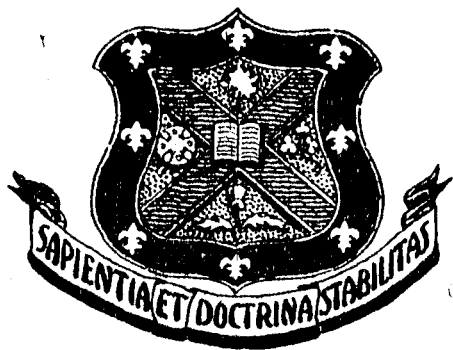
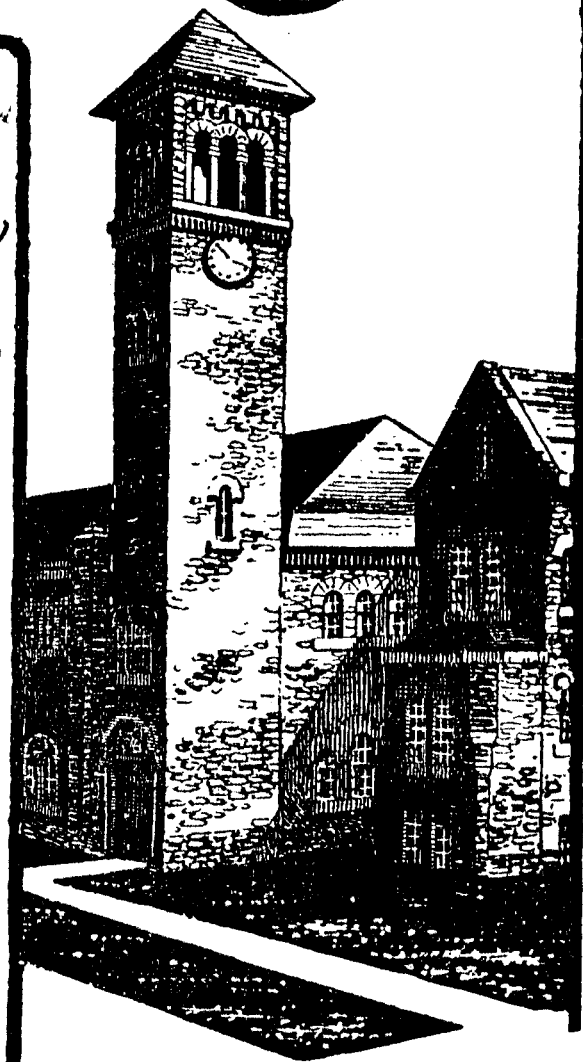


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As most of our readers know, the results of the Short Story Competition have already been announced. It but remains to us to congratulate Miss McLachlan on winning the prize offered by Prof. Grant. We have equal pleasure in congratulating Miss Macallum, who came in such a good second and received honourable mention. We are sure that readers of the Journal Supplement will thoroughly enjoy both the prize-winning story, "Birthright Pottage," and "Little Asdoor."

Birthright———Pottage.

“AND Esau said to Jacob: “Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom.’

“And Jacob said: ‘Sell me this day thy birthright.’

“And Esau said: ‘Behold I am at the point to die and what profit shall this birthright do to me?’”

They rode across the prairie, the unbroken, houseless prairie, and the gophers scuttled into their holes, and the badger stuck a villainous head up, and then disappeared. Away to the left a coyote slunk insolently off. And they rode quick, and fast, chased the coyote, and laughed with the joy of life, and rode.

All the afternoon they had ridden,—their last day together,—a day given by the gods. Its sweetness, and fresh frosty tang entered their veins, and made the blood bound, and the eye brighten, the lips curve, and the throat thrust out deep, low, laughter. The great, boundless prairie held them with wide, quiet, kindly sympathy.

They talked of next year. Was she coming back? No. Well perhaps she would have a school near this one? Perhaps. They spoke of the kiddies in the school, the funny things they said, of the dance the night before, wondered why Molly wasn't there, of the last snapshots they had taken, of how terribly she might have been hurt the day Doll, the little broncho, had “piled” her.

Then they passed Dinton's ranch house, and he told her how Buck Dinton had taken his life two years ago. Those hard years had strained his nerve to the breaking point, and he had funked, and gone out of life like a coward, leaving his wife to face it alone.

Shades of meaning entered, and life was glad, and young, and possible. But Isa fought against the lure of it all; the prairie, with its promises, for she

knew she was mad to think of things so. Then she thrust her thoughts away,—it was the day that called her; and she was going home in two days.

Come, fill the Cup and in the Fire of Spring
Your Winter Garment of Repentance fling,
The Bird of Time has but a little way,
To flutter, and the bird is on the wing.

There would be plenty of time to forget afterward. So they rode together, and knew it was good to be young. They forded the creek, passed through the gate, up the coulée, where still a few roses bloomed, and up till they reached the great level stretch of prairie again.

Then more quietly, with a wistful sadness they rode, while the long shadows lengthened, in the hushed stillness of the autumn evening. For God still walks in the cool of the day, and life knows its nakedness, still, when the long grey fields grow greyer. The wind freshened in the little grasses.

They noticed that the kodak had fallen from Campbell's saddle. He said he would ride three miles back to see if he could find it. Over the hill there was a little dip, and he disappeared. She had forgotten it, and thought he must have been thrown. Sick terror caught her, and she rode fast up the hill. Then she understood, and smiled a little at herself.

So she waited, alone, on the greying, mystic prairie, and it called to her, with the wind in the grass. The vast stillness held her, drew her, with a longing that pained her—the call of the infinite to the infinite in her soul—till the tears stood full in her eyes.

She heard the rush of the horse, loping swift and strong over the prairie, and she felt him coming, coming—sweeping up to her. He questioned her with his eyes. She told him she had forgotten about the dip, and that he had gone out of sight.

“You were frightened?”

“Yes.” Silence for a little.

Then he spoke, not long, nor much, for the wind was telling, and the prairie called, and words were poor things.

“I want you always—you will come?”

He knew. Then he caught her strongly, and lifted her from the saddle and held her close. “We will race down the wind together.” So he called to the horse, and he gathered himself in a swift, free, long lope that was like nothing she had ever experienced. They rode faster, and more madly, exultingly on the wind. Thundering over the startled prairie, through the long shadows of the hills, and her heart was a mad thing, that sang and joyed, and felt no bond, nor any shame, and knew heaven and earth and flowers, and brooks that rippled, and sunlight caught in waterfalls, and laughter that held girls' souls, and joy that was very pain—and she loved and was unafraid.

Then her soul sank in a great quiet of infinite content, and they were riding no longer, but the wind held them, and they were the wind,—the heart of the wind—the wind on the prairies. And her heart lay still and glad.

Next day there was a letter from home,—the next days, what a part they play in life's decisions,—just a little "homey" letter from her mother. She told of a tea at Mrs. Gaston's, how Archie was there, and they had had quite a chat. He had spoken of Isa, and was glad she liked her school out West so well. She had gone to the theatre with the Muctons, and the girls had spoken about Isa's coming home. And Isa in her little bare room, in her little Western boarding-house saw them all, and a quick longing came for the safe, quiet, tame life they lived; and her heart grew a dead thing that knew shame and fear, and long, sick weariness. And she thought she must have been mad.

She thought of them all, all the wives of those other men out there in the West. How little they had! How little prettiness there was in their bare, dull life! How soon they grew old, and their husbands grew tired of them.

She thought of the woman with whom she boarded. How much she loved little unusual jaunts! Yet she scarcely ever went anywhere. She remembered the night Mr. Jackson had spoken of going up to the hills to have some machinery fixed, and Mrs. Jackson had looked up quickly, wanting to go, and then he had said:

"Oh!—No we can't go. There are road scrapers in the wagon at home, and I want to fetch in some hay. So I'll have to wait until Fred comes home with the other wagon to get the hay. It will be too late to go to the hills after that."

And how Mrs. Jackson had said: "We could leave a note for Fred and tell him to bring in the hay."

"No, that wouldn't do; Fred mightn't see it." Then Mrs. Jackson said: "If we take off the road scrapers so you can use that wagon, will you take us?" He didn't say anything. So Isa herself had helped to unload them, pretending it was lots of fun; but with a little grip of pain to think how little he cared. And after all he hadn't taken them. So the little ugly thoughts came and mocked her. Her heart grew cold, and she knew dully that something must be done, and something explained, and that she would have to be strong,—but she didn't feel strong. She felt sick and uncertain, and, oh, so tired of it all.

He came. She told him—told him with his honest, strong face getting a little whiter, and his strong lips a little tighter and thinner, and his eyes—oh, she only looked at his eyes once. They held so much wrenching pain and pity,—yes, pity for her weakness. She knew she was weak and she told him—yet she told him all without shade or tone in the painting of it.

Her mother was a widow, not rich, who had planned and saved to give her daughter an education. She was the only girl, and if she married him—her mother would—be losing her altogether. For her mother wouldn't understand, couldn't get in touch with a new life,—the life he would represent. She would feel lonely at losing her daughter, and she would not be getting a son, for there would be—could be—no understanding between her mother and Jack. The mother had always wanted the little tame, conventional happinesses of life. Oh, could she say it all,—she should have written it. It was terrible to have to tell it all; and he sat there so still,—just listening. Still she went on. She wasn't sure that she would be happy herself. It was so lonely

on the prairie, and life was so hard, and bare, and unlovely; and she would never have a chance to wear her pretty dresses. She would get old and wrinkled and homely, in a little while, and her hands wouldn't be pretty, and after a while he would tire of her, as all the men did out there. She would be lonely and unlovely. And maybe she'd grow not to care for him,—nor to care what she looked like. Oh, she couldn't, she couldn't. He must forgive her, it had been very wrong of her, but they could be still—friends. She scarcely breathed the last word, it was insulting in its insipidity.

He sat quiet a long time,—so long that she looked up,—and then it was that she saw his eyes. He spoke quietly, kindly, pityingly—told her he knew how it would hurt her mother, that perhaps she belonged back there; and he didn't,—he didn't blame her. Then his voice stopped. He spoke again. He asked her to think well before she chose the other way; he knew she loved him as she could never love anybody else. That love was everything,—a love like theirs. It forced things to come right. If she did the one dominantly right thing, the others would fit in somehow. He had always seen it so. His voice stopped quickly.

When he spoke again it was strong, and full, and free.

"You will never forget, girl, never. When you hear the wind sweep you will remember our ride of wild gladness; when the little breeze freshens at night you will remember the sweet madness of it. You cannot forget when the sun shines and the birds sing. You will remember when all is still, and greying—when the day closes with long shadows. Ah, you will remember always how we rode together."

She came home, just the same old Isa, and entered on the happy, busy, exciting rush of college life—dances, teas, calls, meetings, flirtations, brightness, and gay conventional adventures. She enjoyed them all. People's hearts don't break nowadays with the uncomfortable finality they once displayed. The twentieth century girl's heart is a well-ordered and properly regulated mechanism, and responds with pleasing alacrity to whatever new emotions are imposed upon it. Isa had been a little tardy in training hers, but it was a fairly decent heart, and the frazzled edges didn't hurt much—at least in public. Taken altogether, she played a good game, and nobody knew,—sometimes she didn't know herself.

She had always been popular. A healthy, happy, wholesome comrade,—skated well, danced well, sang a little, played fairly,—with a great capacity for absolute enjoyment of what the world offers. Now, there was another charm. She flirted with a little whimsical sadness; used a little quiet wistfulness. If you looked a little, and stopped to wonder, she was all quick smiles and mockery.

Directly in proportion to her increase in popularity was the sweet "cattiness" of her dear girl friends. And,—sometimes she fought with the weapon nearest at hand. At first she hated herself for it, and strove still to be big-hearted and strong. But little by little she changed into the charming society product,—clever, even brilliant, armed at all points, a little heartless, and a great deal scornful. And she forgot her crude, strong honesty; forgot even

to be honest with herself. But never did she forget altogether the wind on her face, the long shadows, the fresh odour of newly-turned earth,—the little inanimate things that torture,—that hold the soul of the yesterdays.

Once, after she came home she told her mother about him. Perhaps—her mother would understand after all.

She told how the children loved him. How big, and kind, and quiet, and patient he was. Then she told of his whimsical, quaint humour.

Little Lena had been playing with her doll the day they were to have a doll drill at school. They had hidden it when she wasn't looking, for fear the dress would get dirty. Then when she was looking for it, they had wondered if it could have walked off by itself, and what a dreadful thing it would be if it got pneumonia! Just then Campbell had come in and they asked him if he had met a doll. He replied, gravely considering: No, he hadn't met a doll but he had seen doll tracks.

Then she told her mother the story of what he had said when he was a little chap. He had been lost in Minneapolis, and his mother had been so frightened, and when they found him they had said:

"You shouldn't have run away by yourself like that. Don't you know mother was worried about you? Weren't you afraid you would get run over?"

And he had looked up gravely and serenely:

"I'd have gone to heaven then, you know, and I'd have hung my feet over the clouds, so mamma would know I got there all right."

Then she told of his virile manhood,—how he rode bucking bronchos and never moved in the saddle, and she pictured his wild, free, glorious life on the ranch.

And her mother smiled interestedly, calmly, and looked quietly unconscious of any possibilities in the story. So she knew it was no use. And she gave up altogether to the old level, usual life. She met a man of her own class,—clever, attractive, amusing, fairly successful, a moderate luminary of the bar,—and they were married. It was rather unfortunate there should be such a glorious wind sweeping through the streets on her wedding day. Yet a windy wedding day means wedded bliss, they say.

CHRISSIE McLACHLAN.

Little Asdoor.

IT was on a bright June morning, not many years ago; the sun had risen some three or four hours earlier and was shining down on a beautiful and peaceful scene. The snow-capped peaks of the Amanus mountains rose clear-cut against the bright blue of the sky, the breeze was sighing through the silver branches of the great cedars of Lebanon, and the springs in the valleys were bubbling up joyously and tumbling along over their stony beds and then paused for a while to rest in some wild dell, where great walnut trees cast their shade, and little ferns uncurled their dainty fronds.

Up on the mountain side an Armenian shepherd boy lay stretched out on a flat rock, lazily watching his goats as they browsed contentedly among the stones and thistles below him. Now and again the boy started a wild melody on his shepherd's pipe; after a while he got up, still playing a merry tune, and started down towards the goats, for it was time to take them to the spring to drink.

Suddenly the bushes before him rustled; there was a vision of a pair of shining black eyes, a flutter of tattered garments, and next thing he knew the shepherd boy found himself leaping from stone to stone along the rocky face of the mountain, in hot pursuit of a little figure that darted here and there among the bushes and hurried along in evident distress. When he caught it, he discovered that it was a very young boy, and that he was sobbing in wild-eyed terror, struggling vainly to get free. He did not know what to make of the child, his appearance was so wild and his fear so great; surely he had been trying to do some evil, or he would not have any cause for such fear. So the shepherd lad asked him in a rough voice:

"What is thy name, child, and what dost thou here, trying to harm my goats?"

Oh, uncle," the child replied brokenly, "I did not come to harm thy goats. My father and my mother used to call me Little Asdoor; and I heard thee playing the "düdük," the pipe, and I came close to listen to it. And then thou foundest me, and, oh, but I am hungry," he ended with a fresh outburst of sobs.

"Well, then, Asdoorig, if that be thy name, if thou art hungry, thou didst come to steal," with which conclusive argument he shook the child slightly so that he set up a piteous wail. "But thou art small, and moreover thou art thin and thy garments are ragged, so come with me and help me keep my goats from straying this morning; then shalt thou have bread to eat," he said with a sudden touch of pity; for even his slow-moving mind perceived the fact that the child was really starved and looked ill and uncared for.

Thereupon the child followed the shepherd boy timidly back to where the goats were feeding; the shepherd boy called to his flock, and started on the way to the spring, and the goats began to follow him reluctantly. It was hard to make the animals move, for the kids would persist in stopping to rub their growing horns against a rock or a tree trunk and the older ones to crop a bunch of leaves or the needles of a low cedar tree. But Little Asdoor came along behind them and kept a vigilant watch over all the lingerers, so that finally, with the help of his switch, he got them to respond to the calls of their shepherd in front. As they neared the spring, the stragglers became fewer and fewer, and when they reached the edge of the hill, the boy stood aside and the flock started down the path in their usual headlong stampede, the kids far in front and the older ones bleating behind as they rushed madly down to the spring.

The two boys followed in silence. When all the goats had drunk and rested for a while, the shepherd lad said: "Now let us go and find bread to eat." So they led the flock to where a few rough goats'-hair tents had been

pitched; the goats lay down in the dust under the trees for their mid-day nap, and the big boy led Little Asdoor to where his mother and two other women were making bread, rolling it out almost as thin as paper and then toasting it on a black iron sheet. The women were rather surprised when they saw the strange lad, but the elder of the two paid no heed to their questions, and only said shortly:

"We are hungry, mother; give us food."

The woman got up slowly and went into one of the tents, murmuring to herself, "Ah, poor child, his garments are torn to shreds, his look is wild, and he is lean and hungry as a jackal. How comes it, I wonder, that he is thus forsaken!"

She came back with some moistened bread and a bowl of *yoghort for each of the boys and set it before them. Little Asdoor immediately snatched up his portion and started to gulp it down eagerly. When he had eaten all he could, one of the women said to him:

"Tell us, my son, what is thy name, and where are thy parents that thou wanderest thus alone."

"Mother," the child answered, "they used to call me "Little Asdoor" when I was at home, but where my father and mother are, I cannot tell. When I was in the village helping my mother to make butter at the spring, my father went away, I know not where. Some people said he would cut wheat on a great plain very far away. There went with him also many other men from our village, and with them was also Krikor's father. These all went that they might cut wheat, that we might have food for the winter.

Then one time my mother wept bitterly for many days, for she said that my father would not come back again. How that may be, I know not, for my father loved his Little Asdoor and ever came back to him again. But now he came not."

"Ah," said one of the women, "we all of us know that part of the story; it is no new thing. But continue, my little one."

And by and by my mother was afraid," he went on, "and we two, my mother and I, and many others from the village, as many as were afraid, went to the priest's house. Then I know not how it was, many houses in our village started to burn, and my mother wept again, but Krikor and I watched the fire and the smoke. And soon, when all the houses were burning, there came many bad men to the priest's house, and they killed the Vartabed, the priest, and they killed my mother. And one man looked at me as if he would kill me also, so I ran out up the hill, and I dared not look behind me lest the wicked man should catch me and kill me. So I ran and ran up the hill and then to the mountain, until I could no longer run. And then I lay down among the sumach bushes and slept. But always in my dream I saw the burning houses and the man as he looked at me, and I ran and ran, and my knees were weak so that I could go no further, and the man caught me. Then I awoke; and it was dark, and I was cold, and I was afraid, for the "janivar," the jackal, was

*A very refreshing preparation of sour milk made in almost every part of Turkey, especially in the villages.

howling in the mountains. But down in the valley I heard the sound of dogs barking, and it was well; and I slept till the sun rose.

"And then, for many, many days, I know not how long, I wandered in the mountains, and whenever I heard the "janivar" howling I was afraid: and whenever I heard the voice of men I hid, for I knew that the wicked man was still seeking ofr me that he might slay me. And it was cold, and I went into a cave, but I was afraid of wild beasts, so I came out of it and wandered on still further in the mountains. And I was hungry, but I found roots and herbs to eat, yet they are not so good as bread. And then it rained much, and my bones were very sore, and my hands were heavy as stones, and my head and my feet were light, and the ground stood not still, but turned about like my mother's grindstone. So I slept much, and when I awoke I was thin, even as I am now."

"Ah, let me love thine eyes, my soul," the shepherd boy's mother broke in. "It is indeed a marvel that thou didst not die of the "sutma," the malaria.

But Little Asdoor took no notice of her words. "And then I wished to go home, but I knew not the way, and our house was burned, and my mother was also killed, and my father came not back, but only the dog and the goats were left. So I remained where I was, and always I knew that the wicked man was seeking for me."

"Then three days before to-day I heard the goat-bells in the valley, and I said: "Perhaps my father has come back and brings his goats to the summer pasture. I will stay and find out if it be he or no. And this morning I heard the goat-bells on the mountain-side, and the sound of the "düdük," and I crept near for I thought it was my father; but behold it was a boy,—a boy that I knew not, and I thought that now he would take me and the wicked man would slay me, so I ran from him. But he overtook me and brought me here and gave me food to eat. And I am warm, and I am happy, and the bad man looks no longer for me, and my father will come back; then shall I take our goats to the pasture again. There is nothing else to tell."

With these words, Little Asdoor got up, stretched himself, and then went over and curled up in the dust under a fir-tree, where he soon fell fast asleep, lulled by the low conversation of the women and the regular rip-rap of their long rolling-pins on the kneading boards.

ELIZABETH MACALLUM.

The Technic of the Short Story.

ANYBODY can write a short story; only a literary technician can hyphenate it. From the beginning of time, short stories have been told; we may say with truth (if we are willing to link ourselves with that century which it is now fashionable to malign) that the short-story is our own, and in its formulation, at least, peculiarly American. The Bible is full of brief narratives, usually crude, but occasionally—the story of Ruth, the Book of Esther—exquisite fictions. The fantasies of the Arabian Nights, the earthy tales of Boccaccio's "Decameron," the "fabliaux," the "novellas" of the Renaissance,

Poe, Kipling, De Maupassant,—can all these strange birds huddle under one cover? In a very broad sense, yes; with any discrimination, no. Poe is to Boccaccio what man is to his much less highly evolved ancestors. How many we differentiate? The answer is—by technic.

Every artistic process has its technic. Technic (to dogmatise fearlessly) is the body of rules which guide successful expression in any art. But who is to decide what successful expression is, wherein lies artistic success, the efficient moulding of crude material to some form, some technic? Well, technic, as Pater says of beauty and “all other qualities represented to human experience, is relative.” Technic changes, is variable. Boccaccio’s technic—if indeed he were at all conscious of moulding his sprawling material to a form—produces meandering and rambling stories that exasperate the individual, at all sensitive to nineteenth century demands of form. It is the technic of the modern short story, “le dernier mot” in short-story structure, that I shall try to explain. In ten years, this technic may have been superseded.

In 1839 Poe gathered and published his “Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.” In 1842 in a Review of Hawthorne’s “Twice-Told Tales” he enunciated his theory of short-story structure. “A skilful artist has constructed a tale,” he says. “If wise, he has fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single effect to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the preconceived design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred are, a sense of the fullest satisfaction.” Poe succeeded, as many of us can not, in executing as well as expounding. “The Masque of the Red Death,” “The Fall of the House of Usher,” “Ligeia,” are studies in a single tone, subtle gradations of a single emotion. But in the management of incident, of plot, we have gone even beyond Poe, though undoubtedly he—in spite of his preoccupation with the bizarre and horrible, pointed the way.

The development of the combined incidents, the Plot, of the short-story is conditioned by its physical brevity. The short-story deals (usually) with a single emotional crisis. The material of this form, as of all art forms—experience, life,—it is commonplace to think of as a woven work, a tapestry, but one not clear and beautiful, but marred by knots and botches. These (if I may be allowed the figure) are emotional crises in the monotonous level of existence, the dramatic moments of tensity in which a tiny group of persons is involved. Of such a crisis, then, the literary artist becomes aware, and—in his story, he sets forth just enough of surrounding experience to make it intelligible. A short-story, therefore, appears to be a brief fiction, presenting a single important character or a few characters experiencing a series of incidents, the first of which expresses a problem, reveals a situation, and the last

of which settles it "with apparent inevitability." These incidents are logically inter-related in such a way as to rise to a climax of interest, immediately before the final solution.

I like to think (in a perfectly unscientific fashion) that the structure of the short-story resembles the parallelogram of forces. One of the converging forces represents the character of the chief figure or figures; the other, their environment, the little world these mannikins inhabit. The resultant force (if that is the terminology) is the continuous succession of incidents. To some circumstance in his environment the character reacts; the reaction is an incident. Out of this incident others grow naturally, until one of these incidents resolves itself into the crisis (the end of the diagonal). Here, I must confess, the figure must be supplemented. The short-story does not end at the crisis; it ends as quickly as possible after the crisis.

In an emotional crisis one can usually discover a conflict of wills or powers, and a conflict in its keenest and most tense state. With such a conflict, the short-story, perhaps more than any other art-form except the drama, deals. (It is, perhaps, useful to suggest how closely akin are the technics of the short-story and the one-act play). In a conflict the short-story expresses, then, a problem of relationship, (a) of a single individual and a new environment (e.g., Kipling's "Lisbeth" and "Thrown Away"), (b) of one individual and another, the nauseating but ever popular "love" story, (c) of one status of ideas and another, the perpetual conflict between the old, the rigid, and the fresh and changeable. Such material, though it requires in the handling, depth and sympathy, is the most profitable to the amateur writer.

The ingredients of fictional narrative, besides Incident, the particular organization of which in the short-story I have treated,—are Character and Background. It is with the presentation of character that the beginner will have the greatest difficulty. The trouble is that his experience has been neither deep nor broad enough to achieve profundity in observation. Character in fiction may be expressed by pure exposition (analysis), by description, by action, by dialogue. Against the first method a stout warning must be sounded. Nothing is more dull than an extended treatment of "Tom was a sentimental fellow," by an inexpert analysis of his emotions. Vivid bits of personal description, however, are easy and helpful. One must remember, though, that nowadays no one reads a full paragraph of description. It must be administered in small doses, gently and unobtrusively. Young fictionists often have difficulty in producing natural conversation. Listen to real conversations, notice how they halt and ramble, now moved swiftly and pointedly. No trace of stiltedness must cling about one's dialogue, nor must the talk be for talk's sake. Under the appearance of rambling, it must be either significant of character or productive of plot. Display the character, then, by description of his person, mannerisms, his conversation, his little actions, and provided your details are unified and significant, the character's inner being, his "soul" will take care of itself.

At the risk of seeming paradoxical, let me urge the neglect of Incident, Plot and Character rather than neglect of Background. All the plots have

been used; characters are difficult to "realize," but with patience a writer can learn to describe interestingly a fresh environment or a comparatively unknown set of people. One may realize easily how large a part Background, "local color," has in an author's career. It may be dangerous to say that India made Kipling; it would be difficult to imagine what Kipling would be without India. In another field, it is quite true that Mr. Service, without Kipling and the Klondike, would be nothing. By the manners and habits of strange and isolated localities, the observant writer can almost always stir the sluggish, satiated reader. Yet, some one complains, "It isn't interesting when you're there." Well, that is the tragedy of life, of hoped-for happiness. It isn't interesting when you're there, unless the observer, in the pride of his egotism, by imagination and sympathy forces interest, even the interest of irony, out of the dullest day, the dullest person.

F. B. MILLETT.

A Day in Pompeii.

I HAD often heard of Pompeii, but really knew nothing about it except in a vague sort of way, so that when the opportunity came in July of seeing and inspecting it for myself, you may be sure I welcomed it with pleasure and interest.

Leaving Naples on an early morning train in company with an Italian guide, a German photographer, and a young Sicilian, we soon reached our destination. On arriving at the station at Pompeii we were promptly besieged by one of those hordes of beggars that infest all Italy. Many of them speak a few words of English and are continually looking for an opportunity of performing some act that can be charged for. In Italy, for instance, they will open a carriage door and charge for it—shut it when you get out, and charge again; smile hideously—two cents, and so on. It is well, also, for the uninitiated to know that they will gladly volunteer all sorts of information, as well as cheery remarks such as "Warm day, sir,"—three cents; "Hope it doesn't rain"—five cents; and the like.

But to return to our subject—Pompeii. Proceeding perhaps two hundred yards from the station we entered the ruined and deserted city through what is called the Marine gate. The thing that struck me first, I remember, as being so surprising was the remarkably fine state of preservation in which the long rows of buildings appeared to be, an eloquent testimony to the stability of Roman architecture, considering the fact that they had been buried under twenty feet of ashes and pumice stone for some 1,669 years, or up till 1748.

Our attention was, however, soon drawn to an examination of the road upon which we stood. Its paving was composed of large irregular pieces of lava joined together. In these pieces the chariot wheels of the Pompeiians had worn ruts to the depth of four or five inches, forming a marked contrast to the roads of many of our modern cities, lined as they often are to the depth of several feet in mud. The only points of similarity are the ruts. On either

side of the road were very narrow curbed sidewalks. High stepping-stones, intended for the convenience of persons crossing the street, were placed at intervals in the centre of the road. Near the first corner was a large stone fountain with the top of one of its sides worn down several inches by the hands of the tired toilers from the Campagna as the workers leaned over to slake their thirst.

Walking along the street our curiosity was aroused by numerous inscriptions cut in the stone walls of the buildings, or painted on them in red. Our guide, who proved to be a veritable encyclopaedia of information, explained to us the meaning of a number of them. Most of them were of a political nature, recommending some particular individual as "aedile" or duumvir, Pompeii, just previous to its destruction, having been apparently in the midst of election activities. We were also shown a number of domestic inscriptions on the inside walls and pillars of the houses. These, on being interpreted, were found to be memoranda of different household transactions, such as how much land was bought on a particular day, how many tunics had been sent to the Chinaman's—or rather, to his ancient substitute. Venturing into many a private house, which I suppose could not have been entered in the old days without a formal invitation couched in that most incomprehensible of diabolical languages—Latin, we obtained a glimpse into the internal arrangements of the dwellings of the people of that time. At the threshold one's eyes were usually attracted to the design of a bear, dog, or some other animal, with an inscription underneath, worked out on a floor, "Cave canem"—"Beware of the dog," being by far the most popular. The floors were covered with exquisitely fanciful figures wrought in mosaics of many-colored marbles. Just beyond the threshold was a sort of vestibule, in which doubtless the bashful lover of long ago, "sighing like furnace," awaited his fiancée's approach.

Proceeding further into the interior of the house, we enter a room containing a large marble basin with a fountain in its centre. On each side of this room are bedrooms; beyond the fountain comes the reception-room, then a little garden, dining-room, and so forth. The walls everywhere were stuccoed and covered with the most beautiful frescoes imaginable. Here and there stood statues, while tiny fish-pools, and delicate streams of water that sparkled in the sunlight, springing from hidden places in the colonnades, added increased beauty to the scene. Apparently the inhabitants of that city had been most luxurious in their tastes and habits. Indeed, the most beautiful, and the most elaborately worked bronze, as well as the finest cameos in Europe come from the exhumed cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The exterior of the houses is distinctly disappointing, a blank wall with a few small grated openings being the only things worthy of even passing notice. The roofs, of course, are all missing, having been broken down under the enormous weight of the ashes and stones, but in spite of the fact that the mural paintings were thus left entirely exposed, they are almost as fresh and plain as though executed but yesterday. Here abounds a variety of subjects such as dead game of different kinds, amphorae, familiar classical stories or

myths, always forcefully portrayed. Venuses, Bacchuses and Adonises making love or steeped in inebriation.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to mention a few of the buildings which we particularly noticed. One was a bake-shop with the mill for grinding the grain still standing, and also the furnaces used in baking. It is said that when the excavations were being made the workmen found a number of well baked loaves which the baker had not had time to remove, unlooked-for circumstances compelling him to make a rather hurried exit.

Opposite the gate of Siricus we came across a building which the guide believed to be a tavern from some markings on the pillars of the door. A sign to one side, however, read in Latin, "Lingerer, depart, this is no place for idlers," an injunction which seemed to us rather opposed to any such belief, if we are to judge from present-day conditions. Further along was the amphitheatre, around the outside of which ran an enormous uncovered gallery. Steps of lava blocks at least two feet thick lead to the upper tiers of seats. The theatre accommodated perhaps 20,000 spectators, and it was here that the games, races and gladiatorial contests were held. The *thermae* or baths used by the Pompeiians were also a most interesting sight. They were approached by means of a spacious court-yard, used as a sort of out-of-door gymnasium, the stone shots used for exercising still lying about on the ground. The rooms used for cold, tepid and hot baths were especially well preserved, as well as long rows of stone lockers built into the sides of the walls.

But from the tourist's point of view the objects that drew forth our greatest wonder and interest were not the streets or buildings, but the plaster-like moulds of the bodies of some of the inhabitants of old Pompeii. The shower of stones and ashes by which the city had been overwhelmed and buried was followed by streams of thick mud. The objects over which this stream flowed became enveloped in it as in a mould of plaster, so that where the object chanced to be a human body its decay left a cavity in which the form was as accurately preserved as in the moulds used for the casting of a statue in bronze. A number of scientists filled up these cavities with liquid plaster and perfect casts were obtained. These casts were then removed to the museum, which is maintained at Pompeii, and it was there that we had the opportunity of viewing them.

Certainly objects more ghastly and at the same time more replete with interest would be hard to imagine. Here we have death itself moulded and cast—the very last struggle and final agony before us, telling their story with a dramatic power and intensity that no sculptor could ever hope to emulate.

The first casts that we examined in any detail were those of four persons who had perished in the street. Two of them were women, probably mother and daughter, lying feet to feet, and apparently, from their dress, people of poor condition. The elder seemed to lie peacefully on her side. Overcome by the poisonous gases she had probably fallen and died without a struggle. On her finger was a coarse iron ring. The other, a girl of perhaps fifteen, seemed to have struggled desperately for life. Her legs were drawn up convulsively and her hands clenched tight in agony. In one hand she held part

of her dress, with which she had attempted to cover her mouth so as to shut out the sulphurous gases. The shape of her head was perfectly preserved, and even the texture of her coarse linen robe might be distinctly traced. Here and there it was torn and the smooth young skin appeared in the plaster like polished marble.

The third member of the group was a woman of about thirty-five, who belonged to a better class than the others, judging from her two silver rings, and her garments which were of finer texture. She had fled with her little treasure which lay scattered beside her—two silver cups and some jewels. The fourth cast was that of a man of magnificent physique, the grand figure of a Roman soldier. His heavy sandals, with nail-studded soles, as well as his tunic and armour, plainly showed his vocation. Some of his teeth still remained, while even a part of the moustache adhered to the plaster. True to his proud office of guardian of the city he had stood at his post, stern and unflinching, till the hell that raged around him had burned out the dauntless spirit it could not conquer.

Sauntering slowly out of this place of death and along the silent streets, we found ourselves at length by the side of the great forum whence we gazed out through the ruined temples of Jupiter and Isis, over the desolate-looking houses, and away off to Mt. Vesuvius, calmly smoking away in the peaceful distance. Then the shrill sound of a whistle informed us that the train for Naples had arrived, and reminded us that we belonged to the twentieth century, and had not been transformed into dusty-looking casts, or hideously grinning skeletons, all that was left in human guise to bear witness to the tragedy of that awful November night of 79 A.D.

R. F. PIRIE.

The Sea.

THE Sea! The Sea! shouted the soldiers of the vanguard of Xenophon's Ten Thousand as they topped a hill from which they saw, in the far distance, the sparkling blue waters of the Euxine. Many long dreary months had come and gone and many weary marches had those soldiers bravely endured since they had last looked on the many-wrinkled face of old Ocean, but now this sudden glimpse of the sea, with its suggestion of home and friends, proved too much even for those hardy veterans. We are told that they broke down utterly and wept for very joy.

There are those to whom such an outburst may appear childish, but surely it is not hard for the sons and daughters of sea-roving Britons to enter sympathetically into the thoughts and feelings of those ancient Greeks. Our forefathers loved the sea with an intensity amounting to passion. Away back in our early Anglo-Saxon poetry we have abundant evidence of a deep joy in sea-faring, which is as delightful as it is unlooked-for among those rude ancestors of ours. Witness these lines from "The Seafarer." The poet is describing the sailor's yearning for the sea:

"No delight has he in the world"

Nor in aught save the roll of the billows; but always a longing,
A yearning uneasiness, hastens him on to the sea."

And again,—

"Often it befalls us on the ocean's highways,
In the boats our boatmen, when the storm is roaring,
Leap the billows on our stallions of the foam."

All the way down the long history of English poetry we hear the same note sounding—down through the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" to that great outburst of Victorian song which still rings in our ears and haunts our memories. A little earlier we had Wordsworth calling the men of his day to a deeper communion with Nature.

"Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One is of the mountains; each a mighty Voice."

And again this fine burst of indignation against an unseeing and degenerate age:—

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

One need not quote Byron's well-known "Address to the Ocean," nor the work of Keats, whose last sonnet makes mention of

"The moving waters at their priest-like task,
Of pure ablution round earth's human shore."

These and other English poets have extolled the glories and fascinations of the sea in many a page of undying verse.

Of Victorian poets, Tennyson appears to have given most careful study to the moods of the sea. To Wordsworth, who was not a Victorian, the sea had a "Voice." Tennyson, on the other hand, speaks of its "Voices." In his sonorous and highly-finished verse we hear "the league-long roller thundering on the reef" and "watch the crisping ripples on the beach, and tender-curving lines of creamy spray." In his "Palace of Art" he has, with the hand of a master, drawn for us these two striking, sea pictures:

"One show'd an iron coast and angry waves,
You seem'd to hear them climb and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall."

And—

"A still salt pool lock'd in with bars of sand
Left on the shore; that hears all night,
The plunging seas draw backward from the land,
Their moon-led waters white."

If we want yet further evidence of Tennyson's love of the sea, we have it in the poem which gave us his final thought of death—a poem which is surely a fitting crown for a noble life. Once more his imagination hovers over the main:

“May there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.”

We have many advantages to boast of in our broad Canadian prairies, but there are many in our midst who ever long for a sight of the dancing waters—many who would gladly accept Gonzalo's offer (in “The Tempest”) of “a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground” and think their bargain the best they ever made.

W. J. M.

A Letter.

SIR,—

To the Editor of the New Zealand Times, Feb. 2, 3401.

THE appreciative article of my learned friend, Dr. J. Blanco, which was inserted in last Wednesday's issue of your Journal, has brought me so many letters of inquiry and of sympathy that I am encouraged to communicate to readers of the “Times” some further particulars of my discoveries upon the site of “*Queenscollege*” (for such I am persuaded is the correct title of the spot frequently called *The Kings Toren*).

You may remember, sir, that Dr. Blanco, in his brief notice, refers to the cannibal banquet, technically known as *Artsdinner*, at which the corpses of rejected *Fresh Men* were devoured by their more fortunate comrades. It has been my good fortune to discover portions of a diary kept by an intrepid traveller who was present at one of these horrible functions, and who was lucky enough to escape with his life. The description was originally fragmentary, and is now in addition so mutilated as in parts to be quite indecipherable. But by some freak of chance, it is possible to identify the exact date of the *Artsdinner* in question. It was held towards the end of November in the year 1913. At this date, as I need hardly remind these readers who are familiar with the masterly chronological researches of Herr von Teufelsdröck-Katzenellenbogen, the throne of England was occupied by Tiglath-Pileser II.

The *Artsdinner* orgy was held, it appears, after night had fallen, at a time when darkness lent an added mystery to deeds of shame and horror. The Traveller (whom from henceforth I will ask leave to call Q, as constituting the principal *quelle* of this whole account) says: *Found that dinner did not begin until near an hour after time: so that when we sat down it was dark as Erebus and I could have eaten a Professor or even a Lecturer for hunger.* We have no

means of ascertaining whether *Professors* were actually devoured: but it is certain that *Lecturers* were not. The *Lecturer* was a miserable menial who performed the lowest drudge work, and can rarely have been sufficiently well nourished to constitute an inviting meal. It would indeed throw much light upon the anthropophagous habits of the savage Canadians if Q. gave a list of viands upon which the Druids feasted: but he has not thought it worth while to do so, and we must be content with incidental remarks. Of some wretched victim, plainly human he says, "*His legs are dry and thin*": *faith, and so they were. Little flesh had I therefrom.* And again Mr. (name undecipherable) *did prove strangely arid: we all expecting something lighter and more digestible were but ill satisfied.* At this point, it may be remarked, the evidence of Q. can be supplemented by some information contained in the Broadsheet (which I shall call B.) of which mention was made in Dr. Blanco's paper last week. B. records the interesting fact that there was considerable difference of opinion as to the manner in which human bodies should be prepared for consumption. This is demonstrated by the following extract, obviously written in a tone of extreme discontent. *I thought Professor* (name undecipherable) *was to toast the ladies, not to roast them.* Evidently the writer thought that toasted flesh was far superior to roasted.

It was doubtless to drown the dying shrieks of the miserable victims that the mournful strains of barbaric music were heard from time to time. Q. says *I have not yet learned to eat in time with a waltz.* It appears that these strains proceeded principally from a small instrument called a *cigar*, a kind of flute held between the teeth. Q. goes on to remark: *Cigars loud and powerful: they did nigh blow my head off.* From time to time as the banquet proceeded, the feasters, maddened with blood and intoxicated by the delirious music of the *cigars*, shrieked and yelled an obscure invocation to the presiding deity, *Arts*. I am inclined to think that this *Arts* should be identified with Artemis, although I should be reluctant at present to pronounce any definite opinion upon the point. Of the invocation I have only succeeded in deciphering fragments. As I expected, the ritual-cry of *queensqueensqueens* plays a large part therein: but I cannot with certainty translate the remainder of the prayer, which seems composed of short ejaculatory utterances similar to those which occur on the recently deciphered Phaistos Disc.

While the *cigars* were shrilly sounding, incense was burned to *Arts*. Q. remarks: *The smoke of the sacred weed did shortly afterwards mount skyward.* It is curious to note that this particular incense appears to have been *tabu* to the female initiates of the College. In one rather obscure passage B. seems to hint that it was considered baleful and noxious to the women: *should smoking cease when ladies enter?* But I think on the whole that B is not here to be trusted: it would be contrary to the universal custom of savage tribes if women were allowed to behold the banquets of the male initiates. A possible explanation may, of course, be found in the presence of cooked corpses of females, to which reference has been made above. When the dish of *roasted ladies* (which evidently should have been *toasted ladies*) was placed before the feasters, the offering of incense would naturally cease, as the attention of all present would immediately be directed towards the consumption of the dainty.

The fragmentary account Q. contains only one further item of real importance. It appears that throughout the whole course of the evening reverence was paid to a deity bearing the mysterious title of G. Y. I was unable for a long time to come to any conclusion as to the nature or the attributes of this unknown divinity: for Q. affords very little information upon the point. But on turning to B. I was delighted to find frequent references to him (for the divinity was plainly regarded as male) of a character which leaves me in no doubt that he was a masculine embodiment of the ancient $\gamma\alpha\iota$ or fertility-principle of the earth. He is everywhere associated with increasing welfare and prosperity, with possessions and with riches of all kinds: he is propitiated with offerings and to him prayers are addressed by those who desire increased material wealth. I can suggest no explanation of the change which has transformed the original Earth Mother into this Earth Father, but I should like to point out that such changes of sex, while not of frequent occurrence, are none the less a recognized feature of the early development of religious conceptions.

I will conclude this letter, sir, by placing before your readers a fragmentary copy of the invocatory prayer addressed to Arts, or Artemis, side by side with the translation which I would tentatively suggest:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Arts huzza! Arts huzza! | 1. [Hail] Artemis the great! Great Artemis! (?) |
| Floreat academia | May [thy] (?) Academe flourish* |
| Arts, Arts, Arts | Thrice great Artemis! [All Hail] (?) |
| [lacuna] | |
| 2. Queens queens queens | 2. Thrice renowned (?) college (?) |
| [hiatus] | (?) (?) |
| Oil thigh . . . [lacuna] . . . th | [In thy honour] Let us anoint ourselves (?) |
| Cha gheil, Cha gheil, Cha gheil. | Thrice-great (?) GY (?) [All Hail] (?) |

I need hardly say that any emendations in these verses which may be suggested to me will receive my closest and most respectful attention.

As the Society to which I belong is in urgent need of funds for carrying on its work, I shall, I trust, be allowed to take this opportunity of pressing its claims upon the readers of your esteemed Journal.

I have the honour to remain, dear sir,

Yours obedient servant,

ALDIHELM DARIUS GOTTFRIED GRUBBER, *Ph.D., D.Ph., P.Dh.,*

Member of the New Zealand Society for the

Exploration of Dead Culture-states.

*I am inclined to consider this line corrupt. Is it possible that ancient Latin was understood by these barbarians? I cannot bring myself to think so. Perhaps, however, in this pathetic scrap of a noble tongue we may see evidence of intercourse between Canada and the marvellous antediluvian culture-states of the Mediterranean basin.

Kansas Convention Report.

The Seventh International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement,
Held at Kansas City.

IT is no easy task to give an adequate conception of the Seventh Quadrennial Convention of the Student Movement, held at Kansas City from December 31st 1913, to January 4th, 1914. Should one describe its machinery, at best the usual reader would but be struck with admiration for its beauty and noiselessness. Should one dilate on its many features, picturesque, significant and spectacular, merely the ordinary news-picure in every man would be satisfied. Should one speak of its tremendous dynamic spirit and the indelible impression upon the thousands present, it would be the instinct of both sympathetic and unsympathetic readers to mutter: "Emotionalism—mob psychology—influence for good, no doubt, but—not practical." And so in each case precisely the wrong impression would be given. A triumph of organization; a masterpiece of world-painting; a plenipotence of power over mental and spiritual processes; these are the words in which the great Convention would be summed up. No one would realize that the event in its fullness was the product of many fearless wills in contact with reality; that driving the cogs and levers, scattering the myriad colours, and prompting the impulses toward nobility and heroism, was one great Will which sanctified all. It is because this harmony of means, purpose and evident Divine Will is so seldom experienced, that it would be hard to demonstrate, by sketch or photograph, its existence at the Kansas City Convention. Therefore it is by a series of snapshots that the significance of the latter must be brought out; and to do this, certainly, is no easy task.

The Purpose.

The purpose of the quadrennial conventions held by the Student Volunteer Movement is five-fold: (1) To view the wholeness of the undertaking; (2) to accentuate its unity; (3) to realize the spiritual solidarity of Christian students; (4) to realize the vitality and conquering power of our religion; (5) to sound the call to the present generation of students to face the unprecedented situation of to-day.

The Speakers.

Seldom since the days of the disciples has there been enlisted in the cause of Christ such a brotherhood of great men as the leaders of the Student Movement. It is impossible to say who is the most earnest devotee, who the most intense thinker, who, the broadest visionary: for the outstanding figures are alike indomitable in faith, relentless in attack, and keen in outlook. Around the Chairman, John R. Mott, sat Robert Speer, Samuel Zwemer, Sherwood Eddy, Robert Horton, Bishop Kinsolving, Charles Watson, J. Campbell White, President Mackenzie, Professor Henderson, Dean Matthews, Charles D. Hurrey, and three hundred of lesser name, from whose ranks noiselessly came out in the sectional conferences and special sessions, speakers who showed the same faith, energy and breadth of mind. From first to last no note of self was

heard. No compliments were uttered, no applause was given. The speakers followed each other with silence and rapidity, and addressed a motionless audience. Only through personal conversation with the delegates afterwards could an observer detect the immense effect produced.

The Machinery.

Nothing could better show the intensity of purpose possessed by the organisers of the convention, than the perfectness of the machinery. Propagandism is distasteful to the so-called 'ordinary' man, because it demands a readjustment of his habits to life: but if propagandism can remove the many repellent by-plays, and leave no obstacle to its approval by man save one effort of will, then propagandism has obtained a wonderful victory. The victory was won at the Kansas City convention. All its regulations were strict and business-like, but at the same time showed Christian consideration. Its forms of worship were dictated, but lost thereby not a whit of spirituality. Its educative exhibits and pamphleteering challenged man's instinctive dislike to printed morality; but the grasp of knowledge, breadth of view and warmth of humanity displayed banished this dislike in a twinkling. Again the Will behind all sanctified all.

The Spirit.

Human nature on a holiday is a jolly nature; a warm, frank, brotherly nature. But the spirit which the delegates at the convention felt was something beyond this holiday spirit. It was deep and transcendent. Men met on the street, knew each other for friends though perfect strangers, shook hands and talked of the fundamental problems of life. They stood beside each other in silent prayer and though their skins were of different hue, each felt a thrill of comradeship never before experienced. They foregathered in the leaping street car and the pandemoniacal station and sang their Christian battle-songs to serious, startled faces. They bowed together on the prosaic plush seats of the railway train, and forgot alike the flash and roar of the passing cars and the noisier storming of their own passions. In short, if Mr. Micawber will pardon the theft, they felt that the spirit of the convention was the happiest spirit which had ever swayed them, for it was the spirit of reality. The reality whose enjoyment George Bernard Shaw advocates is a subjective state of mind. This was—well, it was reality.

The World View.—China.

The Gibraltar of the Christian world crumbles: Napoleon's "sleeping giant" stirs. A Chinese Volunteer Association has been formed to aid the native church, and even the proud literati are interested. The door is at last open: and from within comes the cry from the infinitesimally small band of Christian workers for help in this tremendous undertaking. China must finally be Christianized by the Chinese; but *our* work is *now*.

India.

The country of native gentleness lies open to the message of the gentle faith of Christ. China sends out many a son who returns an educated Christian; but humanly speaking, India is dependent upon the students of North America, Great Britain and Asia. Here is the only Mohammedan university

in the world, and open to Christians. Here are 13,500,000 Brahmins, our equals in intellect, our superiors in graciousness, our models in spiritual desire. Here are 65,000,000 outcasts; the most hopeless people on earth. There are 1,300,000 English schools, crippled by the smallness of the staffs. The opportunity is *now*.

Africa.

The land of flame sends forth the fire of Islam. From Northern Africa is spreading the proudest, most aggressive religion in the world. It is spreading, it is true, among the timid pagans, and not where its power is broken: but it has stolen a march on the sleeping Western nations. As compared with fifty converts from Islam to Christianity, place 50,000 pagans converted to Islam; and realize that Islam is not a stepping-stone to Christianity but its bitterest foe. A mighty journalistic army, moreover, is being marshalled. Yet, while the placid "Christian" is shamed by the Mohammedan, the form of the latter's faith is shaking before the onslaught of Western habits of life. Here lies our opportunity: in substitution. "Shall we tarry and trifle," cried Dr. Charles Watson, "while Africa is being made the prey of Islam?" The need is *now*.

Turkey.

The cruel foster mother of Eastern Christianity has been rudely awakened by western modes of life, and is examining the moral principles behind them with some interest. For two years Turkey has been represented in the Movement. In spite of the late temporary reaction, she is open and responsive *now*.

Japan.

The most brilliant nation in the world faces Christianity with that same openness of mind to which her progress is due. Success has not turned her head, but has solemnized her. The great mass need the message of Christianity to raise them from the shame in which they are sunk: while above them wait some of the most judicial minds in the world. If Japan is to be Christian, the work must be done *now*.

Korea.

The friendliest little land of all new Christian territory has been somewhat overlooked of late in the stress of supplying with scanty numbers the most needy fields. We can show our brotherhood *now*.

Ceylon and Burmah.

The propagating centres of Buddhism call for Christian philosophers and educators *now*.

Latin America.

The land of the Southern Cross—the neglected continent—needs the spiritual power for which that Cross stands. Here the ethical status is lower than that of pure paganism: even the personal purity of Christ is attacked. The open Bible is needed. The native clergy appeal for the help of northern missionaries in the desperate work of bringing back the people to Christ.

The Unprecedented Situation.

The world-situation is unique in opportunity, in danger, in urgency, and in view of the recent triumphs of Christianity. Never were the doors so wide open in so many parts of the world. Never was the interaction of nations so virulent. They were never so plastic as now, while the tides of nationalism are rising: and never have Christian missions made such rapid progress.

The World-Movement.

Great Britain and Ireland still lead in the proportion that have sailed. There has been a marked increase in the enrollment of North America, with which has gone hand in hand a corresponding increase in the number in Home Mission work. The Movement has doubled in Germany: it grows in Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and South Africa. In the French universities arise a force known as the "Volunteers of Christ." In Australasia the most active Volunteer Movement of the world is giving power and vitality in a wonderful degree to the church of that continent. In China a strong Volunteer Movement has been organized, which is securing hundreds of the ablest native students as future ministers of the Christian Church of China. Finally, the all-embracing World's Student Christian Federation has increased during the last quadrennium by 300 associations with over 20,000 members, until the Federation now contains over 2,300 Christian Associations with a membership of 156,000 students and professors.

The Message.

For five days over 5,000 members of the Convention listened to the most irresistible message ever carried by man. It was a call to mind and heart to think and feel: a call to courage to face the facts of life and to act accordingly: a call to the self to commune with the Divine Spirit: **and a call finally to the will to wake.** It was this last call that the Kansas City Convention emphasized. Day and night the great leaders put the undeniable facts or the world-need before the assemblage; but they did not allow the ordinary weekly tragedy to occur, i.e., that tragedy which occurs whenever the human duck waddles complacently out of a most enjoyable spiritual duck-pond, **and remembers only where to go itself again in time of need.** Repeatedly the will of the listeners were summoned to the bar, relentlessly analysed, and firmly told to do their duty.

"But Lord, the will!
There lies our bitter need.
Give us the deep intent."

The Call.

1. Christ said to His followers: "Go ye and teach all nations." We are Christians, and all nations are not taught.
2. World-shrinkage is becoming rapid, and the world will become a fearful place if all the latent power of Christianity be not aroused.
3. The less civilised nations need men to demonstrate practical Christianity: doctors, teachers, lawyers, ministers. The need is pitiful, while in civilised lands most professions are overcrowded.
4. Every Christian is a missionary. Home and Foreign Field absolutely depend on each other.

5. The average field of the modern missionary contains 65,000 souls.

6. One out of 2,500 members of Protestant churches has been sent. Can those left support no more?

The View of Student Life.

"At a time," said John R. Mott, "when growing luxury, self-indulgence, and the tendency to softness are manifesting themselves in our colleges, it is well that we have a Movement which makes such an appeal to the heroic, which summons men to such a stern and rugged self-discipline, and which assigns to them such stupendous tasks."

The Watchword.

"THE EVANGELIZATION OF THE WORLD IN THIS GENERATION."

C. A. GIRDLER.

On Pennants.

THE time when I most love to idle is when I have the most work to do. At the present time I should be writing a theme—an essay that must be handed in to-morrow. But I am not going to write it just now, and I have two excellent reasons for not doing so: First, it is too soon after dinner—a person should not work for several hours after eating. I find it is a good rule not to work until about eleven o'clock in the evening, and then to retire about eleven-fifteen. Secondly, you can do only one thing at a time and do it right. Just now I am smoking, and it certainly would be ridiculous to suppose that I am going to quit smoking and write a theme. No, thank you, I prefer sitting here, blowing rings of smoke in the air, and soliloquizing on those pennants on the opposite wall.

There is one thing about pennants that appeals very much to me—they never give you away. You may give *them* away, but *they* will never give *you* away. Now, for instance, supposing you go on an excursion somewhere and take a "friend" along with you. You want something by which to remember that trip. You may carry your camera along, and take some snapshots, but these snapshots will show what "friend" you were with and what you were doing. Snapshots give you away, and if *you* give *them* away *they* will still give *you* away. A pennant seems to me to be the most suitable souvenir.

Moreover, what a fine decoration they make for the wall! All sizes and all colors make up the collection. And how many different uses you can put them to! If you happen to throw an ink-bottle against the wall (something which is liable to happen at any time), you need not try to explain to an unreasonable landlady how the accident occurred. Simply place a pennant over the blotch, and when you are leaving in the spring allow the pennant to remain in its place until you get the rest of your belongings out of the house.

Besides, a pennant, like fond memory, "brings the light of other days around you." Look at that one in the centre of the wall. It is what I would call "a banner with a strange device," which is "Pal mam quimero it ferat."

It is **the** pennant of a certain Collegiate, and I always smile when I think how our old principal must have raged when he saw that design and read the Latin inscription. I have learned more Latin from that motto than I ever learned in any single class. It has always been an inspiration to me to look at that pennant and be convinced that there was really some other person in the country who knew no more about Latin than I did.

Then my eye falls on the word Huntsville, and I have a vision of a town in the Highlands of Ontario, in far-famed Muskoka. I think I can almost see again that little lumber office and hear the noise of the mills. My thoughts go back to the lumber camp, and the river-drive down the Big East. Other memories crowd in upon my mind. I think of Fairy Lake, a launch broken down several miles from shore, and a single paddle. That night reminds me of the Highland Chieftain and Lord Ullin's daughter. In this case, too, there was the girl, the raging sea, and an angry father waiting on the wharf.

I turn from Huntsville to the name Sundial, and begin to think of a certain little red school-house, with an attendance of three pupils and a teacher who spent most of his time shooting at gophers. This pennant looks old and soiled; the colors have become strangely blended. I think of the cause of this, and I can almost see again a wide expanse of prairie, a camp in a coulée and a tent that leaked.

Many of the pennants are from places now almost forgotten. They are but a link with the recollections of youth. Each pennant has a significance of its own—all bring back certain memories of the past. I am thinking of former days when my eye happens to fall on a yellow, red and blue pennant. My idling is over. That pennant reminds me that I belong to Queen's, and that I have a theme to write.

J.H.S.

The Virtue of Doing Wrong.

SAINTS and sinners alike, when they glance at the phrase, "The Virtue of Wrong-Doing" get a sudden mental jolt and exclaim: "Why, the very idea! As if there could be virtue in doing evil!" I experienced a slight shock myself, when I first read the group of words. However, I shall waste neither time nor space telling the class to which I belong. The reader can judge for himself.

In the first place, there is the very common virtue of doing wrong to oneself so that others may profit by it. For instance, a man smokes, and smokes, and smokes, and all he gets in return for his slavish attachment to "My Lady Nicotine" is a "yellow" taste in his mouth, a smoker's sore throat, a weak heart and a hazy intellect. What are his motives? To be sure, he has in mind the idea of swelling the coffers of the already wealthy tobacco planters. In the curling smoke wreaths he sees the smiling darkies of the "Sunny South" buried to their ears in juicy "watermilions." At a terrible cost to himself he is giving pleasure to others.

Let me point out still further the good of doing wrong. Look at the number of righteous people who, when they see some hardened sinner's wilful transgression of the law, mournfully wag their heads and say, "sotto voce," "Never mind, young fellow, you're having a big time now, while we are denying ourselves. Bye and bye we'll have the good time, clothed in shining raiment, playing on golden lyres, while you will be writhing in the seething cauldron of Hades." Imagine the self-righteous joy inspired in them by another's sin. Surely it is virtuous to give them an occasional thrill of pleasure on their "straight and narrow path."

Another case of wrong-doing is the distilling of spirituous liquors in Canada's famed breweries. Its virtue is paramount when the government receives such large excise duties that it can spend money on a formidable navy, forgetting that the "Dove of Peace" has permanently alighted. More virtuous is it to build lasting bridges and canals, which may, possibly, be of little use to our descendants as aerial travel will, doubtless, be perfected. True, it has had many "ups and downs," chiefly "downs," but "so far so good."

If it weren't for wrong-doing—if there were no sin, we would be living in the "Golden Age." How odd it would seem with no preachers, lawyers and judges, nor churches nor towering parliament buildings, and court houses with jails attached. There would be no scarlet-coated cadets, nor spindly cavalrymen—no military schools nor reformatories. Many grand men would "waste their sweetness on the desert air" and most of our finest architectural buildings would be entirely unnecessary if it weren't for wrong-doing.

Truly, then, it appears that there is virtue in vice. It may not be apparent at first sight, but it is there.

E.M.G.

Pax Vobiscum.

"Pax Vobiscum! Pax Vobiscum!"
Hear the swinging church bells play,
"Pax Vobiscum! Pax Vobiscum!"
All the world is glad to-day."

Like a symphony from Heaven
Sung by angel voices there,
Breathing love that God has given,
Banishing a world's despair.

Every throbbing note is ringing
Heaven's joy to hearts in pain
For the soul of God is singing
"Pax Vobiscum," once again.

Pax Vobiscum! Pax Vobiscum!
How I love thy holy lay
May thy measure "Pax Vobiscum"
Be my song from day to day.

—J. H. Stitt.

Abandon.

I've lived with Love, and fought with Grief,
I've longed for rest and sleep,
And wept and craved for the sweet relief
That Christ and the angels keep.

In Passion's host; my soul I've lost
Seared by the red blood's fire;
And fairy Hope I've tempest toss'd
On the waves of hot desire.

The Christian love for Heaven above
I've learned to understand,
Is Hope's bright beam in Emotion's dream
The gilt of a Fairy Land.

The hopes of youth, like the dream of Truth,
Have fled from my gaze and grasp,
And with joy denied, unsatisfied,
I lay aside my task.

But to-night in the glee of company
I'll cast dull Care aside,
Old Mirth shall sing and Joy shall come,
To be my winsome bride.

Sweet Music too, shall mingle here
Her notes of bliss divine,
While Friendship breathes his holy cheer
And Love's laugh lurks in the luring wine.

—James H. Stitt.

A Convention Hymn.

(Tune, "And Now, O Father.")

Dear Lord, the calm noon draws us to thy feet:
The sunlight soft a holy fragrance sheds:
To Thee we kneel, and all our passions sweet
We yield to Thee Who wove the golden threads.
Grant Thy loved peace to us with sorrow worn,
The fresh deep joy of Thine eternal morn.

Great Father, save us from the hopes that burn,
 The loves that fret, the sweets that fade and cloy:
 Back from the gleaming chaos do we turn,
 And plead for Love that knows no sin's alloy.
 Grant Thy pure love to us who die from sin.
 That Love divine which none but One might win.

See, see, a Rain hath washed the world to-day!
 The sun sweeps high, the dark woods sigh in sleep:
 Why from the glory do we turn away,
 And seek the wild hues of the shadowed deep?
 Spirit, Thy children from their passions rise,
 Serene and pure as Thine immortal skies.

—C. A. Girdler.

The Dilemma.

Sick of myself and weary for all love,
 I linger on the misted shore of life.
 Darkling I gaze into its fume and strife,
 And droop my head to see no stars above.

God! Grant me light ere in the silent stream
 Forever and forever forth I stride!
 Over the caverns where the Horrors glide
 Let Thy calm radiance glow like childhood's dream.

Night still, and night! and from the gloomy strand
 A Hand uprises in an iron glove.
 I have no plea save that Thou mad'st me love:
 Shall I trust all, or but the mighty Hand?

—C. A. Girdler.

The Irony of Nature.

The little frith's all dimpled o'er with silver,
 Save now and then, where fine-spun cloth of gold
 Starts up to gleam—in swift recoil to quiver,
 And quietly slip past, in happy fusion rolled.

Oh friend, oh everyman, oh pleb, nay mark me well!
 In thy face there standeth written thy sonship from Peter Bell,
 Seest nothing of God's presence in lazy frith or shady dell?

Across the bight high-heaped confusion reigns,
 Stark, ice-scoured boulders, Nature's own causeway
 Do warder-service nobly, though their gains
 Be but rich mantles, lichens sere, each day.

But hark my friend, was that a curse borne o'er the bight, upon the ripple's swell?
 A soul distraught because that adamant of Artemis, tho' passing well
 The Hinterland, yet yields no food for loved ones, truth to tell.

There twinkles now no beacon up the harbor mouth,
 "For man must live by bread, m'sieu!"—Ah now!
 No freshening gust brings toilers from the South,
 By night these laughed and left me here below
 With Nature, and I who live by her, do love the life—ah how—

—J. S. Cornett.

A Surprising Disappointment.

When I heard that tantalizing
 Laugh of purest joy,
 Quick I turned, 'twas not surprising
 That I thought her coy.

She the saucy little elf
 Came atripping by me;
 Tossed her head and poised herself
 Just I think to try me.

Then with sparkling roguish eye
 Backward cast, inviting,—
 Pursed her lips; O how could I
 To such lips be slighting.

So I rose and eæver ran
 'Neath the trees to catch her;
 But the laughing rogue, no man
 Could in speed quite match her.

Thro' the garden gate she fled,
 Slammed it shut before me
 At the back-door turned and said:
 "O how you adore me!"

O I could have laughed and cried
 At her tantalizing;
 That I thus should be denied
 Was a sad surprising.

—E. L. S.

The Joy-Bringer.

Far o'er the lonely hills I went
 All in a pensive mood;
 My heart was sad, my hope was gone,
 I wept in solitude.

And wandering down a vale I came;
 I paused beside a rill
 That rustling from the wooded hills
 Sang forth so loud and shrill.

"Why, gleaming brooklet, rushest thou
 So joyfully along?
 What in this lonely vale calls forth
 Thy heart-inspiring song?"

Far o'er the spacious world I've roamed,
 All joy and hope I've lost,
 And 'mid the waves of dark unrest
 My weary soul is tost.

No human form by me is locked
 In friendship's dear embrace;
 My longing eyes, though all in vain,
 Gaze on each passing face.

Nothing of latent joy I see
 In those who pass me by;
 Then wherefore brooklet singest thou
 So joyful? Tell me why?"

"From up among the hills I come
 O youth nor long was there;
 But fell from tempest clouds on high
 Amid the lightning's glare.

And forward fast I'm rushing now
 Towards the mighty sea;
 Adown the shining vales I flash
 Beneath the lofty tree.

Naught in this lonely vale calls forth
 My heart inspiring song,
 But flowing, flowing on my way
 With joy I leap along.

Never behind I look, but on!
 On! and toward the sea!
 'Mid the mighty glow of life, O youth,
 Who would not happy be?

Far o'er the mighty hills I go
 With many a gladsome song;
 My heart is free, my hope is high
 Aglow I haste along.

A friend am I to those I meet
 For life has made me free."
 "O brooklet! brooklet! rush along,
 My heart now sings with thee."

—E. L. S.

Winter's Night.

The air is piercing keen,—the frost-king's reign
 Holds fast the midnight in its chilling sway;
 The naked trees feel not the warmth of day,
 And shake and quiver like a child in pain.
 Aloft, the stars like flashing spear-points shine,
 Sparkle and dance in pitiless array;
 Back glitters elfin light from snow-drifts—nay,
 The heaving heaps, methinks, are surging brine,
 The white foam-billows of a winter-sea.
 Thus minions of the Winter-King do make
 Chill exultation, while the ice-bound lake
 Booms hoarsely, in salute, a greeting free.
 While man, that puny sprite in Godlike form,
 Cowers in self-built shelters to be warm.

T. W. Kirkconnell.