

Ontario Normal College Monthly.

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Ontario Normal College Monthly

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WHAT is the *status* of the teacher in Ontario at the dawn of the twentieth century? Does he rank socially and officially as one of the learned professions? In other words, how does he fit into the great complex fabric of society?

Society is being divided up more and more into classes which are gradually becoming, at least apparently, incapable of coalescing because of lack of community of purpose or interest. Such broad classes as laborers, mechanics, merchants and the learned professions are themselves subdivided into many well-known distinct groups.

Clergymen, physicians and lawyers have for centuries been recognized as members of the learned professions. Historically they have obtained their dignity and influence through the inestimable services which they have rendered to their fellow-men. The clergyman comforted the broken-hearted, relieved his physical necessities and explained the Providences of God so that life became "real and earnest." The physician relieved by his skilful treatment physical pain and in another way made life worth living. The lawyer assisted the man falsely accused in vindicating his integrity. All honor to such men! Noble professions!

The teacher, as that term is now understood, has not had quite the same history. In a certain sense clergymen were for ages not only ecclesiastical but secular teachers but this consideration for present purposes may be neglected. The teacher strictly so-called and speaking in a general way has not always enjoyed the dignity assigned to the noble professions. For ages the masses were very ignorant and incapable of appreciating the services of a teacher. Think for a moment how the great religious and educational reformers, who were really teachers, were at first received. A survival of this spirit is still to be seen when attempts are made to bring our educational system nearer to the ideal.

With the revival of learning, the invention of the printing press and the revival of religion, the position of the teacher has gradually undergone a great change. To-day the teacher is really, if not nominally, on an equality with any or all of the so-called learned professions. His services to society are similar to the combined services of the clergyman, the physician and the lawyer. He ministers to the spiritual, intellectual and physical necessities of his pupils in a very real and effective manner. Many a pupil has ascended high the ladder of fame through the advice and encouragement and sometimes pecuniary aid of his teacher. Many a pupil has developed a strong constitution through the observance of

the simple hygienic rules learned in the public school. Many a pupil's good name has been preserved at a critical moment by a single sentence pronounced by his teacher. The conditions of life to-day render it possible for the teacher to mould to no small extent the character of the nation.

It is true that all teachers do not attain to a career of distinction. The same can be said of all the professions. Certain qualities of heart and head are imperative. Teachers have proportionately as many great leaders as the other professions. The relative importance of the results accomplished by the four professions cannot be very well compared because all are phases of the one aim, "complete living." It is worthy of note that many of the most eminent clergymen, physicians and lawyers were for some years teachers and that their subsequent success was to no small degree attributed to the comprehensive knowledge of human nature which they acquired day by day as teachers. Human nature is exceedingly complex and can be best studied in children in the simplest types.

In conclusion, while it must be admitted that the teacher to-day has his hands tied and his mouth closed unwillingly in some important particulars yet it cannot be denied that his status is such that he has no superior and few equals as a moulder of human life in accordance with the highest ideals. The teacher is in close contact in Ontario with all classes of society and aids through the principles of his teaching in counteracting the tendency of society, to split up into more or less distinct or hostile groups. He is a uniting force because his teaching

reveals the true aim of life and unconsciously develops the idea in the child's mind of the Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

We appeal fervently to our fellow teachers in Ontario that they may first of all obtain a correct conception of their mission and then rise with majestic humility to the full height of their professional dignity by dying if need be for the cause of truth and the ideal perfection of the human race.

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THE editors and managers of the O. N. C. MONTHLY appreciate very much the many kind words of approval uttered with regard to the first number of our college magazine for the present term. As your humble servants we assure you that our highest ambition is to please. We thank the various members of the class and staff for the prompt and cheerful manner in which they have responded when they were requested to contribute to the MONTHLY in any particular. Do not imagine however, that your work is done. Do not even wait to be asked to contribute. If you have a thought or a line of thoughts which you have found helpful to yourself, please express them briefly and clearly on paper and hand them to the editor as soon as possible. One hundred and fifteen intelligent persons are at the Ontario Normal College for the express purpose of receiving impressions which will assist them in their noble calling of moulding human character. You can teach them some ideas perhaps better than anyone else. If so, it is your duty to put forth an effort, which will be twice blessed.

The Practical Development of the Imagination.

Imagination may well be considered the highest faculty of the human mind since it is the power that lifts us from what we know to what we may know, and so makes possible our increase of knowledge. Our Imagination interprets for us little by little the great Unknown and hence we must accept as true the statement made recently by our principal. "Without Imagination no man shall see God." Bolder even than this is Edwin Markham's line: "Thro' the power of His imagination God made and poised the world." By means of profound imaginative powers the immortal Pythagoras caught the music of the spheres and the song of human life; the Conqueror Alexander was enabled to formulate the military tactics which rendered his army invincible; Beethoven to compose symphonies which shall reverberate thro' countless ages; and Milton to picture with incomparable vividness fiends and arch-angels and their respective abodes.

Granting then that the Imagination is the magical key unlocking an enchanted palace stored with pleasures, we must investigate the methods by which it may be secured, for, to quote again from a recent lecture: "Surely our innocent pleasures are not so abundant in this life that we can afford to despise this or any other source of them." We should fear being banished, for our neglect, to that limbo, where the great Florentine tells us are those who during this life "wept when they might have been joyful." The child-nature is most susceptible to impressions, and images presented to their *mental* eyes produce on them so nearly the effect of reality that they can abandon themselves to every illusion. But the Imagination is the most intangible of the faculties and the parent or teacher who attempts to train it, must be wise as a serpent lest it be smothered by the coarser elements of

the practical and logical, or lest it develop into gross superstition or repulsive fetish-worship.

Imagination cannot be forced into existence or growth, but must first be generated by the personality of some imaginative soul and then carefully nurtured by stimulants judiciously chosen. As a child, Tenfeldtrocken (really Carlyle himself) had his imagination fired by the narratives of Father Andreas and the old men who compared battle-remembrances under the Linden tree, by the daily coming and going of the stage-coach which seemed to him like some terrestrial moon, by the swallows which came yearly from far-away Africa and displayed to him their skillful mason-craft, and by the annual cattle fair where were gathered in bewildering confusion people of all nationalities and trades. Quite different from this was the food upon which Wordsworth's Imagination thrived. Nothing satisfied his craving but Nature. When young he revelled in the natural beauty of places visited in his nutting, skating and walking expeditions; in later life, his deepest feelings were aroused by the same force, as is shown by such exquisite poems as *Peele Castle*, *Tintern Abbey*, *The Daffodils*, and *Upon Westminster Bridge*. Tennyson's imaginative powers seem to have been created by his juvenile reading, namely, the *Arabian Nights*, with its wealth of oriental luxuriance of coloring and conception, the mystic Arthurian traditions and the hazy legendary lore collected around the Sangreal, together with the inexhaustible supply of fascinating Grecian mythology that was within his reach.

Now, as teachers, we must feel seriously the burden of souls. When shall we stop working for money or fame and start teaching just for the joy of seeing the childish characters struggling (be it ever so weakly) under our inspiration, to reach higher planes? We forget that "all things are ours," whether of Literature, Art or Nature

yet we restrict ourselves to the narrow boundaries set by the Education Department, the text-books or the examination papers. Heaven help us if we are devoid of Imagination, to cultivate it even tho' solely that we may play the part of magicians by waving our wands over the children and arousing in them such lasting sources of delicious, even if fanciful, pleasures that they need never exclaim in disgust over their common-place lives :

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

Ralph Connor as an Author.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand
sure."

—*Browning.*

Were the question asked, "Wherein lies the chief charm of Ralph Connor's literary work?" I should answer unhesitatingly, "In its appeal to the heart, an appeal due not merely to the truth of the subject-matter but also to the eloquent simplicity of style." In fact, it is the latter that convinces us of the former; and it might also be said that the former, the subject-matter, practically necessitates a simple style.

Ralph Connor deals with the real, the real as seen by the true idealist, whose feet never leave terra firma, no matter how his head rises into the clouds, and he so pictures it to us, his readers, that we are constrained to see with his eyes and to hear with his ears and to live again the events he records.

Whether he depict life in the mining town, in the lumber camp, or on the prairies, he shews us ever the hearts of men. A deeply moral and highly spiritual tone is characteristic of all his work, but one could never with

justice bring against him a charge of "preaching and prudery." After a perusal of "Black Rock" or "The Sky Pilot," one is more than ever convinced that it is not *saying*, nor *doing*, but *being* that is of prime importance. If we *are* our best, the best actions and words will follow. "Our best is often greater than we dream."

The freshness and vivacity of Ralph Connor's tales arises partly from the fact that the setting is always in a new land, a land sparsely settled by men, who, removed from the restraints of conventional society, have shaken off the trappings that served to conceal their real selves and stand revealed in their naked manhood, in all its dignity of power, or in its pitiable weakness. Here, too, the author writes, as George Adam Smith says, "with the freshness and accuracy of an eye-witness, with the style (as I think his readers will allow) of a real artist, and with the tenderness and hopefulness of a man not only of faith but of experience, who has seen in fulfilment the ideals for which he lives." The scene may shift and the story change, but the spirit is ever the same—the spirit of earnest, Christlike endeavor to present the highest ideals to men and to enable them to follow after. That is why these tales of the struggles of men so far removed from our sphere of life, stir every earnest heart to further action and rouse the indifferent from his slumber.

It may not be said that Ralph Connor's writings are of an autobiographical nature. That does not imply that the matter is not real and the facts, or many of them, not of actual occurrence. But it is not possible to say that this man or that is the author's self. One shrewdly suspects that the Sky Pilot and Mr. Craig show as much of him as does Ralph Connor, the narrator in Black Rock and Sky Pilot, presented to us as "the sometime medical student now artist, hunter, and tramp-at-large, but not a bad sort." Yet the impress of the author's personality is stamped

upon every delineation of character, every graphically described event, every description of forest, mountain or glen.

His ability to directly interest the reader, to bring forward his characters with all expedition and yet with naturalness, is worthy of a dramatist. In the opening chapter of *Black Rock* we are introduced to the chief actors in the story—with the exception of Mrs. Mavor, "the miner's guardian angel"—and to many of the less prominent characters as well. In a few brief, telling sentences the missionary of *Black Rock* is set before us. "I liked Mr. Craig from the first. He had good eyes that looked straight out at you, a clean-cut strong face well set on his shoulders, and altogether an up-standing manly bearing." About this central character we see the figures of various "red-shirted shantymen"—"Old man Nelson," a crack shot with pistol and rifle, a rough, hardened, hopeless man with a desperate record, but even now showing gleams of a reviving manhood that are to be fanned into flames by the stirring practical piety, the Christ-likeness of the minister; "big Sandy M'Naughton, a Canadian Highlander from Glengarry;" "Baptiste, a wiry little French Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and devoted admirer;" "Blaney, a good-natured jovial Irishman;" and "Keefe, a black-browed, villainous fellow-countryman of Blaney's." Here are the "two brothers Campbell just out from Argyll, typical Highlanders: Lachlan, dark, silent, melancholy, with the face of a mystic, and Angus, red-haired, quick, impulsive, and devoted to his brother, a devotion he thought proper to cover under biting sarcastic speech."

As one would naturally infer, Ralph Connor's books treat largely of men. *Black Rock* may be said to contain only one woman. So too *Sky Pilot*. In "The Man from Glengarry," now coming out as a serial, there are several women characters. But here,

as in the two former books, one stands far in advance of all the rest. Mrs. Murray, the minister's wife, from whom Ranald, the hero of the story, gets his inspiration *to do* and *to be*, is just another Mrs. Mavor, such a woman too as Gwen would have become—fearless little Gwen with her "canyon flowers." As it would be hard to imagine a nobler specimen of manhood than the ideal presented to us in Mr. Craig or *The Sky Pilot* or *The Man from Glengarry*, so it would be impossible to surpass Ralph Connor's ideal woman. High-minded, fearless, conscientious, possessing a beauty of soul, that means far more than beauty of form or feature, though these are not discarded, only second in interest and attractiveness to the ruling character in the story, she exercises an influence scarcely less potent.

In power of vivid narration no less than of successful delineation of character, Ralph Connor excels. Events stand out before us with startling distinctness. Numerous quotations might be cited—Gwen's saving of Indian Joe at the risk of her own life, the League's Revenge, when Graeme, Connor and the faithful few spoiled the despoiler, and the four-horse race, which you are to have the pleasure of hearing read this afternoon.

Another source of attraction in our author's works—and a very fruitful source it is—lies in his accurate observation and sympathetic portrayal of the varying aspects of nature. The description of the Foothills in "*Sky Pilot*" is justly famous. He possesses the true poetic gift: not only does he see more than the average mortal, but he is also capable of putting what he sees into words and so enables us to see it too. His clearness in description is well exemplified by the following: "The mountains rose grandly on every side, throwing up their great peaks into the sky. The clearing in which the camp stood was hewn out of a huge pine forest that filled the valley and climbed half-way up the mountain-

sides, and then frayed out in scattered and stunted trees." The same quality of clearness garnished still more by poetic fancy, is found in this description of a night at the lumber camp :

"The moon rode high over the peaks of the mountains, flooding the narrow valley with mellow light. Under her magic the rugged peaks softened their harsh lines and seemed to lean lovingly toward us. The dark pine masses stood silent as 'a breathless adoration; the dazzling snow lay like a garment over all the open spaces in soft waving folds, and crowned every stump with a quaintly shaped night cap. Above the camps the smoke curled up from the camp-fires, standing like pillars of cloud that kept watch while men slept. And high over all the deep blue night sky, with its star jewels, sprang like the roof of a great cathedral from range to range, covering us in its kindly shelter."

It is shown too in the description of the canyon :

"And through the canyon the Little Swan sang its song to rocks and flowers and overhanging trees, a song of many tones, deep booming where it took its first sheer plunge, gay-chattering where it threw itself down the rugged rocks, and soft-murmuring where it lingered about the roots of the loving, listening elms. A cool, sweet soothing place it was, with all its shades, and sounds and silences, and, lest it should be sad to any, the sharp, quick sunbeams danced and laughed down through all its leaves upon mosses, flowers and rocks."

But Ralph Connor does not stop with mere description of external nature, adorned though it is with a wealth of imagination. He goes deeper and with Wordsworth draws comfort and courage from real communion with the spirit of nature. I quote :

"And ever the little river sang its cheerful courage, fearing not the great mountains that threatened to bar its passage to the sea. Mrs. Mavor heard the song and her courage rose."

Perhaps the most beautiful of all is the Pilot's story of the canyon flowers. Lest I should try your patience too severely, I refrain from quoting.

No account of Ralph Connor's literary work could be considered even approximately complete, if it did not make mention of the prominent place given to music, and especially to song.

His men and women are, for the most part, singing men and women. One could imagine that love of music is a ruling passion in the author's soul.

It is by her magnetic power in song that Mrs. Mavor gains the Open Sesame to the miners' hearts, and thrills the hearts and gladdens the lives of the Edinburgh poor in the "hunger-haunted Cowgate closes." It is the Pilot's singing, more than anything else, that wins Gwen's father, the lonely "Old Timer." It is as if the author said : "Music is one of the most potent influences in the uplifting of fallen humanity," and who will say he is not right?

Turning from the consideration of Ralph Connor's thought and methods to his mode of expression, what do we find? Simple, forceful words, idiomatic English, sentences that are usually short and never involved. Conversations abound and are masterly examples of animation and spontaneity. Here and there the Scotch, Irish and English brogues—or dialects, it may be—add to the reality and oftentimes to the humour of the whole. The humorous and the pathetic are found in close juxtaposition. Extracts written in what may be termed poetic prose, are not infrequent. The author's keen appreciation of the beauty of nature furnishes him with many apt metaphors and rare similes. In re-reading the books in the preparation of this paper, I jotted down the following gems, a few out of many : "His face was strong and calm as the hills on a summer morning." "Our lives are like flowers. In dying they abide not alone, but sow themselves and bloom again with each returning spring and ever more and more." "The years that bring us many ills and that pass so stormfully over us, bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest they leave untouched for these are eternal. As the mountains that near at hand, stand jagged and scarred, in the far distance

repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into past, soft and sweet and beautiful." The next quotation expresses, it seems to me, though indirectly, the dominating thought in Ralph Connor's literary work. May it not be truly voiced by many of us! "A man to see far must c'limb to some height, and I was too much upon the plain in those days to catch even a glimpse of the distant sunlit uplands of triumphant achievement that lie beyond the valley of self-sacrifice."—*Read before the Literary Society, Nov. 8, by Ethel May Fleming, B. A.*

I Chronicles.

1. Consider now the Ped. and his ways; behold his life is full of sorrow.
2. He sitteth up far into the night, and readeth much on Psychology and divers things that passeth all understanding.
3. He ariseth early in the morning and bieth himself to school, lest perchance he be late and getteth a calling down.
4. Verily, his days are full of sorrow and his nights of weeping.
5. He observeth the beet and the turnip and divers other things how they grow, for behold the exams cometh when shall he weeping and gnashing of teeth.
6. He payeth away his good shekles for books day and night, so that he is ever broke, and crieth in the bitterness of his soul, 'Of the buying of books there is no end.'
7. He goeth forth into the public schools even unto the four corners of the earth.
8. He ariseth up to take the School Management class, and his heart fainteth within him, and his knees are loosened and do smite one another, and he wisheth the earth would open and receive him out of their sight.
9. The unscrupulous merchant knoweth his ways and soaketh him in the neck for all that he desireth.

10. He taketh a class of Juniors, and they respond not, but hold their peace, and the lesson draggeth on, and the bell delayeth to ring, and he crieth in anguish, How long! How long!

11. And next June he ariseth and goeth hence, and no man knoweth whithersoever he goeth.

12. Verily, he is even as a vapor that appeareth but for a little time, and vanisheth away.

Here endeth the first Chronicles.

Personals.

GRADUATES OF CLASS OF '00.

Alice Mortin, M.A., at Sault Ste. Marie.

Winnifred Bell at Alliston.

Eva McKenzie at St. Thomas.

Estella Procnier at Bayham.

Maud Norton at Palermo.

All the above are engaged in public school work.

GRADUATES OF CLASS OF '01.

L. R. Whitely, B. A., captain of last year's football team, is teaching English and playing football at St. Thomas Collegiate.

W. H. Thompson, B. A., president of the Lit. of last year, is teaching in Goderich C. I.

R. J. Sprott, B. A., has found a home in Oshawa High School, and when not "parlant francais" is playing his Spanish guitar.

When last heard of "Tim" Galbraith was basking in the sunshine of Muskoka. Surely Parry Sound will soon exult in the wisdom of her youths.

Will McDonald is teaching in his home school at Orangeville.

Miss Daisy Taylor is teaching at Milton.

Arthur Smith, B. A., is natural science master at Essex High School.

Miss Edith Urquhart, of Barrie is teaching at Midland.

H. H. Smith, B. A., is conducting continuation classes at Tottenham.

T. N. Lewis is doing continuation class work at Merrickville.

Miss A. O. Cole, B. A., has charge of a continuation class at Shelbourne.

Miss C. L. Good is doing public school work at Brocksden.

Miss M. Erma Norton is teaching in Palermo public school.

Mr. R. H. Rowland, B. A., and a graduate of the O. N. C., is engaged in musical work in Toronto.

Wallace Elmslie, B. A., is teaching the rustics of Arthur to talk French and German and incidentally throwing in a few pointers on the shape of the earth and the coming of the Romans.

The editors would be pleased to receive more personals for publication.

Sorrow.

It was summer. The hot sun glazed the white road golden-yellow. The shadows thrown across it reflected blue from the cloudless sky. Across the little picket fence the purple and white lilacs drowsily kissed the lazy air with their perfumed breath; slow-winged bees droned sleepily and sucked leisurely at the lilac nectar. It was summer. The birds sang it, the trees whispered it.

A blind man led by a little boy, came waveringly up the road. Opposite the lilacs he stopped, raised his head and took a great deep draught of the perfumed air. It filled his lungs and spread his chest, as the wide-spread nostrils drank it in. The birds startled by his appearance, twittered and chided him for intruding.

He put the heel of a time-browned violin under his chin and drew the bow tremulously across the eager strings. The wailing notes jostled their way over the lilacs, elbowing the droning of the bees and the silly twitter of the birds, and glided through an open window.

Dot heard it; and a little battered doll tumbled recklessly to the floor as

she jumped up, filled with pathetic resentment, but Dot didn't mind; dolls were all very well for a general engagement, but music was the soul of things; it cut out the whole world with Dot.

"I don't want to play in your yard," sang the violin; and the birds stared stupidly at this strange-voiced creature that hushed their timid lay with its strident song.

"Here's a penny," said Dot's mother "give it to the man."

The little girl danced down the gravel path and pushed her way through the lilacs out on to the walk. Then she stopped suddenly—shyly—she had seen the little boy.

The music had called to her—it was a friend, even the birds were not afraid of it—but a boy, that was something for serious consideration.

Dot stood irresolutely turning the penny over and over with timid nervousness. Resolve darted her forward, and almost before she knew it she had dropped the coin in the little brown paw of the lad.

That was the beginning. She backed up two steps and sighed contentedly. The music whispered reassuringly; so she listened with the birds and the lilacs and the drowsy-eared trees and looked into the big brown Italian eyes of the boy, and saw that he was only a little boy.

The next time the fiddler came she spoke to him. The pair came often after that.

The blind fiddler the brown-eyed boy, a golden-haired little girl, a penny and the music. Rather a simple group.

The player's face had always been plain. When God had closed the windows of his soul and shut out the light, it had grown plainer, but that made no difference.

The little meetings came oftener the birds sang blither, the sun shone gentler, the lilacs saved up their fragrance for the music days, and the bees droned happier when Dot and her friends met.

Then many days went by and the fiddler did not come. Dot waited and counted the days and asked her mother why; and something had gone out of the summer.

There were three weeks like this and then one day the violin sent a sigh up the gravel walk and Dot heard it. She skipped eagerly out to the old music trysting place. The man was alone.

"Where's 'oor little boy?" she asked.

"He's dead," the blind man answered, and the bow pulled heavily at the discordant strings.

"Won't he tum any more?" Dot asked, trying to understand the great something that was not of the music, nor of dolls, nor of anything she knew.

The man stopped playing, searched about in the dead air with his wavering fingers until he found the curly head, and as his hand rested there for an instant, answered, "No Pietro won't come any more."

That was all; but some of the knowledge of the emptiness of the world came to Dot. The leaves whispered it and the lilacs breathed it, and she went into the house, and, taking the little battered doll in her arms, cried, and cried, and by-and-bye she fell sleep on the floor.

After many days the player came again, and stopped at the lilacs in front of Number 7. The violin called, and whispered, and sang, and stopped, and called again, but Dot did not come. A man walking briskly by, stopped, looked at the house, and touched the player on the arm.

"Don't you see there is crape on the door—white crape!" he said reproachfully, "Pardon me," he added hastily, as the player turned his face, and he saw that he was blind. "I did not know—forgive me."

The blind man moved vacantly a few steps, and sat down brokenly on the edge of the walk. He sat there a long time, the plain, shaggy head drooped hopelessly on his breast.

"God takes all the flowers," he

muttered; all the sweet young flowers, and leaves a ragged weed like me. Oh, Pietro, Pietro! why can't I go too. I am blind and tired—"

"Come, move on," a rough voice said, and a policeman shook him by the shoulder. He got up, moved aimlessly a little distance, and when the heavy steps of the officer died out he went back and sat down again, and waited.

He was listening for something—watching with his ears. "Perhaps they'll come to-day," he muttered, and waited.

At last there was the sound of wheels—heavy muffled wheels. He knew what that meant. He counted—one, two, a dozen; always the same slow solemn roll of heavy wheels, and always hushed at the same place, just where he used to play; where Pietro and the little girl used to chatter; where the silly birds mocked him, and the leaves whispered, and, the lilacs shed their perfume.

He rose up, and going close to the gate, stood with bared head. Somebody dropped a coin in the hat. He threw it far out on the dusty road.

He could hear the people going in and coming out.

At last there was the suffling sound of many feet moving together—something was being carried.

The blind man stepped forward and raised his hand. The bearers stopped. The blind man felt his way reverently until his hand touched something hard and polished and cold.

The plain face dropped lower and lower, the lips rested for an instant softly, gently, on the casket. Then the stooped figure straightened up—turned—passed through the gate and slowly up the walk, feeling its poor blind way with the stick.

The carriages rolled away—the lilac bushes were bare—the birds had ceased to sing—there was no sunlight—for it was autumn.

Even the great house was silent.

W. A. FRASER.

Lesson Plans.

Lesson plans though troublesome cannot be despised or dispensed with, because the lesson that is taught without systematic preparation even by the most learned will be a failure. The reason for this is apparent. The true artist always has the ideal in his mind before he presents the real. The architect sees the building in all its parts and relations before it is actually constructed. The poet has similarly an ideal conception of his poem, the author of his novel, and the sculptor of his statue. Are we exalting a lesson plan unduly, making it appear ridiculous by such sublime comparisons?

A lesson plan serves two distinct purposes.

(1) It is a means of arranging subject matter for instruction according to the principles of psychology. For the teacher the process is essentially one of selecting and relating. The pupil's known must be first considered. The subject matter of instruction must not be entirely new nor entirely old knowledge and must be logically connected with the known.

(2) The preparation of a lesson plan has a highly disciplinary effect upon the teacher. He must exercise all the higher functions of the mind, namely: attention, selection, discrimination, relation, memory, imagination, emotion, judgment and reason. This is why we experience some difficulty in preparing a plan which is satisfactory to ourselves and to others, but it also explains the reason for considering a good lesson plan artistic.

It should not be difficult, in view of what has already been said, to determine the principles underlying every artistic lesson-plan. The writer of this article is a student-in-training who does not speak dogmatically on the subject but merely as one who wishes from the most kindly motive to give to others the benefit of his own imperfect experience. He trusts

that the present article may prove helpful or at least suggestive.

Every teaching lesson, as distinguished from a review lesson, may be logically planned under the following heads:

- (1) Introduction.
- (2) Development.
- (3) Conclusion.
- (4) Psychological principles involved.

The material grouped under the respective headings will depend on the particular subject and lesson under consideration.

Speaking generally, however, the *Introduction* will show what is the known to be utilized in this particular lesson and the method of bringing that known clearly into the pupil's consciousness. The lesson will fail if this element of the lesson plan is not carefully observed. If the teacher has misjudged his class in reference to the known, the lesson for the present should be abandoned. Much valuable energy is worse than wasted just in this particular and a crowded curriculum aggravates the evil. In any case it is better to "make haste slowly."

The *Development* part of the plan will show in what manner the new knowledge is connected with the old. This will be accomplished by the fundamental operations of the mind,—namely, the process of discriminating and relating. The undefined whole will be broken up into its parts, and these parts will be related one to the other to form the definite whole. From the whole to the parts and then from the parts back again to the whole. This constitutes the universal process of development. It is at this point that the teacher is often discouraged. In the application of the above principle, the teacher must often bring to the foreground all his natural and acquired ability, all his resources. Can the faithful teacher ever become a fossil, void of expedients or ingenuity?

The *Conclusion* in general terms will show how the new matter just taught

is to be left organically fixed in the pupil's consciousness. As a rule this will be done by connecting the truth taught with the pupil's experience. In most lessons the child's experience can easily be appealed to and the teacher's heart swells with emotion and satisfaction as he sees the eyes of his pupils sparkle with delight as the full significance of the truth dawns upon them. In some lessons the conclusion will consist of a review with exercises in the nature of drill.

In the introduction the experience of the child is broken up and a portion of it is brought to the foreground. In the development this selected portion of experience is related to some new material so as to form an organic whole. In the conclusion this unity is placed back again into the child's experience. He is changed forever. The three elements of a lesson plan so far discussed are inseparable. The lesson will wholly or partially fail if any one of these elements be wanting.

The teacher will derive a positive benefit from deciding in every lesson plan just what main psychological principle is involved. His lesson will reflect this consideration throughout. For example in some cases the chief principle will be emotional development, in others the development of the imagination, or in others the emphasis will be on the reasoning or the abstract through the concrete as in mathematics. From all the foregoing remarks, it is clear that a teacher need not necessarily degenerate because he is continually in contact with his inferiors.

In order to illustrate these general remarks on lesson plans, two are now given in brief outline:

Arithmetic, Compound Division.

(1) *Introduction*—The known in this lesson will be ordinary division and the tables of weights and measures. The known will be brought to the foreground by such questions as the following, which are to be solved mentally:

(a) Divide 24 apples among 3 persons giving each person the same number.

(b) Divide 64 lbs. of sugar among 8 families, giving each family the same quantity.

(c) Divide 32 lbs. 10 ozs. of flour between 2 families, giving each family the same quantity.

Two or three problems of each type will be given.

(2) *Development*—Divide 9 lbs. 4 ozs. of butter between two persons, giving each person the same quantity. What did we do in each of the preceding cases? *Answer*—divide. Class must be led to state that out of 9 lbs. 2 persons could each receive 4 lbs., 8 lbs. of butter would then be given away. This would leave 1 lb. 4 ozs. yet to be divided. Pupils can be led to convert 1 lb. 4 ozs. into 20 ozs. Returning to the original expression 9 lbs. 4 ozs. lead pupils to see that it is the same as 8 lbs. + 1 lb. 4 ozs. and that the latter equals 8 lbs. 20 ozs. This connects the known and the unknown or dresses the unknown up in the form of the known. The pupils can divide 8 lbs. 20 ozs. into two equal parts and be led to see the connecting link, namely, the conversion of 1 lb. 4 ozs. into 20 ozs. A large number of examples of this type must be given, the teacher at first directing or guiding the pupils.

(3) *Conclusion*—By means of further examples connected with their daily home life, the pupils will readily see that such operations are very practical, in fact in the experience of every individual in some form or another.

(4) *Psychological Principle*—Known to the unknown, by means of which the pupil extends his intellectual grasp of the quantitative as part of his environment.

Literature. The Sands o' Dec. Third Reader.

(1) *Introduction*—Known: sudden storms, swollen rivers, the effect of wind on large bodies of water, fisher-

men, and rural life. The necessary facts will be brought forward by means of suitable questions relating to the picture in the book, and to an outline map of England, showing sea coast and the River Dee. In many lessons it is possible to arouse curiosity, a valuable aid to the teacher. In this lesson the pupils will describe what they see in the picture, and of course will become very anxious to know all about the circumstances. The pupils are now in a receptive mood. Where pictures cannot be had, resort must be made to word descriptions, which make a larger demand on the imagination.

(2) *Development*—The most important part of any poem is the spiritual element. This can be felt, not explained. To convey this spiritual element the teacher reads the poem through to his pupils, with the proper vocal interpretation. The emotional nature of the pupils must be called into activity, or the reading is in vain. The class should be impressed with the child's obedience and faithfulness, and with a feeling of tender sympathy for the bereaved. A pupil should never be required to read a poem until he has grasped it with his head and heart. The spiritual interpretation will be followed by the intellectual analysis. The stanzas fall into groups. Each stanza is analysed line by line. At the conclusion of each stanza require a pupil to express its main idea in a sentence. This is breaking the whole up into its parts, and relating these parts into a defined unity. The pupil's experience is utilized as the known to give meaning to words, lines and stanzas. The known in the spiritual development is the emotional nature of the child. After the whole poem has been treated in this way ask for a description of a series of pictures that would accurately describe the story. This will involve a still higher relating of ideas.

(3) *Conclusion*—In this lesson the teacher has an excellent opportunity to connect the lesson with the pupil's

experience. Ask for real incidents, or for stories that resemble the story of the lesson. Almost every child is eager to respond. The power of expression will be cultivated, their emotional nature will be developed, and their experience will be greatly enriched. Such a lesson will never be forgotten, nor will its effect ever be lost.

(4) *Psychological Principle*—The material of the lesson is very suitable for widening and deepening the pupil's emotional nature. The emphasis of the lesson should rest on that principle. The imagination will also be developed.

In conclusion the writer trusts that what has been said may prove helpful to his comrades, who are often very much perplexed concerning a lesson plan.

What Manner of Spirit is He Of?

(Reprinted by request).

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 grows"; 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, hopeful service, war
Waged against tyranny, fraud, suffering, crime,
These ever strengthening with the strength
of years

Exalt man higher than fallen 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 handi-
craft; 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
numerous Babbage machine, monotonously
laboring at a creaking crank and turning
out mechanicalisms 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 mere product
of the mindless tradesman with results
typical in the dream vision of the
Hebrew prophet. What a marvelous
change! How soon is there a shaking
of 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,--report, 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 knowl-
edge, 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 imagi-
nation 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 symbol. 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 but 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 bound-
less 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."

J. A. McLELLAN, LL.D.

Literary Society.

Friday, Nov. 8th—The regular meeting of the Literary Society was held at 2 p. m., on the above date. After the various items of business were disposed of, the programme opened with an instrumental duet by Misses Morrow and Burns. Miss Oliver gave an interesting biographical sketch of the popular author whom the literary world knows as Ralph Connor. His childhood home was in Glengarry County. He attended Toronto University and afterwards taught school for several years. His experience as a Sky-Pilot among the foothills of the Rockies, and as a Presbyterian minister of the West, gave him material for his vivid portrayal of western life.

A quartette by Misses Clarke, Leighton, Burns and Robb, preceded a

second address, on Ralph Connor as an Author, given by Miss Fleming. The subject received skilful treatment and her statements were illustrated by certain selected gems from his writings as a specimen of the author's style. Mr. Steer gave a reading in "The Man from Glengarry." Mr. Mott rendered that pretty Scotch song, "Annie Lawrie" with such pleasing effect that he was recalled by a persistent encore. Miss Stewart then conducted her listeners through the excitement attendant on that wild sleigh race described in "Black Rock."

The critic's report was given by Mr. James who thoughtfully suggested that Ralph Connor's career as a school-teacher contributed an important element to his excellence as an author, because every great artist must have a deep knowledge of human nature. The national anthem was sung as the regular conclusion of a very interesting meeting.

The usual staid and dignified proceedings of the O. N. C. Literary Society gave place on Friday, Nov. 15th, to an entirely new order of things, when seven of our students presented the farce, "Ici on Parle Francais."

The plot of the play, in brief, is as follows: Mr. Spriggins, an enterprising inhabitant of a fashionable watering place, thinks to attract distinguished foreign boarders by learning the French language. So he provides himself with a book, entitled "French Before Breakfast," and hangs in his parlor window a notice to the effect that French is the language spoken in the house. In spite of many remonstrances from his family and the maid-of-all-work, Anna Maria, he persists in his course, and thinks soon to become proficient in the French language. But he soon comes to grief. A young Frenchman, Victor Dubois, escorting a Mrs. Major Rattan, arrive, in quest of lodgings. He begins his negotiations in his own language, but he finds that Mr. Spriggins can neither

understand nor speak it. This leads to amusing situations. However, they both take the lodgings, Mrs. Rattan to wait for her husband, from whom she has become separated at the railway station, and Victor, because he has fallen in love with Angelina Spriggins. The Major arrives in a furious rage, thinking his wife has eloped with the young Frenchman, but everything is explained and all ends happily.

Mr. Downey took the part of Mr. Spriggins, by far the most difficult in the play, and did very well. His pronunciation was enough to make Frenchmen weep. His costume was a triumph of art. Miss Dowler as Mrs. Spriggins could not have been improved upon. Her aristocratic appearance and acting were worthy of the noble family of Fitz-Pentorville. Miss Blanchet as Anna Marie, the abused little maid-of-all-work, did splendidly, and deserves the highest praise. Mrs. Major Rattan (Miss Francis) and Angelina (Miss Rhynas) both performed very difficult parts with great skill. Mr. Macpherson was well suited to the role of the distracted lover, and looked the part to perfection. Mr. Hedley's usually benign expression was strangely changed to the fierce choleric glare of the fire-eating Major.

All the performers deserve hearty thanks for devoting so much time and zeal to getting up the play at such short notice.

A few minutes after two o'clock on Friday afternoon, November 22nd, the members of the Literary Society wended their way to the Assembly Hall to the last regular meeting of the Society for the Fall Term. The president took the chair and after the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted, the important business of electing a delegate to represent the O. N. C. at Victoria Conve'sazione, Dec. 6th, was transacted. Mr. Sis ons was the choice of the Society.

The first number on the programme was a selection from the Glee Club.

This organization, though in existence only a short time, has consented most willingly to furnish music for the Literary Society when called upon and many thanks are due them. Their number was well received and was followed by a violin solo by Mr. Baird, who responded to well-deserved encore. Mr. Logan, who had left a class "hungering for his company," then addressed the society and gave us some very valuable advice for years to come.

He warned us that the way we begin in a school is the way we shall finish and therefore to go quietly at first and not rush things. He advised us to make a friend of our head-master; to be loyal to him. Above all we should be earnest, and show the very best that is in us and act while we may for time is short. Mr. Logan's earnest words were followed by a piano solo by Miss McPherson, who charmed all by her exquisite rendering of the touching air "Come back to Erin." For an encore she gave a classical interpretation of "Largo," by Handel. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered to both Mr. Logan and Miss McPherson for their kindness in contributing to the programme.

Miss Blanchet then read a paper, "What manner of spirit is he of?" by Dr. McLellan dealing with subject of literature. This was much enjoyed, and we are glad to learn that it is published in this number of the O. N. C. MONTHLY, and thus can be read and digested at leisure. The next number was given by the male quartette, Messrs Loucks, Richer, Baird and Mott, who kept the audience spell-bound by the perfect harmony with which they rendered the selection, "Stars of the Summer Night." For an encore they gave, "Speed Away." A reading, "The Bell," by Miss Murray brought back to everyone the hour spent on Psychology every morning. Mr. Osgoode's criticism brought a most enjoyable meeting to a close.

Nominations for the various offices of the Literary Society for the Easter term:

Honorary Presidents—Dr. McLellan, R. A. Thompson.

Patron—Dr. Montague.

President—J. A. Loucks, B.A., A. H. Hord, M.A., R. F. Downey, T. N. Stockdale.

1st Vice-President—Miss Story, M.A., Miss E. M. Fleming, B.A.

2nd Vice-President—Miss Watt, Miss Robb.

Rec.-Sec.—Mr. Colvin, H. E. Richer.

Cor.-Sec.—Miss Stewart, Miss Murray, Miss Oliver.

Treasurer—W. P. Hedley, B.A., H. G. Martyn, B.A., Mr. Milburn.

Curator—Mr. Kidd, C. B. Sissons, B.A., H. A. Grainger, B.A.

Councillors—Miss Clark, Miss Sanders, Miss C. E. Adams, Miss E. R. Delmage, B.A., Miss Millen, Miss Keen, Miss Baily, Miss Ward, B.A., Mr. G. Sommers, Mr. C. Barnes, B.A., Mr. F. Armstrong, B.A., Mr. Fairchild, B.A., Mr. A. H. Mott, Mr. G. A. McPherson.

The election takes place on the first Friday of the Easter term. A very hearty vote of thanks was tendered the President and officers of the Literary Society for the term just closing, for the very able manner in which they had discharged their duties, even at a great sacrifice of valuable time.

Just Among Ourselves.

The students of O. N. C. have decided to have their class group taken by Mr. Morrow, at his studio, 79 King street east. The decision was made after careful consideration of the tenders offered by the leading artists of the city, of the quality of their work, and their business relation to the Monthly. Mr. Morrow, therefore, continues to be the favorite, as in former years.

J. E. Coombes, until recently Principal of Teeswater school, is now a student in training at the O. N. C.

I-w-n to S-i-er (after reception): "Where are we at? Where's Augusta Ave.? I'm all mixed in this city."

If you feel faint, wash in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid.

If you do not wish to have indigestion, chew each mouthful of food 25 times.

The stuff that dreams are made of—5 minute porridge.

A few of the things we have learned:

(1) A contagious disease is contagious.

(2) When a man has typhoid fever he is very sick.

(3) A man with a knowledge of sanitary science will not bleed to death from a hemorrhage until he receives proper assistance.

(4) I once knew a man who had measles four times.

(5) That little valve at the neck is the key to the w-hole situation.

Wit is the spice of life. More spice wanted.

Scene: The interior of a log school-house in Ontario many years ago. The inspector, stern and unsympathetic, is paying his periodical visit. A class is before him for examination in geography. Inspector (in tones of thunder)—“Now, then, tell me who made the earth. Hurry up, now!” Timid but innocent lad—“Please, sir, I didn’t, and if I did I will never do it again.”

If anyone sees Brother Hedley wandering around any place, kindly send him to 39 Wellington south.

The Hockey Committee—Stockdale, Keefe and Kapelle—have been pretty busy lately making arrangements for a rink for winter, and we will be located at the Victoria rink. Tickets can be had that will admit to all O. N. C. practices and to skating at all hours. Gentlemen, \$2; ladies \$1. Let all who skate buy a ticket and support our hockey team.

You have a compound fracture if one of the protruding bones sticks into the pavement.

At a football meeting: W-e-s—
“Personally, I am opposed to the ladies.”

“That little man with the red face and glasses has passed here three or four times, each time smiling sweetly; wait a minute and he will pass again.”

“Wait, Mr. Stocko, I want to talk to you. Oh! I wonder who wants me at the telephone anyway. I’ll not be long.”

W. H. Downey, of the class of ’01, visited the O. N. C. recently on his way from Manitoba to his home in Fordwick, Ont. Mr. Downey has spent some months in our great West, but has not forgotten his experiences at the O. N. C.

“O stay,” the maiden cried, “and rest
Thy weary head upon my breast.”

“This was the greatest temptation of all.”

—James.

The Lit. Entertainment.

Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

With exams only three days distant we certainly had enough torturing hours to face on Friday evening last. That the anguish of one, at least, was so well eased, we owe to the efforts of an untiring committee, an energetic instructor, and a most conscientious cast of characters. Although it may seem a mere formality after the appreciation and enthusiasm shown by the splendid audience, we cannot pass without extending to each and every one connected with the production of “The Taming of the Shrew” and the musical portion of the programme our warm congratulations.

Of the play itself we say nothing. In his attractive and interesting introduction, Mr. Macpherson pointed out fully and clearly the connection between the so-called Shaksperian and the Garrick version of “The Taming of the Shrew.” Instead of being marred by the “famous old actor’s” alterations, the play really gained in dramatic unity and power. It acquires a deeper interest, too, from its mere connection with the work of “David Garrick,” an actor whose lovable character is being so thoughtfully portrayed by the equally eminent and winning Mr. E. S. Willard.

One can speak of the work of the cast in none but complimentary terms. They labored, as Mr. Macpherson pointed out, under many difficulties. With a couple of exceptions, they were without stage experience. The time for preparation was short, and the scenic effects and mechanical acces-

sories were inadequate. That the production was so well received and thoroughly enjoyed is the strongest evidence we can offer of the careful study and thoughtful presentation of the cast.

As Katharina, Miss McLellan played an exacting part with complete success. Let it seem no doubtful compliment if we say that she was quite shrewish enough in the first scenes to make us doubt even Petruchio's ability to tame her. At the last, however, she fully convinced us that Katharina was, as the critic of the evening pointed out, not a repellent, but at heart a really lovable character. She gave the impression that any trouble in taming her must be amply repaid. We must remark especially on the command of voice and movement displayed in the portrayal of varying moods. As the wild shrew, the stately bride, and the finally obedient wife, Miss McLellan proved equally happy in her voice modulation and choice of gesture.

Although Miss Murray, as Bianca, and Miss Ballard, as Curtis, had parts which did not allow great scope, they made one certain of their ability to handle more difficult roles with equal success. We congratulate Mr. Cleworth, too, on his choice of supernumeraries. In spite of the lack of scenery, the stage grouping was really quite effective.

Of Mr. Loucks, as Petruchio, we cannot do better than say with Katharina, "The man's a man." The first scene showed him fully confident of his ability to woo and win. As the play progressed, he inspired the audience more and more with that confidence. We would refer especially to his convincing bit of acting in the dual scene, and to his boisterous, reckless, devil-may-care deportment in the dinner scene in the second act. Like Miss McLellan, Mr. Loucks is to be complimented most highly on his distinct articulation and use of fitting gestures.

Of the remaining gentlemen, we should like to say more than space will permit. While we draw no invidious distinctions, we must especially commend the work of Mr. Morris, as Grumio. His make-up was excellent, his interpretation spirited, and his whole manner most effective. Mr. Baird's delineation of Baptista showed careful preparation, while Mr. Steer as Hortensio, had a most unassuming stage presence. Mr. Kappelle brought out very well the consternation of the unfortunate singing-master; while his part was short, it was neatly executed. Mr. Woodward, as Ciondello described Petruchio and his men with great animation and spontaneity such as befitted the bearer of momentous news, ("Say! Doesn't Woody look like Dan McCarthy in 'Pure Irish Hearts,'" was a remark heard from the side—the ladies' side). As Pedro, Mr. Millburn inspired the unfortunate Grumio with an adequate degree of terror, while the Tailor, Mr. Ronan, trem-

bled to suit us all, before the dread Petruchio. The parts of Mr. Kidd as Adam, Mr. Colvin as Nathaniel, Mr. Irving as Gabriel, Mr. Henderson as the cook, Mr. Callahan as Ralph, Mr. Cruickshanks as Walter, and Mr. Walker as Gregory, must be considered together. Each of these gentlemen gave very careful attention to detail, and, that their attention was fully appreciated, was shown by the hearty laughter with which the closing scene of the second act was received.

We cannot close without once more giving expression to our complete satisfaction with the efforts of the committee, the instructor, and the cast; without congratulating them, again, on the due appreciation the public has shown of their work; without wishing that each and every one of them may have derived as much profit and enjoyment from Friday evening's production as did the audience whom they so ably entertained.

THE PROGRAMME.

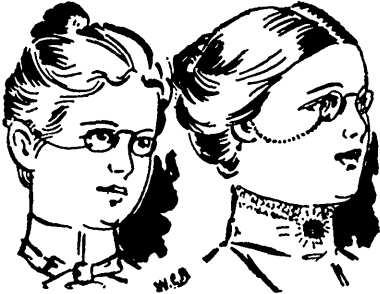
In considering the musical part of Friday evening's entertainment we have most certainly no adverse criticism to offer as far as the artists are concerned. Of the conduct of a section of the audience we should like to say a very great deal. That the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly contributed to the evening's enjoyment acquitted themselves with such credit under trying conditions says much for their ability as entertainers.

Of the instrumental numbers, the piano duets by Misses Burns and Morrow and the Misses Baifour and Morgan were faultlessly executed. Miss Palm's solo was very tastefully and pleasingly rendered while the number by Miss Secord showed command of technique in a high degree.

The vocal numbers from the side of the artists were equally successful. In her rendering of "Most Friendship is Feigning," and more especially in that of "Without Thee," Miss Kraft displayed to the full the fine rich quality of her voice, "Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away," as Miss Kraft rendered it, proved most sweetly pretty. The Normal students, we are sure, look forward to further opportunities of judging Miss Kraft's talents. Mr. Mott's work is too well and favorably known to need very detailed comment here. In "Where the Bee Sucks," he displayed good control of a rich voice; in "Should He Upbraid," he handled a most difficult number in a manner beyond praise. In his last contribution, "I Love You," the volume of Mr. Mott's voice was most clearly in evidence.

To sum up, we can apply to the musical programme, as to the production of the play, only one term "unequalled success." The society acknowledges with gratitude the kindness of Messrs. McKay & Co., who supplied the stage furnishings for the occasion.

THE TEACHER'S DUTY.



You teachers are now engaged in nerve-racking and patience-trying schoolroom duties. Are you ready for the work? How about your eyes? You know they bothered you last year, and 'tish't likely they'll be any better. Waiting and hoping never betters ailing vision. Our glasses do. Your eyes are bread winners. They are the only avenue to education, improvement and success. Can you afford to neglect them? Consult the **GLOBE OPTICAL CO.**

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Perrin's celebrated French Kid Gloves are the very best, perfect fitting, soft make, and thoroughly reliable. We are showing them in Shades and Glazed Kid in all the new fall and winter shades, handsomely stitched back, and with the new dome fasteners, at per pair, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. We will be pleased to show these new Gloves.

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Agricultural College

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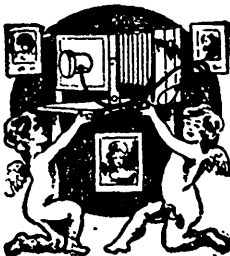
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