains at rest, or, at least, changes its speed. On the other hand, if the molecules are deformed by the contact and resume soon afterwards their original shape (elasticity) they must consist of smaller parts, thus admitting of condensation and rarefaction; and therewith we are again at the problem how those particles of the second order act upon each other through the intervening distance. Thus we see that *the fact of the communication of movement from one body to another is unexplained*. The rebounding of an elastic body from a surface against which it is thrown is a miracle; and so with nearly all events in nature. That we do not at once see the difficulties is due to our habit in science of pushing them into the background, from the obscurity of which they are only brought forward by the philosopher, who loves to "grope among mysteries."

But even he who does not see any miracle in the purely physical world will readily admit that the *origin of life* is yet an unsolved enigma; so great an enigma that the attempted solutions of even the greatest philosophers and scientists have been very far-fetched. Thus attempts of the celebrated materialist, Hæckel, to produce a certain simple form of organism, a deep sea monera from inorganic matter, proved a failure, leaving thus the problem of *generatio æquivoca* still unsolved. Still more "far-fetched"—literally—is the view of Helm-

bolt, that all life on this earth had its origin on other celestial bodies, whence its germs are brought to us by meteorites; or the view of Fechner, that organic matter is the earlier stage of all matter, from which the inorganic developed according to the principle of increasing stability.

But even if life, regarded from the physical standpoint, were, as Hæckel will have it, nothing but a more complicated and intricate play of the same natural forces which rule the inorganic world; if the whole world, organic and inorganic, were satisfactorily explained by movements of matter in space, even then there would remain an impassible gulf between these material movements and the psychical states which we find in ourselves. There is no bridge between movement of matter and sensation. If we know the one of them, the other remains a miracle, although the less conspicuous, the more we are accustomed to experience both together. To assume a causal connection between sensation and physical or physiological processes is unjustifiable, for the *physical* causes are at best just sufficient to explain the *physical* effects, the psychical thus is, so to say, thrown in gratuitously.

Some metamorphoses in animal life are "veritable miracles." The transformation of a dog into an eagle would not "be the least bit more miraculous," *i.e.*, inexplicable, than is the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly. The only difference is, that we are accustomed to see the latter, while the former has not occurred.

We are also confronted by an unsolved, and so far as we know, an insolvable problem in the phenomena of heredity. Can anyone conceive why the offspring resembles the parents. So-called common sense will reply that it is *natural*, that it must be so. But this reply is made only because we are accustomed to observe it; no matter what popular name has been invented for this phenomenon, heredity is, and remains a miracle.

Thus in natural philosophy we have, proceeding from the more complicated but more familiar to the simpler but more distant and abstract, *to face a series of inexplicable fundamental phenomena*, the miraculous character of which has never been denied by closely reasoning scientific men, though it has been denied or ignored by many authors, whose excellent practice of popularizing the results of scientific speculation, results at last in adapting their own horizon to that of their supposed readers. These phenomena are:

1. Memory (continuity of consciousness), especially the philogenetic memory, *i.e.*, heredity.

2. Sensation and its relation to material movement.
3. That form of material movement which is called organic life.
4. The interdependence of spacially separated movements.

The last of these miracles lies really at the base of all others ; and just the fact that it is involved in every experience is the reason why it presents no problem to the ordinary unreflective mind. Thus, for instance, the ordinary teacher in a lesson in physics will give explanations for the rising of water in a pump, the phases of the moon, or the falling of the barometer when rising to a higher altitude, but does not deem it necessary to explain why the chalk with which he draws diagrams to demonstrate these things before his class adheres to the blackboard. Similarly, we are satisfied from the scientific standpoint when we get any event explained as the effect of another event, *i.e.*, one movement explained by another movement. But these explanations are only relative. The fact of the existence of movement is not in this way explained at all. In fact, we never really explain of any thing *why* it is ; we can only say *that* it is. But statement is not explanation. The truth is that the supposed necessity for a causal connection is a delusion, as various philosophers have sufficiently shown. The necessity exists only in so far as it is reducible to geometrical relations. These, however, are independent of time. As soon as the time element enters in, the miracle begins. Modern physics demonstrates the perfect equivalence of cause and effect ; that is, the order of the two events could always be reversed without detriment to physical laws. If physical science states a causal connection between two facts, and gives their quantitative relations in an exact formula, it is not yet decided which is the cause and which the effect. Physics shows, in an exact and conclusive way, that a certain quantity of heat is exactly equivalent to a certain quantity of mechanical work ; but whether the heat causes the work, or the work the heat, must be decided by the occurrence. In order to know this, we must wait until it is determined by actual experience. In every such case, therefore, the real occurrence is not explained at all, and, as may readily be seen, cannot be ; it remains a miracle.

Summing up what has been said, we come inevitably to the following conclusions :

(1) The distinction between the *Natural* on the one hand, and the *Supernatural*, or *Miracle* on the other, is *illegitimate* and even *illogical* ; it is a pseudo-distinction which has no real value. For the supernatural or miraculous can only be defined as :

- (a) That which is impossible, *i.e.*, which contradicts the laws of mathematics.
- (b) That which contradicts the laws of nature.
- (c) That which is inexplicable.

If we adopt the first of these definitions, the supernatural or miraculous is identical with the absurd, with that which bears its logical contradiction in itself. A miracle in this sense would be such a thing as a straight curve or a square triangle, and it may with perfect reverence be asserted that it could not be produced even by Omnipotence. If such is the nature of miracle, then the unusual events reported in Scripture are not miracles at all, since they do not contradict the laws of mathematics.

As to the second definition, it is precluded by the considerations already adduced concerning our incomplete knowledge of natural laws.

There remains, therefore, as the only possible definition, the last one given above, that a miracle is *something unaccounted for, something inexplicable*. But since, as we have seen, every event in nature includes elements which are inexplicable, this affords no basis for the formation of a separate class of events called "supernatural."

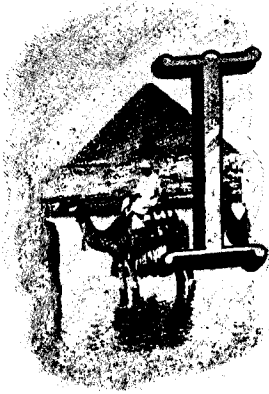
(2) So long as a miracle is defined otherwise than as something mathematically impossible, it must be apparent to every reflective mind that from the standpoint of exact science, a miracle is always a possibility; for *whatever is not mathematically absurd, is possible*. It is not the purpose of the present article to prove the truth of any of the so-called "supernatural" events or miracles of the Bible; but *from the most exact scientific standpoint it must be emphasized that to proclaim miracles (unexplained or inexplicable events) impossible, is irrational and dogmatic*.

(3) The miraculous, *viz.*, that which cannot be explained, is not only possible, but actual and of constant occurrence. We can only account for relations, not for existences. We can explain the relations of that which exists; explanation means the reduction of complicated facts and relations to simpler or finally to ultimate ones. But we can *never explain nor prove the existence itself. In other words, everything that is, and every event that happens, is at the same time natural and miraculous*.

A. Windmann.

Semper Eadem.

[In the British Museum is a little mummy princess with a wooden doll still clasped in her little fingers.]



N the dimness of ages agone,
Where the Nile water glimmered and
flowed,
In a ponderous palace of stone
A dusky little princess abode.
Though gloomy and weird was the hall,
And frowning the huge colonnade,
A flutter of light seemed to fall
Wherever the little one strayed.
Her eyes had the darkness aglow
And the love of the springing gazelle ;
Her voice was a dream-brook aflow

With an echo of silver-lipped bell.
The maiden was nimble and fleet
And graceful as moon-loving fay ;
The fall of her diligent feet
As the patter of wind-fluttered spray.
She flitted like bird unconfined
Where columns colossal uprose,
Where sad-featured sphinxes reclined
In the strength of their stolid repose.
And ever with dusk little arms
A doll to her bosom she held,
And murmured its manifold charms
To the deaf, granite monarchs of eld.
And oft as she prattled and played
A queen-mother's amorous eyes
From dark drooping lashes betrayed
A languorous gleam of surprise.

Though pillared with ponderous stone,
Yet Death through the palace gate crept :
At the touch of his magic unknown
The maiden grew languid and slept.



LYMAN C. SMITH.

The queen-mother bent o'er the maid—
Her dark lashes drooping with tears—
As the form she composed and arrayed
For the silence and slumber of years.
The doll she had loved and caressed,
And every heart secret had told,
Was pillowed again on her breast,
Enclasped with the fervor of old.
One earth-love, at least, would be nigh,
Though near her no mother might stand
To answer her wakening cry
In the halls of the Shadowy land.

The days have now lengthened to years,
The years into ages have grown,
The sphinx-guarded palace uprears
No longer its masses of stone.
The huge granite column sublime
Is fallen or crumbled to naught,
But Ruin and ravaging Time
No change in the sleeper have wrought.
She sleeps as she slumbered of old
When she peacefully sank to her rest,
And the dusk little fingers yet hold
The mother's gift close to her breast.
Does she wait for a low-whispered tone,
A touch of a soft-resting hand,
The pressure of lips on her own,
Ere she wake in the Shadowy land?

O Sleeper of breathless repose,
Thy slumber is restful and long,
Thy lips will no secret disclose
Of the land where the silences throng :
Yet speechless and still as thou art,
Thou teachest that kingdoms may wane,
But the longings and loves of the heart
Forever unaltered remain.
We must love : to the earthly we turn
For the earthly is near us and fair ;
In our heaven no joys we discern
If the loved of the earth be not there.
The heart, in all ages the same,
Will worship at altars of clay,
But shrink when the luminous flame
Has flickered and faded away.
Forever the same is the heart ;
Unshaken and firm is its trust
That death does not finally part,
Nor man ever slumber in dust.

—LYMAN C. SMITH.

Gleanings.

Some Early Canadian Magazines.

BY L. E. HORNING.



MOST of us remember with what blare of trumpets Munsey a few years ago announced his ten cent magazine, and we have recently read his psalm of triumph at the revolution he has so peacefully accomplished. Munsey is fortunate in having found good ground in which to sow his seed. Over fifty years ago an attempt was made in the sparsely settled Province of Canada West, now Ontario, to carry out a similar enterprise. *The Victoria Magazine* was issued from the press of Joseph Wilson, of the *Experiment* office, at Belleville, in September, 1847. The editors and principal contributors were Mr. (Lieut.) Moodie and his wife, Susanna Strickland. The magazine was to fulfil the same office as the *Literary Garland* of Montreal, and was to cost but "one dollar" a year. It ran twelve numbers and then came the announcement that the second volume would not be begun until January, 1849, if at all, and the probable new arrangements were outlined. It had died a natural death, probably helped on by some financial entanglements of the publisher, who, a few weeks before, had offered Wilson's *Canada Casket*, a weekly paper, at 15d a year. The time was not yet ripe for such radical price-cutting.

The first number opens with a poem, "Canada," by Mrs. Moodie. Then follows a tale of the coast, "The Two Fishermen," "The Trials of a Travelling Musician," by W. H. H., Belleville, which runs through several numbers, some poems and shorter articles, and a lengthy review of Bailey's "Festus," a book then in its seventh edition and very highly praised by critics, but unknown now. This review is continued in the second number, Mr. Moodie contributes a ballad from the Norse, "Jarl Siguid," and more poems appear, another story from Mrs. Moodie, she has one in every number, and short articles and quotations. R. A. P. (Rhoda Ann Page), of Cobourg, was a frequent and favored contributor of poetry and also wrote one story, "The Lost Boy." These are philosophical discussions of the advan-

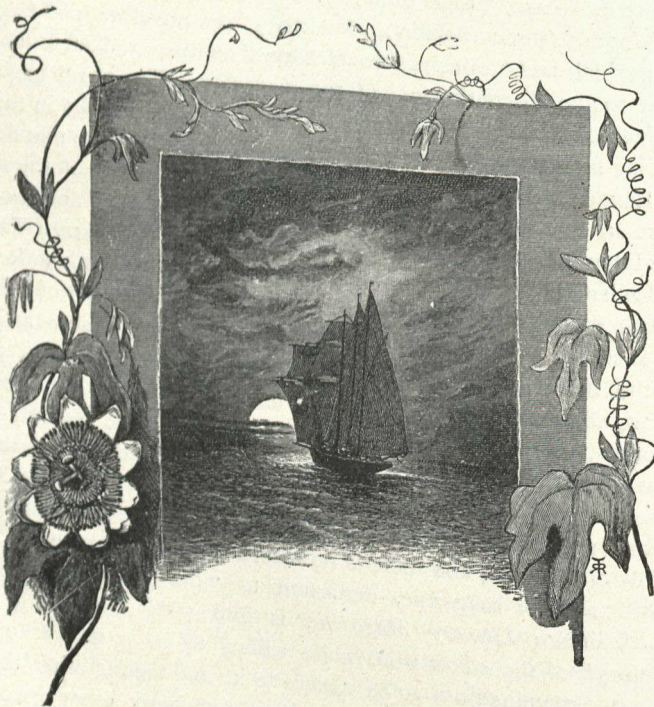
tages of being ugly, and a series of articles on practical jokes. Curiously enough, a lecture on South Africa runs through several of the later numbers. It had been given by Lieut. Moodie before the Mechanics Institute of Belleville. Another book review was of "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy," also a book of the past. In the later numbers the sisters of Mrs. Moodie contribute oftener. Agnes Strickland has two "Oriental Tales." Mrs. Traill is represented by one she wrote when only sixteen years of age. Altogether the magazine was a worthy effort, and it seems a pity that an early death was its fate.

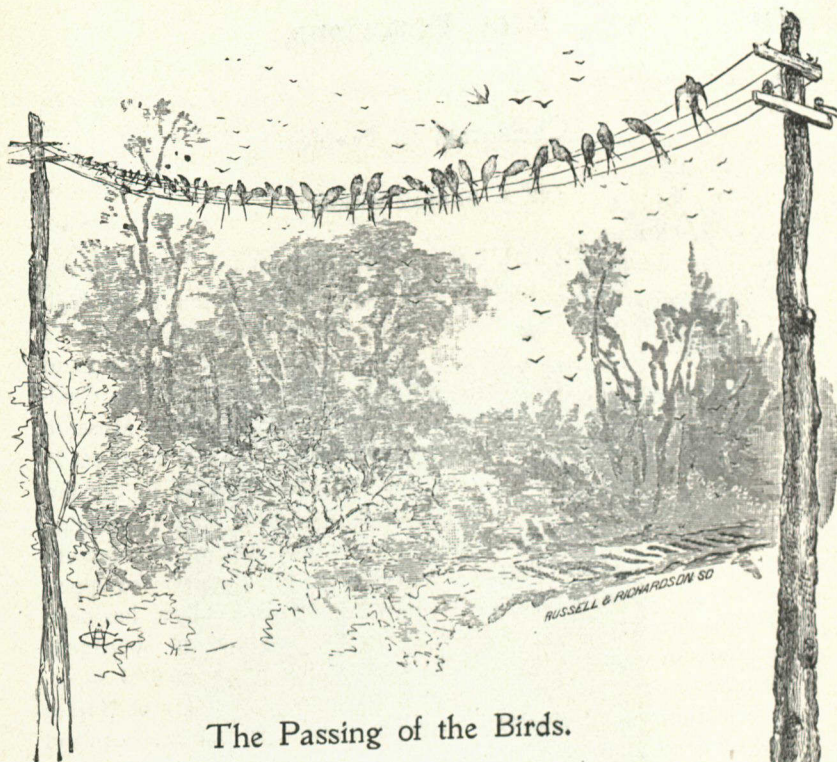
Another magazine, begun in May, 1846, at Kingston, was also destined to run but one year. This was Barker's *Canadian Magazine*, edited and published by Edward John Barker, M.D. Unfortunately Nos. 1, 3 and 5 of the volume are missing, and some of the data is supplied from the index. Among the more important articles are "Legends of the Early Settlements," by Cinna (Robert Baldwin Sullivan), comprising "Tula, or the Ojibway's Leap" (one number); "Maroon Hensley" (one number), and "De Soulis, the Runner of the Woods" (three numbers). "Altham" is a novel by John S. Cummins, which was continued through several numbers and left unfinished owing to the discontinuance of the magazine. The novel begins in England, and in the last number the hero is with Brooke in the impending fight between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, so that doubtless Canada would have been reached before the end of the story. There are two anonymous tales by "A Canadian Settler," and another, "Red Spirits." "Cinna" also contributes a poem, "Kankra, a Tale of the Indian Border," and there is some political poetry in which Robert Baldwin is the main character. "Leaves from the Journal of a Life" appear in two numbers, and there are various poems and short articles. On the flyleaf of the second number appears a number of press notices, all of them in praise of the undertaking, but that from the Cobourg *Star* is especially interesting because of the warmth, one might almost say *great heat*, of its welcome to the *Blackwood's* of Canada. The magazine evidently came to an end with the April number (1847), for the beginning of the second volume was announced for July of that year, and there is no record of its appearance.

Still another magazine, dedicated to "the Canadian public," *The Canadian Literary Magazine*, is interesting because of the "salutory" of the editor who, while willing to be a servant to the public is determined not to be a slave to it, and among other things says: "As far as lies in my power, I will tomahawk every ignorant

and conceited trespasser upon Parnassus and hang up his scalp, as a trophy, in the temple of Apollo. I will endeavor to rescue the modest flower from wasting 'its sweetness on the desert air,' and to root out the rankly luxuriant weeds that would choke the 'wee crimson-tipped daisy.'" Evidently, the dwellers of Parnassus did not take kindly to the breezy Western ideas, for only two numbers (April and May, 1833) are in existence. But among the contributors was Mrs. Moodie, who had lately come to Canada and who wrote from Melsetter (?) near Cobourg. She contributes poems and an Oriental tale, "Achbor," which was reprinted in *The Victoria Magazine* above mentioned. There are articles on Sir Walter Scott and John Galt, with portraits, a couple of anonymous stories, and a very interesting "Journal to Detroit from Niagara in 1793," for the first time printed from the manuscript of Major Littlehales. The remaining contents have very little interest for us.

[Further "Gleanings" will appear in later issues.]





The Passing of the Birds.

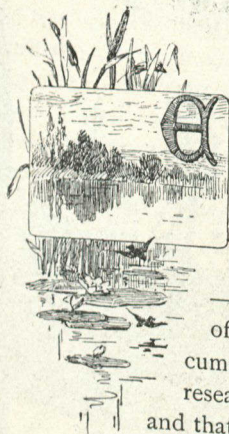
THE first autumnal frost had chilled the air,
When fluttering birds in their green solitudes
Of marsh and meadow lands and shady woods
Were filled with sudden eagerness to fare
To distant warmer climes. From everywhere
Flocked parent birds, calling their fledgling broods
To follow Southward, by mysterious moods
Impelled, as if beneath some spirit's care.

Now silence reigns throughout the countryside,
Only disturbed at scattered intervals,
By whirl of partridges and chattering calls
Of curious squirrels. All the flowers have died,
The yellowing fields await the winter snows,
And weary nature sinks in deep repose.

—WILLIAM WILKIE EDGAR.

Christmas in Naples.

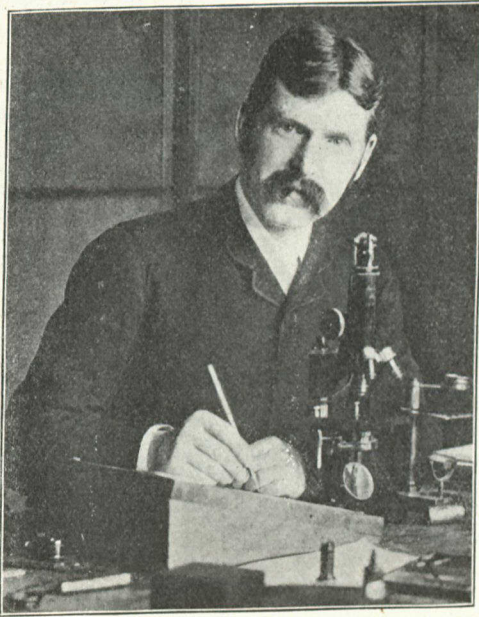
BY R. RAMSAY WRIGHT.



ABOUT the end of November of last year the London fogs were warning us that it was high time to make off for the sunny South. I therefore finished some work I had in hand—the selection of duplicates from the Challenger collection for the University Museum—and prepared to exchange it for a short study of the Naples marine fauna. Owing to the circumstance that many zoologists had prosecuted researches there in the first half of the century and that for the last thirty years the admirably equipped zoological station, directed by Dr. Dohrn, has been diffusing knowledge in regard to it and sending out specimens for museum purposes, beautifully preserved, under the skilful superintendence of Cavaliere Lo Bianco, the fauna of the bay of Naples is well-known to zoologists. Museum specimens, however, can but suggest or recall, to one who has seen them in life, the beauty of form, the vivid colouring and the grace of movement of the living creatures, and so I looked forward with keen pleasure to my two months at the seaside. Having the greater part of December to reach our destination, and having found our bicycles of much use in the preceding summer, both in England and Germany, in really seeing the country, we formed the project of cycling down the Rhone valley, and along the shore of the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Pisa. Various considerations induced us to modify this plan by taking the train over the French part of the route, and we consequently found ourselves landed by the “Nice Rapide” at the Italian frontier in some twenty-four hours after leaving London. Unfortunately the weather did not prove propitious. We exchanged Ventimiglia for Ospedaletti, where we longed for clearer skies and better roads, but a slight fall of snow seemed to have damaged the surface of the latter more than the same amount of rain would have done, and consequently we were obliged to stay two or three days until they were dried up. Then we had one delightful day through San Remo, Porto Maurizio, and Oneglia to Alassio, the comfortable hotel of which we reached

just as a storm burst over North Italy, which effectually put an end to all notions of a cycling tour, being accompanied by four or five inches of snow. So we were reluctantly obliged to ship our bicycles to Naples, and take the more prosaic, if more expeditious, railway journey by easy stages to that city.

We were soon established in the Via Caracciolo on the esplanade, with a magnificent view towards our left of Vesuvius and the many-coloured houses on the Monte de Dio, which would light up brilliantly



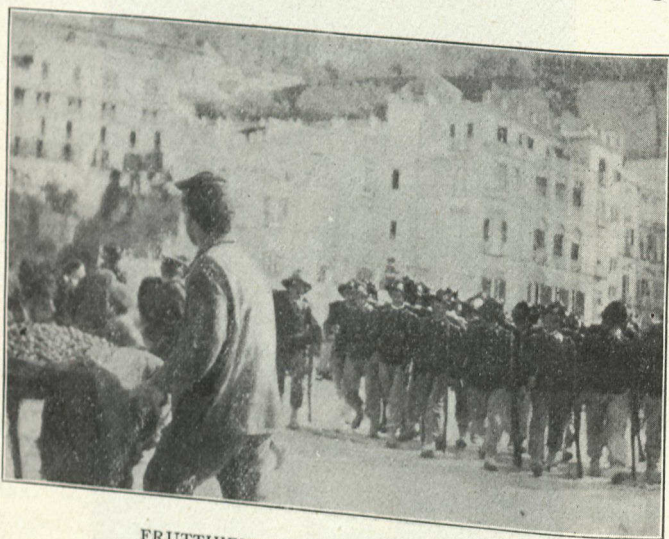
R. RAMSAY WRIGHT.

in the afternoon sun. Towards our right the promontory of Posilipo, with Virgil's Tomb, obstructs the distant view, but there is plenty of interest near at hand, for the Bersaglieri must come down from their barracks in the old town, which affords no space for barrack-yards, to our wider streets for their drill, and hard as nails they look, these little mountaineers from the north, as they trot along in their stiff felt hats with their wealth of drooping cock's feathers. We have only to look out of our windows, too, in the afternoon to see the Corso, during which everybody who is anybody drives in a more or less handsome turn-

Acta Victoriana.

out, from end to end of the Via Caracciolo between four and six. It is said that a Neapolitan lady would rather dispense with her dinner than her *passeggiata*, and consequently the old custom which secured both to her by her marriage-contract had a good deal of sense in it. The Corso, too, is the only available race-course in town, and so, many gaily decorated little horses are to be seen urged along at a pace which would insure their owners being arrested in Toronto for furious driving.

Looking out to the water, the fishermen are a continual source of interest. The most conspicuous are those who are engaged



FRUTTIVENDOLO AND BERSAGLIERI.

in operating the *sciabica*, a large bag net, the mouth of which is continued into lateral walls some three hundred yards long by twenty high, kept vertical by corks and weights. Each wall terminates in a rope, often three-quarters of a mile in length, which, when the net has been taken out to the requisite distance, is gradually pulled in by two gangs of *sciavacuoti* from the shore. The emptying of the net attracts a crowd of spectators, although its often meagre contents—small fish of various species, destined for the Neapolitan *frittura*—do not suggest the idea of the *sciavacuoto's* being a lucrative walk in life. On the other hand the *rastrellaro*, who is to be seen in a small boat, a short distance from the shore, works for his own

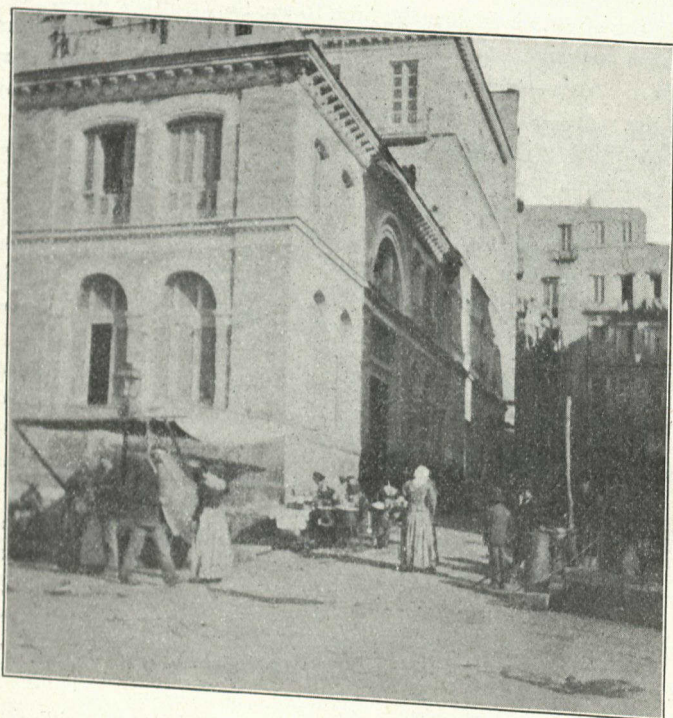
hand, and with luck may make seven or eight francs a day, a fortune for a Neapolitan. But it is a back-breaking occupation: his apparatus is an open-mouthed bag, one lip of which is armed with a rake, and the other with a pole some thirty or forty feet long. Wielding the latter, he scrapes the bottom for *vongole* and other clam-like creatures, and many a time must he sigh for what C. D. Warner's "Summer in a Garden" suggested to him as a desideratum—an iron back with a hinge in it.

But the afternoon is also the time to see the crowded streets of the old town at their best. One must make one's way through the narrow Strada di Chiaja—really the old moat of the Castle-hill, which overhangs it on the right—to San Ferdinand', looking at the shops on the way at the risk of being jostled off the narrow side-walk by the goats who are going home, and who prefer to keep to the wall. When one turns up the Toledo to the left, it is easier to leave the side-walk opposite the big confectioner's, because all the young swells, military and civil, have been in having their afternoon cakes, and are now engaged in watching the ladies returning from the Corso. The shops in the Toledo are beginning to show signs of Christmas cheer, not so much as with us in the multiplicity of turkeys and ponderosity of beef, as in the elaborate decoration of the sausage and cheese shops. The latter especially, with their copious vocabulary of *mozzarella*, *sciucotto*, *caccio cavatolo*, and fifty other unfamiliar names, excite the wonder of the observer that there should be so many different varieties of such a simple food-material as cheese.

Our own Christmas Day did not bring us much more nearly into contact with these delicacies. We were living with English people, went to the English church in the morning, and there realized how small the world is, by meeting representatives of six or seven other Toronto families. Our Christmas dinner, too, was not very different from what it might have been in Toronto. There were *vongole* in the soup instead of oysters; bits of octopus round the *frittura* of fish disclosed themselves to the scientific observer: the force-meat with the turkey had pine-seeds (*pigne*) in it, and some local colour might be detected in the sweets that followed he plum-pudding, viz., whipped cream (*panna montata*) with grated chestnuts and Neapolitan ice-cream, the latter not so good as it can be got in Toronto.

But roast beef and plum-pudding do not constitute the Neapolitan

people's ideal of a Christmas dinner. Their heart's desire is to have for *Natale* a good fat eel, and you may see a brave show of these squirming in tubs in the Via S. Brigida, or if you go farther along the sea-front you may see them being cooked by the open-air *friggitore* at the corner, who, with the neighbouring *macaronaro*, is doing a roaring trade. Here, if your interest keeps you long enough, you may find yourself constituted an arbitrator as to whether enough sauce



OPEN-AIR COOKING.

or enough cheese or enough maccheroni has been accorded to a portion of two or three soldi—*nu doie, nu tre.*

For two or three days before Christmas, both sides of the Toledo, up as far as the Carità, are lined with stalls (*banche*), on which are exposed for sale all kinds of articles, for the most part of the fifteen-cent bazaar type, but some of greater interest on account of the local colour. The book-stalls attracted me, and as I turned over their con-

tents I absorbed some of the phrases and gestures indispensable to a successful bargain. Eventually I experimented on a dictionary marked down to four lire, which, after prolonged haggling I managed to secure for two, not before an indignant refusal on the part of the vendor, and a nonchalant departure on mine, brought it after me in a brown paper parcel with a "Prende, Signo'! Prende!" I must confess that this triumph of bargaining cost some two hundred lire worth of eyesight before I threw it away, so bad as well as cheap is the Neapolitan typography. I was looking for some characteristic toys, but only purchased one in Naples, a little cylinder of tin with one end closed by a parchment membrane to which is attached a rosined string, meant to be pulled in jerks through the fingers. A little model of a bird sits on the other end, and the apparatus produces an admirable imitation of a triumphant cackling hen. The vendors shouting "Che belle galline" did a splendid trade, and all Naples resounded with them for weeks. So successful a producer of discordant sounds is it that I have noticed a marked decrease of cordiality on the part of the recipient's mamma ever since.

One might have expected the "banche" to be loaded at this time with presents for children, but these were more abundant on another occasion, the eve of Epiphany (Twelfth Night), when stockings are hung up to be filled by Befana, who plays the rôle that Santa Claus does in the north. This, obviously, is in commemoration of the gifts brought to the infant Saviour by the Wise men from the East on that day, and another object-lesson of the same church festival, but in a degenerated form, is doubtless to be detected in the rag-dolls stuck up in windows and wheeled about by children in the streets. Such survivals of the ancient methods of impressing the meaning of the various religious festivals on a simple people are not uncommon in Italy. Good examples of the "presepi" or stalls in which the Virgin and Child, St. Joseph, the ox and the ass, are represented by models, are to be found in the Neapolitan churches at Christmas time.

Baedeker had prepared us for another interesting survival—the midnight music of the *Zampognari* who come into the city and play their pipes before the shrines of the Madonna, so we recognized it when being awakened by the salutation of a neighbouring altarino. Time was when they used to play also before the carpenters' shops—out of compliment to St. Joseph—but now the vestige of the ancient ceremony has become further vestigial.

It determined me, however, to see, if possible, another vestige, the

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play advertised as the "Cantata dei Pastori," obviously a Mystery persisting from the Middle Ages. None of my Italian acquaintances had seen it, and I was rather dissuaded from going alone to the part of the town where the Teatro San Ferdinando is situated. Also there were difficulties in the way: the morning performance was advertised to commence at 5.30 p.m. and the evening one at 9.30, involving in the one case the loss of dinner, and in the other that of sleep. I decided to sacrifice the latter, and so set off on the front of a car towards my destination, intending to ask the driver how I must go to find the little theatre. A fellow-passenger, however, was much tickled by the notion that it should be worth the while of an Inglese to go to hear the Song of the Shepherds, so he smoothed the way for me by calling a cab at a suitable tramway station, and arranging with the driver that I was to be carried to the theatre door for ten cents. I arrived in good time for the beginning of the play at ten o'clock, paid two cents to have my coat, etc., taken care of in the guardaroba, fourteen cents for an orchestra chair, and having secured a programme sat down to await events. The programme, I am sorry I have mislaid it, disclosed that the play was not to be confined to the Shepherds' song, but was to begin with the Fall of Lucifer, and to end with the Adoration of the Magi and the Slaughter of the Innocents. The scope, therefore, is co-extensive with that of the 1st and 7th to 10th of the Chester Plays, which I have been looking at in the University Library, but, of course, there is a great deal of difference in the local colour, especially in the Shepherds' Play, where the comic element is furnished by a Neapolitan fisherman, whom the shepherds meet on their way to Bethlehem. Most of his jokes escaped me, as it was almost my first introduction to dialect, but the shepherds and the devils spoke quite intelligible Italian. The Fall of Lucifer was most naive; the perturbation among the demons (clad in red tights) resulting from the appearance of the Archangel (a young lady in a short white satin dress, with much bespangled wings and wielding a terror-inspiring sword) was represented by their simultaneously standing on their heads, an attitude strictly observed during the receipt of communications from heaven.

A Tuscan play of the fourteenth century, "Della Natività di Cristo," which I find in D'Ancona's *Sacre Rappresentazione*, sufficiently resembles the Naples form in its main lines. I am reminded by it of the spirited part of the little boy of one of the shepherds—Nencio—

who insists on accompanying the grown-ups to Bethlehem, until threatened with his father's stick, when he speeds their departure with

“Andar possiate voi con mal commiato.”

This was played by a small boy with much gusto. One is indeed at once struck with the naturalness of the children's acting, but gesture is such an important element of speech in the south, that it has not to be painfully acquired as with us northern people. Any child picked off the street, however, will do as well as Nencietto. Look at these two maidens who, seeing a camera in my hand, give me no peace till they have been photographed and obtained the resultant “sordo.” They are natural actors, and without being asked, throw themselves into an attitude as if they had been posing all their lives.

But even Nencietto's acting could not induce me to see it out. It was already past one and the Magi had not yet come upon the scene, so I decided to deny myself both them and Herod.

On emerging into the labyrinth of streets in which the theatre is situated, I realized that I was not in the most respectable part of Naples, not even a *carrozzell* being visible to carry me back to the west end. However, I made my way to the comparative width of the Toledo, and set off briskly downwards to find an open café in which to still the reminders that dinner was an event of some six or seven hours ago. No difficulty in this: there are numerous places in which a cup of excellent coffee can be had for two cents, and an indigestible pasta for the same. Or there is the *pizzeria* at the corner where you can buy a piece of the Neapolitan *pizza*, a plate pie of stodgy paste, flavoured with tomatoes or anchovies or cheese or garlic or all of these. Or you can have some roasted chestnuts, or a pocketful of melon or pumpkin seeds (*spassatiempo*) to take the edge off your hunger. But I resist all these temptations, and have a cup of coffee and a rusk much flavored with aniseed and, traversing the Chiaja, arrive at the Piazza dei Martiri, where my choice lies between the Calabritto and the esplanade on the one hand and the narrow and ill-lighted, but shorter Via Carlo Poerio on the other, for which the Neapolitans prefer their former and more characteristic—but at two a.m. suggestive—name of the *Vicolo Scuro*. Braving the latter I soon emerge on the Riviera di Chiaja, separated from the sea by the public garden or Villa Nazionale, and find there a little more life. A youth, for instance, with a raucous voice is bawling a serenade—or is it now an aubade—to his sweetheart at a balcony several storeys up. It is the

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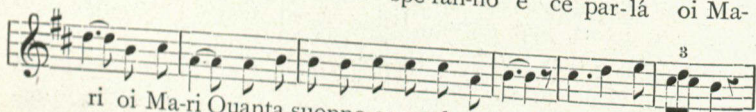
popular Piedigrotta song of last spring, which I already know by heart from hearing it morning, noon and night, with its long drawn-out notes and its plaintive Oriental cadences :



Nun trova n' ora 'e pa-ce 'A nott' 'a fac-cio juor-no

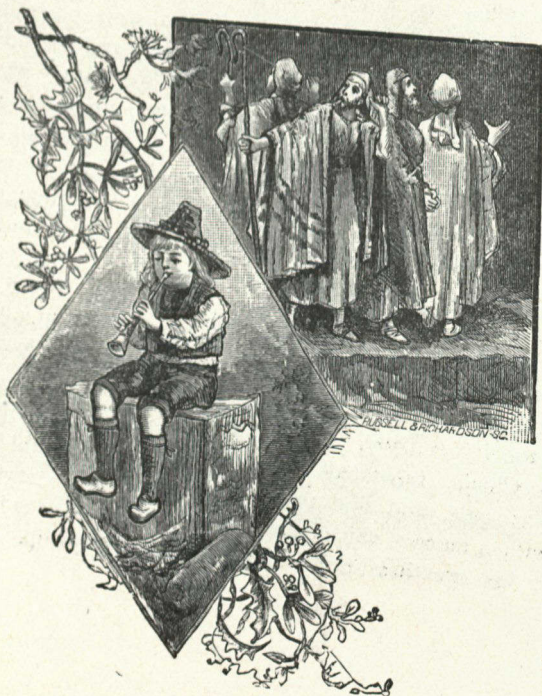


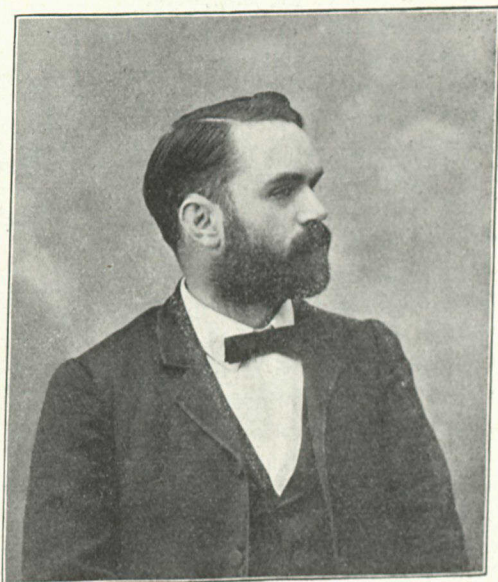
Sem-pe pe sta ccà at-tuor-no spe-ran-no e' ce par-là oi Ma-



ri oi Ma-ri Quanta suonno ca perde pe te famm' ad-dur-mi

etc.—and I reflect that I too have been turning night into day and losing my sleep in the service of another lady—Thalia (I had not waited for the turn of the tragic muse), so I pay my modest fine of ten cents to the *portinaja* for keeping such late hours, and conclude that it was worth while to have taken such trouble to live for a few hours in the middle ages.





WALTER A. RATCLIFFE.

If I Were a King.

† If I were a King of the Isles, my Queen,
† Where the woods, in perennial Springtide green,
To the Sun of the Southland their banners unfold,
And sift with their mighty arms his gold,
Till, with backs all dappled, the joyous rills
Dart forth from their coverts among the hills,
And laugh, as they leap down the steep inclines,
At the birds embowered in palms and vines :
I would build thee a palace more rich and rare,
A throne I would rear thee more radiant and fair
Than the Queens of the Earth have ever seen,
If I were a King of the Isles, my Queen.

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If I were a King of the far off Isles,
 I would set thy throne where the Mountain smiles
 In the last soft glow of the parting Sun,
 As he kisses her brow when the day is done ;
 At thy feet should a crystal cascade leap
 To the valley below him, from steep to steep,
 While over thy head the bow he flings
 To the cloudless sky, while he loudly sings,
 A halo of glory all day should be ;
 The Wood Nymphs should gather and bear to thee
 The rarest of roses, the fairest of fruits,
 While zephyrs should glad thee with sweetest of lutes ;
 Thy drink should be wine from the hillside's rim,
 In goblets of lilies filled to the brim ;
 Thy robes should be wove of the Moon's soft rays,
 Thy veil of the purpling Sunset's haze ;
 The steps of thy throne should be hammered gold
 From the banks of the Klondike, drear and cold,
 And daring divers should bring to thee
 Coral and amber and pearls from the sea :
 Oh, thy life were a rhyme of love and smiles,
 If I were a King of the far-off Isles.

But the far-off Isles in the glassy Sea,
 Are not for thy lover to give to thee ;
 No King, but thy vassal slave is he,
 Bound with Love's fetters that yet make free ;
 A heart undivided the only prize,
 He can lay at thy feet beneath the skies,
 For the Earth and the Ocean before him lies,
 Fast sealed with the brassy seal of Fate,
 Who has left him open no smallest gate ;
 But Love links Love ; though the plains are wide,
 The barrier Mountains, they cannot divide ;
 Thy soul doth know that my soul I'd prove,
 If I were a King of the Isles, my Love.

—WALT. A. RATCLIFFE.

Three Hundred "Kilos" of French History.

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN.



URING October we have been taking lectures, with kindergarten illustrations, on the history of France from the tense, vivid days of the two Napoleons, back to the mediæval twilight of Charles VII. "Going backward," you will say; and from the point of view of the college class-room, it does look like following the wrong direction. But to the tourist, it is the ideal itinerary. Give him his oldest ruin first, and how can he pump up enthusiasm over later piles? But start him with Revolutionary relics, which, fresh from Canada and Carlyle, he will glow over; and then slowly press open the grey doors of older centuries before his awed eyes, and he is ever beckoned on by the fascination of something more hoary than he has seen.

Our lectures have been given by uniformed professors, by professors in butler's livery, and by lady-professors, but always in French; and the fee has usually been a franc. Our texts have been several, the most comprehensive being "Baedeker"; and our lecture rooms, the halls and galleries, the boudoirs, salons, bed-rooms, libraries and the like of the great of France in the Palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau, and in the marvellous chateaus of the "bords de la Loire."

It is of these latter that I should like to talk to the Victoria man who is thinking of taking a trip to Europe next summer. Versailles he is sure to see from Paris, and probably Fontainebleau if he is not too hurried; but like the adopted son—and grandson—of Victoria, whose name he will find at the head of this article, he may not have heard of the chateaus on the Loire until he gets over here. In that case, if his plans are fixed, he may miss them altogether.

They lie between Orleans and the sea, though the trip recommended by the Touring Club de France stops at Angers. The one way to make the trip is by bicycle, unless you can afford an automobile. Join the Touring Club de France a couple of months before you start from home (address Francis S. Hesseltine, 10 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., and he will tell you how). This will bring your wheel into France free of duty, and you will save your fee several times over in genuine reductions at the hotels. Orleans can be reached by rail from Paris—*via* Fontainebleau if desired. So much for tourist agency instructions.

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Then the dream begins. Oftener than not the chateaus were fortified strongholds, and their architecture is in the main that of the mediæval fortress. Generally some naturally strong site was chosen, as the crest of a hill or a great bluff overlooking the river; and on this the battlemented, bastioned, towered monster stands, grey and grim, with a crowded town huddled at its feet. Sometimes the chateau is furnished and used as a modern dwelling, as at Chenonceaux and Langeais; and at others it is only a show-place as at Blois and Amboise; at others again it is only a ruin as at Chinon. Always, however, an attendant will show you over the historical rooms, and discourse in slow French for the benefit of "*les Anglais*" on the furniture, the decorations, the pictures and the memories.

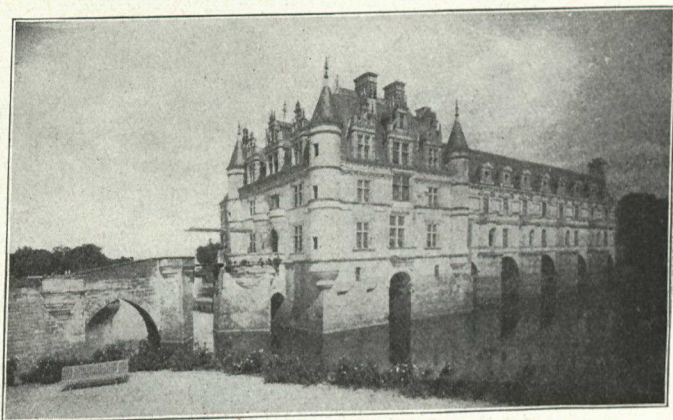
Gradually you get the French kings sorted out. At Versailles and Fontainebleau, you have had Napoleon and "Louis Quatorze"—others, of course, but these mainly. But at Cheverny, you find the bed and wedding trunk of "Henri Quatre," and at Blois the rooms of Henry III and of his mother, Catherine de Mèdicis. Here the two Guises, the Duke and the Cardinal, were assassinated; here is a "gallerie" of "Louis Douze" and another of "François Premier." The grey doors of the past are swinging back; and swing they will until you get to Chinon and find the room in which Joan of Arc inspired Charles VII to march to the relief of Orleans, and the foundations of a chateau built by Henry II of England, who was a son of Anjou, and a lover of the Loire country.

In time you will become accustomed to hearing the attendants who are delivering this series of "lectures" refer to the French kings by their French numbers, and to know at once that "Louis Douze" means Louis XII, English style, and "Henri Quatre," Henry IV. But at first it will be novel; and you will forgive the following frenzy, brought on by visiting several chateaus in quick succession:

If Louis XII to Henri IV,
 What Louis XVI he will,
 Will Henry II as bad as that
 When Louis XIII to bring his cat
 Up the Chateau hill.

Many of the chateaus are most satisfactory in a romantic sense. At Blois, for example, the chateau stands on a great rock in what is now the centre of the town; and the view of the western facade is had from a small square away below it. Architecturally, it is light and richly decorated, hanging galleries over the sheer rock and presenting many

a far-away window where an imprisoned lady might have waited and listened for the hoof-beats of a knight's charger below. From one of the high windows, in fact, Marie de Mèdicis did make her escape when confined here once by her son, Louis Treize—so our lecturer at Blois told us ; and it must be true, for he showed us the window. The chateau is entered on the other side by passing into a court—always a court ; and what mediæval romance does not tell of armed men riding into the court of the castle ? It is marvellous how admirably these kings and nobles of the Middle Age, who could not possibly have read Anthony Hope, or Weyman, or even Conan Doyle, suc-



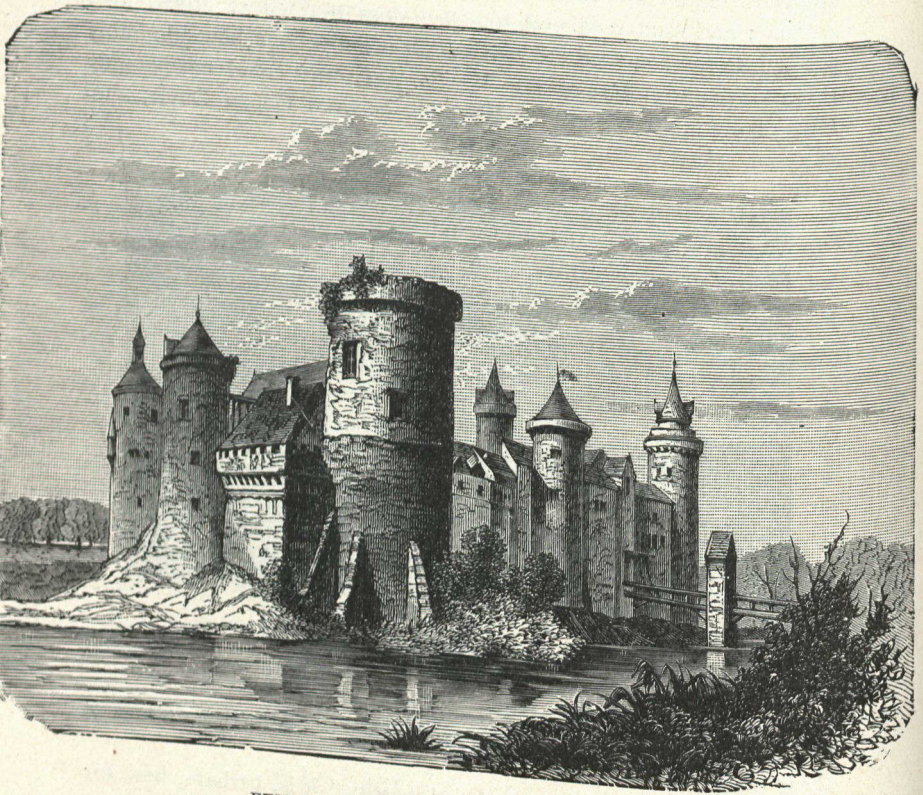
CHATEAU DE CHENONCEAU.

ceeded in building their castles and chateaus to fit the descriptions of these mediæval romancers.

Then there is the Chateau—for “chateau” it is, perhaps, best for the English reader to read “castle”—of Chenonceau, standing knee-deep in a flowing river. It looks as if built upon the foundations of a bridge, except that the pier which carries the main body of the structure is much larger than the others. But, lift the draw-bridges and there it stood—an island castle with the waters of the Cher forever swishing against its foundations and flowing free beneath the greater part of its bulk. I do not know why it is, but the thought of flowing water in the dark has for me more suggestion of grewsome possibilities than most things ; and the picture of that massive castle hanging

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always above the moving river, on rainy nights when the waters rise, on windy nights when through the flying clouds the moon shows palely, making its shadow on the river look the blacker, is one of the most impressive I shall carry away from the Loire region. The heavy towers of Angers, broken only by archers' slits, built on the living rock,



FEUDAL CASTLE, AT ROUEN, FRANCE.

which the concierge told us had never been taken by force—"jamais, jamais"—will run it close, however.

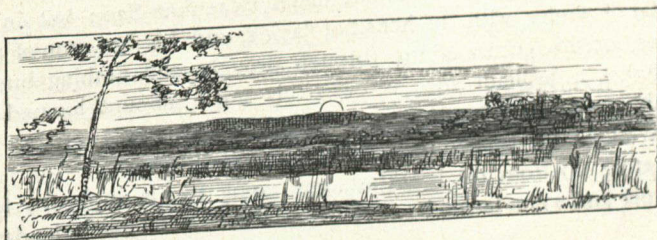
Where the chateaus are furnished, there is much to see in the way of wall and ceiling decorations, old furniture and historic paintings; but Versailles and Fontainebleau—especially the latter—leave nothing to be said on this score. Still the same royal lavishness that turned Fontainebleau into a museum of wonderful wood carving, exquisite

bronze decoration and stately corridors of colored marbles, filled these chateaus with costly beauty; for here, in the vineyard of the Loire, many of them preferred to live. Going through a chateau is always a delight in any case. The attendant goes with you and "lectures." Where there is old furniture to show, you get more and more used to the styles of the different epochs. Where it is old tapestry, it may be beautiful or grotesque. There is in an upper room at Langeais, a tapestry serial which tells the story of Eden. The first scene reveals the Deity—a bearded, benevolent-looking man—in the act of creating Adam. Adam is in a kneeling posture and the Deity is gently patting him into shape about the ribs. The next picture is that of the Deity and Adam standing in friendly converse on a little hill, while an astonishing procession of animals files past. Obviously Adam is picking names for them. Then the same Deity makes Eve while Adam is asleep; and subsequently an enormous serpent hangs over a tall tree, with its tail on the ground, however, and tempts Eve with an immense apple. They called this religious art in the day of the cross-bow.

As for the rest, the Victoria man who comes over next summer—or, preferably, in the early autumn—will find the trip altogether charming. The roads are good French roads—the best in the world. There are not many hills, except when one crosses from one river valley to another. The hotels are excellent, polished hard-wood floors, no carpets, French cooking, prompt and cheerful service. The wayside villages are quaint and picturesque; the fields with their toiling peasants are copied from Millet's canvases. Everywhere the people wear a welcome on their faces. Politeness—that happy second nature of this polished race—you are always sure of in any case, whether you stop a farmer driving his donkey and ask for the road to So-and-So, or if you pump local information out of the "garçon" who lights your fire.

If there be any pleasanter way of studying French history, I should like to find it.

ANGERS, FRANCE.



Old Jimmy's Temptation.

BY BERNARD McEVOY.



THE dawn of the Yuletide coming through the small windows of Jimmy Lisgar's two-roomed cabin revealed the old man getting breakfast for himself and his "missus." It did not take very much preparation, seeing that it consisted but of bread and tea, and the single egg he had been able to find in the hens' nests that morning. This he cooked in his own peculiar way, for Jimmy was an "original." Carefully washing the egg, he placed it gingerly in the tea-pot. Then he put in the three small spoonfuls of tea—one for himself, one for his wife, and "one for the pot," and pouring upon it the boiling water, he placed it on the stove. By this method the egg was cooked by the time the tea was "drawn," and cooked just as old Mrs. Lisgar liked it. Besides, it acquired a rich tint that was pleasing to Jimmy's eyes.

Old Jimmy always whistled when he was getting the breakfast, and his wife regulated her movements accordingly. When he made a pause of a bar or two, she knew that he was putting in the egg. When he resumed, she knew that he was toasting her a slice of bread. When he whistled a bugle call he had learned in the war time, she knew that breakfast was ready, and appeared at the door of the bedroom hobbling with a stick, for she was rheumatic.

Old Jimmy had found some difficulty lately in keeping his whistling up to that mark of vim and vigor that denotes the hopeful man. True, he had his pension, but he was paying for his small place of six acres by instalments, and there was a mortgage on it. A payment was coming due, and Jimmy was not ready for it. The sum he had to make up in ten days was not much more than \$20; but in the middle of winter, with the hens not laying, and his last crop of peas a poor one, his corn a failure through drought, and nothing but his artichokes a brilliant success, even this small amount loomed formidable in the near future.

"Well, we must make the best of it," said old Jimmy. Getting up from his breakfast, and going to his cupboard for a hammer and some tacks, he unrolled a brilliantly-colored calendar he

had got as a present from the village store. He proceeded to take down last year's calendar, and put up the new one. The picture on the old calendar represented a basket of rich fruit, at which Jimmy and his wife had often looked with admiration. This year's work of art showed a group of emblematical angels blowing trumpets, with the legend beneath it, "Hope and Trust."

"This here picter's kinder fanciful," said Jimmy, as he tacked it up on the wall.

Then he took a stump of pencil and made a cross opposite four dates: January 10, April 10, July 10, October 10. That was when the instalments came due. There were similar crosses on the old almanac.

"I don't know as it's any use keeping the old 'un', excep' to remind us as the payments *was* made. And in a manner of speaking it was true enough, so far as the picter went. It was the fruit as helped us to do it. Them young apple-trees I sold at the beginning of October came in mighty handy, eh, Jemima?"

"That they did," said the old lady, beginning to wash up the breakfast things, "an', accordin' to the picter, we must hope the angels 'll help us this year. Leastways if there *is* angels."

"You bet there's angels," replied her husband, "but they won't do your chores for you. Reckon you've got to do them pretty much yourself. P'raps when things come to the very wust, they might lend a hand, somehow."

So Jimmy went out of doors to split wood, to put some additional straw over his little stock of onions to keep them from "frosting," to feed his poultry, and do other little odd jobs. In the course of these proceedings he climbed the ladder that led up to the loft over the little barn, for he fancied he heard a slight noise up there. A sparrow had flown in through the open door and was now bobbing about among the rafters, and occasionally taking rest on the wall-plate, where the sloping angle of the roof met the wall. There was a slight projection here, which made a shelf on which the bird could perch. Jimmy opened the window of the loft that it might fly out, and in the increased light, peered along the wall-plate in search of it. He soon found it, and "shooed" it forth. But when the bird had gone, Jimmy's gaze was still directed to where it had perched. In the winter, when scarcely any work presses, there is time to look at things, and something that has not been observed before is a welcome relief. What Jimmy now saw was a small oblong board lying on the wall-plate in the shadow, and projecting from it perhaps an inch. What could it

considerable distance off, and at present they did not know much of their neighbors. Of course they could enquire at the store, or the people at the next farm might know.

Jimmy ended his cogitations by returning the bills to the envelope, and carrying the package up to the loft, where he deposited it in exactly the same place he had taken it from. Then he felt easier in his mind. But he was not quite at rest. When he had got back to the house and was sitting quietly by the fire, he reached the old wallet in which he kept his slender store of money and counted it over. Five dollars and eighty-seven cents. And on the tenth of January he had to pay \$22.50.

He did not say anything to his wife about what he had found. He felt he had to puzzle this thing out by himself. But it troubled him a good deal, so that he began to wish people would not leave money about in strange places for other people to find.

For the first time for many months, old Jimmy passed a restless night. In uneasy dreams he counted the bills over and over again, never being able to make them come to the same amount. Sometimes they totalled thirty-nine, and sometimes twenty-five dollars. Then a man appeared whom he did not recognize, and demanded to know what he had done with the remainder of the money. At four o'clock he fell soundly asleep. When he awoke at six, he at once determined what to do, and his mind resumed its normal peace.

Immediately after breakfast, Jimmy put on his overcoat, his wool cap and mittens. He told his wife he would not be long away, and started for the residence of the sheriff, who lived about half a mile off. He had determined to tell that official the entire circumstances, and let him do what he thought best. Then, at any rate, the responsibility of the money would be off his shoulders and the temptation out of the way.

But he was not to get to the sheriff's without passing through a mental struggle. After all, he thought, was he not a fool to put this opportunity aside? Surely this was a legitimate find. Had not the dust settled thick on the board that covered the mysterious envelope, showing that months, perhaps years, had passed since it was left there? These thoughts so tormented poor old Jimmy that at last he started to run, thus exciting the wonder of some small boys he met, who marvelled greatly to see an elderly man running like a lad of fourteen.

The sheriff was at home, and Jimmy told his story, and pretty soon the two were driving back to Jimmy's house in the sheriff's buggy. Both ascended to the loft, and, with his own hands, the sheriff took

Acta Victoriana.

down the envelope. He read the pencilled memoranda on its exterior. Then he took out the bills. Then he slapped the astonished Jimmy on the back, and said: "Good for you, Mr. Lisgar; good for you!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Jimmy.

"It's a gover'nent affair, that's what it is! A gover'nent affair, I tell you. Look here!" And he drew from his pocket a folded paper, headed, "\$500 Reward," and going on to state that that sum would be given to any person giving information that would lead to the conviction of any person or persons passing forged bills in the county of S——.

"Don't you see, Mr. Lisgar—every one of these bills is forged. It's a green-goods case. This thing has been going on in the county goodness knows how long, and we've never been able to get on the track before. And this shows how foolish criminals will be. This man has actually noted down here the people on whom he has passed the forged money. Then he's had to clear out, and, in some unaccountable way, has forgotten where he left this damaging piece of evidence. 'A. & Sons'—that means Andrews & Sons, and I warrant they never thought it was Tom Harper that passed the forged bills on them. But Harper it was; he used to live here. Now all you have to do, Mr. Lisgar, is to keep your mouth shut. Leave it to me, and I will carry it through for you. You did quite right in coming to tell me at once."

The sheriff put the envelope in his pocket and drove away, leaving Jimmy in a state of glad thankfulness at his narrow escape. Surely the angels had helped him to withstand a temptation which, if he had been subdued by it, would have resulted so disastrously for him. He trembled to think of what might have been the result had he offered the bad money in payment of his instalment. As it turned out, although Jimmy did not receive the reward in time for his instalment on the 10th of January, he had no difficulty in getting from the sheriff an advance on account of it sufficient for his need; and by the time the next payment came round, he had received the whole, and was able to pay off his entire indebtedness. For the incriminating writing on the envelope so strangely forgotten by Tom Harper, led to the bringing home to him of a long series of misdemeanors, for which he was ultimately brought to justice, and the county saved from a slow epidemic of bad money that had troubled it for years.

When old Jimmy replaced the almanac by a new one, at the end of that year, he said: "Well, I think the angels helped, Jemima."

Art at the Paris Exposition.



BY W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.

ONE of the most imposing and costly of the edifices erected within recent years on the banks of the beautiful Seine is the Temple of the Fine Arts of the Exposition of 1900. It is a permanent structure. The greatest amount of space in the building is devoted to paintings, yet the galleries wherein the sculptured marbles are arranged are spacious, and apparently sufficient for the work of all the nations therein represented.

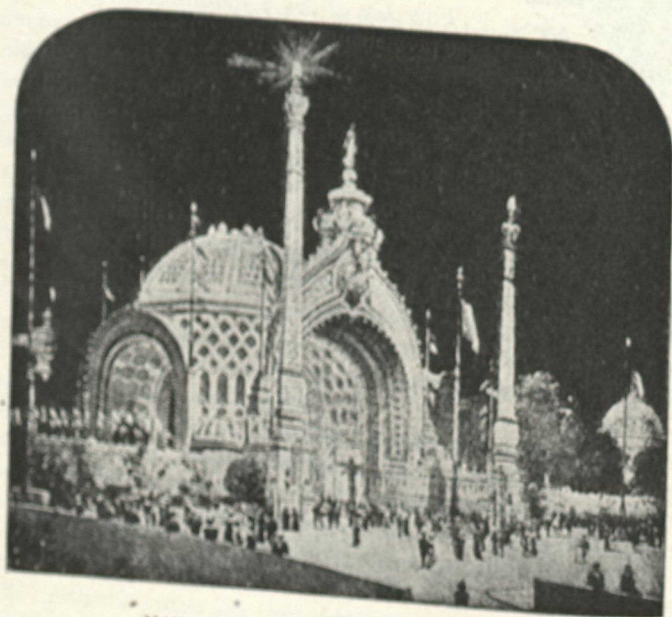
The Louvre and Luxemburg Galleries have been drawn upon for many of their best pictures to give grace to the collection of modern times. These great pictures do not lose by their new surroundings. They seem to gain a fresh lease of life, and, in the better arranged light, they seem as though they were but painted yesterday.

The new gallery is built on a magnificent scale, and will, when completed, take rank with the first art edifices in Europe. The central portion is occupied by the creations of the chisel. Italy, Spain, Germany, France and England send such works as express the nation's finer sensibilities, and the American sculptor is also worthy of timely recognition in the healthy portrayal of Western life. The marble, so often passed over with just a complimentary word, may have cost the faithful toiler many months of severe study and strained anxiety. The sculptor, quite as successfully as the painter, may give, both by choice of subject and the manner of presentation, a clear insight into the finer sensibilities of a nation's life. The work of the English school was ponderous, and seemed as though the sculptor had been hammering away, chiselling down till over-tired, leaving that tired look upon the features. The French sculptor, on the other hand, leaves the impression that he had just begun his work, that the figure, awakened by the rapid stroke of the mallet, had shaken from limb and trunk the burdening mass of the Carrara block.

This may seem fanciful, a little overdrawn, yet these two schools are directly opposite to each other. The one is all vitality, chic, wear-

ing the appearance of matchless spontaneity, the other, calm, positive, with almost a cold indifference, in all philosophical.

The English sculptor gives to his subjects re-creation, the appearance of the model having been clothed in too heavy a garment. The French; on the other hand, have the faculty of running the life-line, with all its curves, convexities and concavities of face and limb, in such a crisp and dashing manner as to provoke the thought: Has not life sometime or other awakened this beautiful creature?



MAIN ENTRANCE, PARIS EXPOSITION.

These two schools represent the general characteristics of all other nations. The German as nearly as possible resembles the English. There is perhaps this slight divergence: the appearance of melancholy rests upon the marble. The Italian is all brightness, and the Spaniard haughty and playful.

With these thoughts playing about us we wandered through the galleries of sculpture into the more elaborate salons of painting. What treasures were here to be found. The English school far in the front in the matter of portraiture and landscape, whilst in

battle and rustic subjects as well as those of the more fanciful order of creation, the great masters of France stand unrivalled. It is, however, an open secret that many of the first painters of Paris are making a serious study of portraiture with a view of meeting the American calls made upon their professional time, and are entering into violent competition with even the English portrait painters. This seriousness of intention is painfully evident in the results of the Parisian portraiture. The artists seem too dead in earnest to produce a rigid realism, and lose what is of far greater importance in portraying a sitter, that which the English attain to with such felicity: "ease



GREAT PALACE OF ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.

and naturalness." The students in Paris will tell you that the great masters regard portrait painting as of a monetary value only, and with an expressive shrug dispose of the whole matter. It is a curious commentary upon the Parisian student that, with the rare examples of Rembrandt and Velasquez before him, he would look so indifferently upon this beautiful art. I am bound to say that this spirit of indifference is always evident in the painted canvases which we term portraits produced by even the great French masters themselves, living at the present time. There is not a trick of the brush that they cannot give, yet all this is given rather to create an effect than to produce the simple look of life.

Then in the matter of color there is no comparison between the work of Duran, Constant or any of these painters and that of Rembrandt, or Velasquez, or even Reynolds, and as for the work of the untutored Romney of England, they are mere tyros beside him. I do not mean that they cannot reach as closely to the muscles and ligaments, an anatomical realization. But is this the all in all in portraiture? Have the French artists in accomplishing all this side of realism, lost that which is of far greater value, color. The flesh-tones of all the French masters are more or less of the same order of color. Their best productions seem to reflect the early impressions received at the schools of art, where pupil and master strive through the same pigment to give the appearance of nature. They speak of the green tones in the flesh, and you will not readily overlook their presence, especially in their portraits. You might not feel anything particularly of an emerald hue in the fascinating features of the Parisian lady or gentleman you meet. You will see it only in the portraits, and in the startled eye of the art student, who has just apparently awakened out of a prolonged seance superinduced by an over use of absinthe. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," absinthe the eye grow greener.

The influence upon a nation's life, of the indulgence in any form of extreme, beverage or narcotic, must sooner or later show its effects in even the quieter fields of operation. The pulpit, the studio, the laboratory, all must feel the presence of the prevailing evil.

It is not too much to apprehend disastrous consequences awaiting the art students of Paris, and as a slight indication of the approaching calamity this vitreous tone in much of the art of even the first masters is strangely apparent. I must not be understood as rudely catechising the great men who stand on the outer walls of the citadel of art, or rather the inner courts of the temple of art. Yet when we see a condition of things that does not seem wholly in harmony with the best canons of art, are we not in some measure justified in the effort to present to view this adverse state of things, at least, as they appear? The English portraits, at least those that appeal to us as of true English type, are pleasing beyond measure, both in expression and color, quiet and restful. One in particular that I recall, a portrait by Orchardson. The pose is one that is so often painted, being a three-quarter view, there is no effort to show smart brush work nor accurate drawing, not even strong contrast, a well-known trick in portraiture. The tones are all quiet yet warm, thus contrasting strongly with Constant's portrait of the French literateur, where all is staring and glaringly brought out. The student and critic may run into

ecstasies over this class of realism, evincing great imitative power, but is it the highest attainment in art? If it is, then Rubens, Rembrandt and Vandyke are only vague unmeaning names. Velasquez, whom so many students affect to admire and to emulate, did not paint in this fashion. He made strong contrasts of light and shade, yet all without the glaring and rude presence of chrome yellow and verdigris in the tones of retiring flesh.

I was struck when in the Spanish gallery by the great vivacity of the modern school of Spain. It seems to have taken a new lease of life. One of the most striking pictures of the year is the colossal painting of Don Quixote, descending, mounted upon his Rosenant,



LITTLE PALACE OF ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.

from his ill-directed charge upon the windmill. This was a favorite picture. Before it the wearied and art-worn traveller would halt, he would recall the times of knight-errantry and the graphic satyrists of those mediæval heroes, Cervantes. The artist had been splendidly successful, and his efforts had not been overlooked by the commission.

In landscape the work of Leader, of England, and Innis, of the United States, were deservedly popular. I was also delighted to see a beautiful portrait group by Robert Harris, of Montreal. It was hung in the English gallery. I must join with the general acclaim of praise at the success, from an artistic sense, of L'Exposition de 1900, and must not overlook the exhibit in the Canadian gallery of over one hundred pictures. One of the leading critics, in *Le Temps*, speaks in a complimentary fashion of the pictures there exhibited. It recalls, with pleas-

Acta Victoriana.

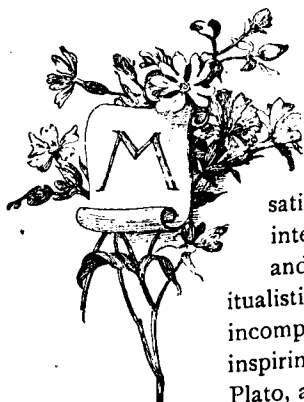
ant terms, the presence of the life-like portrait of Dr. May, whom it characterized as "the genial Chevalier and Commissioner-General of Canada in the Exposition of 1887."

The great doors of the exhibition are now closed, and in a few months all that was so bright and educative will be a thing of the past. As to the results, from a monetary point of view, much regret is felt, even in avenues where the directorate were not popular, at the great financial loss sustained. Would not the exhibition have been more popular had the Commissioners invited a few at least of the many who had studied in their national art schools to contribute. The presence of the works could not have materially affected their tone or lowered the standard in any perceptible sense of the general collection. It would have ensured the success, at least to a considerable extent, had these former pupils been invited to send even one canvas. The desire of the Commissioners to reach the absolute was laudable, still all human perfection is a matter of degree, and the measurement a matter of delicate discernment. In the eyes of the general public the effect would not have been adversely felt, and the pleasure that would have been realized by students of the Julian and other schools would compensate at least in some degree.

The following is a list of the contributors whose names appear in the "Catalogue Officiel des Œuvres d'Art exposées dans le Pavillon du Canada." The catalogue is printed in the dual languages: Henri Beau, William Blair-Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, Miss M. Campbell-McPherson, P. Dierlamm, N. Dubé. Miss S. T. Pemberton, of Vancouver, B.C., exhibits an excellent picture entitled, "Le Goudronneur." F. C. V. Ede, a former Torontonion, now residing in Paris, is represented by three water-colors, "Paysage," "Les Poules." J. Hutchinson's "Sur la Rivière," and J. O. Marchand's "Berges de la Seine" are worthy of mention. Suzor-Coté sends in all ten pictures, of which "Lever de lune" and "Portrait de femme" are most important. W. A. Sherwood sends five, of which the portraits of the Hon. G. W. Ross and Mr. E. W. Cox are the most important. In the department of sculpture Mr. Philippe Hebert is a very ambitious contributor. The two statues to be shortly unveiled at Ottawa—one of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the other of Hon. Alex. McKenzie—were prominent among M. Hebert's collection. They are cast in bronze, and are exceptionally strong. Besides Hebert, the other sculptors contributing were: Mme. Benedicks-Bruce, P. M. A. Genest, K. E. Wallis, and Gordon Osborne. All except three reside in Paris.

Mind-reading and Kindred Mysteries.

BY J. W. BAIRD.



AN delights in mysteries. He has a passion for the occult and the unfathomable. That which excites but does not satisfy his curiosity awakens his unflinching interest. Ancient myths, mediæval legends and magic-spells, modern fairy-tales and spiritualistic séances testify alike to his interest in the incomprehensible and his admiration for the awe-inspiring. "Philosophy began in wonder," says Plato, and its problems have lost none of their

seductive charm with the lapse of time.

Mind-reading has enjoyed almost a quarter of a century of popularity. Not only has it found a place on the programme of the evening party, but it has even given rise to a new profession in our multiplex division of labor. The professional mind-reader has found it to his advantage to invest his exhibition with an air of supernaturalism, a policy which, besides yielding him a maximum of glory with a minimum of exertion, has gladdened the heart of his business manager as well.

The ordinary procedure in a parlor exhibition of mind-reading is about as follows: Mr. A. is asked to retire from the room, and during his absence, the other members of the company select an object and hide it in some out-of-the-way corner. Mr. A. returns and grasps the hand of Mr. B., or places Mr. B.'s hand on his forehead. Mr. B. is to give no clue that could in any way lead to the discovery of the object; he simply thinks intently of the hiding-place, when, presto! Mr. A. walks across the room and discovers the hidden object. It has been customary to explain this marvellous feat by the assumption of thought-transference. The thought which was uppermost in the mind of B., the idea of the location of the object, was believed to pass over directly into the mind of A., thus leading inevitably to the discovery of the hiding-place. It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the possibility of thought-transference, or telepathy, which has so frequently been investigated by the members of the various societies for physical research; but we hope to be able to show that not only mind-reading

itself, but various kindred phenomena as well, admit of a much simpler explanation.

Everybody knows that if a member of a company yawns there is a tendency for all witnesses of the act to do likewise. The thought of intense cold makes us shiver, and the idea of savory food makes our mouths water. The athlete who watches his rival contestant clear the bar in the pole-vault involuntarily assumes the drawn-up position of the jumper. Professor James assures us that we cannot hold the fore-finger extended while concentrating our attention upon the idea of its being bent. The impulse to beat time in accompaniment to music is a familiar experience. Experiments by Professor Mosso and others, with the plethysmograph and the pneumograph, show that the rate of heart-action and respiration change with every considerable change in our stream of ideas and feelings. In short, every modification of our mental state tends to give rise to a change in our muscular movement. Professor James puts it: "Every possible feeling produces a movement." And Professor Baldwin says: "Every idea tends to find expression in movement."

This principle of *ideo-motor action* sounds startling to any one who has not given the matter serious consideration. But accurate experiment in psychological and physiological laboratories confirms the principle. The induced movement is involuntary; the subject may be unconscious of its having taken place. It may even escape the notice of the observer. It sometimes takes the form of modified organic activity, or it may assume the more patent form of facial expression of emotion, movement of the hands and arms, etc. In any case this much may be accepted as certain: if our apparatus is sufficiently accurate, it will record that every mental state *has* been followed by a bodily movement of some sort.

A few more illustrations will make this principle of *ideo-motor action* more readily understood. An interesting series of experiments in automatic movements is described by Professor Jastrow in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April and September, 1892. A plate of glass was arranged so that it could move freely in all directions in a horizontal plane. From one side of the plate there projected an arm which held a pencil, the point of the pencil resting lightly upon a plain smoked surface. If the subject places his hand upon the plate glass and remains as motionless as possible, the pencil will record the movements in which his thought tends to find expression. It was found that when he listened attentively to the beats of a metromone, the pencil recorded back-and-forth movements, corresponding to the oscillations

of the pendulum. When he thought intently of a familiar locality or building in the neighborhood, the path of the pencil was in the direction of the object of thought. When he concentrated his attention upon a passage read by a person who meanwhile walked about in the laboratory, the path of the tracer conformed with the path of the reader. The subject, however, was in no case aware that his hand or the plate had moved during the experiment.

The phenomena of "table-turning" were investigated by Faraday in 1853, and found to depend upon the same principle of movement as the involuntary and inevitable expression of thought. It was the custom of the "table-turners" to place their hands upon the table in an oblique position and "will" that the table should move in a certain direction. And their exhibitions showed that the table not only actually moved, but sometimes moved so far and so rapidly that the "turners" were scarcely able to keep pace with it. Faraday was in doubt as to how to explain these phenomena, but he suspected that an involuntary oblique pressure was communicated to the table by the "turners" while their attention was concentrated upon the movement "willed." Accordingly he laid upon the table a sheet of smooth card-board, to which was fastened the short arm of a horizontal lever, the pivot being a nail driven into the top of the table. The long arm of the lever thus magnified and registered any movement which might be communicated to the sheet of card-board upon which the hands of the "turners" rested. The result was that when the lever was hidden from their view, a distinct movement of the card-board was registered by the indicator, though the "turners" themselves, in this case at least, were doubtless unconscious of their applying any *lateral* pressure.

The field of hypnotism is rich in illustration of ideo-motor action. A characteristic of the hypnotic condition is the invariable succession of visible movement upon idea. This condition of hypnotic sleep, which is induced by the hypnotizer through the use of one or other of the familiar devices, continued concentration of attention, passes before the face, etc., is marked by an increased suggestibility of the subject. Suggestibility is not a condition peculiar to hypnosis alone, for we are all in some degree suggestible, in our normal condition. But in the hypnotic subject it assumes an exaggerated form, indicating almost total absence of critical judgment. In the hypnotic state the idea which the hypnotist wishes to "transmit" to his subject gains access to the mind of the latter through one or other of the ordinary channels of sense. An explanation of the principle of hypnotism does not

require the assumption of a transmission of "personal magnetism," "will-power," or the like, from the operator to his subject. For, having once prepared the soil and implanted the seed, the hypnotizer is powerless to do more. It only remains for the ideo-motor character of that seed to develop and bear fruit in active movement.

So, too, in impulsive insanity. The unfortunate victim of this malady believes himself to be commanded by spirit-voices to commit suicide, murder or other deed of violence. The idea of such an act may arise at first as any other fleeting thought of ordinary experience. But constant brooding, unbalanced mental constitution, or other cause, leads to its continued presence in the mind, and to a repeated concentration of attention upon it. This but magnifies its tendency to lead to action, until at length that tendency becomes so powerful as to assume in the disordered mind of the patient the form of a voice impelling him to act. Any standard work on insanity will give instances of what we have here described.

But what bearing can all this have on mind-reading? That it has a very direct bearing becomes evident on a moment's reflection. It will be remembered that the mind-reader, Mr. A., of our first illustration, was in personal contact with Mr. B., who knew the secret hiding-place which Mr. A. was to locate. Mr. B. had, meanwhile, concentrated his attention upon the idea of that place, and continued that concentration throughout the whole experiment. If, then, the principle of ideo-motor action holds in this case, we should expect that B.'s hand would move involuntarily toward the goal which A. is trying to reach. If A. is sufficiently sensitive to slight differences of pressure and movement, he will find little difficulty in discovering the direction which he is to take. B.'s agitation in the proximity of the goal will be revealed to A. through the former's quickened pulse and accelerated respiration. Mind-reading would then be but a refined form of muscle-reading. And A.'s success as a mind-reader would depend almost solely upon the delicacy of his sense of pressure, assuming, of course, that B.'s attention remains concentrated throughout upon the one idea of the hiding-place. A. reads B.'s thought, it is true, but he reads it only indirectly through the muscular movements in which it expresses itself. In the same sense, you and I would read his thought when we interpreted the play of emotional expression on his face as indicating the presence in his mind of certain thoughts and feelings; or when, from his statement, oral or written, we ascertain what he is thinking about. If, however, A.'s pressure-sense is incapable of noting minute differences of touch and pressure, we should expect that his attempt at mind-reading would end in a miserable failure.

That such is really the case is evident from the testimony of Mr. Stewart C. Cumberland, who, for several years, enjoyed wide renown as a professional mind-reader. Mr. Cumberland's feats were considered to be marvellous in the extreme until he explained his method in an article on "A Thought-reader's Experience," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1886. His article, from which we make the following extracts, is worthy of a careful perusal. Mr. Cumberland says: "Whilst a mere child my perceptive faculties were remarkably keen; and the power to arrive at other people's thoughts was, I presume, with me at an early age. . . . It is astonishing how, when the faculty is once with one, the power to thought-read develops by practice until the most intricate experiment can be encompassed.

"At first I don't think I quite understood the nature of my exhibitions, and I puzzled myself not a little to account for them. When young, one is so apt to imagine oneself supernaturally endowed. . . . Whilst carrying out the demonstrations, I set myself the task of arriving at a practical explanation of them. Eventually I convinced myself that instead of there being anything of an occult character about my experiments, they were one and all accountable on a purely natural basis.

"At one time it was thought to be impossible to find an object outside of the room in which the experiment might be performed. It was not long, however, before I demonstrated the falsity of this contention. The first occasion was at Government House, Ottawa, where I had been dining with the Marquis of Lorne. The test originated with His Excellency, who took a very keen interest in the subject of thought-reading, and it consisted of finding an object outside of the drawing-room, in which we were when the experiment was proposed. I was blindfolded and, taking my subject by the hand, I made a sudden dash out of the room. Some doors had to be unbolted to allow of my passage; this I did, and eventually I found myself in the yard. Unbolting one more door, I entered an outbuilding—it was a stable, I discovered afterwards—and, reaching out my hand in the perfect darkness which prevailed, I encountered something alive.

"'This is the thing,' I said, in some consternation. 'Quite correct,' was the reply; and on pulling off the handkerchief which bound my eyes, I found that I had been laying hold of a young moose deer, a pet of H.R.H. Princess Louise.

"In my experiments I am always blindfolded, so that my attention

shall not be distracted by light or movement. I generally take the left hand and place it on my forehead, and in such manner I can quite readily find the smallest objects.

“Let it be clearly understood, that I at no time get any so-called ‘mental picture’ of what is in the mind of my subject; but that I am, in every instance, dependent upon the impressions conveyed to me through the action of his physical system (during contact with him) whilst under the influence of concentrated attention.

“Some mystically inclined people claim to be able to read thought without contact. For my part I have never yet seen experiments of this kind successfully performed unless there had been opportunities for observing some phase of physical indication expressed by the subject, or unless the operator was enabled to gather information from suggestions unconsciously let fall by somebody around. I have, on several occasions, managed to accomplish tests without actual contact, but I have always been sufficiently near to my subject to receive from him—and to act upon accordingly—any impressions that he physically might convey.

“In my case, ‘thought-reading’ is an exalted perception of touch. Given contact with an honest, thoughtful man, I can ascertain the locality he is thinking of, the object he has decided upon, the course he wishes to pursue, or the number he desires me to decipher, almost as confidently as though I had received verbal communication from him.”

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.



Consolation.

⦿
 HE earth lay wrapp'd in darkness everywhere,
 The heavy, hopeless blackness of despair,
 The gloom of ages, like a giant grown,
 Sat as a despot on the world's great throne ;
 Until at last, with strange, unearthly light,
 The Bethlehem Star shone hopeful thro' the night.

The world was wrapp'd in silence, deep, profound ;
 The stolid earth lay sleeping, without sound,
 As tho' its suffering creatures held their breath,
 While Heaven tied the tongues of Pain and Death.
 Then, like a triumph, healing, clear and strong,
 Burst forth in praise the Herald Angels' song.

The world seemed cold and loveless, naught but law
 Had power to soothe the seething strife of souls at war
 While those who walked alone in grief, unblest,
 Looked towards a hopeless tomb, and prayed for rest
 Yet, all unknown, and lonely, too, as they,
 On Christmas Eve, the little Christ Child lay.

And now the darkness only seems to show
 The star still shining, as once long ago ;
 And all earth's aching silence ends in praise,
 The Herald Angels singing, thro' sad days,
 While earth's pale host, of cold, unlovely things
 Grows 'shamed before the joy the Christ Child brings

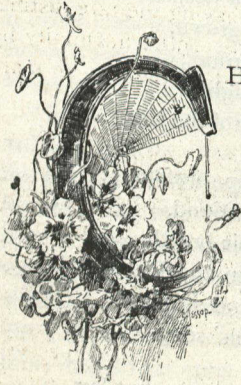
—KATHLEEN R. WHEELER

79 Second Avenue, Ottawa, Canada.



The Birthplace of Christmas.

BY F. A. CARMAN, '98.

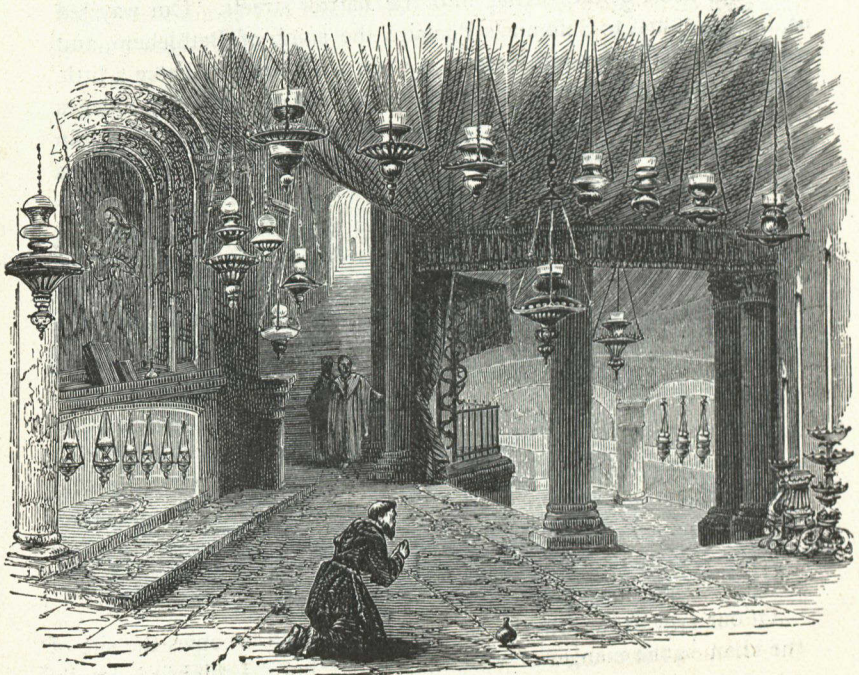


CHRISTMAS! ! With what land is this word more closely connected than with Palestine? and with what town more intimately than with Bethlehem? So that we may indeed call Bethlehem the "Birthplace of Christmas."

Last May-day my father and myself stepped into an open carriage in front of our hotel in the outskirts of Jerusalem to visit the "City of David." Our driver was a young Syrian of middle height, who could speak but a few words of English. "Mine Host" had duly directed him as to the general route of the drive, and had made all pecuniary arrangements; but for any information we might desire on the way we were dependent on our Syrian's limited command of the English tongue. The road led us past the Jaffa gate of the city, where we halted and took up an additional guard in the shape of a huge, brawny Ethiopian, clad in a loose and rather soiled overgarment and wearing for headdress a loosely-woven cotton cap, drawn tightly down over his head, rather much like the French-Canadian toque.

As we drove down the slopes of Mount Zion, across the valley of Hinnom and out again on the table-land of the plain of Rephaim, up on the height at our left, at the end of the ridge of which the Mount of Olives forms a part, our attention was directed to the "Hill of Evil Counsel," as the place where Caiaphas had his summer house, and where the plot was hatched which ended in the arrest of Jesus in Gethsemane. The extensive plain over which we rolled the greater part of the way to Bethlehem was full of deep interest as the scene of the battle in which David crushed the power of the Philistines. With characteristic Oriental willingness to please, the natives will here point out the very place where the Philistines were encamped, when David "fetched a compass behind them and came upon them over against the mulberry trees." A drive of about three-quarters of an hour brought us in sight of a low, yellow, smooth-cast tomb, surmounted with a low dome which

seems to rise out of the roof, not from the very sides, but from a foot or two inside the top of the square walls. The tomb proper was closed with iron gratings and the walls bore the autographs of many previous visitors. It is the reputed resting-place of Rachel, who died in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and who was buried in sorrow there in the way; but it is fortunate in having the rare distinction of its tradition being accepted with almost entire unanimity by Oriental antiquarians. Probably Jeremiah had this tomb, or more



THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY.

probably a former memorial in its place, in mind when he wrote that beautiful and pathetic passage which the Evangelist Matthew accommodated to that later sorrow which the crafty and cruel Herod brought upon this region in his selfish effort to make his throne secure. Between Rachel's tomb and the town of Bethlehem, at the side of the road is an ancient well, yet in use, which tradition says was used by Joseph and Mary on their journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. As he well was surrounded by a crowd of natives, who swarmed about

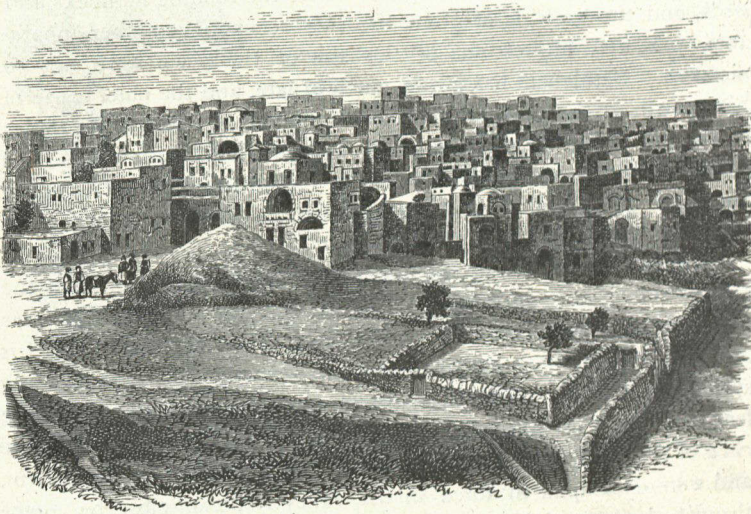
our carriage as soon as we drew near, and as the tradition concerned is of the flimsiest, we did not halt to examine the well, but were content with the fleeting glance obtained from the carriage.

Bethlehem is built on an eastward spur from the table-land, of which the plain of Rephaim forms part, surrounded on three sides by the valley into which it juts out as a peninsula into one of our inland seas. The usual entrance to the town is by a road which branches from the Hebron thoroughfare to the north-west and skirts the steep hillside for a short distance before diving into the narrow streets. Our way led us, however, first to Solomon's Pools to the south of Bethlehem, and we entered from the south-west by a shorter side-road. From a little distance the town appeared to be about the size of one of our villages containing a population of about fifteen hundred. But once within the boundaries, we soon realized that these Orientals did not live on as generous a scale as do we. Passing through the streets, almost anywhere we could have touched the walls of the plain whitewashed houses on either side. It would have caused complete blockade of the road had we met even the ubiquitous donkey. Luckily without any such mishap, we found our way to what seemed to be the central square.

This was perhaps fifty feet in area and shut in on all sides by the walls of houses and shops and one blank wall of the basilica of St. Mary, the entrance being on a side street. Once in the square, the carriage was surrounded by a dozen or more of the natives offering their services as guides. They were the tradesmen of the town who thus compete for the privilege of guiding visitors, with the hope of recouping themselves out of the purchases made afterwards in their shops. Our Jehu soon picked out one of these enterprising and obliging shopkeepers and delivered us into his charge.

Of our visit to the Church of St. Mary, which occupies the site of the khan in the manger of which Jesus was born, I think it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. My own memories are not very distinct. In even the upper part of the interior the light was very meagre, and it was impossible to obtain more than a general impression of the extreme simplicity of the architecture, which marks the edifice as a product of the early part of the fourth century. I was attracted also by the monolithic columns supporting the roof, which are very ancient, and the mosaics ornamenting both nave and transept, which are the work of an architect of the twelfth century. In the crypt we were able to find our way about only by the aid of the inadequate flame of small candles, of the size of the tapers we use for lighting gas. Here we were shown the manger, now of marble, where Jesus is said to have

been laid. The manger is in a separate chapel off the larger Chapel of the Nativity, and contains also an altar to commemorate the spot where the Magi presented their offerings. In an adjoining part of the crypt is the tomb of Jerome and a chapel named after him where he is said to have lived and worked. We have been on deeply interesting ground, on which we should have delighted to delay if the traditions were not so shrouded in doubts. As it is, almost everything appears to have happened in a grotto, and we turn aside weary, puzzled with questionings and almost doubting what we know to be true, glad to be brought back to reality in the bright and vivifying sunshine.



BETHLEHEM FROM THE BASILICA OF ST. MARY.

On leaving the church, our guide led the way to the eastern end of the town, and pointed out the prettiest bit of landscape I saw in southern Palestine. A beautiful grove lay in the valley side by side with a luxuriant field of grain—a delightful contrast to the generally barren hillsides; and in their names recalled the birth of the Son of David and the idyllic marriage of Boaz with the Moabitish Ruth, whence sprang the family of Jesse. In the grove was the “Grotto of the Shepherds,” and the field was “Boaz’s Field.” It is, of course, improbable that these holy places are better founded in fact than those within the basilica of St. Mary, but in the bright sunshine and under

the open, cloudless sky, doubts are not so depressing, and one can remember and rejoice that no matter how tradition may err, we have spent the morning in the very place where lived Boaz, Ruth, Jesse and David, and where the Son of David came into the world.

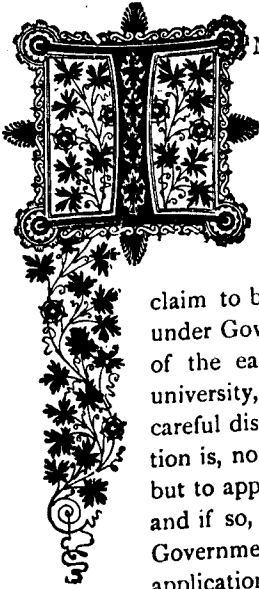
In our cicerone's shop we were in modern Bethlehem. Two long tables, running the whole length of the room, were thickly covered with paper-knives, purses, match-boxes, card-cases, ink-stands, brooches, crosses, and various other articles, made of olive wood, mother of pearl, and stinkstone from the Dead Sea. The basis of the population of Bethlehem is yet pastoral and agricultural, and it is this element which has preserved the continuity of the town from the days of David, the shepherd-king; but were the tending of flocks and herds, and the growing of grain, the sole occupations of her inhabitants, our first impressions of the size of the place were not so mistaken. Bethlehem has grown much of late, and the chief cause of this growth is the prosperity of the memento and subsidiary trades which the influx of sightseers has brought into existence. Thus there is here now a population of about 10,000—this is the figure at which our guide put it—and the conservative Baedeker allows it to be 8,000.

As we left Bethlehem by the north-west road along the edge of the hill on which the town is built, in the valley below us at our right was the so-called "David's Well." As a matter of fact, the "well" is only a group of three cisterns, and can scarcely ever have had any spring water in it. With it, however, tradition connects the daring feat of three of David's mighty men, who, when he lay hidden in the cave of Adullam, though the Philistines had a garrison in Bethlehem, and were encamped in force in the valley Rephaim close by, brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water from the well that was at the gate. And David, though in sore straits, would not drink of it; but said, "My God forbid it me, that I should do this; shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy?"

The name of David was sufficient to turn our thoughts back to the days of old; and we returned to the city where David's kingly glory was manifested, thinking of the youngest and least-honored son of Jesse tending his father's flocks in these valleys and on these hillsides.

Ontario's Attitude Toward the Universities.

BY REV. T. C. STREET MACKLEM,

Provost Trinity University.

N response to a request from the Editor of ACTA VICTORIANA, the writer begs to say that, in regard to the special problem which Queen's has suddenly precipitated into the university arena, he feels that we have not sufficient data as yet to warrant him in venturing upon any final expression of opinion. If Queen's is putting forth a claim to become the nucleus of a new State University under Government control, on the plea that the needs of the eastern part of the Province demand such a university, this claim ought to receive very full and careful discussion. But it may be that Queen's intention is, not to seek to become a second State University, but to apply for State aid without any real State control; and if so, the most obvious remark to make is that the Government, if it should deem it right to grant such an application, must be prepared to meet similar demands from the other universities of the Province.

In the project known as "University Federation," the Ontario Government has conceived a thoroughly statesmanlike measure for the creation and perfecting of a truly representative and comprehensive State University for Ontario. The merit of the project lies largely in the fact that it is based upon a careful study of all the existing circumstances and antecedent conditions. It is wonderfully well adapted to meet the divided religious conditions of the Province, and seems to be the only possible scheme by which the existing universities can be consolidated into one great and powerful institution, in which proper emulation between the sister colleges of one university shall take the place of harmful university rivalry. Surely, after embarking upon an undertaking of such magnitude, which must prove a heavy tax upon the available resources of the Provincial Treasury, the Government will not be so foolish as to hamper itself by unnecessary expenditure of money in another

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educational direction. Surely, also, those universities which are invited by the Government to surrender their degree-conferring powers, for the purpose of coming into federation with the State University, have a right to expect that the State will make that university so strong and powerful as to be unrivalled in this Province. If they see no disposition on the part of the Government to do this, but rather a tendency in another direction, the Government must not be surprised if they decline to surrender their independence to pursue a chimera. One university, at least, stands waiting to hear what the policy of the Government is, being ready to support a great national movement, if such be in contemplation, but not ready to enter the arena of political intrigues and dissipated effort. Concentration, not dissipation of energy, is the watchword needed for to-day. The time is ripe, therefore, for the Government, by the enunciation of a clear, strong, definite policy in regard to university education, to set at rest the fears which recent circumstances have aroused.



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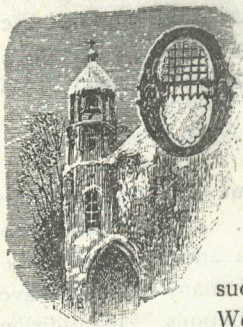
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Editorial Notes.



VER nineteen hundred years ago in Bethlehem in the land of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, occurred an event which in its outcome has, as none other, pervaded and previsioned the world's history—the birth of the child Jesus. No mathematician, no scientist, no philosopher, no ruler, no reformer, social or religious, has ever swayed successive generations as the Man of Nazareth.

We can, as students, approach scarce a field of thought since that day over which His thought has not somehow exerted its influence. None other as He "knew what was in man"; none other so revealed us unto ourselves. It was He who taught, "The Truth shall make you free"; and that "when the Spirit of Truth is come, he shall guide you into all Truth." May we not then, with open vision and reverent joy, join in the Christmas chorus to the great Teacher:

"Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth, peace, good-will toward men."

WITH this issue ACTA conveys to her contributors, readers and friends Xmas greetings and Xmas messages. None more keenly than her guardians realize that her gifts are neither so charmingly nor costly set this year as last. But experience in former years has taught that if she is to earn her living, as do sister magazines, she must for

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this year be less prodigal with her purse. As to our contributors, we feel assured no such apologetic tone need be assumed. We have endeavored, as consistent with college journalism, to bring before our readers articles from gifted thinkers and writers in the varied field of college life, and, in addition, to re-introduce some well-known names and faces in the field of Canadian literature. To these contributors we extend our sincerest thanks for their cheerful and, to us, invaluable assistance.



CONFUSION reigns supreme in college halls as we go to press. Hammers re-echo through the corridors. Bunting and draperies droop and flutter from every vantage point. Cabinets of curios creak crookedly across the floors accompanying the mummy on her annual pilgrimage. Washerwomen, with sleeves and skirts well rolled, give the floors their yearly flooding. Wheels rattle over the gravel, depositing food and flowers. Seats scurry promiscuously—alas! the seat of philosophy has become a soup-kitchen. To-night Toronto, with “her beauty and her chivalry,” will trip and tread through it, all unconsciously. Assuredly, it is the *Conversat*.



DURING the remainder of the college year we hope to merit the continued hearty support of our constituency. Letters have been written to graduates in various parts of America and Europe, in Hawaii, Japan, China, India, and elsewhere, and many of these have already replied, forwarding or promising contributions. In addition to these, the encouragement of Canadian literature, the calling out of undergraduate literary talents, and the recording of college movements will be continually before us. Will not more of our graduates send greetings or articles?



WE acknowledge, with pleasure, our indebtedness to G. N. Morang & Co., for permission to use the cut of Francis Parkman; to the *Epworth Era*, for Paris Exposition cuts; and to the Methodist Book and Publishing House for favors too numerous to mention.



A BEAUTIFUL cut of Victoria, at the head of the month of May, in the *Canadian College Calendar* will, we trust, prove an inspiration for that fair yet fatal month.



PERSONALS

Greetings from the Grads.

MY DEAR OLD VIC.—I am very fond of my *alma mater*. College days were so happy, and the recollections of my teachers and associates are consecrated memories; they were so pleasant and profitable. Some of my most beautiful dreams are the rehearsing scenes of college life.

Your pupils may well be proud of you, for you have brought glory and honor not alone to yourself, but likewise to us your children. We all appreciate the efforts of those who have been successful in advancing your interests. May your prosperity continue is the prayer of your devoted son,

166 Euclid Avenue,

H. F. BIGGAR ('63.)

Cleveland, November 19th, 1900.

DEAR OLD VIC.—The Xmas milestone, again in sight, causes us to look back by the way we have passed, and amongst the happiest memories are those of our college days. I first entered the venerable halls a little boy. Dr. Ormiston, who then presided over the institution (somewhere about 1853), put a book in my hand, and perceiving I was able to read, I was passed to the primary department. Poor old Vic. at that time was near her grave, and only a determination not to die, and heroic efforts kept her on the surface.

The Methodist Church of Canada has nothing of which she may be more proud than her determined, continuous and successful efforts to keep her college, and make it what it is to-day—a peer amongst her peers.

The work done in the days of Nelles, Wilson, Kingston, and Doctors Harris and Whitlock is best judged by the men then turned out. The education was equal to the requirements of the country; it was honest, thorough, and effective, and the church and the country are to-day the richer for the well-equipped citizens, the sons of old Vic., who have taken foremost places in every walk of life.

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Perhaps the most potent influence in shaping the lives of her sons was the atmosphere of religion which surrounded her. Young fellows often made light of the religion of the students, but the man who laughs at religion has a counter check in his conscience, and in coming years very many who made no pretence of religion at college settled down to steadfast Christian life. Who shall say the college life and influence was not a benediction?

The day of uncertainty is past. Old Vic., proudly housed and equipped, guided by her sons, stands upon a foundation which cannot be moved. She has been a power in the land. May the coming years find her ever in the van, and may her sons ever arise and call her blessed. A Christmas greeting to thee, dear old Vic.

D. W. DUMBLE ('60).

Peterboro', December, 1900.

I am glad to be permitted to send Christmas greetings to ACTA VICTORIANA, and through its columns to my old college mates and friends, and to wish for you and them all the joys of the season and all the blessings of the Advent.

Will you accept a word of praise for the able manner in which the magazine has been conducted, entitling it, in my judgment, to high rank in its class, and, if I may say so, reflecting credit not only upon the staff, but also upon the college. Truly yours,

JOHN E. ROSE ('64).

Osgoode Hall, Nov. 17th, 1900.

I have great pleasure, at your request, in sending my greeting for the coming Xmas season to Victoria University--her Senate and Board, and entire teaching faculty. Having been a member of the Senate from 1856 to 1870, and for a time not very long ago, I have a very great interest in her welfare, and trust that she may go on prospering and to prosper. She has done grand work in the past, and I trust that her future will be all that her best friends can desire. Many of Victoria's graduates in medicine and in arts are amongst my truest friends.

WALTER B. GEIKIE, M.D.C.M., D.C.L.

Trinity Medical College.

"Across the bridge of forty-four years," the graduating class of 1856 sends cordial greetings to Victoria. May the progress of our *alma mater* during the last half century but faintly foreshadow her success and development during the next.

Appreciating to the fullest extent the great gifts of the present staff, I stop to speak in grateful remembrance of the self-denying labors of the now sainted men who were the professors and teachers of the early days, and to gladly call up the student friendships. Those who attended Victoria in the fifties appeared to know, as Emerson has said, "The only way to know a friend is to be one."

B. M. BRITTON ('56).

Kingston, Ont.

I RESPOND, with heartfelt pleasure to your request for a message of greeting from the older graduates of Victoria.

It will be sixty years this Christmas since I, in my twentieth year, entered Victoria College—at that time the old Upper Canada Academy. I had just then finished four years of mercantile life, chiefly with the noted firm of Stinson Bros., in Hamilton.

It was at first proposed that I should return to Dublin, which I had left in 1833, and enter Trinity College there. I finally, however, decided to join my relatives at Cobourg and enter the Academy. The change was a pleasant one, for I had a taste for books and study.

After the Academy became a College, in 1842, my first effort as a student was to compete for a prize in history. I gained the second prize, while my, afterwards, dear and beloved friend, S. S. Nelles, took the first prize.

Within a year or two after this, another choice friend joined our student circle—the genial and gifted Ormiston. For both of these noble sons of Victoria I have ever cherished the warmest affection.

In reply to a letter which I had written to Ormiston, some years after he had become practically an exile in California, he recalled these days, and said :

"Thoughts of other days rush over me as I read your kind and thrice welcome letter. It is now about half a century since we first met in dear old Victoria, then under the guidance and guardianship of that grand old man, who soon became dear to my heart, and continued dearer every day, till the close of his noble, useful and most influential life. He did more for me than any other man. I was delighted to know that you have succeeded in getting his statue finished and set up. . . . I feel, as you do, that many of the friends of my younger years have passed away, and that the few that remain are exceedingly dear to me. . . . Of our companions, as students, few remain. Nelles and Springer, Brouse and Beach, Spohn and E. F. Ryerson,

all are gone! So far as I know (Wesley) Wright (since dead) and yourself alone remain."

With the hearty "message of greeting" which I send with these reminiscences of the old time, I would add a word or two in regard to him whom Ormiston truly speaks of (in a letter to me) as "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Canadian celebrities," and as the "noblest and most devoted and patriotic of the sons of Canada."

His example may act as a stimulus to those who are now students at Victoria, but who have special advantages and opportunities which he never had. And yet Dr. Ryerson was a student, *par excellence*, for, as he tells us himself, he was not more than eighteen years of age when he became an usher in the London District School, of which his brother George was then master. He then says:

"During two years I was thus teacher and student, advancing in classical studies. I took great delight in "Locke on the Human Understanding," Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy," and "Blackstone's Commentaries," especially the sections of the latter on the "Prerogatives of the Crown," the "Rights of the Subject," and the "Province of Parliament."

It was the practical knowledge thus gained on these important subjects, which enabled Dr. Ryerson, in after years, so ably and so successfully to discuss with Lord Sydenham and later governors, questions affecting systems of government and administration, and to discuss in the public press important questions of public polity and constitutional government.

The lesson which this striking example of zeal and determination to acquire knowledge on special subjects, in which Dr. Ryerson was interested (and which was turned to such good account by him in his after life), is most salutary. It is especially worthy of imitation by students of the present day, as the demands of every-day life, and of the professions, are now greater than ever before.

Those who wish to accomplish more than mere commonplace success in the future must, therefore, apply themselves diligently and most earnestly, so as to lay up such a reserve stock of knowledge that they can draw upon it continually, when the activities of life, or special circumstances in which they may be placed demand it, as in Dr. Ryerson's case.

With hearty good wishes for the success for the undergraduates of "Old Vic." during the present session of the college,

Believe me sincerely yours,

J. GEORGE HODGINS ('56).

The "Bob" in Bygone Days.

The "Bob," like many other movements of importance, began in a humble way, but its object being a worthy one its success was from the first assured. As is well known, the "Bob" derives its title from the surname of our genial janitor, Robert Beare, who for thirty years has directed the affairs of his department with consummate grace and skill. It was not long after Robert's entrance into the College that the students began to recognize his many good qualities and to devise methods for giving expression, in tangible form, to their feelings of appreciation.

The "Bob" may be said to have had its birth-place in Room No. 2, East Hall, then occupied by A. M. Phillips, and Samuel Sellery, where, one evening in the fall of '72, a few congenial spirits, with Robert in their midst, spent the hours in a general jollification, concluding with a presentation to their genial patron.

The following year, interest in this now annual event having increased, the company moved into larger quarters, in Room No. 9, East Hall, then occupied by Mr. Calvert. Upon this occasion, the merriment having increased with the dimensions of the room, Dr. Nelles, hearing unusual noises overhead, went up to investigate, but before he had time to utter a word of reproof he was bidden enter and make one of the number, and thus his objections were forestalled. This year refreshments were introduced in the form of a basket of apples.

In 1896 the "Bob" was placed upon a solid basis, and from that day became one of the recognized functions of the college. It was then that the Sophomores commenced to manifest a class-interest in its welfare. The leaders of this movement were Messrs. Peterson, Masten, Rufus Coleman and Whittington, the last named being the most prominent. The former meeting places having become too small, after much effort Alumni Hall was secured for the occasion. The "Bob parties" now began to assume a dramatic character, at which all manner of jokes, practical and otherwise, were perpetrated upon "marked men," more particularly the "plugs," as the brethren were called in those days, the Freshmen not then being so bumptious as to need the whole evening's attention. It is related how one big awkward individual who, being a "plug" had a great horror of dancing, was compelled to mount the platform and shift his feet to the satisfaction of the assembled students. "Bob's orchestra" was then,

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as now, a feature of the programme, though the players were not as numerous, nor did they play such high-class instruments. At this time it was composed of Robert, who played the violin, assisted by three youths, one of whom performed on a comb, a second on a mouth organ, and a third on a baby's bugle. Before the music began the instruments were always well oiled with cider, but at this juncture the musicians considered themselves the essential parts of the instruments. With the increasing prosperity of the "Bob" the refreshments grew more elaborate, and cider and cakes became permanent additions.

In these early days of the "Bob," women were not permitted to gaze upon the scenes of torture. However, their curiosity was not to be denied, and they would peer through the windows, and in their efforts to obtain a view were often assisted by their admirers who, on the inside, would kindly roll up the curtains. Through the persistency of the fair sex these stringent restrictions were afterwards somewhat relaxed, a corner of the platform being curtained off where the ladies might sit unexposed to the public gaze. But they still remained unsatisfied, being determined to secure equality in this matter, and finally gained their point and became a regular part of the audience.

We have said that cider was added to the refreshment list, and indeed it became the staple article, and in those days flowed like water. Some idea of the amount consumed may be obtained from the fact that a supply of thirty or forty gallons was always on hand. Many of the graduates have a distinct recollection of the three pails which used to stand about the platform. When such large quantities of this beverage were consumed it was necessary that it should be strictly fresh, and Robert always saw that it was pressed on the same day. But on one occasion, by some means or other, a "stick" found its way into the liquid with disastrous effects to many of the "plugs," who, being unused to "strong drink," were temporarily upset. The next day Dr. Nelles expressed his doubts to Robert as to the quality of the cider, and thought that greater care should be exercised in the future. However, when Dr. Burwash assumed control he precluded the effects of the "stick" by abolishing the cider altogether.

Another good cider story is told. On one occasion during the "Bob" practices, Robert had gathered the Sophomores in the cellar and was about to treat them to a little apple juice and a few other dainties, and had the liquid, as he supposed, safely secured behind several locks. But when the hour for refreshments arrived the cider was looked for, but it was not; the empty barrel was afterwards found

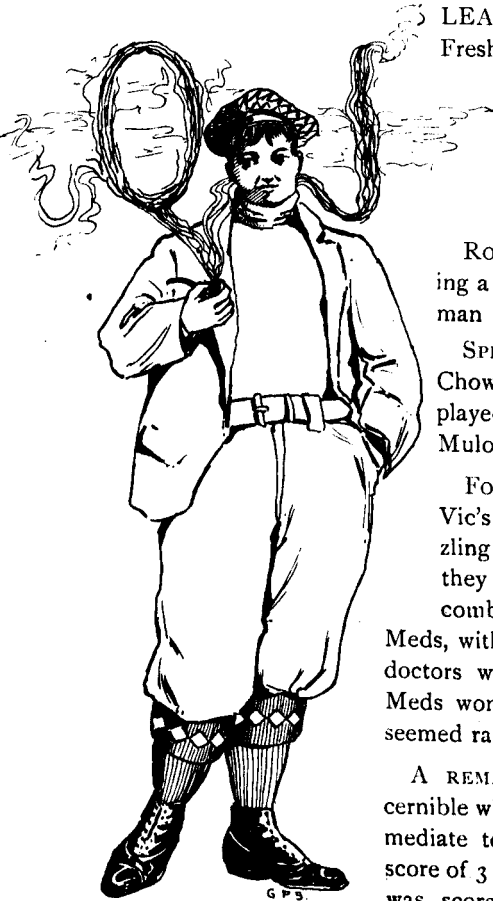
in a room adjoining the East Hall, then occupied by a junior, who is now a well-known Toronto lawyer.

What afterwards became a feature of the "Bob" nights was the serenade, when the members of the faculty were visited and respects paid in proper student fashion. The ceremony followed upon the conclusion of the programme proper, and generally took place between two and three in the morning; while it lasted sleep was out of the question. When the students came to Mr. Wm. Kerr's (now Senator), the generous Vice-chancellor always responded with a barrel or two of apples, according to the crop, and on many occasions the Freshmen had to rue his kindness, for between cider, cakes and apples, they were rendered *hors de combat* for many days.

These were the times when Cobourg was a college town in reality, and the boys were not subject to the restraints which are met in a large city. The removal of the University to Toronto has brought with it changes in the "Bob." Perhaps, for one thing it has become quieter, but, on the other hand it has expanded with the growth of the college. It has also lost its impromptu nature, for now most elaborate preparations are made for its production. But, though the character of the function which bears his name may have changed, Robert still remains the same, kindly as ever. May his beaming countenance and glad hand long be spared to welcome others as he has welcomed us.



... ATHLETICS ...



LEADS at football. Ever since her Freshman year she came, she *kicked*, she conquered.

MR. BREEN was seen surveying the Campus a few days ago. Freshies, get your skates sharpened.

ROBERT is busy these days polishing a certain Tennis Cup. Mr. Dingman is to become its happy owner.

SPEAR, Dobson, "Curly" Fowler, Chown, Gain, and F. Hamilton played with University College in the Mulock Series.

FOOTBALL.—Sad is the tale of Vic's star football team. In a drizzling rain, and with a leaden ball, they failed to work their scientific combination against the Toronto Meds, with the result that the embryonic doctors won by one goal to none. The Meds won by strong individual work, but seemed rather deficient in team play.

A REMARKABLE improvement was discernible when, on November 6th, the intermediate team defeated St. Michael's by a score of 3 to 0. Early in the first half a goal was scored by a pretty pass from Johnston, but this was not allowed owing to a claim of off-side; but shortly afterwards the ball was sent in the trail of the other, leaving the score at half time 1—0 in favor of Vic. In the second half Johnston and Gray were the stars of the field, both making fast runs and beautiful drops on goal, two of which were

converted into scores. St. Michael's played a fine game, and will on doubt make a good showing for second place, but above all they are to be congratulated upon the gentlemanly game which they at all times play. The winning team was made up as follows: Goal, Bowles; backs, McEllhanney, McKenzie; half-backs, Green, Fowler, Stacey; forwards, Johnston, Gray, Porter, Cook, Mahood.

THE rest of the Intermediate games dragged wearily, it being late in November before Vic II. met Pharmacy and Toronto Junction. The first game was played in a deep slush, but was surprisingly fast and scientific. Owing to a couple of minor accidents on the half-back line, that division was virtually put out of the game, with the result that Pharmacy administered one pill—non-sugar-coated. The same score (1-0) was tallied by Toronto Junction. Vic this time entered the field weakened by the absence of Gray, Johnston, McCulloch and McKenzie, but many times looked like winners, Green and McEllhanney brilliantly keeping the ball away from the posts, and the forward line making fine rushes. The hurricane blowing down the field scored for the Junction their one goal.

INTER-YEAR.—To develop local talent (pugnacious, vocal and argumentative), nothing exceeds a Vic Inter-Year game. The Seniors won in all three departments against the Freshies, though some declare that in the second accomplishment the Freshies excelled—their wild, unearthly slogan being more effective than the "Boom-a-lacka" of the Seniors. The game was close and interesting throughout, the result being in doubt to the end. The Seniors were the better balanced team, while the Freshies, phenomenally strong in places, were at a disadvantage in others. Shortly before time was called, the Seniors dropped the ball just below the bar, and Harris, who had taken the place of the giant Pearson in goal, proved too diminutive to reach to such a tremendous height. The Freshmen and their rooters, having lost the first two parts of the game, now entered upon an intellectual contest, which was raged fiercely, with short breathing spaces, for the next few days. The First-year men thought that they had been defrauded of part of the time of play, and were considering the advisability of pushing their claim to the Supreme Court of Appeal, but finally accepted the decision of the referee, assigning a win to the Fourth year.

ALLEY.—Victoria entered two teams in the Inter-Collegiate Hand-ball Series: Bridgland, Thomson, Corneille and Tucker, composing one team, and Coulter, Burwash, Fowler and Dobson the other. Both teams are in the running for first place; the first team holding

second place, with a chance for first, and the second bunch only having to defeat St. Mic's to win out head of the list.

THE following will show how the B.D's won out in the Inter-Year series :

B.D's	}	B.D's	}	B.D's	}	B.D's
'01		32-16		35:26		
'02		'02				
'03		31-17				
		'04		'04		35:19
		Specs		53-9		

ACCORDING to special request, we wish to say that the third board man on the B.D's team played "a whale of a game." Lack of space prevents a more elaborate account. We have decided not to give the name of the one who desired this notice.

TENNIS.—Miss Dingwall, '03, has carried off the ladies' championship, winning from Miss Smith, '02. And Dingman, '03, has added to his many championships the College singles. The remainder of the events are published below in schedule form.

MIXED DOUBLES.

Dobson and Miss Smith	Nelles and Miss McMurtry	Nelles and Miss McMurtry	Dingman and Miss Dingwall
Nelles and Miss McMurtry	6-3, 6-3.	Miss McMurtry	6-2, 6-4.
McCulloch and Miss Allen	McCulloch and Miss Allen	6-3, 6-0.	
Neville and Miss Rockwell	8-6, 6-2.		
Harris and Miss Scott	Sissons and Miss Powell		
Sissons and Miss Powell	6-0, 4-6, 8-6.	Dingman and Miss Dingwall	
Dingman and Miss Dingwall	Dingman and Miss Dingwall		
Porter and Miss Jeffrey	6-8, 6-3, 6-1.		

DOUBLES.

Neville and McCulloch	Neville and McCulloch	Porter and Nelles	Dingman and Sissons
Van Wyck and Buley	6-1, 6-2.	6-4, 3-6, 6-4.	6-4, 6-2,
Harris and Dawson	Porter and Nelles		6-3.
Porter and Nelles	2-6, 6-2, 6-4.		
Ward and Gain	Dingman and Sissons		
Dingman and Sissons	4-6, 6-1, 6-4.	Dingman and Sissons	
Ogden and Partner	Rumble and Wallace	8-6, 6-4.	
Rumble and Wallace	By default.		

COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.

PRELIMINARY ROUND	FIRST ROUND	SEMI-FINAL	FINAL	CHALLENGER	WINNER
	Gain	Chown			
	Chown	6-3, 6-0			
Dawson	Dawson		Dawson		
Van Wyck	6-0, 6-2.	Dawson	6-1, 6-1		
Harris	McCulloch	3-6, 6-1, 6-3			
McCulloch	6-1, 6-3.			Dawson	
Porter	Porter			7-5, 6-3	
Ward	3-6, 9-7, 6-4	Porter			
Neville	Rumble	6-2, 6-4			
Rumble	By default		Nelles		
	Sissons	Nelles	5-7, 6-1, 6-1		Dingman
	Nelles	7-5, 2-6, 6-4			6-0, 6-1, 6-2
				Holder—	
				Dingman	



LOCALS



NOW listen to me ye maidens and men,
 While we sing you a song of Yule-tide again ;
 Let the Senior for once forget he's so learned,
 And the Sophie that he the Freshman has
 spurned ;
 Let the Juniors, Specialists, and Graduates
 too,
 Become children once more and to nature
 be true.

Be children once more ? Yes, of course ; why
 not ?

The cares of this world will come soon to our lot.
 Let's rejoice and be glad on this bright Xmas day,
 'I will help keep the wrinkles and old age away ;
 And while we meet friends with a kiss and a hug,
 O forget not the fellows who stay here to plug.

Go now to your homes with glad hearts and mind,
 Throw books to the shelf and cares to the wind.
 Show the dear one at home you have learned something more
 Besides *la langue française* and classical lore.
 Go in for a real old style Christmas day,
 And come back with the cobwebs all cleared away.

—E. A. McL., '02.

THE first appearance of snow brought back Smith. He is dis-
 appointed that the rink is not yet started.

"COHORT"—"Did you put it in ACTA about me and the other
 fellows beating the Freshmen in alley ?"

DR. B.—"There will be no lecture in ethics to-day."
 Little Willy D—ls (politely)—"Thank you, Doctor."

PRICE has been appointed President of the Glee Club.

MR. A. C. JEFFREYS is giving excellent satisfaction as instructor of
 the Club.

Acta Victoriana.

BING.—“I keep all my French prose exercises in a croquet box (with my old love-letters).”

STEADMAN (shaking hands with the footman at Mrs. Cox's)—“How are you, Brother Cox?”

CRANE (translating with difficulty)—“They threw—themselves—into—each other's arms.”

Dr. E.—“You must learn to do this yourselves.”

COATES—“The Bob is a carnival of folly.”

A FAIR scholar, at the anniversary services in Trinity Church, received this note during service: “Feeling lonely. Would like to meet you at the north-east door at the close.” Scene at the door:

Lonely one—“I'm so glad you came.”

Fair one—“Thank you; I have an escort.”

L. O. (fast disappearing)—“You mean thing!”

These facts cannot be *Gainsayed*.

FRESHMAN (to lady friend)—“Did you receive the invitation to the Conversat. which I sent you?”

Lady friend—“Yes, thank you; shall we walk—er—a cab?”

M. L. WRIGHT—“Dr. Bowne agrees with me in not taking the time element into account.”

IT is reported of several of the “brethren” who slept soundly through Dr. Bowne's lecture that they felt “spiritually revived.”

MISS B., '03 (frantically embracing an unknown person in the darkness in Room 16)—“Who are you anyway?”

Just then the lights were turned on!

MISS A. WILL, '03, *Star* reporter.

DR. H. (during Theolog. Conference)—“I must go in to prayers this morning, and help make a good show while the brethren are here.”

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DR. B. took down the names of all the “brethren” who snored during Dr. Bowne's lecture, and has stated that their fate is sealed in Theism next spring.

“ BOB ”



WHEN casting about for some original method of giving an adequate description of the “Bob” of ’03, the local editor was surprised to come across an old, dusty, mouse-eaten manuscript purporting to have been written by some ancient scribe. Unfortunately,

it was so marred by age that great difficulty was experienced in imperfectly deciphering this extract :



“BOBS”

“Now it came to pass in the tenth moon that one, Mr. Cates, did observe the strange and wonderful doings of certain uncouth Gentiles who came from the North Country ; and having stroked his chin *three times*, he winked with his eye to Mr. Bowles, and said : ‘It is enough.’ Then Mr. Bowles did likewise say, ‘It is enough.’ And when they had taken counsel of that mighty man

of valour, Odlum, and he had related to them how the armies of little Bobs did prevail against the hosts of the other *Boers* in the land of the Transvaal, they girded their loins about them, and said in their wrath, ‘Yea, verily, we also shall subdue our enemies.’



W. G. CATES

“Now it came to pass, moreover, that after this the habitations of the men of the North were sorely discomfited by sundry strange and unwelcome visitations, inasmuch as one, Knight, did entertain unawares certain men armed with spades and other imple-



N. E. BOWLES

ments of war, and the sleep of one, Harris, was much vexed in the night season by the coming of men bearing vessels filled with new milk. And inasmuch as the men of the North were pricked in their hearts, they waxed exceedingly wroth against their enemies because of these and many other visitations, whereof it profiteth not to make mention, and they arose, and resolved inwardly that their enemies should not prevail against them.

“Now in the eleventh moon, and on the ninth day of the moon, it

Acta Victoriana.

came to pass that the hosts of the men of the North, having arrayed themselves in long flowing garments, and having on their bosoms breast plates of exceeding splendour, came to fight a pitched battle with the armies of the men of the South. And the battle waxed fierce and long and the din thereof was very great; nevertheless, the armies of the men of the South did prevail, and they slew the men of the North with a great slaughter, so that there was scarce any life left in them. And the name of the battle is called, in the heathen tongue, 'the Bob.'



E. W. WALLACE



R. G. DINGMAN

Here the manuscript was so defaced that all attempts to decipher it had to be abandoned. For the further information of any who were unable to attend the Bob, we may say that the Bob this year was a "howling success." The good old standbys, the registration scene, the class-meeting, district meeting, and faculty meeting, were given with all the side-splitting variations necessitated by an entirely new cast of characters.

The Bob songs were composed and sung by Mr. P. H. Punshon in his usual facetious manner. E. B. Jackson, a former member of the class, sang two parodied songs in his brilliant style. Bob's orchestra fairly surpassed itself in the variety of instruments and the harmony of the—of the discords.



E. H. JOLIFFE

The reception scene was an entirely original scene, and was difficult to manage, since it required so many characters on the stage at once.

The anxiety of the pseudo-Freshettes to evade the Sophs was very effectively represented.

Bob's barber shop was a laughable performance, which perhaps Robert himself enjoyed most of all, since it was a take-off on his own collection of instruments of all descriptions. But the wittiest performance of all was that of the wizard-like phrenologist who examined the craniums of some half score of Freshmen.



VICTOR W. ODLUM

Mr. W. F. Kerr acted as director of ceremonies in his usual witty manner. The programme card was novel and well designed. The different scenes were named as stations of a railroad from Genesis to

Revelation, while at intervals among the collection of quotations and gags on the Freshmen were inserted cuts of the "Managers of the Transportation Company," namely: W. G. Cates, President; E. W. Wallace, Secretary; N. E. Bowles, E. N. Jolliffe, R. G. Dingman, V. W. Odlum, W. A. Sinclair, M. L. Wright, and I. Norman.

Robert's speech, as usual, carried everything before it. He soothed the wounds of the Freshmen, complimented the ladies, brushed up the faculty, "jollied" the chairman, and brought everything to a graceful end.



M. L. WRIGHT

The Freshmen clearly demonstrated the fact that all wit does not reside in the Sophomore class, and in the matter of singing they easily carried off the palm. The Sophs regaled them with pie and milk, and sent them home at an early hour—of the morning.



I. NORMAN

Below are some of the phrenologist's judgments:

(McGee) "You have your mother's brains, and your father's beauty."

(Spence) "Your polysyllabic propensity leads you into regions of unexplored English."

(Hamilton) "You feel more at home among the ladies than they do among you."

(Knight) "You are a Christian pugilist."

(—) "Your head is bald on the inside."

(—) "You could draw a pig just as well with your eyes closed as open."

(Gain) "You think twice before you speak, but even then it is not necessary for you to speak."



W. SINCLAIR





The Women's Literary Society.

OFT at the fall of night
Ere evening's toil hath bound us,
When Robert brings the light
And brightens all around us,
We obey the call
To Alumni Hall,
To the Women's Literary ;
And all who go
Of course do know,
To none it's secondary.
Thus, at the fall of night
Ere evening's toil hath bound us,
Doth Robert bring the light,
And all fares well around us.

THE Women's Literary Society of Victoria College is slowly, but surely, climbing the steep path of fame that leads to the goal of perfection, and may now, we think, claim an equal status with any similar society in the college life of the city. Under the guiding influences of a charming and capable president, the meetings are becoming very attractive in their nature and most beneficial in their results. The interest and spirit displayed in the inter-year debate series which is now in progress speaks well for the life and vigor of the society. So far the debaters have shown the increasing ability of the members for public speaking, and the auspices are favorable for the Ladies' Open Oration Contest to be held in the month of January. The final debate will take place after Christmas between the 2nd and 4th years.

MISS SCOTT (speaking *versus* Capital Punishment, in a recent debate), "Cain did what no other murderer was ever known to do—he murdered one quarter of the population of the whole earth, and yet the Creator didn't see fit to deprive him of his life for the offence."

IN response to a challenge from University College, the W. L. S. appointed Miss Dingwall, '03, and Miss Will, '03, to debate for them on Saturday evening, November 10th, in the Students' Union. The subject chosen by Victoria, "Resolved that ambition has been a greater bane than blessing to the world," when put to the test was found somewhat difficult to define. The negative was taken by Misses Gundry and May, of Varsity, and Victoria upheld the affirmative. Although we are aware that all four debaters have been severely criticized in the College Girl column of Varsity, we think that a much more favorable view is justifiable. Considering the short notice which all the debaters received we feel like heartily congratulating them on the able way in which they treated what proved to be a very obstreperous subject. Both of the Victoria representatives were suffering from the fatiguing effects of the previous night's Bob, yet the deliberate, unhesitating delivery of the one, and the quick retort of the other were sufficient to crown their efforts with success and Victoria again came off the victor.

THE next meeting of the Women's Literary will be one of the bright spots in the history of this society. We are to be favored by one whom, through her works, we all know and love. Mrs. Blewett has kindly consented to come and read to us from her own works. On the same occasion we are to be further honored with a solo from Fraulein Tilla Lapatnikoff.

OUR progressive society is ever reaching out into new fields of labor. At last a Ladies' Glee Club has been fully organized, and judging from the melodious sounds which issue from the Ladies' Study or Alumni Hall, its success is already assured.

A FEW days of premature cold and wintry weather brought with it dim recollections that the W. L. S. had decided to incorporate a Ladies' Hockey Team, and that a committee had been appointed to look after the welfare of the same. In order to prevent any patronizing attempts on the part of the former hockey players of our college to dispose of a part of their second-hand stock among the ladies, we wish to say that on account of the superiority of this prospective team, the ladies will have their sticks "made to order."

Acta Victoriana.

ON Tuesday evening, November 13th, the College Chapel was the scene of a patriotic reception tendered to Dr. Barrie and Private Victor Odlum, '03, on the occasion of their safe return from the battle-fields of South Africa. On behalf of the class of '03, Mr. Bowles presented Mr. Odlum with a gold-headed cane and an appropriate address, as a small token of the esteem and gratification of his class-mates. Dr. Barrie was likewise remembered by the Y.M.C.A. of the college, which was represented by Messrs. Farewell, '00, and Hughson, '02. Dr. Barrie gave an interesting account of the Y.M.C.A. work done among the soldiers, and this was followed by an address from Private Odlum bearing upon soldier-life in South Africa. After the addresses, the public were given the opportunity of satisfying their curiosity on any point, by asking questions which the speakers kindly answered. This change of programme afforded Mr. Odlum the opportunity of calling upon Mr. McCaul, a returned soldier in the audience, to relate his own personal experience when under fire of the enemy. The audience was indebted to Mr. McCaul for exposing another and a very humorous side of soldier-life, namely, the attraction of the Dutch girls for our Khaki boys. In conclusion, he very much amused the audience by saying that a certain Dutch woman considered she paid the Canadians a very high compliment when she said that she liked Canadians better than the other soldiers, because they were most like the Boers.



Union Literary Society.

OLD Victoria, in spite of the example of the three great Anglo-Saxon countries, has overthrown the Government. On November 17th the McCulloch Administration was out-voted. It will not seem a partisan estimate that Mr. McCulloch is deserving of much praise for the interest he takes in the work of the house and the success with which he prosecuted the business of the society.

An onlooker at our work this time must pronounce it, on the whole, successful. Our ideal as students is not so much to graduate as learned men, but as men who can make practical use of the education they have. The literary society's contribution to our facilities for accomplishing this is invaluable, and the student who denies himself the opportunities it affords, or who sours and stays away because some meetings are too long, too short, too hot or too dry, is missing a part of his college training for which there is no compensation. A. J. J.

THE open meeting of the term took place on November 24th. The Hon. President, Dr. F. N. G. Starr, occupied the chair. The event of the evening was the debate between the Fourth Year and B.D.'s. The B.D.'s, Messrs. Baker and Ruddell, were awarded the decision over Messrs. Porter and Johnson, thus establishing the Federation of the Empire as a feasible scheme. Solos were given by Messrs. Bell-Smith and Van Wyck. Master Hermann Van Wyck cleverly played the accompaniments for his big brother. A humorous recitation was given by Mr. Walker and singing by the Glee Club. As usual an attempt was made to wreck the Government, but they proved too strong to be overthrown at their first session in office.

AN innovation in the usual programme of open meetings of the society was the bringing in of a speech from the throne, necessitated by the overthrow of the government at the preceding meeting. May we be pardoned for introducing some excerpts from the measures therein proposed?

"To provide cots in the coal cellar for Freshmen who go in for refreshments more than once during the Conversat., and to have wheelbarrows on the premises at 2.30 a.m. to remove said Freshmen to the Sick Children's Hospital."

"To erect a stable annex to the College for the accommodation of B.D. carthorses, so that they may waste no time going to and from work."

Acta Victoriana.

“To engage permanently a private detective to locate Messrs. Cragg and Farewell when wanted at the Bureau.”

“To purchase a good bicycle pump for the use of Opposition members to inflate themselves with arguments against the present government.”

“To instruct the matron of the Deaconess Home to remove Master Archie Henderson from his present environment at 10 St. Joseph to the said home, and to see that he be sent to Sunday-school and Junior League regularly.”

“To prohibit B.D.'s and Brethren from playing crokinole with spinsters.”

“To appoint Georgie Porter instructor to the Ladies' Physical Culture class, with instructions to arrange for a public performance as soon as possible.”

“To appoint Bingham and Dobson Chaperones-in-Ordinary to all college functions.”

“To send Currelly and Cooper to China as special advocates of the 'full dinner-pail policy.'”



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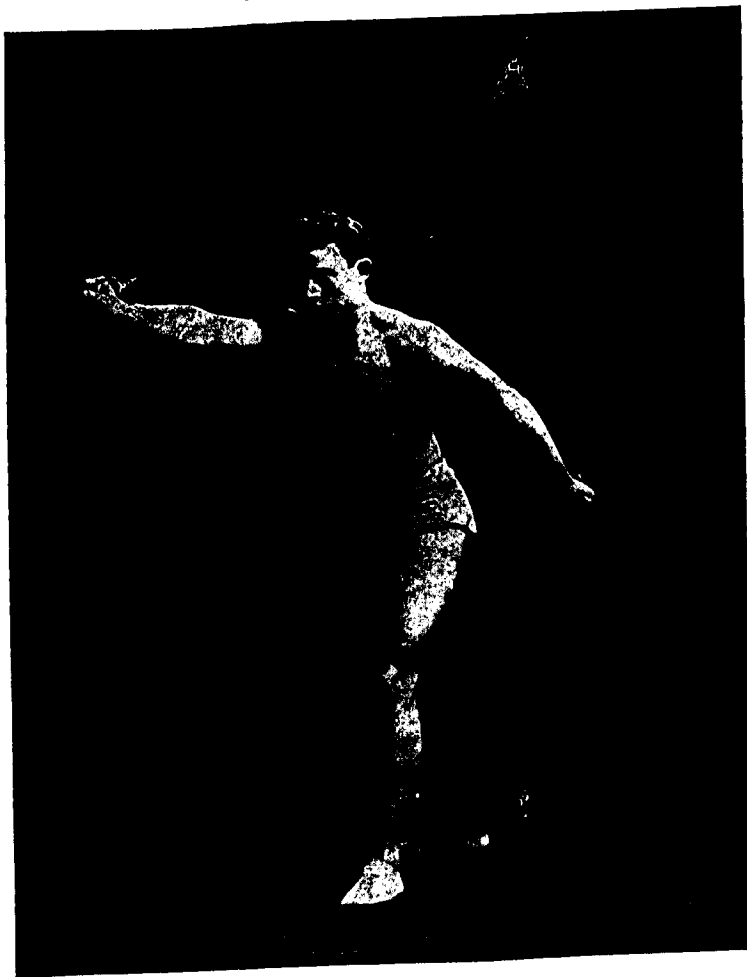
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