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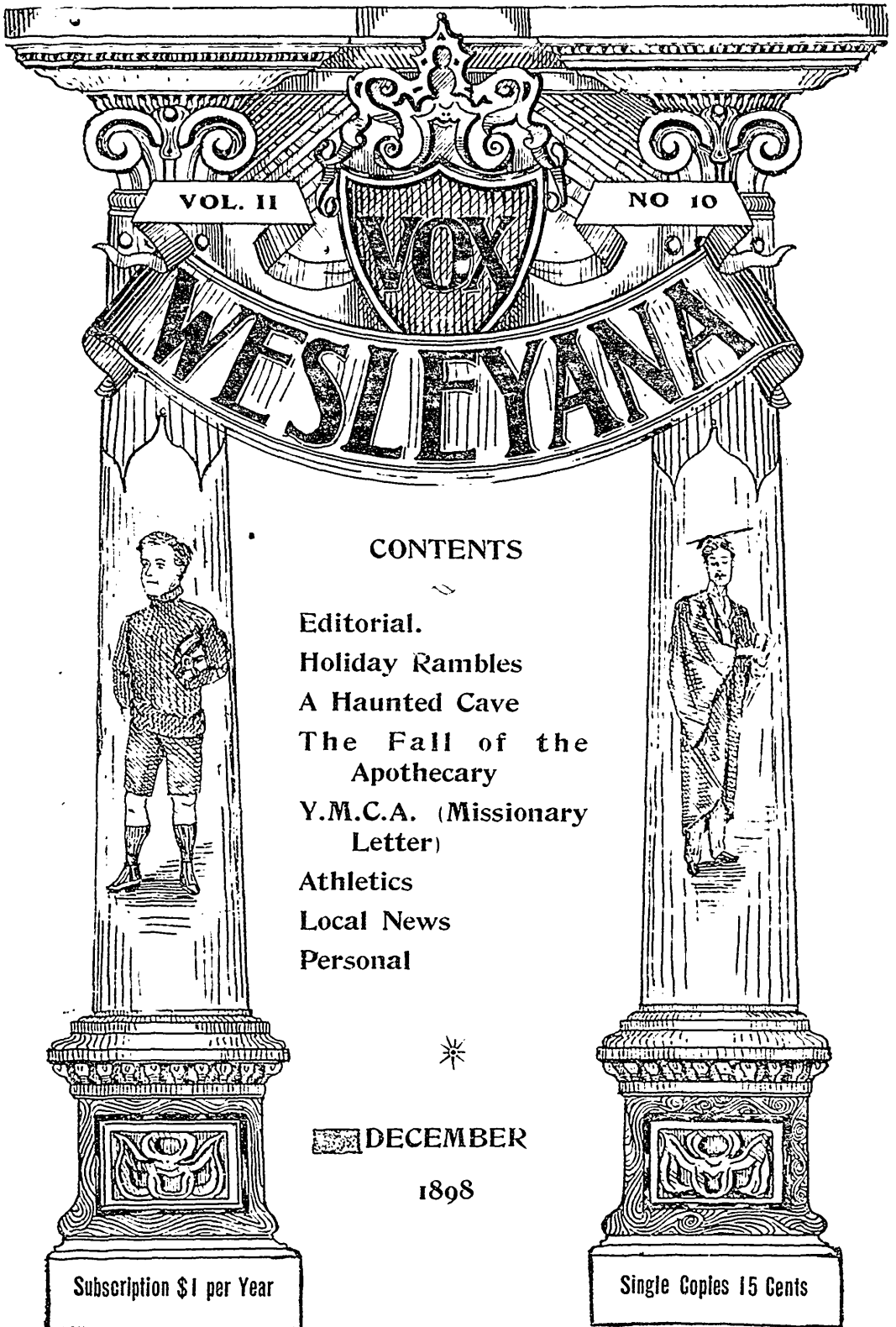
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VOL. II

NO 10

WESLEYANA

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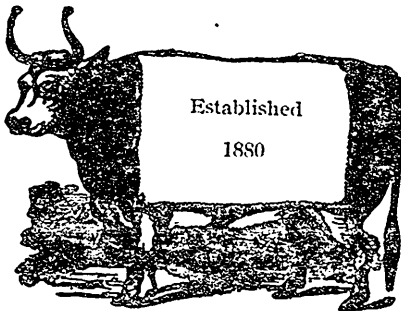
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VOX WESLEYANA

Vol. II.

WESLEY COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 10

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A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers.

With the last issue for 1898 comes the thought that we stand on the threshold of another year. Before our next number appears, the happy Christmas holidays will have been spent, and we shall have returned,—many of us for the last time,—to the halls that have grown almost sacred by the associations of years. It is somewhat strange that a feeling of sadness always accompanies this sense of the lapse of time. May it not be due to the fact that in those retrospective thoughts, in which most of us indulge at the close of the year, memory seldom brings back much but the sunshine of the past. The rainy days are almost forgotten. "So sad, so sweet, the days that are no more."

During the present college year Vox hopes to become nearer its ideal of being a true reflection of our college life and a bond of union between past and present. The editors are doing all they can, but they cannot fully succeed without the co-operation of every student and graduate. If you know a good story, or a good joke, or an original idea, write it up, hand in your subscription, and then, "gentle reader," you will have materially assisted in making our journal a success.

Many of the defects in our journal in the past have due to errors in proof-reading. We acknowledge that in a late issue the substitution of "cidarn" for "cedarn" somewhat altered the meaning of a passage. But mistakes will happen, and especially if the editors or contributors are poor writers or college graduates, which are the same thing. Daily newspapers are perhaps the most fertile source of typographical errors. We are reminded that "He kicked he under the cellar stairs" was once "set up" by a compositor instead of "He kissed her under the silent stars." A London newspaper once reported that "Sir Robert Peel, with a party of fiends, was shooting peasants in Ireland," friends and pheasants, of course, being meant. A bad "mix" once occurred; parts of two paragraphs having inadvertently become united, read thus: "The congregation was large and respectable and drunk and incapable in charge of a horse and car." In order to avoid similar mistakes, our editors intend exercising greater care in proof-reading in the future.

HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

Prof. G. J. Laird, M.A., Ph.D.

After a delightful ocean trip our good ship, having passed Cuxhaven, steams slowly up the Elbe, bringing to our view first the broad green, fertile plains traversed with slender irrigating ditches and protected by massive walls against the encroachments of the waters, then meadows and pastures, with their flocks of cattle; then again palatial residences and beautiful villas, with admirably kept grounds, nestling amongst the wooded slopes of the river banks, while in the distance loom up the spires of Hamburg's numerous and interesting churches, followed shortly by the immense forest of masts and funnels, which attest the great importance of the town as a commercial centre.

With a throb of delight we realize that, after an absence of ten years, we are again at the threshold of the land where so many pleasurable and never-to-be-forgotten days have been spent. How shall we find it again, we wonder. Has time wrought many changes?

Wandering through those parts of the city whose streets are canals, we find the same dingy and old, yet quaint and picturesque, buildings and narrow passages, with connecting bridges in all directions, an exceedingly busy and far from decadent Venice. Other parts of the town again in the massiveness and modern character of their structures remind one of such cities as New York and Chicago. The pride of Hamburg, the Alster basin, is still as of yore the centre of attraction. The old horse-cars, however, have disappeared. In their place we find the finest and most complete system of electric street railway in all Europe, or, for that matter, in America itself.

Changed! Yes, but still the same, is the conviction forced upon one after a rambling tour of over twelve hundred miles through the country, during which familiar faces were looked up and old scenes re-visited, especially those more directly

connected with earlier student life. This reminds me, by the way, that it is "Student Life in Germany," about which I have been asked to write a few notes.

In the first place, then, I would have it noticed that student life, or university life proper, is by no means to be confounded with college life as we know it here. Our colleges are in a measure advanced high schools, similar in many respects to the Gymnasiums or Real-Schulen, which in Germany serve as the feeders of the university.

In the gymnasium, as with us, definite lessons in authorized texts are required daily. For the most part there is no choice of subject allowed to the student, nor is there choice of teacher. A regular course of training is outlined for him, and he must live up to it before he is accounted intellectually of age and capable of intelligently choosing the university work best suited to his requirements and abilities.

In the university all is different. Here there is complete freedom on the part of the student. He may attend what lectures he wishes, in whatever department he may desire and from any teacher he may prefer, be he ordinarius, extraordinarius, or privatdocent. Outside the lecture halls, also, he is free to come and go as he pleases, providing he does not come into conflict with the authority of the land, and even here his student's Erkennungs-karte is likely to stand him in good stead on all minor matters, saving, it may be, his being reported to the university authorities, in which case a few days' "carcer" may perhaps fall to his lot.

At one university I noticed that the place formerly occupied by this relic of mediæval times, is now much more profitably filled by a magnificently equipped chemical laboratory.

A noticeable feature of the German student is the great respect, bordering on veneration, which he displays towards his

professors, arising largely, no doubt, from the fact that only those are appointed to instruct who have given evidence of their own ability to advance their department, but little weight being laid on the mere "talent for teaching." Many of the universities repudiate attachment to any particular school or creed, professing only to follow the interests of science and learning. There is hence no obstacle to the discussion, in a scientific spirit, of any scientific question whatever by either student or professor. Roman Catholic and Evangelical (Lutheran) Theology may be taught in the same building, as witness Bonn, Breslau, and Tuebingen.

Another very noticeable feature is the dignified behaviour of students in the lecture room, conduct which would necessitate a reproof being an unheard of thing. No student could possibly so disgrace himself. The same statement holds true in their intercourse with each other. Even in their convivial gatherings contraventions of the strict requirements of etiquette are severely dealt with.

A regrettable feature at all German universities is the great lack of out-door athletics, so inseparably connected with English and American institutions. Exercises in the gymnasium and in fencing by no means form an adequate equivalent, and especially so, as they are indulged in almost entirely by the corps, or color-wearing students, belonging to either the "Landmannschaften," (societies composed of students of the same nationality), or to the "Burschenschaft," which has for its aim the encouragement of good fellowship irrespective of nationality.

These societies are national in character, pertaining to no one university more than to another, and it is largely through them, especially the former, that duelling amongst the students has been maintained. The great mass of the students, however, belong to neither of these.

Having studied faithfully three, four or five years, as the case may be, the student finally arrives at the conclusion that he is

now ready for examination. He applies hence to the dean of his faculty for permission to present himself, handing in at the same time manuscript notes of practical and original work which he has done in his chosen department during his student course, together with the book (given him at the beginning of his course) containing a complete list of all lectures attended by him, names of the lecturers, and also of the different universities he may have attended. If everything is satisfactory, and his thesis deemed of sufficient merit, the desired permission is granted. A day is set, the examiners duly notified, and then for the first, and we will hope the last time in his university career, the student, attired in conventional dress suit, with silk hat and white kids, is confronted by inquisitors, whose lectures perhaps he may never have attended, and for a space of some hours put through a sweating process, the like of which he has never before experienced. The examination throughout is oral, thus enabling the examiners to flit about rapidly from one topic to another, and to cover what, to the suffering candidate for a degree, appears to be an enormous extent of territory.

Having, we will suppose, happily passed through this ordeal, there follows in due course the public defence of the student's thesis against opponents, who now-a-days are usually chosen by the candidate himself, but who must, however, be satisfactory to the faculty. These, in turn, attack certain of his statements, which it is his duty to defend, and by his defence to give evidence of a thorough grasp of the subject. Not a very pleasant task for a foreigner, I can assure you, even though the whole process is more of a formality than anything else, the real examination, the rigorosum, being the first one.

During this defence the student stands on a platform one step higher than his opponents and two steps above the spectators, and at its conclusion he calls upon the dean to grant him an entrance into the ranks of the doctorate, which is duly done by reaching him the right hand of

fellowship, and inviting him to ascend to a still higher platform, whereon are seated various members of the faculty, who now greet him as one of themselves. With

what a thrill of joy does he do this, doubly conscious that this moment amply compensates for all the days and nights of weary toil and earnest application.

A HAUNTED CAVE.

BY HILLIARD TAYLOR

In the autumn of '88, while making a trip through the Yosemite valley, I met with an experience, so weird and marrow-chilling, that even now, after a lapse of ten years, my mind never reverts to it, without a feeling of uneasiness.

One calm, clear day in August, I was strolling leisurely along a quiet road at the foot of a mountain, admiring the beauty of the scene and communing with Nature. No sounds broke the current of my thoughts, save the twitterings of blue jays as they hopped from tree to tree, the murmuring of a stream near by, and the sullen roaring of the Cascades in the distance. Evening was drawing on, and from the lower parts of the valley mists were slowly rising. The sun, large and red, was sinking behind the peaks that rose majestically above me; while on the tops of these, and clearly outlined against the sky, were gloomy pines and hemlocks, which, like their Acadian brethren, "stood like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic."

My road opened, on a sudden, into a slightly larger space in the valley, where I found, nestling at the foot of the mountain a small and very antiquated looking village. The buildings, which were of odd design, were for the most part built of red sandstone and roofed with slate. The inhabitants were quaintly dressed; while in their manners they showed a charming, rustic simplicity.

In the centre of the village stood a building larger than the others. On the front of this was a rudely carved board, with the sign, "Abode for Wayfarers." I was a tired traveller, and this sign ap-

pealed to me with the force of an invitation; so I walked in and took quarters for the night.

After tea I asked for the landlord, and was directed to a little, old man sitting on a bench and smoking a short clay pipe. He had a wizened face, and looked much like an Egyptian mummy. The effect of his profile was further marred by the circumstances that his teeth were all gone and his jaws fallen in, so as to give to his face something of a soup-bowl appearance. It was set off, also, by a large, aquiline nose, which, in animated conversation, would strike upon his chin with the regularity of a hen pecking corn. He was bald-headed, too, save for one lonesome tuft of hair, which ornamented his pate, as a brush does the breast of a turkey-buzzard. This he explained, was the last evidence of a once luxuriant wig. As he had lived here for ninety years, he was able to relate to me many of the annals of the village. The scene of most of the incidents narrated was just to the east of the village, in a great cave. It was a place of weird sounds and uncanny sights. Nothing interests me so much as the uncanny; so I begged the old landlord to lead me to this cave, that I might get a glimpse of these ghostly visitants. After trying in every way to dissuade me, he at last yielded to my entreaty. He led me, first, down a steep embankment; then along its base by a footpath, which, after many windings through a dismal forest of cedars, terminated suddenly before a huge cavern in the side of the mountain.

A pallor spread over the old man's face, as he tremblingly pointed into this sub-

terranean vault, and said, with faltering voice. "There, young man, is the cave: but, if you value your life, don't go into it! Listen, for once, to the words of an old man. Don't go into it!"

After looking cautiously into the cave for a moment or two, I turned to thank my centenarian friend for conducting me hither, but a sudden horror had seized him, and he was beating a hasty retreat.

I walked, gingerly, a little way into the cave: then stood and listened. Nothing was to be heard, nor seen (save a visible darkness), and I concluded that someone had been playing on the credulity of the old landlord. Emboldened by this thought, I ventured in a considerable distance, feeling my way with a cane, for there was a darkness here that might be felt.

But, listen!!! What do I hear? A rattling that sounds like footsteps on a stone pavement. A low, mumbling that comes from the interior of the cave. The sounds grow more distinct. It is a human voice I hear. Some one is approaching. I listen breathlessly. Now I catch tones that sound like the sighing of the wind. Now the tones become articulate, and I hear the words, "Who comes? Who comes? Who comes?" My breath grows quick and short, cold chills run down my spinal column, and my scalp twitches frightfully. And still that dismal, wailing sound — "Who comes? Who comes? Who comes?" — words which thrill me with terror,

"—harrow up my soul: freeze my young blood:

Make my two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;

My knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

Now, a bright light is reflected on a rock before me. It seems to come from a lantern, around a curve. It moves slowly towards me. I am not mistaken; it is rounding a curve. O, horror! there it is in full view and coming straight towards me. What is it? A human skeleton.

strolling slowly up with swaggering stride and holding in its hand a dark-lantern.

"Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us! Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin dam'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell!

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak with thee."

But, no, I cannot; my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth and my feet are glued to the floor. On he comes, his bony feet rattling, frightfully on the stone walk. He turns his light full upon me, and repeats once more his gruesome, guttural growl, "Who come? Who comes?"

Now, he is close up to me. He stretches out his long bony arm and seizes me by the shoulder; while his big eyes glare full upon me. Cold chills course through every fibre of my body. In deep tones, like a death-rattle, he addresses me, punctuating each word with a clack of his jaws: "Hold! I—am—night—patrol—in—these—nocturnal—regions. Say—who—thou—art, — and —whence—thou—dost—come."

I could tell him neither of these things. I had forgotten my name; and the world I so recently had left had already passed into oblivion. I was utterly helpless and trembled like an aspen leaf before him.

But, even demons pity begging saints; and so did this skeleton let fall a tear, and grinned on me with beaming love. In mild tones he explained that he was a guide for strangers visiting the cave, and if I would accept his company, he would show me through. Now, "fear makes devils of cherubims;" and mine had evidently mistaken the real character of this being. But my tumultuous fears having now subsided, I accepted his kind offer.

We were on the point of setting out, when he turned to me, and said: "You will find it a trifle inconvenient travelling, in the flesh; you had better leave your body here till we return."

So saying, he placed his bony fingers on my head, and three times slowly uttered the word—"Mutare." At the third repeti-

tion of this magic word I felt a sudden wrenching of my frame, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was lifted completely out of my body, which now stood there motionless and lifeless.

The skeleton offered me his arm, which I accepted, and so linked we set off.

We had not gone far when my companion halted before a large black curtain, hanging on the side of the cave. This he drew aside and begged me to look in. I did so, and beheld a large field, surrounding which were many spectres; their eyes turned intently towards the centre of the field. I looked in the same direction, and observed about twenty skeleton monkeys in a scrimmage for a cocoanut. These, my guide explained, were in a previous state of existence, a team of collegiate football players, which, through a long process of evolution, had finally reached the advanced state in which I now saw them.

We passed on some distance and found in a remote cavern what seemed to be a large glassy square, upon which many spectral forms were gracefully gliding. Around this were burning piles of sulphur which cast a lurid light over the whole scene. I was standing for some moments, quietly and attentively watching these spectral forms, when all at once the skeleton broke out in a hoarse laugh. "Well, Skelly, old boy, what's the joke?" said I. "O, nothing," said he, "only that shade, R—n, made three rounds with that fairy before he knew he had the wrong gal."

We resumed our walk, and had not gone far when we came to a very small aperture in the side of the cave, not more than a foot in diameter. I passed through easily, but my skeleton companion experienced some difficulty: so he took himself apart and handed the pieces through to me, one at a time. No sooner had I received the last rib and shinbone, when he re-jointed, and we again set out.

He led me down a winding flight of stairs into a very dark, but spacious apartment. Here were the skeletons of four

baboons, actively engaged in tossing a puff-ball against a perpendicular rock. A shade, who was watching them with great interest, introduced himself to us as Darwin. He volunteered the information that these were a very rare species, having reached a perfect development through a patent process (himself the patentee) registered under the trademark of "Natural Selection," and traced this species back, morphologically and physiologically, through many types, including the ornithological, ichthyological, conchological and zoological, to their origin (long known as "a missing link"), certain bipedal monstrosities called collegiate hand-ball players.

We entered next a room in the upper part of the cave, well stored with the shades of musty tomes. "This," said the skeleton, "is our theological library." "Ah, indeed!" said I, looking around: "and where are your theologians?" "O, we haven't any," said he, "unless that's one," pointing to a shade at the farther end, surrounded by a small bevy of fairies. The shade, addressing one of these fairies in devout solemn tones, said, "Do you know that there is one who loves you with a tender, yearning and infinite love?" On hearing these words I would have agreed with the skeleton that he did belong to the "Order of the Superannated Bredcloth Gentry" were it not that at this moment, from the point where he sat to the point where the fairy sat, he made a straight line and about this centre described a circle (which was not square) indicating clearly that he was a mathematical shade.

I was introduced next to "Poets' Corner." Here were the shades of Shakespeare, Milton, Lamb, Coleridge, Byron, and others. Lamb and Coleridge were indulging in repartee. "Lamb," said Coleridge, "how many races were there in the former world, and name them?"

"Just two," said Lamb, promptly, "those that borrowed and those that loaned."

"No," said Coleridge, "you're wrong. There were three distinct races—men, women, and preachers."

"Charles," resumed Coleridge, "did you ever hear one preach?"

"I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

My attention was now drawn to a strange noise in another part of the cave. "What's that?" said I.

"Guess," said the skeleton.

"Is it a shingle mill?"

"No!"

"A threshing machine?"

"No!"

"Oh, I know; it's a menagerie."

"No," said he; "those are the shades of a College Glee Club, and this is the fulfillment of the prophecy by Amos: 'And the songs of the temple shall be howlings.'"

I proposed to the skeleton that we should go a little nearer to the music, but

he objected, on the grounds that it affected his rheumatism.

This reminded me of my body, which I had left at the entrance of the cave, and I felt a strong desire to see it again. We soon arrived by a short route and found it exactly where we had left it. Using the same magic word which he had used before, he placed me back in my body. I bade him good-bye, and was about to go, but my joints were too stiff to work. I asked the skeleton to turn me around. He did so. "Now," I said, "give me a start." This he did. I moved slowly and with difficulty at first, but by the time I reached the mouth of the cave, I was moving with incredible alacrity. With delight I emerged again into the broad daylight, saying, in the words of the immortal bard:

"There are more things, in heaven and in earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."



COLONY STREET, WINNIPEG

Photo by W. A. Sipprell.

THE FALL OF THE APOTHECARY

And now it came to pass that there was a certain strange custom among the men of that land, even so, that when a stranger appeared in their midst, and was about to take up his abode with them, those who had dwelt long there would straightway lay violent hands upon him and would carry him unto a certain dungeon, where they were wont to cause him to go through divers strange ceremonies, and when this was done they received him into their midst and he partook of the good things of the land; but, unless a man would suffer himself to yield to this custom, he could in nowise enter into that land, nor dwell therein.

And it came to pass that the men of that land held a great feast once a year, where they were wont to eat and drink and make merry, and, moreover, at that feast they were wont to boast unto one another that no man dwelt in their midst who had not been subject unto their custom, for they deemed it a great sin to them to fail to bring any part of the law to pass.

And a great fear came upon the hearts of the children of men, and they feared to go unto that land, lest haply those dwelling there would fall upon them, and they perish. And much they reasoned among themselves, saying, "Why should the men of that land act so to uswards: we have done them no harm, and, moreover, this custom which is among them is as the custom of those who are mad? But let us go up into the land and possess it, for we are many, and perchance they will take heed lest they come against us." But the men who had dwelt long in the land were wise and were skilled in the arts of the wise and knew their dark sayings, and it came to pass when these strangers came unto the land these wise men secretly fell upon them, both by night and by day, and made them obedient unto their strange custom, and the strangers answered not a word, but suffered it to be done unto them.

Behold, there appeared in their midst a certain apothecary, a mighty man of valor and strong to do battle, and it seemed good unto him not to yield unto this custom: and when he had come among his fellows, he opened his mouth, saying: "Why now, ye cowardly ones, will ye suffer the men of this land to do these things unto you. Behold now, I myself have fought many battles and have slain my thousands and my tens of thousands. Rise up, therefore, and let us possess the land, for we are many and strong." But they answered him not a word, for they knew in their hearts that the men who had dwelt long in that land were wise and great sorrow would come upon those that yielded not unto them. And, again, this apothecary spoke unto his fellows, saying: "Verily, I say unto you, though the men of this land come against me with their horses and their chariots, yet will I smite them one and all, and let them take heed as to their ways, for behold, I myself have spoken it."

And it came to pass that these sayings reached the ears of the men who had dwelt long in the land, and straightway they took counsel together, saying, "What manner of man is this that hath come into our midst and speaketh bold words against us, and calleth unto us from afar, saying, 'Come not nigh unto me, nor lay violent hands upon me, for I will not be obedient unto your custom nor yield unto you, but, verily, I will smite you, one and all, full sore.'" And it seemed good unto them to seize the man, and having taken him unto the dungeon, there to cause him to be done unto as unto all others. And they lay in wait for him by the roadside, and when the apothecary passed that way they fell upon him. One great fear came upon the man, for he feared these men and their customs. And when he fain would speak, they prevented him and smote him upon the mouth, and he uttered strange cries. But when they ceased

to smite him upon the mouth, he cried unto them, saying, "Ye cowardly men, ye come with your thousands against me as against an army. Let me go, I pray you, for I will not submit myself unto you." And, moreover, he spake words not to be uttered by man. But the men who had dwelt long in the land harkened not unto these words, but in all haste dragged they him unto their dungeon. And when they had come unto the place, some made about to bind him fast, but others spake unto him, saying, "O, apothecary, wilt thou yet hold out against us? But rather yield unto our customs, and thou shalt not be bound." And he, fearing to be bound, yielded unto them, and they suffered him to go through the ceremony free. But when the men who had dwelt long in the land had done unto the apothecary as unto all others, he spake unto them with a wrathful soul, saying: "Ye cowards, ye fools, I hate your custom, for it is the custom of men who are mad. But I say unto you, let him who is accounted greatest in battle among you come unto me and I will smite him until he dies; or let each among you come against me in turn and I will give his dead body unto the fowls of the air." And, moreover, he spake words not to be uttered by man. But they, seeing that he knew not what manner of words he spake, reasoned with him, saying, "Oh, apothecary, speak not thus rashly, for the men whom thou seest are warriors, mighty men in battle, and in their sight you are as a grasshopper. And, moreover, you must needs be persuaded and yield unto us; neither let the sun go down upon thy

wrath, for we do unto all strangers in our midst as we have done unto thee." And they let him go, and straightaway he hastened unto one in authority in the land, and cried unto him, saying, "Verily, oh, master, I have come unto thee at a late season, but the men who have dwelt long in this land fell upon me by the wayside and dealt roughly with me. But I say unto you, verily, they are fools and mad men, and, as years are added unto them, they become as children." And, moreover, he spake words not to be uttered by man. And his wrath was very great. But he in authority answered him not a word, for he was wise and the custom of the land seemed good unto him. Forthwith the apothecary went before the king of that land, and, falling upon his face, cried: "Oh, king, live forever. I know that thou art a just king and wilt avenge the wrongs of thy servant, for verily thou art a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well. Behold, O king, the men who have dwelt long in the land fell upon me by the wayside and submitted me to their evil custom, and behold they dealt roughly with me and have rent my garments. Avenge my wrongs, O king, for these are cowardly men and folly is their portion." And he spake words which no man could utter. And lo, the king was angered and spake unto his people, saying: "Let no man lay violent hands upon his brother, lest I cast him forth from the land. Give heed now, for I, the king, have spoken it." But the men who had dwelt long in the land heeded not the words of the great king, and the custom remaineth even unto this day.



OUR MISSIONARY LETTER

Kia-Ting, Sz-Chuan,
September 27th, 1898.

"The Boys,"

Wesley College,
Winnipeg, Canada.

Dear Fellow Students:—Since writing you a few weeks ago, I have made a trip to Yuiñ Hsien, and I avail myself of a spare hour to write you a few notes of my experience on the road and in the city.

ON THE ROAD.

Last Wednesday morning found me in the saddle on my way to Yuiñ Hsien. (The name means Glorious, Prosperous,) We made about 25 miles the first day and found the road to be in many places in a very bad condition, owing chiefly to the exceptionally heavy rains of the past summer. I stayed for the night at a large town named Well of the Horse Step. My room was certainly not clean, and there were decidedly strong odors present not due to defective plumbing. However, I was happy in being able to get a few bundles of clean straw for my bed, and, hoisting a mosquito netting, I felt moderately secure against both crawling and flying insects.

The next morning we started at day-break in a light rain and found the roads worse than on the preceding day. The flag-stones were tipped at all angles, and as the road was often ten or more feet higher than the fields lying each side of it, one was not much encouraged by the reflection that a slip would quickly land one in a lake of mud—for such is a rice field at this time of year. The building and repairing of roads are matters left in the hands of farmers across whose property the road runs. Each man is responsible for keeping up the road in his own domain. As we travelled along this morning we wondered how the coolies managed to keep their feet bearing their heavy loads on the uneven and slippery ground. Presently we came to a place where for

several yards the road had fallen in and the flag stones had slid away into the fields. I was afraid I could go no further with my horse, but, dismounting, I threw the reins over his neck and left him free to manage as he deemed best. With a little coaxing he managed to walk along a few steps, and when he could walk no further he gave a splendid leap and landed safely on firm ground. The second night I stayed at a large village named "Shop of the Hairy Bridge."

On the third morning we started out and found the mountain torrents sweeping along at a tremendous rate and some of the smaller ones sweeping right across our path. After heavy rains little creeks in this hilly country rapidly become transformed into capacious rivers. Some of these streams rise thirty or more feet in twenty-four hours. Even the great Yang-Tsi river will sometimes experience a rise of over twenty feet in a single night. By three in the afternoon we had reached the end of our journey.

It was market day, and the streets were crowded. This fact, coupled with another one, i.e., that foreigners were such infrequent visitors to their city, accounted for the great crowds that followed us. Moreover, it was but a short time since a very remarkable placard had been issued by this city and scattered broadcast over a large section of the province, containing a series of charges of the gravest kind against all western peoples. The people were exhorted to rise up and drive out every foreigner in the land. Yet here was one of these very foreigners riding into the city in broad daylight, as if it were a matter of course. I stopped at one of the inns, but could not get the required accommodation. I sent out my boy to get some other place, but after a while he returned, saying he could not get a place, as some of the inns were full and others refused to entertain a foreigner.

At this juncture four or five men edged their way through the crowd and came towards me with a smile and "Peace be with you, teacher." I was quickly introduced to them as men who already believed "the doctrine," and they offered to guide me to an inn.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE OFFICIALS.

As soon as possible I despatched a messenger to the Yamen requesting an interview with the Mandarin. There were four things that I wished to see him about particularly. Firstly, he had declared publicly that the men who had made profession of faith were disreputable persons. He had arrested and beaten some of them and kept them several weeks in confinement, and had demanded that they should give up all connection with the "foreign religion." Secondly, he had permitted the little place which they had rented and fitted up for a chapel to be broken into and all the furniture carried off and he had taken no steps to have the ringleader of the trouble arrested, although he was a well-known man and a street elder. Thirdly, there had been issued and openly sold by the thousand, almost within a stone's throw of his Yamen, the most scurrilous placard we had ever seen in Sz Chaun. Fourthly, I had been informed that a man named Chong, after having been brought before him, charged with a serious crime, had declared himself a church member, and, presenting my card in proof, had got off free.

Of course, the Mandarin had a fairly correct idea of the object of my visit, and he was by no means anxious to see me. He sent word that he would be glad to see me as soon as he had dismissed court. I waited until about 7 o'clock, and court having not yet been dismissed, I concluded that he intended to go on with his cases until bed-time, and thus avoid meeting me that night. The next day he would probably be sick or have some urgent business to attend to, so I determined to force his hand, and sending word that I was coming to see him at once, I rode over in a sedan chair to the Yamen. He

was compelled either to say outright that he would not see me—which would be interpreted as an overt act of discourtesy—or else dismiss his court and see me. He chose the latter course.

I was ushered into his presence. We bowed profoundly to each other. He urged me to the highest seat in his guest room. We made several polite speeches, the one to the other, and it was indeed hard to tell which one of us was gladder to see the other. These formalities over with, I proceeded to business. I started off with the case of the man Chong, telling him it was not our wish to screen scoundrels from the law, and that we wanted none but good citizens in our church. "Just so," said he, "and you show yourself to be a man of exceptional and distinguished wisdom in holding such views," but he said there was no foundation for the story whatever. (The fact was that Chang had got on the right side of the official through an influential friend). "But," said he, "I tell you, Elder Brother, that those other fellows who have professed to believe the doctrine are a most uncommon bad set of men, and I am sorry to see you have such men in your honorable church." I begged him to tell me in detail the bad doings of each of them, as I was wholly without information concerning their public or private misdoings. Mine host was much more at home in dealing in broad generalities than in making specific charges, and he continued "breathing out threatenings," if not slaughter, upon their hapless heads, and in such a loud voice that everybody in the outer court as well as the crowd at all the doors and windows might hear. After much effort I learned from his own lips that no charges had been preferred against any of the men prior to their confession of Christianity, and I considered that the Mandarin had unwillingly borne a good testimony on their behalf. Next I proceeded to the matter of the placard, and I asked him what steps he had taken to discover the author and what he had done to reassure the people that our mission in coming to China was wholly to be

of some benefit to them. "Doubtless you have come to our miserable country," said he, "in order to exhort the people to good deeds. We all know that, and no notice is taken of such a placard, clearly the work of an ignoramus." "But," I replied, "that placard is gotten up in the best literary form and is clearly not the work of an ignoramus. We have never seen a placard so well written before in Sz-Chuan." "No! no! if the man had any sense he would never write like that, even granting that he has a little scholarship," was his answer. He said it was impossible to find out who was the author, and anyway it was unimportant, as he had already issued a proclamation against it.

I did not get to the affair of the chapel that night, as it had got so late, and we were both tired, so I rose to return to the inn. "Would that all missionaries would come and speak face to face as you have done; then it would be easy to settle difficulties." These were his parting words, as he escorted me to my chair. We certainly had not got much settled thus far. The following afternoon he came in full dress, and with a large retinue, to pay his respects to me. This time our conversation was wholly of a formal character and on subjects of general interest.

A couple of days later I was in possession of a good deal more information, and, moreover, I had found the wood-carver who had cut the characters from which the placard was printed. He gave me a clear account of the affair, the price he received for his work, the name of the man for whom he did it, and other details. In consequence of this information, and as, moreover, the promised proclamation was not forthcoming, I determined on paying our fine official another visit.

By this time it was pretty well-known throughout the city that the Mandarin was doing his best to hoodwink the foreigner, and there was more than a suspicion that he was succeeding well, for it had been noticed that I spoke to him very respectfully and in a low tone of voice. I sent again, asking an interview, and, to my surprise, I was invited to come at once.

I had the chair called, and was half way to the Yamen, when a messenger came in hot haste to ask that I postpone my visit until the morning. "But, I have just been invited to come," I replied. "Yes, the Great and Venerable Ore would be very pleased to see the Bishop, but he caught a severe cold this morning while attending the autumn sacrifices, and tonight his head aches dreadfully, and would the Bishop be pleased to return and come again to-morrow," etc. "Certainly not. I must see him to-night."

As we looked into each other's eyes a few minutes later, it was quite evident that the great man's pains had not reached a very acute stage, and he was well able to hold his own while we held debate for an hour.

In all I visited him three times during my stay of our and a half days in the city, but it was not until the last evening that I got any satisfaction out of the official. He held out stubbornly, though with an "I can do other" air, until the last evening, when point by point he yielded all I had requested. I was half undressed when a messenger came tapping at my door and told me that our Mandarin has consented to restore everything that had been taken from the chapel, and this was the last point yielded. Had I stayed another ten days the great man would still have waited until the last night before yielding. On the last day he also sent me five presents of chicken, eggs, flour and mutton, and, in addition to the ordinary escort to accompany me to Kia-Ting, he also, as a special mark of respect, sent one of his secretaries in a sedan chair to accompany me a day's journey homeward.

I have written of my experience with the Mandarin in order that you may get a glimpse of some of the difficulties that confront us in this direction whenever we attempt to open up work in a new district. It is much better than it used to be, however. Before the riots of '95 missionaries considered that they fared well under similar circumstances if they escaped being

mobbed, and if they succeeded in gaining their ends after months of weary effort.

And now let me proceed to give you a glimpse of my experiences among the men who had but lately professed the Saviour as Lord.

I have been interrupted with callers, and must postpone writing more until another mail.

With kind regards to all.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES ENDICOTT.

ATHLETICS.

The disadvantage of a single series has now become very apparent to every lover of football. The fact of the Meds. winning their first two matches from the only teams which seemed able to give them a stiff fight did away with all the interest in the succeeding matches. In former years there was always the second half to look forward to, and, even if a team did win all their matches in the former part of the season, it was no guarantee that some other team would not do the same in the second half. Thus the feeling of uncertainty added much to the interest and gave zest to matches which, under the single series were reported as uninteresting. The regular series of games after Christmas will leave a gap hard to fill. It is altogether likely that students' activities, which must be engaged in some way, will turn to hockey, and so it will receive the patronage hitherto bestowed on football. But the disadvantages of hockey as compared with football are apparent. We are glad, however, to see a move made in the right direction on our College grounds. The substitution of a skating rink for a handball court is a very good one when we consider not only the relative usefulness but pleasure to be derived from each. "The greatest good to the greatest number" was no doubt the idea in this change, and we compliment the promoters of the scheme on their thoughtfulness in the matter and also on the businesslike manner in which they have gone ahead with the work. The walls are now completed, the snow being cleared away, and the devotees of skating hope soon to be

enjoying themselves on a splendid sheet of ice which the committee will no doubt provide in a very short time.

FOOTBALL.

SENIOR SERIES.

Medicals vs. Wesley—1-0.

It seems to have become a settled fact that Wesley must be the first team to meet the Meds. in the Association series. We cite this as occurring so regularly that in future Wesley should get her team into good shape early in the season. We feel that this year we were handicapped because Rugby had occupied our time up to within a week of this match, and we were not in as good shape as was required to meet last year's champions on equal grounds. However, making the best of matters, a team was placed on the field that gave the Medicals so hard a game that every one acknowledged that only their luck allowed them to win.

The team representing Wesley was as follows:—

Goal, Carter; backs, Robson, Bennett; half-backs, Spear, Wheeldon, Macfarlane; forwards, Tate, Bawden, White, McCrossan, Laidlaw.

Opposed to these the Medicals had:—

Goal, Rose; backs, Fleming, McGavin; half-backs, Nicholls, Mulvey, Vrooman; forwards, Poole, Harrington, Braden, Atcheson, Simpson.

The Meds. winning the toss kicked with the advantage of the slight wind, but in spite of this Wesley had the better of the play for the first half, and were dangerously near scoring more than once. Chang-

ing over with the wind, Wesley expected her boys to win, and they would have done so had not the forwards missed two or three sure chances on goal. From a mix-up in front of Wesley's goal Simpson scored for the Me's. about five minutes before time. Just before time was called the Wesley forwards worked the ball down the field, and it was passed in front of the Medicals goal, but two forwards missed the shot, thus losing the last chance to equalize.

The game was a very good exhibition of football, and Wesley supporters had no reason to be displeased with the game played by their team. Both Wesley and Medical defences played splendid, while both forward lines were below what they should have been. Wesley forwards played fast, but they lacked combination. Our half-backs played splendidly, while Robson at back and Carter in goal were all that could be desired. A little more time for practice and our boys feel confident they would have won.

St. John's vs. Wesley—1-7.

With a slight change in the positions of the forwards, with Semmons replacing Bennett at back, and after two weeks practice, Wesley went on the field against the St. John's team confident of winning. Their confidence was well founded, as the score of 7-1 shows.

A high wind and somewhat slippery field made good play a rather hard matter. Strange to say, Wesley won the toss and chose to be aided by father Aeolus. The first half was an attack on St. John's goal, from the very first, the ball very seldom passing centre field. It took some time for Wesley's forwards to score, but finally McCrossan found the net with a low fast shot. Owing to some misunderstanding on the goalkeeper's part White was allowed to score the next one from a long shot. Bawden then took a turn, and McCrossan made his second goal shortly afterwards. The final goal of the first half was scored by Laidlaw, this making the score 5-0 in favor of the red and blue.

Rather a safe lead to cross over with, and gave our defence a chance to show their mettle. They proved equal to the St. John's forwards, aided by a wind which had by this time become very high, for only one goal was scored by the St. John's team from a long shot which Carter dropped through in attempting to catch. Carter felt somewhat chagrined at this misfortune, but retrieved himself by saving a couple of hard ones later on. Meanwhile Bawden and McCrossan took it in hand to work the ball up the field against the wind, with the result that two goals were scored against the wind. A pass from Bawden was shot through by Vallaley, who was attempting to save. White scored his second goal from another rush. The ball was shot from his wing and stopped by the goalkeeper, dropping at White's feet, who put it through. This ended the scoring, and Wesley won her first match this season.

The change of positions on the forward line worked well, as McCrossan and Tate played well together, and Bawden played a very fine centre game, while White seems to have found his place at inside left. The half-back line were, as before, in fine form, and we feel that they are as good as the best of them. Semmons played well at back and deserved his place on the team.

Manitoba vs. Wesley—1-0.

The interest in the senior series flagged considerably after the Meds. won from both Wesley and Manitoba, as these wins made them practically the winners of the cup. The only interest, therefore, in the match between Manitoba and Wesley was centred on the fact that the two teams were very evenly matched and a good game could be counted upon.

The field was somewhat heavy from recent snow, but every one who saw the match agreed it was the best exhibition of football given this year. It was a close and exciting struggle from start to finish, and was only marred by the unsatisfactory decisions of the referee, who did not by

ary means show that impartiality in his decisions, which is indicative of a true lover of sport.

After several ineffectual attempts by each forward line to score, the ball was finally secured by Laidlaw, who dodged Logan and passed to McCrossan, who scored by a neat shot. This goal was disallowed by the referee, who said that some one had claimed a foul on Logan while trying to check Laidlaw, and that, therefore, he was obliged to give a foul which never occurred and which he himself could not have seen. Shortly before half-time Manitoba scored a goal, on which an offside was claimed, but the claim was disallowed.

On the resumption of play after half-time, Manitoba pressed for a time, but were unable to score. The pressure was relieved by some rushes on the Manitoba goal, several shots being cleverly disposed of by Clark, who played excellent goal for the Manitobas. Later on a goal was scored by Clarke, which was so evidently offside that the referee was forced to disallow it. The game thus resulted in a win for Manitoba by a score of one goal to nil.

For the 'Tobas the wings on the forward line played well, and Logan was a tower of strength at full back. For Wesley, Robson at full back was at his best, Macfarlen, Spear and Wheeldon worked hard, while McCrossan and Tait played the best forward game. White was handicapped by a sore leg, while Bawden, in centre, played a very plucky game.

JUNIOR SERIES.

St. John's vs. Wesley—0-4.

The junior series this year is creating almost as much interest as the senior. Dr. Patterson has presented a very nice cup for the winning team, and our boys mean to have the honor of being the first possessors of it.

Wesley juniors were somewhat more fortunate than the seniors in that their first match was not against the strongest team at the very start. The St. John's

team, who were mostly light and small, were not able to make any headway against their heavier and faster opponents, and were forced to gracefully acknowledge the superiority of our boys by a score of 4-0. The team was as follows:—

Goal, Lewis; backs, Wilson, Earl; half-backs, Wylie, Semmons, Robinson; forwards, Carper, St. John, Brown Robinson, Clendenning.

Wesley's team played a very even game throughout, the defence being slightly stronger than the forward line. Two goals were scored each half. In the first half Ceçil St. John scored by a fast shot from the wing, and Brown added one from a tangle in front of the goal. In the last half, Claude Robinson scored by a good shot, and the goalkeeper, a little in attempting to save, allowed another to roll through.

Schools vs. Wesley—0-2.

The second appearance of Wesley's junior team was against the Schools team, which, contrary to the expectation of our boys, gave us a very close game. The field was very slippery and good playing therefore was difficult. Capt. Wilson was ill and was replaced in this game by Semmons, whose position on the half-back line was filled by Macfarlen. Lane, who had shown good form in practice, took Lewis' place in goal.

No scoring was done in the first half, but Wesley's forwards woke up in the second half and scored twice, besides several close shaves. Brown did the needful first and Claude Robinson added number two by a fine shot shortly before time. On the forward line Carper and Clendenning played good games, one of the features being a fine run by Carper to the very mouth of the goal, where his hair became disarranged, and he allowed the ball to roll behind without attempting a shot.

Medicals vs. Wesley—1-1.

This was by far the most exciting game played by our juniors this season. The team was the same which won from the Schools, and they were forced to meet

such men as McGavin and Meck of the Medical seniors, as well as Jimmie Creighton, of the Manitoba seniors, and Shortreed, from Brandon. Naturally, our boys were not over-confident of winning, but determined to put the Meds. out of the finals, if possible, which they succeeded in doing. A very high wind was blowing, which made good play impossible. Cecil St. John scored in the first half by a long shot, but Carper missed a fine chance before half time.

Crossing over against the wind, Wesley adopted a defensive attitude, and succeeded so well that the Meds. only equalized the score about three minutes before time was called, Creighton scoring from a long shot, which Lane could have secured only he thought Earl would have stopped it. This mistake lost our boys a point, but a draw was almost as good as a victory, as the cup goes to the winners of the 'Toba-Wesley match next Saturday. The Medicals worked hard to win, and were somewhat chagrined to find a Waterloo in a team which they were confident of vanquishing.

Manitoba vs. Wesley—2-1.

Two wins and one tie in the junior series had made us rather hope that the cup presented for competition would find a resting place in Wesley for its first year.

But our hopes were dashed to the ground when the Manitoba team came over and succeeded in defeating our boys by a score of two goals to one. This was all the more disappointing because our team consider that they were not defeated legitimately, that one at least of the two goals scored was certainly offside. But, as usual, the decision was against us, and the cup goes to Manitoba.

The game was very evenly contested during the first half, the only score being one made by Carper for the Wesley boys. During the second half the Manitoba team had somewhat the better of the play, and, aided by the wind, scored two goals, both of which looked very much like offsides. The goal umpire, however, ruled such opinions out of the question, and both goals were allowed. The last goal was scored by a man who had stood in the mouth of the goal for some time, and a shot dropping from the bar was breasted through by him. Just why the goal umpire could not see that this was offside is somewhat of a mystery, and our boys feel that they would like to be beaten out of the cup in a square manner, so that there is some talk of a protest in the matter. Should our boys win the protest and be given another game there is good reason to believe the result would be differ-

DELIGHTS OF FOOTBALL.

His head was jammed into the sand,
 His arms were broke in twain ;
 Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were
 gone,
 He ne'er will walk again.
 His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
 The whispers they let fall ;
 His voice was weak, but this I heard,
 " 'Old man,' who got the ball ?"—Ex.

LOCAL NEWS.

"We found our boot, but we didn't find our gauntlets."—B. B. (on Thanksgiving Day.)

Two students, approaching the University rooms—

First Student—"Isn't that S-prrl's head sticking out of the window?"

Second Student—"No; I think it's a flower pot."

A few anxious inquiries by a group of friends revealed the painful fact that K— "hadn't done it," and that nobody "hadn't done it." Hence the woe.

Well might the great philosopher say, "Man that is born of woman but a few days is full of trouble."

A few of the students were recently entertained by Miss Aggie Harris. Some old games were played by new and interesting methods discovered by some of our theological students. A most pleasant evening was spent, and it was shown that Miss Harris is with us this year in a real sense as last.

A good many of the magazines belonging to the reading room have lately disappeared. If those who carry them away would but remember that the magazines are the common property of the students, and therefore it is a great injustice for one to take the magazines away from the Reading Room. We are sure the good sense of the students will prevent them repeating the aforementioned acts.

New facts in Chemical Theory are continually coming to light. One of the latest to come under our notice is a new property, which Fe₂ has been found to possess. This, as other important discoveries in chemistry, was made quite accidentally, and the investigator in this case was so surprised that he immediately took a somerset. The property referred to is a remarkable affinity to Fe₂, and is said to

possess for ethyl. The Previous class have been credited with the discovery of this new fact of scientific interest.

Philosopher—Socrates flew in the teeth of all his opponents.

Materialists have thrown the foundations of morality overboard. — Another Philosopher.

Previous students are respectfully warned that it is strictly against the rules of the institution to embrace tutors in the halls.

One Friday evening, after the Lit., a mathematician was observed moving about with a hurried, uncertain gait and a harassed and worried expression of countenance.

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun the study of Latin, astonished his teacher by saying,—

Vir a man; gin a trap.

Virgin a man trap.—Ex.

Scene, German Class—Difficult passage in process of translation.

Prof. — "Well, Fraulein, what does it mean?"

Fraulein—"I'll be hanged if I know."

First Junior Science Man—"I saw an Echidna heparix to-day."

Second Science Man—"A kid in hysterics!! Where'd you see it?"

First—"Oh, down at the curio shop."

Second—Great Scott! Must go and see that."

The approach of winter has again brought forward the subject of a skating rink. A meeting of the students was held and the matter discussed. It was resolved to tear down the old handball court and use the lumber for the purpose of enclosing the rink. A few of our enthusiastic

skaters attacked the court one Saturday forenoon and tore it down. At the present date of progress the promoters hope to have the rink ready to catch the spring trade.

Benny, who had just returned from his noon-spell chat in the Assembly Hall, was accosted by L—d—w and Wy—e on the upper flat.

Wy—e—"Has the young man been in the Assembly room?"

Benny—"Yes."

L—d—w—"What have you to say, Benny, that you should not be hanged by the neck until dead?"

Wy—e—"It can't be done, L—. Impossible."

L—d—w—"Why?"

Wy—e—"He's a rubberneck."

The shades of night were falling fast
As down the street young snowball passed.
"I'm out for a lark, though none may know.

You see I travel incognito."

His step was light and his cough was free,
And many an answering cough had he.

"Try not that game," young Willie said;
Some good advice he got from Ted.

When a voice like silver clarion rung
His well-known name in a well-known tongue.

The happy laugh and light replies
Were changed to cold and chill surprise.

No tear escaped his flashing eye.

Nor from his lips a word or sigh.

To his friends alone but one reply—NIT.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD BROS
AND REV. JOHN SCOTT.

The scenes around the defendant's room the other morning were decidedly Bacchanalian in their effect, if not in their origin. No less than eight cases of empty pop bottles were hurled recklessly from the room, breaking many and strewing the fragments along the hall.

These bottles are the property of the well-known firm of Blackwood Bros., and we understand action is about to be taken

to recover damages for their destruction.

It is hoped that the defendant will save further trouble and settle the matter out of court.

Our editor-in-chief's table is usually a model of neatness and order () considering the number and variety of the articles that usually repose upon it. Among a few of those revealed by a casual glance may be mentioned: Two ink bottles, a paper of pins, a writing pad, a dozen or more note books, sticking-plaster, a clothes brush, half a dozen photographs, a microscope, a bottle of catarrh powder (of which beware, as only visitors use it), a jack-knife, a hockey puck, a scientific work (in a remarkably good state of preservation), a razor strap, several rocks, a football inflater, a cornet, a number of old examination papers, a dozen copies of Vox and other journals, a box of matches, an empty sardine can, a dozen or more letters, a box of tooth picks, a corkscrew, a box of rifle cartridges and two books, lying open, entitled "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow."

We are pleased to note that the precepts and examples so fully set forth in our sporting journals are not barren of effect. For example, some of the seniors set out the other day on a little hunting and trapping expedition. Proceeding with due caution and careful observance of the rules of woodcraft, they presently arrived at an underground locality where a number of the timid, retiring creatures called Freshies were sporting themselves with a little red ball, wholly unconscious of impending danger. To secure the only available exit and summon a vast number of their confreres was the work of but a few moments for the Seniors, while the Freshies were thus scattered in all directions. Some mounted high places, some struggled to escape: others, with pallid features and collapsing extremities and beaded brows awaited the inevitable. They had not long to wait. Their captors were

soon upon them, and one by one their quivering frames rent the atmosphere to the old familiar shout. Then did the Seniors essay to depart, but found that an enemy had secured the door, and they in turn were trapped. However, an exit was speedily effected through the window, and the enemy, like Guy Fawkes of old, was discovered, key in hand, by the locked door. He was instantly seized and conducted to the outer air, where the front windows beheld the edifying spectacle of his manly figure shooting upwards with his coat and waistcoat accumulated upon his chin. Let his fate be a warning to traitors.

On Friday, November 18, the Literary Society held its third meeting of the term. The attendance was large, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The following programme was rendered:—

- 1. Glee Glee Club
- 2. Reading Mr. Tanner
- 3. Essay Mr. Huston
- 4. Solo Miss Young
- 5. Reading Mr. Moody
- 6. Essay Mr. Taylor
- Intermission.
- 7. Solo Dr. Laird
- 8. Critic's Remarks Mr. Robson
- 9. Closing Glee Glee Club

This year, for the purpose of increasing the interest in the meetings of the Society, the Executive decided to hold a competition in Oratory, Elocution and Essay Writing in connection with the programs. In this contest the ball was set rolling at the previous meeting by Mr. Eby with a recitation. The next item in the competition was Mr. Huston's essay. This essay was based on a comparison of two poems, "The Grammarian's Funeral," by Brown- ing and Tennyson's "Ulysses." This

comparison was carried out in a very able manner.

Mr. Moody's recitation, a selection from "The Lady of the Lake," was the last item in the contest given at this meeting, and with such an able list of competitors already in the field, an interesting contest is to be looked forward to.

While Mr. Taylor's essay was not entered in the competition, it was quite worthy of its place on the programme, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The evening of Friday, the 25th, was the occasion of another interesting meeting of the Literary Society. A particularly enjoyable feature of the programme was the fact that the musical part was furnished entirely by the ladies. The programme was as follows:—

- Instrumental duet
- Misses Beal and Hargrave
- Reading Prof. Osborne
- Solo Miss Millar
- Intermission.
- Piano Solo Miss Sparling
- Recitation Mr. Harrison
- Solo Miss Holroyde
- Critic's Remarks Mr. Robson

Mr. Harrison was the only competitor at this meeting. He seemed quite at home in the capacity of an elocutionist and flitted about from one to another of his various characters, impersonating each in their turn with the greatest degree of success.

A curious feature of the contest is the apparent lack of interest in the oratorical department, and this in the face of the fact that Wesley is, to a certain extent, a theological institution. Rashfulness is, no doubt, however, the great barrier in the way of a great many of our embryo divines, a broken rung in the ladder which leads to oratorical success.

PERSONAL AND EXCHANGE

In order to make this department as interesting as possible, we would be pleased at any time to receive items of interest concerning any of our students or ex-students.

Miss M. B. Plaxton, of last year's Preparatory class, is now attending Whitby Ladies' College.

Rev. H. A. Goodwin spent a few days last week in renewing acquaintances around the college halls.

Mr. Dohson and Mr. Fred Wilson, who have been confined to their rooms for a few days, are around again.

Rev. H. Whitmore recently preached in Brandon to the largest congregation seen for two years in the Methodist church there.

Dr. W. R. Sparling is reported in the Virden Advance as having solved the college hospital problem. He has secured a college, had it fitted to meet the needs of a limited number of patients, with nurses, etc. It supplies a long felt want.

Mr. Wes. Hancock, who has been sick for a few days, has been removed to the hospital on account of suspicion of diphtheria. We hope to see him around the halls again in a few days.

By a late Guardian we see that a church has been erected on the Gilbert Plains by the herculean efforts of Rev. W. Tucker Halpenny. Tucker, by his unlimited capacity for work, has earned for himself the title of "The Terror" among the people of his circuit.

Mr. I. R. Stinson, of the Previous class of '95-'96, spent a few days in the city last month. It was currently reported that Jack was married, but he says the report is a little premature. What meaning is to be assigned to the word "little" is left to the opinion of those that know him.

Mr. I. K. Sparling, M.A., '93, had a narrow escape from losing all his office effects by the late fire at Dawson City. Mr. Sparling's law office was situated in one of the burned buildings, but he was fortunate enough to get his books and

papers removed before the building was consumed.

Mr. D. L. Bastedo, the Governor-General's bronze medallist of last year's Previous class, has accepted a position in the customs house at Brandon, and consequently will not be able to attend college until next year.

Rev. E. W. Wood, familiarly known as Dr., paid us a pleasant call about the middle of last month. We were beginning to grow suspicious as to these quarterly visits of the Dr. to the city, especially when we found he had been in the city a couple of days before coming up to the College, but he assured us that these visits were purely business visits. However, as the Dr. did not specify the exact nature of the business, we feel at liberty to hold our own opinions on the matter.

We take this opportunity of extending congratulations to Mr. H. A. Gordon, B.A., '95, and embryo-medico, on his marriage to Miss Bowman. Doc. was always very shy about the matter and kept it secret for some time, but "murder will out." And right here we would like to enter a word of warning to our lady students not to trust students in love affairs, no matter how fervid their protestations may be. Freshies, however, are not included in the above, as they have not as yet acquired sufficient dignity to be regarded seriously.

Miss Annie Smythe, of the Previous class of '96-'97, has gone to Karloops, B.C., for the benefit of her health. It is her intention to spend the winter there. We will miss her very much, as she has always taken a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the good of the College.

Went to college.

Joined the eleven.

Played one game.

Went to heaven (?)—Ex.

He heard him give the college vell—

For joy he scarce could speak—

He murmured, "Mother, listen to

Our William talkin' Greek."

—Student Life.

An editor compliments a brother editor thus: "Mr. Brown is a clear thinker, a ready writer, and a first-rate fellow to boot."—Ex.

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I asked;

And she nodded her sweet permission—

Then we went to press,

And I rather guess

We printed a large edition.—Ex.

Packard thus soliloquized on seeing a small boy, a tin can and a reluctant dog frolicking together: "If a tin can is tied to the tail of canis Americanis then the canis Americanis is no longer a merry canis."

MAN'S LITTLE HERE BELOW.

A little glade,

A little shade,

A little dear and dimpled maid.

A little brook,

A little book,

A little fishing line and hook.

A little hand,

A little band.

A little pledge—you understand.

A little "splice."

A little rice,

A little glimpse of paradise.

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The worst case of absence of mind we ever read of was that described in an exchange the other day, when a man, hurrying for the train, thought he had left his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

If the Students in Wesley College are afflicted with rough chapped hands from using 'hard' water, we want to say that **Cream of Olives** will cure them. It supplies the natural skin moisture that dry, roughened skin lacks. 25c and 50c. **PULFORD'S DRUG STORE.**

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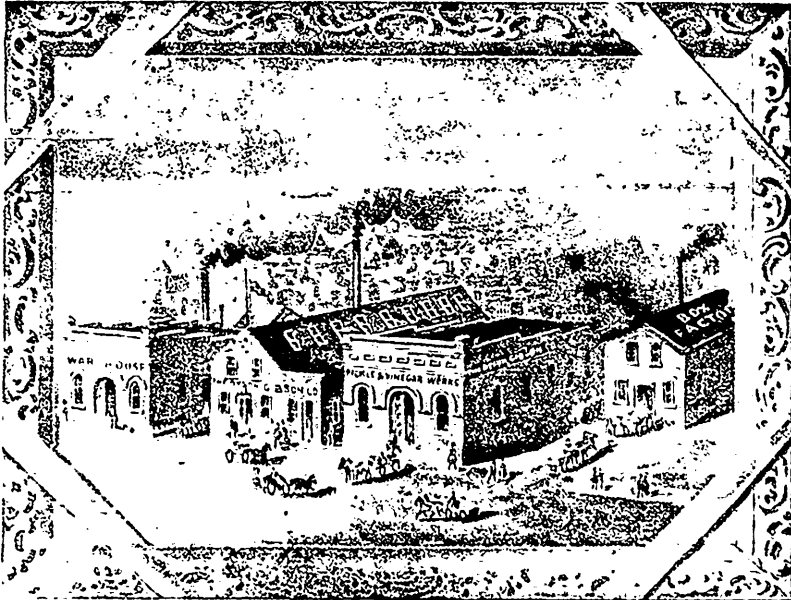
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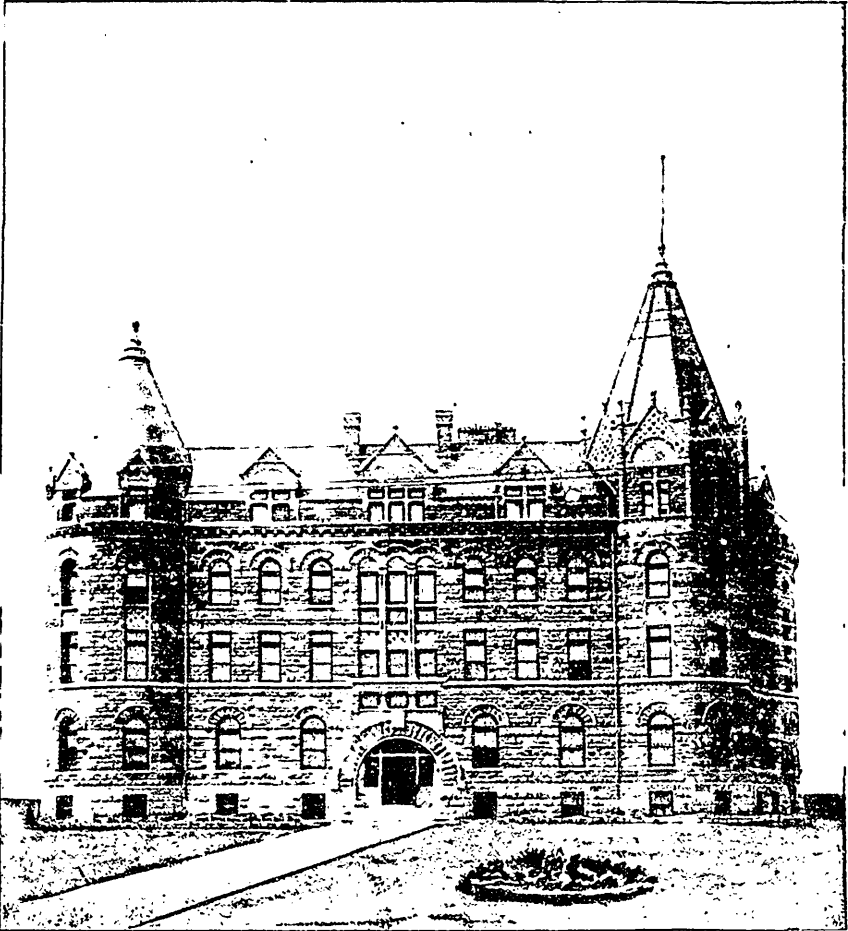
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