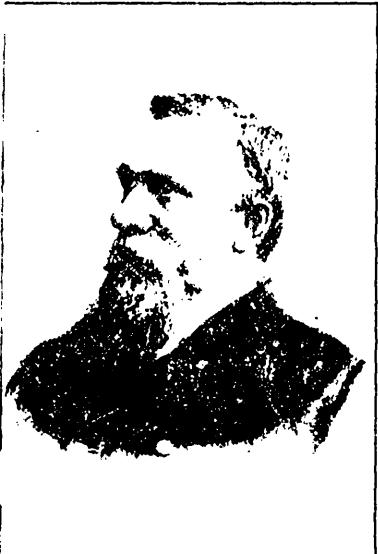
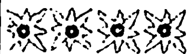


J. A. McLELLAN, M. A., LL. D.

Principal Ontario Normal College



R. A. THOMPSON, B. A.

Vice-Principal O. N. C.
and
Principal Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

Ontario Normal College Monthly.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, MAY, 1900.

Ontario Normal College Monthly

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WITH this issue has come the time for the editors to lay down the work which was entrusted to them by their fellow-students nearly seven months ago.

To those who have supported us by kindly words of encouragement, by contributions and by subscriptions, we desire to express our sincere thanks, and trust that, to some extent at least, we have fulfilled the purpose with which we started out. The limited course of our life here, merged as it is into one common channel of daily work, has rendered it more difficult to obtain a variety of college news from month to month and thus the individual contributions have been thrown into greater prominence than some may have thought necessary. But we do not believe that this has proved detrimental on the whole to the character of our journal.

That the MONTHLY has its place in our College we believe few will deny, and in closing the second year of its publication we look forward to a vigorous growth under our successors, and an ever increasing influence in educational affairs.

We are pleased to announce that owing to the faithful work of the business managers there will be a surplus on hand, sufficient, we expect, to enable us to publish the Handbook without cost to the Society.

We hope that success will attend every one of the present class in the ordeal of examinations which will soon be at hand, and that afterwards they may find the doors of the educational institutions of this country give a welcome answer to their knock.

***

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"

The farewell which we have uttered to our readers recalls to us the parting words of wider import which will soon resound throughout our College halls, and make us pause before we speak the word that will mark the end of an association which has proved a happy experience to most of us and whose severance all will feel. Indeed with one hundred and fifty students gathered into one room day after day, and spurred on by common hopes and fears and by a common end in view, it would be passing strange if the bond of sympathy uniting us did not grow stronger with the months, and the familiar faces come to be a part of our life which it will be hard to tear asunder. For this has assuredly been a year of good fellowship, and the seeds of strife, if aught were sown, have never reared their heads.

And now we have come to a parting of the ways. To many, and probably to the most of us, the special

course of training for our life-work will end with our departure from this institution, and we must take our place among the world's workers. But wherever we may be and however difficult and exacting the demands upon our time and energy, our *student* days should never end. The field of educational research is unlimited and will claim our most careful study. And, further, at a time when a merry war goes on between this method and that, resolving itself too often into a conflict between prejudice and reason; when the choice and retention of teachers too often depend on the party, sect or society to which they belong; when on the part of the teacher the meagre financial results or the uncongenial work makes him a short and disinterested occupant of the master's chair; when these and many kindred evils are crying for solution; who will say that there is not need for those now going forth into the field to devote their whole being to the task and to labor until the evening.

The work is a noble one, none more so; and noble will he be who performs it.

***

IT is earnestly to be hoped that very soon the present downward tendency of teachers' salaries will be stayed, and the needed reaction set in. From the last report of the Minister of Education we find that since 1887 the salaries paid public school teachers have shown a steady and marked decrease. In '87 the average salary of male teachers in the Province was $425, while in '98 it was $396, and the average salary of female teachers decreased from $297 to $293 during this period. When the same report shows us that the salaries of both male and female teachers in city schools have been substantially increased, we can form a vague idea of the great decrease that must have occurred in rural districts.

Not only does this report reveal a deplorable condition of affairs, but it also shows us at least one cause of the trouble. Between the years '67 and '98 the number of teachers holding first class certificates decreased from 1899 to 450, but the number of those holding second class certificates increased from 2444 to 3456, while the number of holders of third class certificates grew from 386 to 4364. Here, then, is one fruitful source of trouble. The profession is swarmed with "third class" teachers, many of whom will accept ridiculously low salaries, just for the sake of getting a start. When this is continued for a few years there is bound to be a serious average decrease in salary, for teachers with higher certificates must suffer from the competition that arises.

The condition would be sorry enough if competition were always fair, but it is greatly aggravated by despicable underbidding among teachers themselves. Many an applicant is contemptible enough to offer to accept a sum less by a few dollars than his more successful, and generally better qualified, rival would accept; and as some school boards seem to think that all teachers have equal qualifications, the lowest bidder gets the job. Thus those who are in the profession as a life-work are made

to suffer by those who use the position as a mere stepping stone, or in order to attain a certain degree of independence by supplying themselves with pin-money.

If we turn our attention from the public schools to the institution which ought to be, and which we believe is, the most thorough training school for teachers in the Province, what is the condition of affairs regarding salaries paid the lecturers? Here we have a Normal College from which the authorities fondly hope that the best teachers of the land will graduate, and yet the men who are believed to give the student-teachers an insight into the best methods of teaching the various subjects of the school curriculum are paid a miserable pittance, which at an ordinary rate of payment would barely furnish remuneration for the hours they must spend in reading our examination papers. From the public accounts may be read the startling statement that the sum of $500 is set aside for the payment of lecturers in Methods! This amount is divided among nine teachers, yielding an average (would that our arithmetic were at fault!) of $55.555... per man. What is the matter? Is that as much as their lectures are worth in the educational market? If so, there must be provided food too lacking in nourishment to furnish new mental fibre and muscle to the teachers in training. Are they competent men? Such they are acknowledged to be. Then, the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the Department is in honor bound to offer those whom they deem competent to guide the coming teachers, a decent recompense for their labors. From what we know of human nature, if some of the trustees of rural schools learn that lecturers for the Normal College can be secured at the rate of $55.555... per annum, there are even more sorry times in store for teachers in rural schools.

[The statistics regarding public schools have been taken from *The Weekly Sun.*]

THE editors are pleased to be able to present in the final number this month, what they believe is considerably in advance of the previous ones this year. Subjects have been dealt with that are of vital interest to all of us, and their treatment at the hands of those who have shown themselves eminently fitted for their work adds greatly to the value of these articles. On behalf of our readers we express our thanks to those whose kindness has made this "extra effort" possible.

Among those who have contributed from outside ourselves: Principal Grant, of Queen's University, who is in the forefront of Canadian educationalists and writes in inspiringly of the greatness of the teacher's office; Rev. Dr. Lyle, the scholarly pastor of Central Church, who has ever championed the cause of the teachers of this Province, Rev. R. N. Grant, D. D., of Orillia, familiar to Westminster readers under the pen-name "Knoxonian"; J. Castell Hopkins, an ardent Imperial Federationist whose biographical writings have had a deservedly wide circulation, though he is best known, perhaps, as editor of "Canada: an Encyclopædia," and J. S. Gordon, the artist, whose literary work in the Canadian Magazine has been highly commended.

From among ourselves, our Principal deals with a subject in which he is thoroughly at home and to the realization of which he has earnestly and successfully devoted himself for many years. The prize oration, essay and poem also occupy a place in this issue, besides other articles for which arrangements are being made at this writing.

An Old Teacher to his Young Comrades.

By Principal Grant, Queen's University.

Whether you intend to make teaching your life-work or not, magnify the office. Is there any greater? I know not any. The chief benefactors of the race, and by those I mean the men who have impelled it onward to higher levels of thought and life, were content to be teachers. This is the witness of the West and the East alike. The prophets of Israel were the teachers of the people. After them, the Rabbis, who codified the law and preserved from destruction the precious remains of all that literature called by us the Old Testament, instituted schools as well as the synagogues where the people learned "the law, the prophets and the holy writings." Then came Jesus to whom all those who had gone before pointed, and throughout his public life he was known simply as a Rabbi or teacher. To Greece more than to any other country we owe intellectual stimulus and methods. In the universities of Christendom, the students who wish for highest honors in *literae humaniores* still sit at the feet of Plato and Aristotle, studying their immortal works for at least two years; and both Plato and Aristotle were students of that great teacher Socrates who taught men so much, for they learned how little they knew, by questions which seemed to them so easy. About the same time in the history of the world that Socrates was teaching the West, two men—also teachers—were inspiring the East. Gautama "the Enlightened" had found that the way to salvation was not by ritual or mortifying the flesh but by inward culture and active virtue, and he then devoted himself to teaching others, who went out all over India and beyond it, to enlighten the world. About the same time, far beyond the Himalayas and Thibet, another teacher was laying the foundations of a marvellous Empire's cohesion, peace and prosperity, by *compiling the classics*, which have ever since been the mental food of the teeming millions of China. Who dares despise the teacher or the day of small things!

But do we not seem to be taking the step which leads from the sublime to the ridiculous, when we put the teacher of the rural school or even of the Collegiate Institute side by side with the Immortals just named? Yes, in the eyes of the vulgar, but not in the estimation of those who see "with other, larger eyes than ours." Material things, even their conditions of space and time, are as nothing to the spiritual mind. They are dissolved *in the vision of the* Eternal. Greater work was done in the home, the workshop and the school of Nazareth, and subsequently in the cornfields and along the dusty roads of Galilee, than in the Senate of Rome, the Sanhedrim of Jerusalem or where the legions thundered past in victorious career. The nation is made in the home and the school. The Iron Duke is reported to have said that Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of the great public schools of Britain; and certainly a wise man said, "tell me what Oxford and Cambridge are to-day and I will tell you what England will be to-morrow." A great tree is seen to fall suddenly, and men tell the day on which it fell. They seldom, if ever, have the date right. The fall was determined when the corrosive influences gnawing at its roots had done their work.

I say, then, magnify your office. We Canadians have an *inspiring* work to do, for just now we are presiding at the birth of our nation. We are getting the larger outlook which is indispensable to full national and imperial life, now that the world is no longer divided by mountains or oceans, and that the solidarity of the race is recognized as an elementary

fact in almost every commercial and industrial enterprise of moment. We cannot address ourselves simply to parochial affairs, and say, let the British people undertake for us the burdens, the responsibilities, the honours and the privileges of the Empire. Still less can we stoop to the meanness of asking for a share of the honours and privileges without being willing to be partners in bearing the Atlantean weight of our world-empire. What was done by our brothers in South Africa the other day, in this last year of the century, what was done when our representatives in Parliament voted the money to pay them, what is being done in every town and hamlet over Canada when subscriptions are cheerfully given to the Patriotic Fund or to the Red Cross Society or for the relief of the famine-stricken millions of our fellow-subjects in India, are but the earnest of the spirit which will dominate the twentieth century,—the first drops of the plenteous rain which will water the great tree of the Empire whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. But who shall care for the roots of the tree? Who shall do the multifold, indispensable work, which, all unseen of men, shall have the high praise of God? The good mothers, the true fathers, the honest teachers of Canada.

We Demand Too Much, and Pay Too Little to Our Teachers.

By Rev. S. Lyle, D. D.

In this age of push and pull parents have neither the time nor the desire to devote themselves to the important work of training their children. Much, that in the good old days was done in the home, is under present conditions delegated to the school. What the parent once did, the school master is now required to do. The former has a lighter burden to carry, the latter a heavier. The teacher is now the instructor of youth in science, literature, art, morals, and in some cases in religion. At the most formative period of the child's life, he is its guiding star and inspiration. Hence the importance of the position occupied by the teacher. To fill the office of instructor and guide of youth with advantage to the State, the Church and the home, and with honor to the teacher himself, is no easy matter. It is not enough to impart information to the pupils, to pass a certain percentage to the higher form, and to gain the applause of the unthinking multitude. To reach the highest ideals, and to do the best work, he must incarnate in his own life all he would have his pupils become, and at the same time inspire them to put forth all their energies to reach true manhood and womanhood. As the preacher is bound to become the living epistle of his gospel, so the teacher is bound to strive to attain to such a mental, moral, and spiritual position as to be able to say to his pupils, be followers of me as I am of the good and true of all ages. Hence the demand that the teacher reach and embody in himself the highest attainments. The thorough cultivation of body, soul, and spirit is imperatively demanded. If he would be a good teacher, he must be a true man. Failing in this, his teaching is sure to become formal, non-inspiring, soul-deadening, and life-destructive. Instead of helping the child to lay the foundations of true greatness, and build up a character of moral and spiritual worth, the mechanical teacher is a most serious hindrance to child development on true lines that lead to perfect manhood and perfect womanhood.

But to reach this high standard, the teacher must have more than the natural aptitude to teach, more than a good store of useful information; he must have the power to kindle the enthusiasm of his pupils, and lovingly and wisely guide them into new fields

of enquiry. Nor must he ever forget that his pupils are living, growing, moral and spiritual beings; that they have tastes to be cultivated as well as minds to be fed; and that character is even more important than brain in the battle of life. The school should be so conducted as to appeal to the whole nature of the child, and not a part. At present too much attention is given to the development of the intellect, too little to the education of the feelings and the will. Hence the lack of character to be found in Church and in State. Our educationalists need to ponder well what Tennyson has written, and so teach our children that all may pray—

"Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

A boy with strong passions and a weak will is badly prepared to resist temptation, and do the right, no matter what his intellectual equipment may be. He is in danger, indeed is almost certain to make shipwreck on some of the many rocks that lie in his path. When the parents devoted much time and energy to the work of upbuilding of their children in righteousness; when they did all in their power to link the hearts of their homes by love to the Great Heart; in those days the schoolmaster had no need to devote himself to the work of cultivating the hearts and the wills of those committed to his care. But to-day this work is thrown on him. He must know how to touch the heart, making it glow with pure and healthy feelings; must be able to move the will, steadying it in times of storm, and firing it with the solemn determination to do the right, be the cost what it may. But he who would do all this must be no ordinary man, must be the living embodiment of the true, the good, and the beautiful,—must be thoroughly trained in hand, in head, and in heart,—must be radiant with the light of the highest culture, and quivering with the life of a perfect manhood.

But if our age makes such demands on the teacher, it ought to give him the means of granting the supply. This he cannot do without the aid of books, of the best society, and of travel. Through books he is brought into contact with the thoughts that quicken mind and soul, and lead to noble action; through society he is kept in living touch with the present, and reminded of the part he is required to play as a true man; and through travelling he is broadened out, and brought into sympathy with the larger, the truer, and the better. Limit his means so that he must do without books, live an unsocial life, and remain ignorant of God's great and glorious world, and you render it utterly impossible for him to be a safe guide, and a true inspiration to the child. Why condemn Pharaoh for demanding bricks, and at the same time withholding straw? Why do to the teacher what Pharaoh did to the Jew? It is cruelly unjust to ask the ill-paid teacher to be and to do all the ideal teacher is and does. It takes money to buy the best books on science, literature, and art—books as essential to the educationalist as hammer and saw are to the carpenter. In the interest of the child, of the State, of the race, the teacher should have his books. In the interests of all that is good, true, useful, and beautiful, those moulding the lives and shaping the destinies of millions ought to mix with the best society, and have an honored place in the State and in the Church. This will give them polish, inspiration, and the ability to set their pupils high ideals, and speak of the actual world from the inside and not from the outside—speak with the weight and authority of those who know. Instead of worshipping gold as the world does; instead of rewarding selfishness, low cunning, and fraud, only less crooked than the ways of

hell, with honors and emoluments; all right thinking men should lovingly lay the crown of glory on the brow of the unselfish, intelligent, and devoted teacher—on the God-sent, God-inspired, and God-sustained man, who is, in spite of many difficulties, holding up high ideals to his pupils, and in many ways aiding those under his care to put forth their latent energies of body, soul, and spirit to reach the far-off heights and make their lives truly sublime.

And what can be more needed by the enthusiastic, thorough-going teacher than an occasional holiday trip—a chance to see new fields, breathe fresh air, and be stirred in soul by grand impulses that swell the hearts of the leaders of thought and of action in the great centres of the world? The very fields of earth need their Sabbaths, their rotation of crops. How much more does the busy mind need the rest that comes through change, the quickening that arises from new ways of looking at things and doing them. It is not possible to teach through the long years without travel, and change of environment, and not suffer mental, social, moral, and spiritual deterioration. It is easy to fall into ruts, to die, and to spread the germs of death in the minds and hearts of the pupils—easy to be and to do everything a teacher should not be and should not do. Let the teacher have the means, and the time to go to see the best. It will pay.

In this issue appears a review of the "First Reader," the nucleus of a series to be issued by Norman Fergus Black, a '98 graduate of the O. N. C. Apart altogether from the undoubted merits of this book, there is reason for congratulating the author on having so soon after his entry into the field, taken a positive step in the direction of educational reform, and we extend our best wishes to him for his success in the work upon which he has entered.

The Teacher's Relation to the Community.

By Rev. R. N. Grant, D. D.

The main business of the teacher is to teach. For this he is trained, engaged and paid. No matter what other things he can do, if he cannot teach he is out of place at the teacher's desk. Somebody has said that a preacher who cannot preach is made in vain. A similar observation might be made regarding the teacher. If he cannot induce his pupils to use whatever mental tools nature has given them, he is a failure in the school-room. Teaching is his special and most important work.

And yet the teacher is a member of the community, and as such has duties and responsibilities outside of the school-room. If he could go to some other planet at the close of school hours and return to earth every morning at nine o'clock, his work would be confined to the school-room, but the seventeen hours of the twenty-four that he has to live outside of the school-house make him a citizen, and as a good citizen he must bear some of the burdens and discharge some of the duties of citizenship.

The school section has its social life, and the teacher should be able and willing to contribute something to the social life of his community. It is sadly true that in too many communities little attention is paid to social matters. Grinding, never-ending work is, or seems to be, necessary if the wolf is to be kept from the door. The teacher is, perhaps, the only person in the community who does uot work ten or twelve hours each day. The shorter hours give him all the better opportunity to become a useful factor in local social life. Some of us can remember teachers who did much outside of the school-room in the way of elevating the social life of the community in which they labored for

two r three years. This desirable result, however, can never be brought about if the teacher considers himself—perhaps we should say *her*self—a superior being, altogether too fine to "mix" with the people of the neighbourhood. A teacher who considers every hour spent in the section an hour of banishment, can never do much good in the social way. One cannot help feeling for the teacher who has been forced by financial reasons to work amidst uncongenial surroundings, but still the fact remains that a real teacher is a force in the community, and as such should do something outside of the school-room to elevate the social life of the people. If the community is dull the work of brightening is all the more needed, and when done will be all the more noticed. A distinguished writer on a kindred subject says, "Do not the first ten inches of an oak from the ground measure as much in height as the last ten of the topmost branch? The up-lifting anywhere is the same, but the chances of success are all in favour of the lifting low down."

Each commuuity has its intellectual life, and in matters intellectual the teacher must lead or suffer, perhaps we should say lead or die, professionally. No sensible person contends that in large communities where eminent professional men abound, the teacher can lead in all things intellectual, but he should at least be a recognized authority in his own sphere. In rural communities he must be an intellectual force, a force that the boys and girls consider almost infallible in some things. And be it remembered that the young people in many rural communities are better informed as a rule than the young people in towns and cities. They read more, think more, and spend less time in frivolity than is spent by the young people who live amidst the distractions of the city or town. Hence the necessity of having particularly well-equipped teachers in rural schools so that they may command the respect of the young people of the community. Nor is a high-grade certificate enough. A teacher who cannot pronounce correctly such names as *Kruger*, *Cronje*, *Joubert*, *khaki*, *kopje* is on slippery ground at the present time, no matter what the grade of his certificate may be. A teacher might easily lose ground by the way he pronounced *Johannesburg*. Some of the boys and girls know how to pronounce the name of the golden city.

A teacher is placed at a serious disadvantage if he does not know more about books than is known by most men in his community. In fact there is no way in which a teacher can help to elevate the intellectual life of the community so successfully as by constantly calling the attention of the people to good books. To do this the teacher must know good books.

Should the teacher take part in politics? His right to do so in a free country is beyond question. He is a citizen, and as a citizen of a self-governed country he has just the same rights before the law as any other citizen. To challenge the right of a teacher to vote or to take any proper part in public affairs is an impertinence—a gross impertinence. Nay, more, the intelligence which a teacher is assumed to have gives him special qualifications for the discharge of his duties as a citizen. Courts sit for days at great expense trying to ascertain the intention of the elector who has not enough of intelligence to mark his ballot properly, and is it not provokingly absurd to say that the man who teaches the children of this erudite elector should not be allowed to vote! The fact that a teacher draws his little salary from ratepayers of both parties is neither here nor there in the case. Almost any elector is more or less dependent on people in both parties for his living. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, business

people of all kinds do business with men of all parties, and it is the height of impertinence to say that because a teacher has both parties represented in his section he should be deprived of his rights as a citizen. Of course the teacher should decide for himself how far it is wise for him to go in party warfare. The "heelers" and partisan bullies may make things unpleasant for him if he becomes conspicuously active in political affairs. The opposition of the men who are in politics for what they can make, or for what they can steal, may have to be reckoned with. There are many things to be considered, but the fact remains that a teacher has all the civil rights of any other citizen and should be allowed to exercise them if he sees proper so to do.

On all public questions in which a moral element is involved the teacher should make his influence felt, and felt unmistakably on the right side.

Much is gained in many directions if the teacher has pronounced religious convictions. Whether an agnostic or infidel should be put in charge of a school is a question that need not be discussed. The spectacle of an infidel reading the scriptures or leading the children in prayer is so grimly absurd that it is seldom seen in this Province. No one has a right to ask that the teacher shall be a member in full communion of some branch of the Christian Church, but usually it is better for himself and his school that he should be. It is also better that he should take an active part in Christian work. A large proportion of the female teachers of Ontario are also teachers in the Sabbath School, and many take an active part in the work of missionary societies. Work of this kind is twice blest; it benefits the teacher personally and strengthens his hold upon the esteem and confidence of the best part of the community. The teacher who assists every good cause outside of the schoolroom, whose influence is always felt on the right side of moral questions, other things being nearly equal, will usually have most influence over his pupils, and the strongest hold upon the best part of the community.

The Teacher's Crown.

Dost thou inquire what wreath the world intwines
For those who would her steps from wandering keep?
To her stained annals come. Here, cold in sleep,
Beside the poisoned chalice low reclines
The aged seer, whom her blind rage consigns,
Old, spent and loathed, to her vengeance deep.
Here trampled Freedom's fettered bard doth reap,
In fallen age, the meed her lay enshrines.
For thee, perchance, such laurels are prepared,
For thee thy cross of service to be borne;
Truth's humble priest the world hath rarely spared
Her cruel hate, her yet more cruel scorn.
Yet from thy high intent nor faint nor swerve;
They still shall wear their crowns who faithful serve.

S. A. MORGAN.

New Words to Familiar Music.

Can a boy forget his college days
When toiling out on life's highways?
Though other friends may round him bind,
No friends like college friends he'll find.

CHO.—Back! back! classmates, come back some day
And play the games we used to play;
Old books, old friends, kind teacher grey,
We part too soon but not for aye.

Can we e'er forget our college sports?
Sometimes we lose, it wrings our hearts;
Sometimes we win—O joyful day,
Our comrades' cheers reward the fray.

Can a girl forget the college door,
Where entered she a stranger sore?
"Welcome" she finds in every eye,
Then welcome gives till her "good-bye."

Shall we e'er forget this term's brief space?
It has cheered our hearts, enlarged our grace,
Its speeches, meetings, toils, and fun,
Have fused our many minds in one.

E. J. R.

The South African War and Imperial Unity.

By J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., F.R. Hist. S.

War sometimes serves other purposes than the settlement of grievances, the acquisition of territory, the re-adjustment of national government, or the extension of commerce. In the case of the struggle now before the eyes of the world it has taught a nation to know itself and a vast empire to feel the stirrings of a dormant sentiment—the pulsations of a common life.

This war has developed as the natural and inevitable product of a hundred years of conflict between ignorance and progressive enlightenment; between the semi-barbarism of the Veldt and the civilization represented by the rule of Great Britain and extended by the migration of British peoples. As the descendants of the early Dutch in Cape Colony—who at the beginning of this century had never seen a printing-press and hardly knew what a book was outside of the Old Testament—trekked into the wilds to the north and east in 1836, they carried with them the instincts of the hunter of wild animals and savages, the habits of men who knew naught of the constraints of European culture and character, the principles of a people who took as their highest ideal the practices of the Hebrew of old, the ignorance of a race excluded for centuries from all practical or useful connection with the world beyond the rolling plains and sun-burnt kopjes of darkest Africa.

During the years that intervened between that time and the present all these qualities and conditions were intensified by isolation and a sort of instructed ignorance. Slavery bred its natural result of cruelty and deplorable immorality outside of the colour line. Bitter prejudices grew more bitter as a consequence of the exaggerated teachings of hatred. Out of crude institutions developed an oligarchical system which became the easy prey of the facile Hollander; and from the rule of the latter as he came into touch with the gold fields of the Rand, came a condition of gross corruption. Hatred of the Englishman, through periods of mistaken interference or unwise non-interference, and the expressions of a magnanimity which to the ignorant Boer seemed cowardice and weakness, developed into contempt. A religion which, even a century since, surrounded the South Afrcian Dutchman with a sombre shadow of seclusion came in time to constitute a cold and empty formalism which taught none of the qualities of light and love and liberty so inherent in the doctrines of the New Testament. Such cumulative conditions bred a sentiment toward the British authorities and colonies which no mistakes on the part of the latter could greatly intensify and which no measure of magnanimity, no oft-expressed aversion to extended territories or responsibilities, no sacrifice, at times, of Imperial dignity and Colonial rights upon the altar of apparent expediency, could greatly modify.

After a confused and conflicting history, unequalled in the experience of the colonizing nations of the world, the whole matter has come to the final arbitrament of war. In numbers it has seemed to some a struggle between a giant and a dwarf; in resources it at first sight appeared as the conflict of a Mexico against a United States; in broad outlines it took the form of the struggle of two little republics against a world-wide empire. In fact and in deed it is a war between a carefully organized, fully equipped, utterly unscrupulous military nation —placed in favorable natural conditions and surrounded by territory peopled with friends and would-be allies, and possessed of the sympathy

and indirect support for Britain's enemies everywhere—against a peaceable and unprepared people possessed of the bravery which looks at size, and objects to taking any advantage of even the most determined and ignorant foe. Much had been submitted to at the hands of the Boers. Insult, ill-treatment of natives and missionaries, hostility in trade, aggressive efforts at extension of territory, incessant pin-pricks of interference at the Cape, obvious conspiracy to seduce the Dutch of the Colonies from their loyalty of sentiment if not from their absolute allegiance. But the final strain came when a corrupt oligarchy refused to restore to British subjects the rights given them by treaty, accorded to Dutchmen in the Colonies, and freely granted by all civilized nations to foreigners in their midst. Even then the actual war was not commenced by Great Britain and was not entered into until the Empire's territory was actually and wantonly invaded by this proud and confident and ignorant enemy.

The shock of this invasion will probably be summed up by history as the pivotal point in the striking development of sentiment which followed throughout the world-wide realms of Britain. The loss of South Africa or the failure to assert British supremacy when the issue was thus forced meant much to the sons of the Empire everywhere. It would not only have humiliated Great Britain in the eyes of rival nations and precipitated peril wherever aggressive foreign ambition could find a desirable opening, but it would have lost her the respect, the admiration, or the loyalty, of rising British nations in Australia and Canada; of lesser Colonies all over the world; of swarming millions of uncivilized races in Hindostan, China, and Northern Africa. Its influence would have been a shock to the commercial and financial nerves of the world; a blow to the independence and liberties of all the "little peoples" who now rest securely under the real or nominal guarantee of British power. In the Persian Gulf and on the borders of Afghanistan, upon the frontiers of Siam and the shores of the Bosphorus, in the waters of Australasia and on the coasts of Newfoundland, upon the banks of the mighty Nile and along the borders of Canada, the result would have come as the most menacing storm-cloud of modern history. The power of a great race to continue its mission of colonization, civilization, and construction, was involved; and would be again involved if any future and serious European intervention were threatened.

What immediately ensued upon the throwing down of the challenge will be one of the most important episodes in the annals of our Imperial evolution. The despatch of different contingents of nearly three thousand men from the vast territories of Canada amid scenes of unequalled enthusiasm; the gathering together upon the continental shores of Australia and in the ports of beautiful little New Zealand of body after body of troops until the loyal Southern Colonies assumed the appearance of an armed camp and over eight thousand men had sailed for the seat of war; the motto proposed by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, upon an important public occasion and the principle of which is strongly impressed upon the heart and mind of the Canadian people: "Canada and the Empire, one and inseparable, now and forever"; the statement of the Melbourne *Argus* that the Empire has now decided to stand or fall together and that "the Colonies by sharing the perils will earn the right also to share the triumphs of the flag"; the declaration of the Premier of New Zealand that every able-bodied man in the two Islands was ready to go to the front if required, and that "the Colonies shared the privileges of the Empire and ought to

share its responsibilities"; the offers of aid in men, cavalry horses, money, or guns, from all the chief Indian Princes and the notable declaration of the Nizam of Haidarabad that "his purse, his army and his own sword were ever ready to defend Her Majesty's Empire"; the volunteering of black troops from the Malay States, the Lagos Settlements, and the West Indies, and of native troops from Hong-Kong, Maoris from New Zealand, and Indians from Canada; the ultimate appearance on the plains and hills of South Africa of thirty-four thousand Colonial troops, or more than Wellington had of British soldiers at Waterloo; constitute altogether one of the most surprising demonstrations in the world's history.

The result of such a simultaneous and significant exhibition of loyalty to a flag, of allegiance to a throne, of enthusiasm for an Imperial idea, must bear fruit in greater organized strength for defence throughout the water-girdled realm of Great Britain, and in consolidated institutions and commercial cohesion. Else were our Colonial people unworthy of their vast territories and accumulated opportunities, and unequal to the greatness which has so long been borne alone upon the lofty shoulders of their Mother-land. I do not, personally, nail my flag for the future in this connection upon an Imperial Parliament or any cut and dried formalism of constitution-making. But there seems no doubt that the Colonies will be asked to assist by their brains and constitutional breeding in the settlement of the South African question as they have contributed of their blood in the arbitrament of war. If Sir Wilfred Laurier should, therefore, be invited, in consort with an Australian statesman and other Colonial leaders, to sit upon an Imperial Commission for this purpose, it is to be profoundly hoped that he will rise to the level of the greatest opportunity ever given a Colonial Minister to place his country before the world as a partner in Empire-making and Empire governing. It will be a new and great landmark upon the path which our Canadian Confederation first "blazed" through the forest of Imperial ignorance, which the Australian Commonwealth is now just extending by a new federation, and which the South African Dominion of the future will carry up to the very gateway of a re-organized system of closer Imperial unity.

The Bell—Up-to-date.*

Hear the Pedagogy Bell,
The Doctor's Bell!
Was that a sense-perception?
Can anybody tell?
Can you correlate sensation in a time and space relation?
For the sake of illustration let us use this little Bell.

Hear it tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in our
Pedagogic ears,
While the Doctor's eyes do twinkle,
And in vain rage we, and sprinkle
Bitter tears.
Apperception and Retention, and Memory as well,
I think I've heard of such things in connection with this Bell;
Discrimination and Relation,
Impression and Sensation,
The idea of Causation,
Oh! what a mysterious Bell!
With Analysis which tells you
What the parts are of the Bell,
And Synthesis which only means
To reunite them well.
How our weary brains were racked and our memories ransacked,
That we shouldn't lose a fact
About the Bell.

Do you use your Apperception on the Bell?
Was it "Synthesis-Analysis" which caused his head to swell?
Or—was it Imbibition
Put him in this sad position,
This imbecile condition?
Alas! one cannot tell.

With the chalk-box and the ruler,
And the ink-stand, and the Bell—
Into what a chaos of Psychology we fell.
Not Presentation merely—be sure and get this clearly,
It's a point on which I dearly love to dwell;
As I said, not Presentation which causes a Sensation,
But the "time and space" relation
Of the Bell.

And what on earth is Number?
Who can tell?
It is plainly not the chalk-box, and the ruler, and the Bell.
No, these are but aggregations
Which exemplify relations
Which arise out of sensations,
How—I cannot tell.

Is it Rational, Empirical, or otherwise?
Ah! well—
I rejoice that I have never yet
Been called upon to tell.
It was plainly not designed
To be innate in the mind.
I don't know how it's defined,
It's a sell!

Hear once again that Bell,
Everlasting Bell!
What a world of solemn thought
In us it must compel,
For it says "Exams. are near
And you don't get out of here
If your mind's not pretty clear
On the Bell."

Oh it's dreadful, dreadful, dreadful!
And I feel a clammy sweat
When I think of all the pages
There are in that Book yet.
There's no use expostulating, with a deaf and frantic ire,
Oh! how it would rejoice me just to
Pitch it in the fire.
But with resolute endeavor
Now—now—to pass or never
I'll my connection sever
With the Bell.

AN OLD N. C. GRADUATE.

*With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe.

The Oratorical and Literary Contest.

The annual Normal College oratorical and literary contest took place on the evening of May 4th, in the Assembly Hall of the Collegiate Institute. Owing to the late date on which the contest was announced, many of the students, who might otherwise have entered the lists for honor, felt that they could not spare the time from their studies. In spite of this fact, however, and the comparatively small number present, the contest was very enjoyable, and the audience expressed themselves as well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. Ballard made a most genial chairman, and opened the proceedings by calling upon Miss Stock, one of the Collegiate Institute students, for a piano solo.

The first oration was delivered by Mr. Reid, who dealt with his subject in a way well calculated to make every listener feel that with more Canadians of Mr. Reid's stamp, with more of his eloquent argument, his quiet, impressive address in this Canada of ours, we, as a nation, would rise to the dignity that our hearty well-wisher and pleader desired.

Mr. Pirie's rendering of the pretty Scotch song "Mary" called forth an applause that doubtless would have demanded an encore had such a thing not been contrary to the rules of the evening. As it was, Mr. Ramsay's oration on "The South African war" soon recalled attention to the actual business in hand. The speaker's manner was marked by energy, and his sentences by a forcelthat at times was almost Carlylean. For example, such an expression as "until the black man has a soul" obtained a particularly tenacious hold on the memory.

A delightful variety in the programme was provided for by Miss Lick's vocal solo, after which Mr. Willis spoke on the "Psychology of Art." His speech was marked by careful thought, and was delivered in a way that left on the audience an impression of quiet reserve power and an artistic mind.

Mr. Smith's "Marching for the Dear Old Country" completed the musical part of the programme, and was followed by Mr. Wren's patriotic address on "Sir Isaac Brock." The story of our hero's life was told graphically and well. The dramatic intensity of feeling displayed in the voice, the gestures, and the very attitude of the body, was an indication of no mean oratorical ability on the part of the speaker.

Whilst the judges in oratory were reaching their decision the attention of the audience was called to the

literary part of the contest. The subjects that had been submitted to the Normal students for consideration were: "The Advantages of Disadvantage," "Socialism," "The True Function of Criticism," "An Estimate of Kipling," The British Empire in 2000 A.D.," and "The Peace Conference." Only two essays had been handed in for the consideration of the judges, Revs. Dr. Lyle, John Morton, and Dr. Beavis, hence there was only one prize—$10—awarded. This fell to the lot of Miss Bulmer, who, later in the evening, read her essay on "Socialism."

The competition in poetry was somewhat keener, there being eight entries, and two prizes, one $10 and the other $6. The judges, Messrs. J. L. Lewis, of *The Herald*, and J. S. Gordon, arrived at the conclusion that Miss Bauer's poem deserved first place and Mr. Willis' second. In the absence of Miss Bauer, the chairman read her work.

In awarding the prizes in oratory Messrs. Hugh Murray. G.L. Staunton, Q. C., and A. T. Freed decided that Mr. Reid should carry off the first prize of $15, and Mr. Wren the second amounting to $10.

In announcing the decision of the judges in the essay contest, Dr. Lyle made a short address. Referring to the speeches, he said they were exceptionally good this year. With regard to the essays the judges had found it hard to decide as they had been written on different subjects. He wished those in charge had limited the competitors to one subject. The same difficulty had occurred last year in the case of two of the essays, the one displaying more sentiment, the other being more philosophical and showing a deeper grasp of the subject. Where two essays were so different it was impossible to give a clear and fair decision. The state of affairs was similar this year. The one essay showed higher literary merit, more freedom of touch and beauty of expression; the other however excelled in thought and was judged from the higher development of the subject and higher method displayed. He was glad to see that oratory and essay writing were so well cultivated here. The Normal College was doing a magnificent work not only for the city but the whole country, and he wished all the students success in the larger spheres in which they would soon be stationed.

Mr. Hugh Murray, for the judges in the oratorical contest, congratulated the College on the four excellent orations which had been delivered.

Evidently it was felt that there had been enough patriotic display for one night, and the last public meeting of this year's Normal College students was brought to a close without so much as "God Save the Queen" having been mentioned.

The Canadian Democracy and the Responsibility it Entails Upon the Citizen.

First Prize Oration by E. J. Reid, B. A.

Honor and responsibility are twins. As it was in Greece, so now in Canada, it should be the most cherished wish of every citizen to be a recognized member of an autonomous state. Our forefathers have bequeathed to us a priceless legacy, in that we are born citizens of Canada, a State possessing all the possibilities of self-government. This is an honor, but it implies great responsibility.

That honor and responsibility are inseparable may be clearly seen, when we consider what the government of a country means. Does it not mean the management of its affairs in its numerous departments? Such as:—the currency, militia, post-office, railroads, the administration of justice, the raising of revenue by means of taxation, the guarding of the lives and property of the citizens, the giving permission to certain people to immigrate and others to emigrate, the

allowing or disallowing of foreigners to do our own labor, the regulation and control of manufactured articles, the encouragement of our undeveloped resources, and, among other things, the importation of all things necessary to supply the wants and desires of a great people. Moreover, in the interest of a free, progressive, and commercial country, it is necessary for foreign markets to be kept open, that friendly relations exist between us and neighbouring nationalities, and that the bond of union between us and the Mother Country be firmly cemented. Hence we see that those who hold the helm of state, while seemingly the favorites of fortune, have no light task to perform.

The question, then, before us is,—What qualifications should the citizen, living in Canada under present conditions, possess, to render him an efficient factor in discharging these duties?

In the first place, as all citizens cannot give personal attention to the work of government, nor be personally present in Parliament, a selection must be made. Now, it would be absurd to expect that any one human being could understand the complete work of government. Though no representative can be perfect, yet every representative should have an ideal statesman. Insight into events transpiring in the State, and foresight with regard to the future, are two of his highest and most necessary qualities. That he may on one hand defend himself against the attacks of his enemies, and on the other hand expound his policy to the country, he must be a practised public speaker, a speaker who combines argument with eloquence, who appeals to the passions through the mind, and to the mind through the passions, and who leads his audience to his just purpose by the combined and powerful influence of human reason and feeling. He must have a morality so strict, a conscience so tender, and a will so strong, that to him the performance of the slightest claim of duty will seem a sacred obligation. For him each new rock on the political ocean will be but an additional opportunity of exhibiting his power as a State pilot. A man who, as it were, standing on an eminence, sees with his mind's eye all our past history, and cons in his heart the memory of all the glorious achievements of his countrymen, and who, looking forward toward the future, prepares to meet the dangers and duties which are before him. A man so generous and courteous that he will never act in a spirit of unkindness towards his previous opponents at the polls; one who can say, "What I do for my party will never cloud what I do for my country." He must have a patriotism so genuine and deep-rooted that no kin, no bribe, no family ties—nothing can bar him from laying himself a willing sacrifice on his country's altar, if by so doing he could save his Canadian fatherland. That he may have a firm foundation for his canvass, Canada makes of him three demands,—that he have good birth, integrity, and energy. But if he have not all these he must not think that the doors of office are barred to him. Wealth, though desirable, is not essential, for, thanks to the puritan sentiment of pioneer ancestors, idleness is a crime, but honest poverty is often an advantageous disadvantage. The great Tennyson has described for us the

"divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began.
And on a simple village green.

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blame of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whispers of the throne.

And moving up from high to higher,
Arrives on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope.
The centre of a world's desire."

Such is the energy, and such are the qualifications in reliance upon which any man may seek for the highest office in the gift of the Canadian people.

So much for the statesman, now for the citizen. Every elector should study *his* duties in order to properly execute them. He should be able to discriminate the impostor, the demagogue, from the just and honest parliamentarian. The voter should study the facts of government, be quick to estimate probabilities, and then should vote towards the good of the whole community. Otherwise he is not only a useless but a mischievous member of society, for while taking his share of the profits, he leaves his share of the public burden to be borne by others. If a man cannot read and write his information is second-hand, and very meagre. If he can simply read and write his judgment is very narrow, and his prejudices too strong for a mixed community. A man to vote with discrimination must think for himself, and intelligent thinking implies education. Education which has been called "a companion which no misfortunes can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament; it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes." What, I say, erected the little State of Athens into a powerful commonwealth? What extended Rome, the haunt of banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamantine courage which conquered Nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages—a model of public virtue and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, and educated their infancy in the principles of action, and sent them into the world too vigilant to be deceived by its calms, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds. What education has done for barbarians, can it not do for Canadians? I therefore claim that a liberal education is necessary for a broad-minded statesmanship and citizenship. Such an education Canada affords. Her public, high school, and university systems offer unrivalled facilities for such training.

If a prospective emigrant should ask me the question, "Have Canadians democratic tendencies?" I should answer, "Yes Sir." Should the question be, "Does Canada afford environment for cultivating those tendencies?" I would answer, "Most undoubtedly. None better." Let us examine the facts. The two most important factors in the life of society to-day are wealth and individual character. We live in a country which offers every inducement to the individual to improve himself and his estate. By democracy we do not mean that all men are to be reduced to a moral and social equality, for as long as society exists, different men will have unequal natural gifts, and so there will always be class distinctions, but what we do mean is, that all are afforded equal opportunities.

First, then, as to wealth. Although it is our boast that the ballot of the millionaire counts no more than that cast by the humblest workman, yet wealth everywhere is power and commands social position. But in the New World, wealth has new ideals. Unlike the men of a century ago whose highest ambition was the building of a castle or the founding of a family, the merchant princes of to-day vie with one another in the founding of public libraries and in the endowing of universities. McMaster,

McGill, Victoria and Massey Hall, are living monuments to-day to the generosity of country-loving philanthropists. The time is soon coming when political economists will have to consider, not what wealth a man has, but the use to which he puts it.

Then, notice the influence on character. In Canada every week ten thousand Christian ministers proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. This is not the case in South America. Every morning at breakfast we may read the events of a world, and what the world thinks of those events in an outspoken press—a press whose freedon no law, no power, no king can suppress and which will never perish except by its own depravity. This is not so in the Dark Continent. In France a man's social position is judged by his manners, in England by his birth, in America by his wealth, but here the tendency is to estimate a man by his individual capacity and manhood. This may be accounted for by the fact that, of the family, the father goes to his work, with his mind imbued with the principles of British justice, and leaves beside his hearth a synonym for domestic virtue. The son acquires a tone of character at the fireside, and by association with his father in field and workshop, is taught honesty of purpose, fearlessness of labor, and a determination to give value for value. Hence he goes into life with a "heart beating in sympathy with every man, and a mind that turns on the poles of truth." Qualities like these mark the bold peasants as referred to by Goldsmith when he says:—

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade
A breath can make them as a breath hath made.
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

These are the men "who know their rights and knowing, dare maintain." Such a peasantry is Canada building up.

No power on earth can prevent our people from fulfilling their democratic impulses. No power on earth can shut out the immigrant from that fertile western wilderness, which provides a field for all industry and a refuge from all want. In everything the pleasure and convenience of the masses are consulted. In literature, in music, in science, in politics, everyone bows the knee to the people. Future events, whatever they may be, will not deprive the Canadians of their climate or their inland seas, or their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolution or anarchy be able to obliterate that love of prosperity and spirit of enterprise which seem to be their distinctive characteristics.

But, mark the fact. It is an invariable law of nature, and also of God, that unto whom much is given of them shall much be required. Upon us devolves the responsibility of educating the democracy, of renovating its religious beliefs, of purifying its morals and regulating its movements. We must substitute by degrees a knowledge of business for its inexperience, and a knowledge of its true interests for its blind instincts. A new science of politics is needed for a new world. Let us evolve in the hearts of our fellow-countrymen a love for those little wave-washed British Isles, and the dear Lady who presides over them—a love which, if let alone, will grow better by its own laws than by the strife-engendering laws of politicians,—a love which will be quick to interpret, and sure to respond in the hour of peril, and which in the future, as at the present, will "spare neither land nor gold, nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, (as) in the brave days of old."

If upon attentive observation and sincere reflection, we should become convinced that the gradual development of social equality is at once the past and future of our history, this discovery would confer upon it the divine sanction, and to attempt to

check democracy would be to resist the will of God.

Finally—we Canadians are planted in a Dominion whose fertile belt extends from the forty-ninth parallel, north latitude, to the Arctic cirele, capable of sustaining a population greater than that of the continent of Europe; cradling in its midst vast reservoirs of fresh water, sufficient to moisten the atmosphere and make fertile, regions greater than are to be found similarly fertilized upon any other quarter of the earth; possessing rivers and streams adapted to develop power to do the work of the world; fisheries and mineral resources surpassing any to be found elsewhere. We Canadians should be a happy and thankful people! No doubt we are, but, awe-struck with the thought of our responsibility, we should kneel in reverence, and form a solemn covenant with our Creator and with one another, that while He showers the materials of such prosperity upon this fair land, and saves us from our enemies, we should build on deep-laid foundations an ever-surviving temple of freedom and justice, stimulated by the reflection that

"He hath sounded forth a trumpet that
 shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
 His judgment seat;
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be
 jubilant, my feet,
 For God is marching on."

To Ada.

First Prize Poem, by Miss B. T. Bauer.

Night's sombre shades are falling,—
 A solitary star
In the tremulous hush is reeling
 Above yon golden bar.

The crimson glow is faded,—
 This last soft, sunny day
Of the tender Indian summer
 Has well nigh passed away.

And thy young life is passing!
 The paling glories wait
To light in their onward passage
 Thy soul to the Golden Gate.

[WRITTEN IN OCTOBER, 1898].

Socialism.

Prize Essay by Miss L. J. Bulmer.

The universe is a vast and mighty unity permeated and controlled by a Divine Energy which is expressed and interpreted through Nature. This is a world of Nature and a world of Humanity;—Nature with all her beauty, her infinitely varied charm and loveliness, awakening in us all that is good and true; Man with all his wondrous faculties, heroic impulses and splendid creativeness. Nature and Man are alike necessary to the individual. Each has an allotted task to perform. From each soul as from a centre, a ray of relation passes to every other soul, linking all and establishing a kinship.

"All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone."

Herein lies the true idea of the world-wide movement of Socialism. It is a new form of Socialistic movement or organization based on a fundamental change in the economic order of the now existing Society. All that are able should contribute to Society, all should share in its fruits of associated labor, according to some good and equitable principle. In such a condition of things, the noblest field of ambition will be in the service of Society, an ideal which is already partly realized in the democratic state.

The word "Socialism" is of comparatively recent origin, having been coined in the year 1835, in England. In that year, the Society which received the name of "Association of all Classes of all Nations" was founded with the clear-thinking, open-hearted Robert Owen at the head. Owen and his school had no esteem for the political reform of the time and laid all emphasis, all stress on the necessity of social improvement and re-construction. Certainly, knowing the workings of the minds of Owen and his followers, knowing the

deep and strong prejudice which he and his colleagues bore against the one-sided competitive companies, knowing how bitterly the masses of the people were down-trodden by the few rich, it is obvious how the name "Socialism" came to be recognized as a name, suitable and distinctive, for the world-historic movement of the nineteenth century.

The general tendency is to regard Socialism as an interference with property, undertaken and supervised by a society on behalf of the poor; it is regarded as a radical, social reform, which disturbs the present grappling system of private property, as regulated by free competition. However, Socialism is not essentially violent and lawless. As it is sometimes used, it means nothing more nor less than a modern form of the revolutionary spirit with a "suggestion of dynamite and anarchy." This view of Socialism confounds the essence of the movement with an accidental feature, more or less common to all great innovations. Every new thing of any moment, whether good or evil, has its revolutionary stage in which it disturbs or upsets the accepted beliefs and institutions. The Protestant Reformation, great and good as were the results, was for a century and a half the occasion of national and international trouble and bloodshed. The American slave could not be granted his freedom without a civil war. The movement as is the case in all movements, varies according to the time and circumstance in which it appears, and the character, opinions and institutions of the people who adopt it.

Notwithstanding the various ideas of the movement of Socialism, there still remains the kernel of principle, common to all. There is still the economic nature, clear and precise. The central aim is to raise the low struggling mass of humanity. This movement implies and carries with it a change in political, ethical, technical and artistic arrangement of Society, which would constitute a revolution greater than was the change from the ancient to the medieval world. Socialism is the economic complement to democracy, and without this economic change, political life has neither meaning nor value It is a privilege and a duty of the strong and talented to use their superior force and richer endowment in the service of their less fortunate fellowmen, without distinction of class or creed. Truly, if the hearts and souls of men are one, this bitterness of "his and mine" must cease.

It is maintained by the class who call themselves "Socialists" that, under *their* system and under no other can the highest excellence and beauty be realized in industrial production and art. Now, excellency and beauty are alike sacrificed to cheapness, which is the result, the necessity, of successful competition. Now, individual happiness is sacrificed and a free and harmonious development of individual capacity is possible only for a privileged few. But Socialism is opening and has opened opportunities for each and every one. There is no opposition between Socialism and individuality if they are rightly understood. Each is the complement of the other, and only in Socialism can the individual have hope of free development and free realization in himself.

This Socialistic movement is not yet complete. Like the first grey streaks of the morning which herald the beautiful day, we have certain phases of this movement in the present age which tell us that we have the beginning of a world-wide development, which in time will become overpowering in its influence. We might ask the question, "Is Socialism an ancient or a modern phenomenon?" If it be considered as a form of communism, then it is simply a revival of one of the oldest phenomena in history. Now, if such were the case, the

problem would become simple indeed, for the manifold arguments on every hand against the practicability of communism are so strong that the identification or linking of this Socialistic movement with it would be sufficient to remove it from serious discussion. Again, if we regard Socialism as a social and economic system by which the individual is unduly and unjustly subordinated to the society, we must yet class it with old phenomena, because in many primitive societies which were held in many of the older States, as Greece and Italy, the subordination of the individual to the State was great.

A systematic discontent and revolt against prevailing economic movements which are considered the wide range of phenomena, at the present day, may give Socialism a unique and appropriate place in the history of modern times, but it cannot be considered a new thing as social discontent was strong in old societies; in fact, the spirit of social rivalry may be said to have existed from the beginning. We have only to follow the history of the declining periods of the Greek and Roman republics; we have only to trace the economic stages which attended the fall of feudalism or Catholicism throughout Europe, to show that these periods were marked by their far-reaching power of reform. Thus we find that the dissatisfaction with the present stage and longing for an ideal in Society are old phenomena.

As Socialism has been a question of the past, so is it a question for the future. Yet, while it remains to be seen what may be the final results of its far-reaching influence, we may even now feel some of the workings of this movement. Already it claims to have brought forward a type of industrial organism which can best continue and promote the ethical and social progress of mankind. It has permanently widened the ethical conception of political economy. The moral interest has been made supreme over all industrial and commercial activity. At all times, in season and out of season, the entire technical and economic *mechanism is subordinate* to human well-being. Socialism does not appeal to the lower instincts of man, but rather it inculcates an altruism attainable by the development of human nature.

Again, by this movement the cause of the poor is brought widely before the public. This is the burning question of the Socialistic movement. It is the burning question of the civilized race—" What are we to do with our poor?" This question is impressed on every thought and on every action of the world. When is the industry of the country to be productive of good for the poor as well as for the rich? When is this strife for equality to cease? Never will this struggle cease until, through Socialism, we have the present system of industry carried on with a view to equitable distribution.

Society is not, then, an aggregation of disassociated beings, but a living whole.

> " A subtle chain of countless rings
> The next unto the farthest brings."

Nor is Socialism a movement caused by a few narrow-minded people who have no other aim, no other motive than merely to cause a sensation—a nine days' wonder. Socialism, rather, is a movement that is thrilling the hearts of all the people; that is spreading from land to land and that is having such an influence in bettering the present depraved condition of society. In the language of the poet we may well say regarding Socialism and its accompanying reform—

> " There's a good time coming, boys,
> A good time coming;
> Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
> And be acknowledged stronger;
> The proper impulse has been given,
> Wait a little longer."

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe.

Second Prize Poem, by Chas. Willis, B.A.

He played the game of life with daring hand,
Nor ever faltered when the angel threw
His highest stakes, but always steadfast grew,
And gained what mortals deem a magic wand,
The power of progress in sweet lotos-land.
Full dark and deep the stream from whence he drew
His knowledge, yet his heart was filled with dew,
So that a child of Baal his life might understand.
And we with earnest pleasure on our way,
With slow glad steps, might climb the mountain height,
Leaving behind us in a far-off night
The path of Pain whereon we went astray.
He taught us with our vaunted sacrifice
To chase the glowing hour and still be wise.

What Manner of Spirit is He Of?

By J. A. McLellan, M.A., LL.D.
Principal Ontario Normal College.

The most direct effect of literary studies is the cultivation of the emotional nature and especially of sympathy, the source of the moral feelings. Among all subjects literature, and especially poetic literature—the beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life—stands pre-eminent for that culture of the sympathetic imagination which is necessary to the development of the social feelings. The poet-artist is all aglow with love of truth and beauty in nature and in human life and action, and the student is made a sharer in this enthusiasm for nature and humanity. With his imagination touched by the imagination of the poet he beholds the divine ideas which are clothed in visible forms around us; he feels beauty and truth and pathos—life-lessons—in the daisy, in the small celandine, in the common dandelion, in the "meanest flower that blows"; and with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy he sees into the life of things; he has a vision of the physical world as embodying the thought and the imagination of God. And this is but the prelude to the higher sympathy for humanity which is born of literature. In the world of human life are there any great and elevated sentiments of truth, goodness, beauty,—deeds of patriotism, self-sacrifice, moral heroism—among the great and among the lowly? These things, too, all that is good and beautiful and true in them, are an embodiment of divine ideas, and have their rich setting in literature. For awakening enthusiasm for humanity, the study of literature is unique among human studies. Literature, and literature alone, arouses in us that profound sympathy with human interests which gives an insight into the significance of human life, and a yearning for its progress toward a divine ideal—an insight and a yearning which are the vision of God. Blessed are the pure in heart (*i. e.* blessed are the loving in heart), for they shall see things unseen by other eyes:

"Gods fade, but God abides, and in the heart of man
Speaks with the clear, unconquerable cry
Of energies and hopes that cannot die;
We feel this sentient-self the counter-part
Of some self vaster than the star-girt sky;
Yea, though our utterance falter,—though no art
By more than sign or symbol can impart
This faith of faiths that lifts our courage high—
Yet are there human duties, human needs,
Love, charity, self-sacrifice, pure deeds,
Tender affections, helpful service, war
Waged against tyranny, fraud, suffering, crime.
These ever strengthening with the strength of years
Exalt man higher than fabled angels are."

"As is the teacher, so is the school"—a maxim trite but forever true. As is the teacher's interest in a given subject so is the interest of the pupil and so the strictly ethical effects. This is true of all branches of instruction, but pre-eminently of literature. One of the saddest sights on earth is a half-dead teacher working upon a

half-dead class, the product of his own handicraft; as, on the other hand, one of the most beautiful is the inspiring teacher before a class with hearts thrilled with his own spirit and throbbing with a certain newness of life and growing sense of power. I have seen the mere numerical Babbage machine, monotonously laboring at a creaking crank and turning out mechanisms the image of himself; and I have seen, too, the artist-teacher, a happy union of cultured brain and loving heart, working even upon the inert product of the spiritless tradesman with results typified in the dream-vision of the Hebrew prophet. What a marvellous change! How soon is there a shaking of the dry bones, a movement of flesh and sinews and covering skin, and a soul created under the ribs of death.

This Essential in Literature.—In literature beyond all other subjects is this artist spirit of the teacher a prime necessity. In grammar, arithmetic and the like, the dry-as-dust teacher may be aided by certain external stimuli,—reports, examinations and inspectoral visits. But whatever worth these things may have as a stimulus to interest and as a test of results, they are utterly worthless as a means or measure of the best effects of literature—the ethical and the spiritual. These are subtle, impalpable, divine—the work of heart upon heart, of soul upon soul, with spiritual materials to which great and strong souls have given birth; they are ideal and universal, and as imperishable as the immaterial principle which they have informed and transformed. They are therefore infinitely beyond the crude criterion of examinations and percentages.

Hence, of the teacher of literature we ask, not only what is his knowledge, his training, his experience, but, above all, what manner of spirit is he of? Love of literature and a clear consciousness of the profound ethical effects of his teaching are his prime qualification. His own imagination must be touched with the beauty, his own heart thrilled with the pathos, and his own intellect master of the truth and harmony of it, or his teaching will be but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. The mechanical teacher of arithmetic is a spectacle for gods and men; but how shall we characterize the mechanical teacher of literature? Intellectual numbness is less to be dreaded than moral paralysis. "It is a curse," says Byron, speaking of the poetry of Horace, "to comprehend, not feel, his lyric flow; to understand, yet never love his verse." Equally strong language may be used of the teacher who fails to make the truth, beauty, sublimity and harmony in literature produce their adequate effect upon intellect and heart. For the bread of life, he is administering to hungry souls the veriest stones; instead of quickening and nourishing the divine spiritual instinct which constitutes so large a part of the wealth and strength of man, he is lesson by lesson reducing it to a state of atrophy and ultimate death from which there is no resurrection.

Not long ago I saw "The Crossing of the Bar" used as the subject of a lesson to a class of young men and women by a teacher who had some ability but no depth of nature. There had evidently been much preparation, but the lesson utterly failed of its purpose. The shallow nature of the teacher could put no heart into it. There was much fluent preparation and presentation and all the rest of it; questions and expositions upon tides and rivers and formation of bars, of sunset and twilight and curfew bells; but the beauty and pathos of it, the living soul of it—these touched no chord in the teacher's heart, and left in other hearts no vision of something beyond, which eye had not seen nor ear heard.

Now, if the heart is at all touched with the real meaning of the theme,

with its faith and hope and love, what utter weariness to the spirit are elaborate expositions on rivers and tides and bars and twilight and bell, and all the symbols into which the sentiment alone breathes life. We see for a moment indeed, the outward and visible form, the signs of storm and darkness and ship-wrecking sea; but this glimpse of the concrete form passes at once into the higher vision which fills the soul—the vision of faith and hope and victory through immortal love.

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And 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.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out the bourne of Time and Place
The floods may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

The First Reader—A Review

By J. H. Hancock, B. A.

THE FIRST READER, by Norman Fergus Black, B.A. Published by the McMillan Co., London and New York. 40 cents.

"The First Reader" is the title of a recent publication of the McMillan Company, from the pen of Norman Fergus Black, an 1898 graduate of the O. N. C. It is a credit to the young author as well as to the publishers, and deserves recognition by students of the O. N. C., past and present, as well as by educationalists throughout the land.

The daintiness of the cover leads us to anticipate a high standard of literary style and subject matter in the work, and I am glad to say we are not disappointed.

The appearance of such a work is very opportune. Our present Ontario Readers have been on the market since 1884—a period of sixteen years —and in this age of educational progress it seems reasonable that our school books should be relegated to the past and give place to a new series more in accord with lately discovered principles in the sciences of psychology and pedagogy.

The present book, we understand, is to be followed by a complete series covering the different grades of the public school course.

A casual contrast cannot fail to give prominence to Mr. Black's work over the present First Reader. Without a doubt scholars at present do learn to read, but we may appropriately and pertinently ask the question, do they grasp the real aim of this phase of education, viz., the pursuit of reading as an end in itself, or, as the author says in the preface, "to make reading its own motive and reward from the first."

This view is ever kept in mind by our author in his series of lessons, and we believe it is in line with true psychological development. Mr. Black has succeeded admirably in combining a series of interesting and instructive lessons by the use of fanciful conversations, fairy lore, songs and games, which the children can rehearse on the playground or in the home, and thus they become actors, spontaneously, in the limited drama of life.

While reading the book, the old familiar stories from Grimm and other similar writers stirred us with almost equal fascination of more youthful days. To see the effect on the young mind, we placed the book in the hands of a little boy of ten years, and to the question how he liked it in comparison with the present reader, he said, "O! it is much better because it is more interesting." Since, then, the secret of development in child education depends primarily on the inherent interest aroused, does this not speak much for the work?

The main points whereon Mr. Black lays great stress are: 1. Arousing curiosity in the child mind, leading to an inner questioning and hence a mental activity. This is very essential as the tendency to-day seems to be away from individual reasoning. 2. Bringing the young student into more intimate connection with nature by introducing interesting conversations on flowers and other natural objects. Hence with the completion of the public school course, he will have gained more facts of Botany and Zoology than the ordinary child possesses to-day. And such a course ought to be the aim of modern education for the great mass of the population never reach our higher schools. Reasonable then is it that in this ultra utilitarian age education must conform to developments in kindred branches of study. 3. The unfolding of the humorous and artistic side of the child mind by the introduction of fanciful pictures alongside each story as an illustration. These the scholar can be taught to reproduce by the crayon. This phase of the question cannot receive too much emphasis, for there is a danger of over-prosaicness in modern life, and too little development of the finer poetic nature.

The basing of phonic sequence on the vocabulary is a step in advance of our present readers, where the reverse is the case. The students at the O. N. C. in 1898 will recall to mind a couple of addresses given by Mr. Black when he outlined this part of the question, and gave great prominence to the need of systematic review and drill. These addresses formed the nucleus of the present book.

Throughout the Reader, in the interpretation of new words, the presentation of phonic laws, the scheme for script introduction, the author has made an effort to keep in accord with psychological principles, the fundamental pedagogical law being adhered to in every case, that all knowledge is developed in mind by the recognition of a general *unity*, the analysis of this into its component parts, and finally, the synthesis into a defined and unified whole.

The system of grading in the book is good, the varying ability of the child mind being clearly kept in view. Hence grading depends on the following principles: 1. Of the two hundred sections for the year, every fifth is especially prepared for a weekly review; 2. but one new sound symbol occurs in any one daily section; 3. during the first five weeks an average of only three or four new words is introduced per week; in the following ten weeks two words are taught per day, and to the end of the Reader each new section contains four new words. Succeeding sections form comprehensive reviews.

The Education Department would do well to adopt the Reader or at least give it due consideration. The principles of the work are in accord with child development in its three-fold capacity—emotional, intellectual, and volitional.

Even if not authorized for exclusive use in the Government schools, it might be recommended (1) for private schools, (2) as a supplementary reader (*i. e.* practical) in the public schools, (3) as a book of suggestions for the teacher in the schools and also for teachers-in-training.

The work is an example of painstaking perseverance on the part of the author, who has given himself to this branch of educational research, the paramount importance of which the general public and the Education Department do not apparently appreciate sufficiently. The author is to be congratulated on his production, and we hope that the graduates of the O. N. C. will use their influence to crown the efforts of a fellow graduate with success in the field of educational reform. The First Reader retails in the United States at 30 cents net, and in Canada at 40 cents.

Women's Advantages and Disadvantages.

In these latter days we hear much of the wonderful change that has come about in the position of women. At such times I am reminded of a certain little girl who went to a country school. Each week she brought home to her parents a faithful report of her progress; she ranked always second to head. This was satisfactory until closer enquiry elicited the information that the class consisted of two members. Women, too, are still second to head, and from present indications are likely to remain so. You will observe, too, that the part of the human race known as men have made little or no progress in the six thousand years that have rolled away since the beginning of time. They are still merely lords of creation.

There is one disadvantage from which women have always suffered. The general ideas of womankind afloat in the world have been derived mainly from books. These books have been written almost exclusively by men, who having some small knowledge of one or perhaps two women, have proceeded under this slight provocation to generalize about the sex. The result has been confusion worse than death, no mere man having it in his power to generalize correctly upon this theme. So we have women sometimes represented as glorified monstrosities of piety—sometimes as sirens whose beauty is a snare of the devil whom they serve. Between these two is fixed a great gulf which no one has as yet bridged over by giving us just an ordinary woman with no supernatural virtues or vices. Here is a golden opportunity for the woman who can and will give a fair and true account of herself and her sex.

From the ordinary man's standpoint, the mere fact of being a woman entails endless advantages. Women are born with a complete set of all the virtues. These are permanently attached so that they need no looking after whatever on the part of the owner. They are as much and as naturally a part of her as her hands or her feet. This one is labelled "patience"; this one, "piety"; another, "gentleness"; another, "meekness"; and each one presents itself when required, without even waiting to be called. For women are born good; no credit is due them for any virtues they possess; they simply can't help themselves. Since their virtues, when they have them, cost them nothing in the shape of effort, they ought to be willing to share their advantages. It thus becomes for most men unnecessary to make any efforts towards reaching the pearly gates; they trust to being wafted gently through by the zephyrs from the wing-beats of their wives.

In a recent scientific journal I discovered an article which ascribed to women an advantage that had not occurred to me before. Perhaps you have noticed, as I have, how silently women will bear the most distressing pain; perhaps you have read wonderful stories of their fortitude and endurance under most trying conditions. You may have admired and envied, and almost refused to believe. But you and I have been mistaken in our impressions, and science is giving us the truth only now. These women, who are avowedly weaker vessels, bear pain quietly because they are not conscious of it at all. Their sensibilities are not nearly so refined as those of men, and hence their fortitude is only apparent. Men, on the other hand, are so delicately organized that the least pin-prick deranges the whole system, and convinces the sufferer that the time for dissolution and the worm has come. Here, again, nature has been kinder far to women.

There are other minor advantages which belong exclusively to women It is so delightful and soul-satisfying always to live in the peace and seclu-

sion of home, safe from the world's ceaseless and wearing strife. It is such a rest to know that four walls set a limit to one's experience, and that no disturbing elements may enter in. Of course if women were, as some people have thought, endowed with intellectual capacities, we should have to arrange things differently. But since they have barely intelligence enough to know what they are missing, we may safely let the matter stand as it is.

From my personal observations I am quite convinced that this is the very furthest that the vast majority of men have advanced, so far as the woman question is concerned. To the proposition "men and women are born free and equal," they give a laughing assent as who should say, "We must humor the child." But deep down in their hearts they regard it as a magnificent farce. The women themselves, though, have taken the matter quite seriously. They were never before so well able to recognize the advantages and disadvantages of their position. Even the most rampant "Woman's Righter" of to-day (let us be thankful that the disease is not spreading) recognizes that there are advantages in being a woman even in the present stage of civilization. She would not willingly dispense with the courtesies and considerations which are extended to her—the last relics of a by-gone chivalry. She is not so enamored of the hustle and excitement of business or political life, that she is ready to quite give up her home life. She has been somewhat carried away by the newness of the idea that she is man's intellectual equal. After she has become accustomed to and has demonstrated to her satisfaction this equality, her work will have been done and the world will know the "Woman's Righter" no more.

The ordinary refined and educated woman has her visions, too, of the possibilities opening up before a man but denied to women. She has twinges of regret, but the feeling passes and no one is any the wiser. She feels the injustice of the theory of labelled virtues. She knows from experience that all human beings alike are susceptible to the snares of the world and the devil. But she is glad that she has always had this high standard of virtue before her. It has helped her, although she sometimes feels doubtful as to whether people really believe in it.

One thing is especially trying for the woman of to-day. In spite of this half-century of progress, people do not seem to think that life has any serious purpose for her. She is regarded either as a plaything for leisure hours, or a child which must be amused to keep it from getting the sulks. This is, in her eyes, a decided disadvantage. She has read much and knows much—to her all possible advantages in the line of education have been opened up. She finds herself, however, in the position of Bluebeard's wives—she has been given a key and forbidden to use it. She suddenly discovers that she has limitations, and is aggrieved at being deprived of the right to add her quota to the progress of the world in the shape of active work in it. After the first shock has passed she falls back, if she be philosophical, on "slumming" and missionary work among "the heathen at our door." So after all—

> "There is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon."

IMPERATRIX.

Miss Jessie B. Brown, a Varsity graduate of '97, has been appointed fellow in the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Brown is at present doing graduate work in the University of Colorado, and it is understood she was offered a Latin fellowship in Bryn Mawr, as well as a renewal of her present fellowship in Colorado. Miss Brown graduated from the Normal College in '98.

A Field-day Experience.

SCENE I.

The night before Field-day. Four fair students in various parts of the room industriously preparing for the arduous duties of the next day.

A.—How under the sun do you teach the word "once" by phonics?

B.—Goodness only knows—I don't. Teach it by 'Look and See' method.

Silence for the space of ten minutes.

C.—Do tell me how to make "4+4 = 8" interesting for the sweet children.

D.—Read your "Psychology of Number."

Silence again.

B. (in despair)—I just can't make up a story to introduce the phonic sound of "e."

Chorus.—What about "Imagination in Literature?"

SCENE II.

5.30 a. m. next day.

Same room, same girls, same books, same lessons, same remarks regarding phonics, field-day and the O. N. C. in general.

SCENE III.—8 a. m.

D.—Good-bye girls! There's my car. Good luck to you all.

Chorus—Good-bye, same to you.

And not silently but one by one, they separated, and with palpitating hearts went their several ways,—one to the north, one to the south, one to the east and one to the west.

SCENE IV.—12.45 a. m.

Dinner.—Four weary girls.

B. (with a deep sigh)—I'm nearly dead! If this is teaching, deliver me.

A.—That's my prayer, too. No wonder teachers want large salaries.

C.—Ten dollars wouldn't pay me for my morning's work. I was never so tired in my life.

D.—Cheer up! You have all afternoon yet, and the little darlings are always worse in the afternoons.

Chorus—I wish it were four o'clock.

SCENE V.—4.30 P. M.

After the fray, in Public Library.

D.—And we have actually come out of it alive.

A.—I'm just alive, and that's all.

B.—Now that it is over, I feel very much alive. Let's go and celebrate the relief of the O. N. C. students.

Later (in Crawford's).

C.—Ice-cream never seemed so refreshing to me before.

B.—Thank Field-day for that.

A. (standing up, and making an elaborate bow)—Miss Chairman and Ladies,—

We have heard that education is based on experience. If this be the case, our education has, to-day, been deepened and widened and broadened. The hours of to-day have been teeming with numerous and thrilling experiences, which are too heart-rending to put into words. But in the hearts of us all, my companions in to-day's misery, in the hearts of us all, there has been aroused to-day the deepest and most profound sympathy for the public school teacher. Let us, then, in all sincerity, drink to the health and happiness of the ones who are moulding the characters of the rising generation.

And with one accord glasses are clinked and the toast drunk in all seriousness.

Miss M. J. Northway, B.A., an honor graduate in Mathematics of Toronto University, who graduated from the O. N. C. last year, has been appointed to a Fellowship in Mathematics in Bryn Mawr College.

Art and Its Objects.

By J. S. Gordon.

What is art, and what are its objects? This, in a more or less definite form, is the question launched at us from day to day, year to year, and will continue perhaps to the end of time; nor do I flatter myself that any sidelights I may throw upon the subject will have any effect upon the flood of speculation.

Since we have no records, it is hard to conceive just what Jubal's sensations were when, taking his notched reeds, he breathed into them the breath of life and drew therefrom the first few faltering notes. Whether his raptures were due alone to the satisfaction he felt in achieving a series of sounds of varied pitch, or whether he felt that these sounds faintly echoed what he felt of joy or sorrow, will never be known.

While we in later days, however, may find considerable to admire in the precision and feeling with which a composition of Beethoven or Mozart is rendered by a good orchestra, we are, I venture, more concerned with the mighty effect that the divine harmonies have on the spiritual side of our nature, and, in a like manner, are we impressed by corresponding qualities in the sister art of Painting.

Deep down in the human mind are feelings that yearn for, yet cannot find, expression, and which the most comprehensive knowledge of things material, cannot explain or satisfy, and he is the artist, be it in verse, tone, or color, who can suggest these feelings in such a way as to awaken a responsive throb in ourselves.

When man, emerging from an estate of barbarism, followed his animal instincts of self-preservation and congregated in sufficient numbers to form communities, the energy hitherto expended in the selfish object of protecting himself, was diverted into a different, though no less selfish, channel,—that of raising himself by aggrandizement.

This impulse, in a modified form, continues to this day, although the socialistic tendencies of the age are a direct revolt against this primitive instinct of self-preservation, with the further advantage aimed at of placing man's animal necessities in their proper place and providing time and means for the cultivation and enjoyment of poetry, music and painting, which are not less the necessities of his intellectual existence.

Long before the awakening of his mental energies, man must have felt a capacity for useful acts. These impulses may have been instinctive or may have been born of recollections of the performances of his forefathers. These recollections were the germ of what is known to us as "traditions." Thus man in the earliest dawn was driven, by a desire to become skilful, to search for certain principles to guide his activities, and in the end the early philosophers discovered that the whole extent of mental activity could be divided into three parts: the True, the Good, the Beautiful.

For a time these three marched along hand in hand, keeping even pace, and produced the fine, evenly-balanced civilization of Greece. Lately, however, owing to the requirements of our utilitarian age, the True and the Good are being developed to such an extent that there is little encouragement for the Beautiful to maintain its growth, let alone increase it, and bids fair to land us in a state of rank materialism.

One need not be "*a outrance*" with science to be opposed to a course of study that advances one subject out of its due proportion, and if life is (as we nearly all agree) entirely mental, and the real object of life is to seek happiness and dispense it in an equal proportion to our fellowman, I am safe in venturing that a study of the Beautiful is a healthy one and

will thrive on little encouragement if judiciously administered, but in this I fear our schools and colleges are doing little. It is impossible to communicate an artistic pleasure. I might try to express, in a lame sort of a way, what I felt in following the flowing lines in a painting by Burne Jones or Rossetti, and, in as lame a way, you might try to follow and at the end be as far from actual enjoyment as you were before I began, although during the process something might appeal to you that in the course of mental evolution would bring, in time, a deeper appreciation of its merit as a work of art than had the one who first set the seed germinating. Consequently, if an appreciation of the Beautiful is a virtue worth possessing, some little effort should be made to foster and develope such artistic faculties as each one possesses.

This can never be accomplished by setting up a cup or vase upon the master's table for a half-hour each week and compelling the students to destroy reams upon reams of good drawing paper without any other incentive than a desire to complete the sacrifice of time and material with the least possible outlay of mental energy.

It is an accepted fact, I think, that mothers by being surrounded with beautiful objects have given an antenatal direction to the mental energies of their offspring, and it is reasonable to suppose that if these children could be raised amid surroundings of a like nature, the result would be even more marked.

The lack of beautiful objects at home and upon our thoroughfares could be in a way made up for in our schools by a very small outlay, if our Educational Boards would devote the amounts squandered in a little cheap patriotism to the procuring of photos and reproductions of works of art to be framed and hung in all the schools and colleges. There the students could become acquainted with what were recognized as the masterpieces of art and gain some inspiration for their other studies.

A man may be talked over to a conviction of any material or scientific fact, but what amount of talk can provide a man with a capacity for the appreciation of the Beautiful, who is wont to demand a logical reason for everytning he accepts? As Eric MacKay so nicely puts it:

> "Facts are good, and reason's good,
> But fancy's stronger far;
> In weal or woe we only know
> We know not what we are."

Consequently, the representation of actual phenomena with an irreproachable fidelity of color and line, whatever it is, is not art. And any transcript from nature is only interesting when we unconsciously reproduce ourselves. As Millais once said, "Nature is one thing and Art is another;" and this thought is beautifully illustrated by the following incident in the life of Rodin, the French sculptor.

He had just exhibited to a friend a small piece of work called "Thought and Matter," a subtly modelled head slightly bent forward, barely emerged from a roughly hewn block of marble, and to all appearances unfinished. The chin rests on the untouched block and the eyes look out in a sad meditative way from beneath a slight hood that throws the upper part of the face into shadow, with a strange mysterious expression.

"But what does it mean?" said the friend.

"*C'est une fleur sur un rocher,*" replied the sculptor. And that is just what Art is in the life of to-day,—just a flower on a rock.

We are constantly being reminded of the relationship between the arts. Coleridge is credited with the statement that he had to but close his eyes and he saw pictures that it were beyond his power to describe, and what pictures they must have been, for the poet who wrote:

"All in the hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon."

And what a color effect we have in Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra":

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water. The prow was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them."

And, again, what a tribute to Art has Keats made in his "Ode to the Grecian Urn." Instances could be multiplied almost without end, but time and space must make these few suffice.

In conclusion just a few words. Some day some of you may have a desire to surround yourself with beautiful objects. To do this it is not necessary to become millionaires. Nearly anyone can afford a $10 bill for a picture, and first-class engravings of reliable works of art can be obtained for that price. Of course it is not necessary to stop there; keep it until you can afford a good original and then, even if you have to give it away to make room for others, certainly it will have repaid the original outlay with pleasure and profit.

Learn to form your own opinions with regard to matters of taste by reading the most appreciative essays on the subject and following up by an examination and study of the works described, remembering aways that in criticism there is no such thing as authority; that the materials and size have nothing to do with the making of a work of art. A pencil drawing of a daisy can become of greater value than a Transfiguration done in "ile on an acre of canvas."

Do not enquire too deeply into the methods employed. There are no mysteries in Art, and really all you are interested in are results.

I know of no better formula for your guidance in matters of taste than Keat's immortal couplet:

"'Beauty is truth—truth, beauty;'—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

College Notes.

THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE.

Whether anticipation exceeds realization universally, is a fit subject for lovers of debate, but so far as the annual conversazione of the Ontario Normal College and the H. C. I. on the evening of April 27, is concerned, everyone will admit that realization was all that could be desired, notwithstanding the pleasurable anticipation of the event. Such a general feeling of satisfaction as resulted from the management of our conversat is wholly due to the excellence of the work and endeavors of the joint committees, in the desire to make a return to the people of Hamilton for kindness shown us as students.

The College presented an imposing appearance. Lights gleamed a welcome from every window. Inside, the Assembly Hall was beautiful in the blaze of light and color. The walls were draped with Union Jacks and bunting of purple and gold, and red and black,—the colors of the two institutions. The platform edged with palms, the ceiling festooned with red white and blue, the polished floor, above all, the happy, expectant throng, combined to make an unusually pretty sight. In the gymnasium the colored incandescent lights, and flags and bunting, transformed the bare walls into an ideal refreshment room. Here caterer Patterson of the Royal Hotel served a dainty supper, and added not a little to the success of the evening.

The important feature, of course, of the whole function was the dancing programme with its accompanying music. This was preceded by a short but appreciable programme of vocal

solos by Miss Ruby Shea and Mr. Charles Meakins, and selections by the Anderson orchestra. The concert programme was over by ten o'clock, when chatting and similar amusements gave place to promenading and dancing. Lovers of the art over which Terpsichore presides, had twenty-one numbers before them, and full well they enjoyed tripping the light fantastic in the mystic maze, for mazy it was when the dancing floor was crowded to its limit. In the Assembly Hall the Anderson orchestra performed their part well, everyone sounding the praises of the musicians, while on the floor below a second orchestra supplied the wants of the promenaders. Many were the hearts that were glad that night if music makes glad the heart, for certainly it filled the soul with sweet melody. Dancing and promenading continued until 3 a.m., when the gay assemblage dispersed, all feeling that it was good for them to have been there.

The students did their duty in endeavoring to give their guests an enjoyable evening and were well supported by the teachers of the Collegiate. The general committee to whom the credit of this unqualified social success is due, was as follows: E. J. Reid, Chairman; H. R. Long, Secretary; J. H. MacMahon, Treasurer; Messrs. White, Kennedy, Powell, Dunkley, Cook, Black, Carter, McKenzie, Pirie, McQuesten, Clarke, McPhie, Montague, Wilson, Sarkissian; Misses Alexander, Briggs, Cleary, Dowler, Dixon, Kraft, Sutherland, Taylor, Jardine, Smith, Kilgour.

The conveners of the special committees were: Reception, E. G. Powell; Programme, T. Robinson; Invitation, J. Pirie; Printing and Advertising, T. Kennedy; Decoration, J. Wilson; Fire and Light, E. Carter; Refreshments, T. McQuesten.

The patronesses were: Mesdames McLellan, Thompson, Ballard, Calder, Crerar, Davidson, Gibson, Gill, Hogarth, Hoodless, Hendrie, Johnston, Logan, Mackelcan, Mc Pherson, Mc Laren, Mason, Montague, Moore, Murray, New, Patterson, Pratt, Southam, Teetzel, J. B. Turner, A. Turner, Zimmerman.

It is satisfactory to be able to add that the planning, the work, and the worry, always incident to such a large affair, were not without some reward to the treasuries of the Literary Society and Collegiate Lyceum.

BASEBALL.

Immediately after the Easter holidays arrangements were made with St. Patrick's Club by which the College had the use of the Y. M. C. A. grounds for five afternoons of the week. The baseball outfit bequeathed by last year's class was supplemented and a large number of the boys entered into this ever popular sport. The first game was played with our old-time rivals, the pupils of the Collegiate, and the one-point "hoodoo," the relic of basketball, seemed destined to remain, as the game resulted in a score of 13 to 12 for the "other fellows." Coons, Young and Donnelly were the battery.

The graduates and S. L.'s came together in the next game with the following teams: Graduates — rf, Wren: 3 b, G. Macdougall; 2 b, Reid; 1 b, Kennedy; cf, Courtice; ss, Powell; lf, Willis; c, Carter; p, Halnan. S. L.'s—1 b, Young; cf, Jolly; rf, Stickle; cf, Widdis; 2 b, Irwin; 3 b, Sanderson; ss, McPherson; c, Donnelly; p, Coons. Only three innings were played, and those were not wildly exciting, as the score will indicate. By innings it was: Graduates, 4, 11, 6—21; S. L's, 2, 0, 5—7.

In the next game the S. L.'s turned the tables, and in a two innings' game defeated the Grads. by 2 to 0.

The third game, to decide the victors, was played on Wednesday, May 9, but the issue is still in doubt, as after an exciting game a tie resulted. In the first innings each side was

guilty of wild playing, the S. L.'s scoring 13 and the Grads., 10. In the next two the Grads. pulled up, making 4 and 2, while their opponents got 2 and 1, leaving the score at the finish, 16 to 16.

On Friday the 11th, the return game with the Collegiate was played and resulted in an easy victory for the College, by 12 to 8, without having to play off their share of the third innings.

Local Hits.

(SUNG AT THE WOMEN'S ATHLETIC SOCIETY "AT HOME," FEB. 9, 1899.)

A thin pallid student out walking,
Passed a mad-house just over the way;
From the gateway an inmate out stalking,
This wild tale of sorrow did say:

Cho.—Analysis, synthesis, ideals,
Persation, senception and thought;
The isness, aboutness and impulse,
And what the "what is" is not.

From your eye with its gleam of sensation,
And the hint of abstraction found there;
From your curls laid in ideal relation,
You must be a student I fear.

I once was a student at Normal,
And studied with might and with main;
Insanitary science confused with me,
Psychology drove me insane.

I struggled with words like sympossum,
With abstraction distractedly strove,
But when a lost percept attacked me,
Apperception before me I drove.

But, "of course," I have grasped the clear concept,
That thedefinite parts when compounded,
And step after step fully rounded,
Make up the vague whole so confounded.

And, "of course," you, too, ever'll be sighing
For the old days of learning by rote,
Analytic synthetics defying,
To confusion new methods devote.

O students! cry "zip-zippty whoop,"
Let retention its vagueness retain,
As a number together we'll swoop;
We, too, may be turning insane.

PERSONAL.

The MONTHLY extends congratulations to Mr. Crawford of the College staff, on his recent marriage.

Mr. E. J. Reid has been appointed to the staff of Woodstock College.

For the two weeks preceding Easter, Miss Dickey supplied a vacancy on the staff of Havergal Hall, Toronto.

For the same period Mr. Williams took the mathematical work at Ridgetown C. I.

Mr. E. H. Young has been appointed orderly room clerk for the 5th Hussars, and will go into camp with them at London in June.

The thanks of the Editors are due to Messrs. W. and W. Stewart, architects, for their kindness in allowing the use of their cut of the College on the cover page.

Prof. Alexander of Toronto University kindly consented to write an article for this issue but was prevented by an attack of grippe. The lateness of the session of the Provincial Legislature was responsible for the absence of a contribution from the Minister of Education also.

The work of several of our students on the sessional examinations has been interfered with. Miss E. J. Taylor was prevented from writing by an attack of the measles; Mr. David Eagle gave up to tonsilitis, and we regret to learn will be unable to write on his finals. Mr. McTaggart, by a fall from his wheel, hurt his right arm and was forced to make use of a "private secretary" to record his thoughts.

On May 10, an interesting group assembled at the entrance of the College and were photographed. It was composed of eight pairs of sisters in attendance at the O. N. C.,—surely a unique record. These were: Misses A. and M. Lick, E. and J. McLennan, A. F. and L. E. M. Reynolds, I. E. and M. Norton, F. A. and M. A. Robertson, F. F. and L. L. Close, C. P. and M. E. Grenfell, E. F. and M. B. McEachern.

The following report of Prof. Watson and Dr. McLellan, examiners of candidates for the degree of Pæd. D., speaks for itself:

"We beg to report that the thesis of S. A. Morgan, entitled "Education and Life," considered in connection with the answers given by him to the questions prescribed in the examination, entitles him to the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy, and that according to the statute regarding the ranking of candidates for this degree, he is to be placed in the First Class of Honors."

The congratulations of this journal are extended to Dr. Morgan on the high standing he has obtained.

The Ontario Normal College.

[The advantages to be derived from a year's attendance at the Normal College are well known to all who have spent a session here. In order to give a comprehensive view of the merits of this institution we have taken the following extracts from an able and thoughtful article on the subject, from the pen of W. F. Tamblyn, Ph. D., the Editor-in-Chief of the MONTHLY last year. We only regret that lack of space prevents the publication of the whole article.]

In the fall of 1897 the Ontario Normal College was removed from Toronto to this city, where a fine brick and stone structure, built at a cost of $150,000, was ready for the combined use of the College and Collegiate Institute. With characteristic enterprise, the Hamilton School Board had conferred with the Minister of Education and agreed, for an annual grant of $2,500, to give the Normal College a home in their new Collegiate Institute for a period of not less than ten years. Here the College still remains under the guiding hand of Dr. McLellan, and combines with a distinguished course in the science and history of education, a thorough practical training in the Collegiate Institute and public schools of the city.

The general aim of the College is well expressed in its motto, "Learn to do by knowing and to know by doing." The average student divides his time of work about equally between scientific study and the practical application of psychological principles in the preparation of the model lessons and in actual teaching. All students are required to cultivate their powers of expression also, by occasionally addressing the class on educational topics.

The whole work of the College is pervaded by a strong moral tone. The Principal and his associates never tire of re-iterating the cardinal idea that education is the building up of character, both individual and national.

There are two main classes of students—Honor university graduates, who intend to teach a special subject; and pass university graduates and those of Senior Leaving standing. All the students must take the general course, the specialists doing extra work in the Collegiate Institute in their special subjects. The general course embraces: I.—The Science and Art of Education, Psychology, School Management, Methods in English, Latin, Mathematics, History and Geography, Reading, Drawing, Writing, Elementary Physics and Botany, and one of the following groups—(*a*) Greek; (*b*) French and German; (*c*) Chemistry, Physics and Biology. II.—Observation and Practice Teaching. III.—Vocal Music, Elocution, Lectures on School Hygiene and Sanitation, and Physical Culture.

In addition, all the students must satisfy their instructors and the teachers in both the Collegiate and the Public Schools, as to their ability to carry theory into practice. At the end of each practice lesson the instructor in charge gives the teacher-in-training a detailed criticism of his

work and makes a report of it to the Principal of the College or the Public School Inspector. The students keep note-books in which to record their observations made on the regular teaching in the Collegiate Institute. These note-books are handed in to the Principal at the end of the year.

Examinations are much in evidence. In December a written examination must be taken on the work done up to that time; a second local examination is set at Easter; and the final examination at the end of May, conducted by the Education Department, covers the year's work. One-third of the total marks is allotted to the local examinations, one-third to the finals, and one-third to the practice-teaching, lesson plans, speeches, essays, and observation notes. The obtaining of 75 per cent. of the total entitles to honor standing. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that a graduation thesis is not required as in many American Teachers' Colleges.

Owing to the general excellence of the Ontario colleges and schools, those who come to the Normal College can, for the most part, dispense with that academical instruction which occupies so large a place in the programme of American Normal Colleges and Universities. The work of the Ontario Normal College is purely pedagogical, excepting a certain amount of instruction in Physics and Botany, Drawing, Elocution, Music, Physiology and Physical Culture. The practice-teaching itself ensures a careful review of school and college subjects on the part of the teacher-in-training.

The life of the students is made pleasant in many ways, outside the regular work. Interesting meetings of the Literary Society are held every Friday afternoon, and in connection with this, an oratorical contest is a prominent feature each year. Both men and women are encouraged in athletics. In the winter, basketball, skating and hockey; in the summer baseball, football, lawn tennis and wheeling, afford sufficiently varied lines of exercise and pleasure.

A most important result of the Government's declaration for the training of teachers and practical demonstration in the establishment of this institution, must be the protection of capable men against ill-qualified competitors. And the tenacity with which in the last twenty-five years the Ontario Government has kept this in view, has had much to do with the increased recognition now accorded the profession.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The Ontario Agricultural College will re-open September 26, 1900.

Full Courses of Lectures, with practical instruction in Agriculture, Live Stock, Dairying, Poultry, Bee-keeping, Horticulture, Veterinary Science, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Entomology, Bacteriology, English, Mathematics, Bookkeeping, and Political Economy.

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