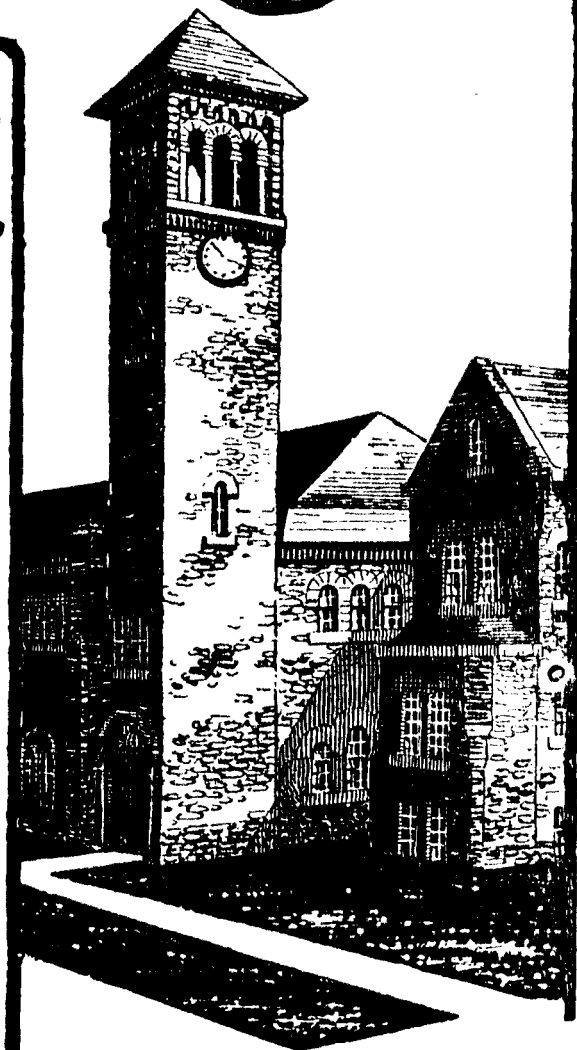


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SUPPLEMENT



Introduction.



AT length the first number of our Literary Supplement is in your hands. You have here, as you can see, a judicious mixture of essays, short stories, poetry, convention reports, literary criticism and impressionistic sketches. You have articles by some of our versatile professors, who can compile a lengthy article for you while you wait. Articles, too, by irrepressible sophomores, whose many interesting love-affairs constitute an inexhaustible fund of first-rate literary material. We gladly extend to both professors and sophomores, as well as to the ladies who have come to our aid, a hearty welcome to the hospitality of our pages. We thank them for their contributions and hereby take this public opportunity of clamouring for more.

Undoubtedly, Canadian students in general, and Queen's students in particular, have magnificent opportunities for gathering "material." Not to everyone is granted the gift of investing common life with the glory—"the light that never was on land or sea." The average aspirant to literary fame, lacking this power, feels that nothing short of a vivid experience—an exciting adventure or a hairbreadth escape can stimulate him to the needed degree of insight and forcefulness. Then, instead of enveloping his meaning in a meandering maze of words, he throws himself whole-heartedly into the situation he would depict, and the result is a glowing living piece of prose or poetry. True, the technique may be poor, but at least he has entered into part of the secret: and if it be objected that such experiences in the nature of things cannot come often, we can reply that a less powerful irritant is necessary when once the writer masters the rudiments of his art-form. Imaginative sympathy can take the place of actual experience—often to the immense benefit of the art-product.

When we think of the very varied experiences of our Queen's students—of the sights they have seen, of the representatives of the various nationalities they have talked to, and preached to and lived among during the summer months—then one begins to catch a glimpse of the amazing possibilities which are ours in the matter of literary "material."

We believe that we have untold wealth of literary possibilities among our own students, and we believe, too, that we have men on our professorial staff who can, and will, help us to find out where those possibilities are and so render them available for Journal uses.

With these brief words of introduction we bow ourselves out into the darkness again. The reader of our first number may be conscious of many defects in its pages, but we ought to feel something of the pride of possession which Touchstone in the play felt when he, acknowledging Audrey's deficiencies, claimed her as his own peculiar property.

"An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own."

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No. 1.

The Twelfth International Geological Congress.

By PROFESSOR M. B. BAKER.

IT is an interesting pastime for one to look about and try to select a single object that has not had its origin directly or indirectly in the earth. How truly perfect is the metaphor "Mother Earth." Geology is the science that investigates the history of the earth and its inhabitants, the processes at work modifying its surface, the effects of rain, wind, changes of temperature, and the chemical processes at work within the so-called crust. It is obvious that problems of transportation, whether by land or water, road construction, forestation, agriculture, climatology, sources of raw material and therefore industrial location, and many other enterprises have a very direct relationship to a country geology. The value, therefore, of the International Geological Congress to Canada, can be estimated largely by the impetus and inspiration given to Canadian scientists by a visit for the men who really make the science. One must add to this, however, the value of the impressions, geological and otherwise, that will be carried to all parts of the world by the visitors.

Many of the members were mining engineers and economic geologists, so that the value of their obtaining a knowledge of the agricultural and mining conditions in Canada is direct and obvious. The majority of the visitors, however, were authors, and instructors of various ranks in most of the universities and scientific institutions of the world. These men are constantly lecturing and writing to the public, and will no doubt have occasion to refer frequently to Canada, for they were greatly impressed with the magnitude and variety of geological occurrences in this country.

The Congress visited Canada this year on the invitation of the Federal Government, transmitted through the foreign office and the British Ambassador at Sweden. It was accepted at the session held in Stockholm in 1910, largely through the influence of Dr. W. G. Miller, formerly Professor of Geology at McGill University. The response of the mining men of Canada for aid in entertaining the Congress was splendid, but there is no doubt that the chief credit for the success must go to the Geological Survey of Canada with its director Prof. R. W. Brock; and to the Bureau of Mines of Ontario with its chief, Dr. W. G. Miller. Without the direction of these two gentlemen and the co-operation of their staffs the Congress would have undoubtedly been a failure.

The first meeting of the Congress was held in Paris in 1876, and similar meetings have been held every three years since, and in the following countries: Italy, Germany, England, United States, Switzerland, Russia, France, Austria, Mexico, Sweden, and Canada. The next meeting takes place in Belgium in 1816. The international character of the Congress is therefore well established.

By means of these periodical meetings, the results of research in any one country are given a universal application and significance. The Congress is now endeavouring to bring about uniform system of mapping, nomenclature, rock and mineral classification, and a more perfect paleontological correlation. At the meeting in Mexico in 1906 a geological map of North America was exhibited, and made a great impression. A similar map of Europe is now nearing completion and it is proposed to issue a geological map of the world.

When it was learned that the invitation of the Dominion Government had been accepted, and that the Congress would meet in Canada, the task of entertaining the scientists was appreciated by very few. The first meeting for organization was called as early as December, 1910. Committees were struck to undertake the various duties of preparation. It is safe to say that the chief work was the preparation of guide-books and maps for geological excursions, which had become the most important feature of the Congress. These excursions serve to illustrate the topics discussed and afford opportunity to study the chief features of geological interest peculiar to the country in which the Congress is meeting.

The excursions in Canada served to show the country to the visitors in a way that has never been attempted before. One series was arranged to take place before the meetings, and covered Eastern Ontario, Qubec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Another series after the meetings, which were held in Toronto, covered Northern Ontario, the Northwestern Provinces, British Columbia, and the Yukon. All were conducted by Canadian geologists familiar with the district under examination. Annotated time-tables and local maps were prepared for each excursion with a guide-book in more detail.

One of the excursions in Eastern Ontario was confined to the district about Kingston and was in charge of Prof. Nicol and the writer. It included distinguished visitors from nine different countries. It occupied three days and was voted by those present, one of the most interesting and instructive excursions they have made. They were particularly impressed with the variety and abundance of minerals they collected, and with the interesting geological sections exposed in this vicinity. The first excursion was planned to visit a few of the economic deposits found in the Pre-Cambrian rocks of this district. Some of these, for example, the mica deposits, are amongst the largest producers in the world. Others, like the phosphate mines, were formerly large producers, but are no longer worked on account of the more easily accessible deposits of Guano in the Southern States. The lead mines at Frontenac were also visited and many excellent specimens collected. This excursion also afforded an excellent opportunity for studying the general character and topography of a typically Pre-Cambrian area.

The second day's excursion was made by train to examine the large feldspar deposits along the Canadian Pacific Railway. A visit was therefore made to the Macdonald mine at Verona, and to the Richardson mine at Bedford. The visitors were much impressed with the magnitude of these deposits and some very interesting material was collected for study. From the feldspar mine the party journeyed to the Glendower Iron Mines, where some very interesting examples of rock alteration were to be seen. The change of feldspar into scapolite about this area was most interesting. From the Glendower the party went on by train to Parham, there to examine the new rock cuts made by the railroads through the gabbro, and to examine also the occurrence of corundum in anorthosite boulders.

The third excursion was made to Kingston Mills, the Rideau Canal, and Barriefield, where splendid opportunities for seeing the relationship of the Paleozoic sediments to the old Pre-Cambrian floor were given. It was the general remark of the geologists, that Queen's University was most fortunately situated in the midst of a natural museum. It should be added that these excursions were only made possible by the kindness of some of Kingston's citizens in donating the use of their automobiles. The response of the citizens throughout Canada was remarkably ready, and it is very doubtful if any convention ever made such a generally favorable impression on Canadians as a whole, as did that of the International Geologists.

Japan of To-Day.

By R. SHIMIZU.

IN Japan, the West and the East have already met and historians are saying that we are witnessing the birth of a new era. With the West you are well acquainted, I presume; but the East will appear to you to be somewhat strange. I shall attempt—incompletely indeed—to give you a glimpse of the essential features of the East. I shall tell you briefly from our history in what respects Eastern is different from Western civilization. I shall point out to you at what problem modern Japan is working.

First of all I should like to call your attention to the facts with which you necessarily come face to face, in your reading of the history of the West. You will find in your reading that there are two main currents of thought running through the whole history from its very beginning down to our own days; one starts from the Greek mind and the other from the Hebrew. I have no doubt that the Roman cut a figure in the history; originality, however, he had none except in politics. The Arabian, too, made some contributions to Europe in the Middle Ages but he is even less significant than the Roman. In this way it may be safely asserted that there are practically two essential factors of civilization in the West: one, native of Greece, embodying itself in art, philosophy and science; the other, native of Judea, expressing itself chiefly in religion, and more or less in customs and manners. However diverse the aspect of Western civilization may be, the very diversity will be reduced to the two main elements of civilization of which I have just spoken.

Now, turn to Japan. According to the orthodox conception of the history of Japan the date of the foundation of the Empire is put in the year 660 B.C., but the Japan we call modern in its full significance dates from the very recent year 1865, in which she adopted the open-door policy towards foreign countries and thus she has ever since come in contact with the West. The civilization of Japan in the past was somewhat homogeneous; its main elements were entirely limited to the production of Eastern mind. There were three elements or factors of civilization in Japan. One was a traditional code of morality prevalent among the whole race; the second was directly introduced from China, and the last from India, through the introduction of Chinese culture. Now let us have a look at these elements.

(1) The first element, though traditional in itself, has played a great part in the formation of the national character of the Japanese race. It is very difficult to say positively what it is. It is not religion, but a moral doctrine apart from the religious conviction of the existence of the Supreme Being. It is not philosophy, but practice. It is not the formulation of scientific theories but spiritual culture. It may roughly correspond to "gentlemanship;" it is the core of what may be called the racial "Sittlichkeit" of the Japanese. Some writers designate it as Japanese chivalry. Filial piety, loyalty, patriotism, bravery, honour, benevolence, veracity, politeness—all these are considered to be the cardinal virtues, although there are some minor ones. And all these virtues should be practised, according to the doctrine, not from the idea of individual or selfish gain, but from that of self-sacrifice. In order to comply with the requirements of this doctrine even suicide is justified under certain circumstances.

(2) The second element is represented by a great variety of the Chinese element which first came to Japan in 285 B.C., as is recorded in the chronicle of Japan. In those days China was a very flourishing community in the far East. Literature, art, philosophy, politics, social institutions—all these were introduced from China into Japan. We should not look on Chinese civilization at that time from the point of view of China at present. The China which effected a great influence on Japan is all but dead; nothing is left in the mother country, except the empty form and the skeleton without any spirit or life. Let us take, for example, the doctrine of Confucius. The true teaching of Confucius was a very rigorous, moral doctrine which was very much like the stoic philosophy which brought up some representative characters of Rome. This spirit of Confucius is still living in the Japanese mind, and was very conducive to the moulding of Japanese chivalry in the feudal age. In China, however, it has taken on a form of religious creed which is nothing but superstition. Some famous literary works have been lost, or have been even destroyed by the hand of Emperors in China; it was only recently that copies of them could be brought back from Japan to their native land.

(3) Lastly, let us look at what Japan owes India. Whatever Japan might have borrowed from India, it was not directly from India but through the medium of Chinese civilization. And this Indian element is represented by Buddhism, which is the historically reformed creed of Vedic doctrines, re-

formed by Sakya-muni, crown prince of Kapila-Vatsu, once a Kingdom of Northern India. He was born in 483 B.C. and died in 562 B.C.; his whole career could be characterized as that of a peaceful philosopher and an earnest reformer of Vedic religions. The original teaching of Sakya-muni was a very simple and practical rule of faith; it had no systematized dogma as at present. In the course of time, however, it went up to Middle Asia and thence to China and at once it developed into a very abstruse type of philosophical speculation. And such results of human activity as this are preserved to us only in Japan, just as with the Chinese civilization, the essential parts of Buddhism have disappeared in its mother land. It is, perhaps, too much to expect any student to discuss Buddhism in such a short article as mine, partly because of the comprehensiveness of the creed as a whole, partly because of the confusion of the Buddhistic and the non-Buddhistic elements. Suffice it to say that Buddhism is based on the conviction of the rule of the "ens realisimum et perfectissimum"—it does not matter what name it may take—throughout the universe.

Now, you will see that the civilization of Japan in the past was thus composed of the three elements, already mentioned, one native to Japan, another from China, another from India. Modern Japan, which dates from 1865, has, however, added to them two other elements—the Greek and the Hebrew, which have been introduced from Europe and America to Japan. What these newly introduced elements are you, as Westerners, will know very well; the great change of modern Japan has chiefly come from the introduction of Western civilization. It will not be enough, however, to say that modern Japan has been built up with the Western civilization; I should like to say definitely with what materials the West has furnished Japan for her building.

(1) The first material we owe the West is the various branches of natural science. The absence of science is the weakest side of Eastern civilization. Botany, astronomy, and the elementary part of mathematics existed in India and also in China, but nothing else, in so far as natural science is concerned. Even these branches of science were very simple and naive, compared with those produced by the Western mind. When once Japan came in contact with Western civilization, she was quick enough to pick them up, so that we have now in Japan a dozen Darwins, Newtons, Haeckels and such like. We are still honored with some useful scientific discoveries by native students; so if you visit Japan you will see that the gunpowder and—automobile—civilization has penetrated into its very depth.

(2) The second importation from the West was a democratic conception of the individual person or the idea of right. The idea of right, the Indian had none. There was in China, a time when the doctrine of right seemed to be philosophically formulated by Mencius, who interpreted the fundamental ethical principle, jhing, adopted by Confucius as a unity of love and justice, a unity not in the sense that one was dissolved in the other, but a unity in which each was supposed to maintain its own distinction, yet without contradicting the other. This is one of the most suggestive parts in the history of Chinese thought. Unhappily, however, warfare after warfare followed the

time and learning was for hundreds of years put down by sword. Consequently Chinese thought remained destitute of the idea of right. In Japan the idea of self-sacrifice was strongly emphasized in the native ethical doctrine, so strongly that individual rights were often submitted to the will of the elders and under such circumstances it is no doubt impossible to see a rise of democracy, or individuals insisting on their own rights. But these conditions have disappeared since the introduction of Western culture. In Japan we can now find everything, I repeat, everything good or bad brought about by modern democracy, from the constitutional system of government to the very radical anarchist. You will soon hear the Japanese on the other side of the globe crying for "votes for women, votes for children, votes for babies, votes for monkeys."

(3) The idea of personality and liberty we also owe the West. Of course we had a vague and implicit conception of personality or liberty in Japan as well as in India and China; but it was owing to Western ideas that the Japanese could come to conceive personality or liberty quite vividly and explicitly. You will not wonder when you have already seen that the idea of individual rights could not arise in the East, that the personality of liberty could not be recognized in its full significance.

We have thus with great pleasure accepted from the West such contributions as natural science, the idea of right, personality and liberty, which the West in turn owes the Greek and Christian civilization. Now, it will be easy to see that there are in Japan these five elements of civilization—the Greek, the Hebrew, the Indian, the Chinese and the native. And each element has its own peculiarity; therefore, it is no very uncommon thing for one element to come into collision with another, especially is it so when they are not well united or harmonised with one another, as was the case in Japan for a time. It was thus chiefly on account of this kind of a collision that Japanese thought was extraordinarily confused and all their social conditions appeared quite abnormal some twenty years ago. The strife between government and the people, between capital and labor, between handicraft and machinery, between the old and the new idea in domestic life, and the sudden increase of criminal cases, insanity, suicide, and the weakening of the hold of public morality and customs and manners,—all these undesirable phenomena of society appeared as consequent on the introduction of Western civilization. Fortunately these dreadful conditions of the community are quickly disappearing, and Eastern and Western civilization are now on the way to be united with each other.

This unification of the two sources of civilization we owe to our native minds which are still striving to harmonize one with the other, taking our own history as the unifying principle, and allowing due consideration to each factor. For the purpose of harmonising the East with the West there are journals, associations and the extension of University lectures, which are delivered by academic people in country towns, mostly before the meeting of public school teachers. A certain phase of the modern civilization of Japan has already taken on a form peculiar to the country. Christianity in Japan, for instance, is assuming quite a different color from that in Western countries;

notwithstanding the assertion that they belong to the same minor denomination. If once religion has been introduced to Japan, it cannot remain free from the native elements, so long as it struggles for its own existence. If you are to blame us for the admixture of the Christian and non-Christian elements, I do not know what to say; I simply submit it to the just criticism of the world at large. There is nothing more than a mere example of the religious aspect of modern Japan; but any and every other field of activity in Japan is tending in the same direction, that is, to the unification of Western and Eastern civilization. This is Japan's mission in the new era; whether or not she can accomplish it, time alone can tell.

The Lyrics of Robert Bridges.

By PROFESSOR W. D. TAYLOR.

MR. Robert Bridges was made poet-laureate in June of this year. The appointment caused some surprise, but lovers of poetry everywhere commended it, and, indeed, had eagerly looked forward to the making of it. In this article I hope to show they were right.

Mr. Bridges lives on a high piece of ground near Oxford, called Boar's Hill. His home faces south, and behind it is a wood of ragged pines. From its highest windows and the little glass turret which crowns it, you have before you on every side, so, at least, a passer-by would imagine, a thirty-mile sweep of country. Towards it the southwest wind drives her ranks of white cloud. In calm weather, fleecy mist comes up about it, and then from its windows you can see only the spires and towers of Oxford caught in middle air, and the dim outline of immemorial woods and a sun-smitten patch or two of river or corn-field. In the wood of pines, tall, dark foxgloves grow; and in the garden in June, white foxes imitate the milky way. To get to the house you must walk through fields of knee-deep, swaying grass, and go through ancient farm-yards, and past gnarled, twisted, broad-branching oaks. Now, it is out of the things around this house that Mr. Bridges makes his poems. The north wind and the south wind, the still Thames, the first star to break "the wandering ranks of night," the February primrose, the first hyacinth leaves pushing through the sodden brown carpet of the woods, the last October buttercup—such is the stuff of them. In summer he sings of the butterflies,

With dazzling colours, powdered and soft glooms,
White, black and crimson stripes, and peacock eyes;

in winter, of the stateliness with which the forests clothe themselves, even when half their leaves are torn away:

In the golden glade the chestnuts are fallen all;
From the sered boughs of the oaks the acorns fall;
The beech scatters her ruddy fire;
The lime hath stripped to the cold,

And standeth naked above her yellow attire;
 The larch thinneth her spire
 To lay the ways of the woods with cloth of gold.

It is not sufficient for the poet to describe tree, flower and landscape. Many have done nothing else; but what eminence they have won they owe not to themselves, but to Nature. For let a poet touch a thing over which she presides, and her spirit will slip into his work, however dully intent he be on rendering it, colour for colour, tone for tone, and leaf for leaf. Descriptive poems owe their life, not to the poetry in them, but to the interest their subject, Nature, everywhere arouses. She covers with her cloak the good and the bad.

The true poet not only describes trees and landscapes, but his feelings about them also. So much the better if he marks their colours with minute accuracy! He will not write poetry, however, unless he has some fit of feeling, merry, or sad, or joyful, over them. Now, Mr. Bridges is a true poet of nature; he "saddens and rejoices with all weather." He notes her appearances exactly, then weaves them into the texture of his moods. Here he is at play with her!

When June is come, then all the day
 I'll sit with my love in the scented hay;
 And watch the sunshot palaces high
 That the white clouds build in the breezy sky.
 She singeth and I do make her a song,
 And read sweet poems all day long:
 Unseen as we be in our hay-built home,
 O, life is delight when June is come.

In springtime he makes a poem out of joy that,

The farms are all astir,
 And every labourer
 Has doffed his winter coat.

When the rain lashes down in sheets, and the bronzed October foliage droops heavily, he sits by his own fireside, turning the page,

In which our country's name
 Spoiling the Greek of fame,
 Shall sound through every age.

The falling of snow reminds him of the death of his dear friend.

I shall never love the snow again
 Since Maurice died:
 With corniced drift it blocked the lane,
 And sheeted in a desolate plain
 The country side.

Snow had fallen, yet he had grudged enjoying its keen delights till Maurice came home. But then,

They brought him home; 'twas two days late
 For Christmas day:
 Wrapped in white, in solemn state,
 A flower in his hand, all still and straight,
 Our Maurice lay.

As may be judged from the quotations, the moods which Mr. Bridges expresses in these lyrics, so full of the scents and colours of Berkshire, are not violent. He never protests loudly his joy or sadness, but sings of them with an infinitely delicate wit. If one cannot feel the charm of pretty thoughts which just ripple the surface of the mind, then leave it quite still again, he will not like his poetry.

I have loved flowers that fade,
 Within whose magic tents
 Rich hues have marriage made
 With sweet unmemoried scents:
 A honeymoon delight—
 A joy to love at sight,
 That ages in an hour:
 My song be like a flower.

That his song be like a flower, that he may catch the colour and fragrance of moments of passing feeling, and put them in verse without injuring in the least their airy bloom—that is his aim in lyric poetry. It was the aim, too, of the light Elizabethan carollers, whom, by the way, Mr Bridges more than any other modern poet resembles.

There is no want of variety in his moods. The ripples that play across his calm mind, are as varied as those which play across the sea on a summer day, some crested with jollity, some laid low, by gusts of sadness, some moving equably in the general sunshine of happiness. Here he is in a jolly mood!

Crown Winter with green,
 And give him good drink
 To physic his spleen
 Or ever he think.
 His mouth to the bowl,
 His feet to the fire,
 And let him, good soul
 No comfort desire.
 So merry he be
 I bid him abide;
 And merry be we
 This good Yuletide.

There is happiness in the lyric where he describes himself leaning his fishing-rod against a tree, and dreaming over a book,

While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait.

You may call him sad when he compares the ruin of his fair hopes to the ruin caused by a summer tempest among "the delicate ranked golden corn."

At times in his lyrics he strikes deeper than in any I have yet spoken of. He is not always comparing his thoughts to the texture of a hyacinth petal, or indulging melancholy among the tombs,

In the windy moon-enchanted night.

For, into the calmest mind, sorrow clothed in terror sometimes comes stalking. It is, in truth, when face to face with her veiled, unexplaining, unexplained figure that Mr. Bridges writes best. He puts then into his verse the strongest things in his nature and the most worthy of his gatherings from experience of life. "On a Dead Child," is an example of the kind of lyric I refer to.

Perfect little body, without fault or stain in thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
 Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.
To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
 Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.
So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death whither hath he
 taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
 The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken
 thee?
Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
 Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard
 of, fail us?

This is sheer sorrow courageously endured. By his very quietness of contemplation—he is calm enough to note how, by chance, the head lies in an attitude of life—he makes one feel how unsearchable is death. Yet, having looked into its measurelessness he is not afraid. Leaning on stoic courage, and trusting to what Christian hopes he has, he refuses to cry out and lament.

Mr. Bridges is a musician as well as a poet; he has edited one or two hymn-books, and written a book on choir-singing. It is well known, too, that he and his family play on the viol and the lute as unceasingly as did Herbert

and his friends. To this is due, partly at least, the fineness of the metrical rhythms, the fineness with which he suits thought to verse and verse to thought. The lines halt under their weight of grief in "Perfect little body without spot or stain in thee." They swell and fall and swell again in "Night-gales."

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
 Ye learn your song.
 Where are these starry woods? O, might I wander there
 Among the flowers which in that heavenly air
 Bloom the year long!

He is slow and majestic in his funeral-songs.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white,
 And let the dark-stoled minstrels follow slow.

In the best of his love-lyrics you hear the sounds of hasty running feet and glad voices mingling in the cool, dark, morning air.

Awake, my heart to be loved, awake, awake!
 The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
 It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
 The o'ertaken morn. Awake, O heart, awake!

NOTE.—The Poems of Robert Bridges are now published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, at prices ranging from 35 cents upwards.

Doukaboors. Life in Western Canada.

THE people known as Doukaboors came to Canada from Russia about fifteen years ago, and settled for the most part in northwestern Saskatchewan. Their reason for coming to Canada was that if they remained in Russia they would be obliged to take military service. Their leader, in their search for a free land, was Peter Geregín, after whom a Saskatchewan town is named. They regarded him as almost supernatural, and, accordingly, what he said was law. The people settled around the country in what are known as "villages," sometimes as many as 250 people living in one village. The houses are mostly log, covered with sod, and have sod roofs. In summer the grass grows quite thickly in this sod, and it is not an uncommon sight to see weeds of all kinds and heights shooting up from the tops of the houses. The windows are small and are set right into the walls, that is, they cannot be opened at all. Furniture is scant, and they use very little artificial light. Sheep and other animals roamed at will around the dooryards and in the houses. Nothing they had belonged to themselves—all was claimed by Veregin. They had no farms of their own, but he compelled them to do work on his land. Any money that the women or children could make picking berries or selling vegetables was turned over to Veregin. There are still many of these "communities," as they are called, but quite a number of the villages are

deserted, as the people have been summoned from Saskatchewan to British Columbia to work for Veregin on his fruit farms there.

A large number of Doukabooors refused, after a time, to be so much under his control, and refused to go to British Columbia, so the government, rather than see the country lying idle, allowed them to live on it and to cultivate the land. They were now farmer Doukabooors. They still live in the villages, and their farms run out behind the houses. They were quick to adopt Canadian methods of farming, and gradually are becoming a thrifty race. It would be difficult to find sleeker, hardier animals in the country than their horses. One family generally owns as many as 30 horses. A family, by the way, usually consists of a couple of grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles, aunts, and then another pair of parents and several children. They nearly all own large "democrats" to carry their families about from village to village. They are a very sociable people, and many things seem to be common property. Some of them have now reached the stage of civilization where they have what one little chap called "screamer" doors and windows, iron beds, lamps and other luxuries.

They are particularly fond of bright, almost hideously gay colors, and their gardens are often a rare sight, being filled with nasturtiums, sweet william and sunflowers. These latter they raise by the acre, because the seed is somewhat of a delicacy to them. One day one of the children brought me a handful of these seed in a very grimy hand, and poked them up to my nose, saying: "You do ever eat sunflower seeds?" I told him to go and plant them.

They dress poorly, but always in gay colors. They are not remarkable for their cleanliness, and the children who came to school looked dirty most of the time. One day I undertook to wash one dear little five-year-old girl, and for a couple of days the improvement was noticeable. Then she came to school with grime plainly showing on all sides, so I suggested cleaning her up once more. Young as she was, she had an idea what I was talking about, and, shaking her head, she hurried around to one side of the school. I watched her from the window, and she had wet one corner of her skirt and was daubing at her face with it. She was a comical looking sight when she came back into the room a short time afterwards with these light colored paths showing up plainly on the mossy background, and putting her face close up to mine, said: "Teacher, see!"

They were very slow at school, although they were very anxious to learn, and if the teacher got exasperated once in a while, after she had spent so many minutes trying to explain that 2 plus 2 couldn't possibly be 7, and spoke a little sharper than usual, their optical waterworks would start immediately. The girls, I think, were particularly stupid—one would hardly expect to find them just the reverse of Canadians in this respect. I imagined that the cause of this dullness was that for years Doukaboor women have not been allowed to have any education, but were made to do most of the heavy work in the fields. They were all remarkably obedient children, and it was scarcely ever necessary to correct them for misbehaviour. They played together at noon and at recess very quietly, and when it was time to close would never fail to

call out, "Good-bye, teacher." The pedagogue was looked upon as something of a novelty, and as she walked through one of their villages to school, it was a usual sight to see various members of the households adorning their door-steps and gate-posts to gaze at her. Individual dishes are unknown to them. Any cooking that is done they do in heavy brown ware, and the family help themselves out of this, using their fingers for transportation purposes. Several times I caught sight of some rather fluffy-looking muffins among their lunches, but the main substitute of them was in big brown bottles, and was what they called "chi" (tea). Most of the time, several of them would come to meet me bringing bunches of "jaki" (flowers), with one-inch stalks. Their names are somewhat unusual, and one needs to get used to the "tonic accent" such as in Lucoshka (Lewis), Wasca (Willie), Marshka (Mary), Fincka (Fanny), Luskha (Lillie), and Poranka Nichivalodohoff, for which there seems to be no translation.

In most of the larger villages they have built a church, made of red brick and adorned with fancily-carved wood. Their favorite color is a ridiculously bright blue, and the church is invariably decked out with an abundance of this. There seemed to be no furniture in the church, except a table in the centre. On this table were placed several flasks of wine, and the church service was for the would-be worshippers to walk round the table while Veregin sat at the head and nodded his approval. I never heard what was done with the wine afterwards. Services could be held only when he visited a community, and a room was always built at the rear of the church to accommodate his majesty during his stay. I couldn't make out that there was anything in their religion at all. The children knew no Bible stories whatever, and had never even heard of the Lord's prayer. I gave it to them as a writing lesson once, and the next morning Lucoshka informed me that "he did know that little story very good." One Friday afternoon I told them of the Creation and the next week I was going to tell them of our first ancestors. As a review, I asked what were the first living things on the earth that God had made for us, and the prompt reply was "Injuns." After another Bible story, one little lad said with a very serious air, "Please, I do want to go to the heaven very bad."

I never witnessed a wedding among them, but as far as I could make out, the only ceremony they had in connection with it was to have a gathering of clans at the homes of the two interested parties. As with the Galicians, these affairs hung on for several days. Large quantities of beer and wine and rhu-barb sauce are the principal articles of diet on such occasions.

They are great people to patronize "shows," and if anything resembling a circus comes to town, even though it is fifteen miles away, they just take French-leave from school. I am sure if they had heard what was to take place at the Freshettes' Reception they would all have been down to it.

Altogether, the Doukabooors are an interesting class of people, and if a person could arrange to keep a bachelor's shack, a summer spent among them would be pleasant as well as profitable.

Trapped.

(*Sign: ANONYMOUS.*)

JEAN Ranston, half-turned towards the cheerful fireplace, sat musing by the open window in the large dining-room. As she leaned her fair cheek on one slender white hand, the cool spring breeze caught a few stray locks of her light brown hair and blew them over her eyes. Suddenly she sat up straight and brushed the hair back from her face. Her gaze was now attracted by some object outside and the girl again began to muse.

"I can't understand it. Ben's so very different from everyone else I know; and yet he's like them in most ways. It must just be one thing that makes such a difference—now I know what that is: it's his sneaking air, which always makes you feel as if he were hiding something. That's what made me almost shudder last summer, the first day he came here to work. How glad I am he's only the hired man and I don't have to look at him unless I please, although he is fairly handsome. My first impressions are generally correct, even if I do lose them afterwards. Oh, there's Rob coming."

Hastily rising and waving her handkerchief out of the window, Jean ran to a little mirror on the mantelpiece and caught up the few wilful strands of hair. She was again serenely seated by the window when a moment later a tall, square-shouldered young man entered. As he offered her his hand, a happy flush spread over her face, and she looked up confidently into his deep blue eyes.

"I'm nineteen to-day, and father is going to give me my farm soon. He says I have been faithful to him and now I'm free to go and see any part of the country I wish. What would you think, Jean, of my going a hundred miles or so up north to see the newer districts?"

Jean involuntarily sighed. "If you wouldn't be gone too long, it would be a fine experience for you, Rob. But I'd be terribly lonesome ;so you'd have to write very often."

"To be sure, I'd write at least twice a week. Oh, I forgot. Let's go for a walk—it's grand out!"

A few weeks later Robert Dennis left his country home for the woods in the northern counties. The parting was quite as hard for him as for Jean. She made it easier by constant references to certain joyous festivities which would take place on his return. For a moment he clasped her hand in his, while they looked with loving seriousness into each other's eyes. Then Jean turned away with eyes bedimmed with tears, and Rob tried in vain to overcome the choking sensation enough to say her name.

The next morning Jean settled herself cosily at her writing-desk by the window and wrote to her "laddie."

"Poor boy, what a hard time he will have up there in the backwoods! There isn't any news to tell him, except that everyone is happy but me. Really, I'm happy, too; just a little sad for the present. Rob will soon be back,"

Jean mused while she was writing this, her first long love-letter. Now her eyes would sparkle with merriment, and now their expression would become serious. When finally the missive was finished, she sealed it with her own seal and playfully imprinted on it a single kiss. Calling the servant, who was ready to drive to town, she entrusted the letter to him.

Several days later, when young Dennis reached his destination, he at once sent his sweetheart word of his safe arrival. Eagerly he went for the mail, but none came from her. Week after week, month after month passed by without any reply to his long letters. He loved Jean and believed that she would remain true to him. Something must surely hinder her from writing, and probably the letters she had written had gone astray.

At home Jean waited eagerly for the mail every day, when Ben, the hired man, went for it. Her waiting, too, was in vain. She could not believe it of Rob. He must be ill. She wrote steadily to cheer him up and cure him. Gradually it dawned on her that he could not keep on being ill so long. Maybe he was busy and tired; yes, surely, he was working so hard for her sake that he found little time for correspondence. He was practical. In time this theory seemed incredible to her. Still she would not give up; she would be true whether Bob was or not. She was determined to write to him occasionally so that, whether he had been away, or was lost, or had been overtaken by illness, he would, on his return or recovery as the case might be, find her letter.

One day when Ben brought Jean a letter from her relatives in the Eastern Provinces, he ventured to tease her about her absent lover. Her faith was just beginning to waver, and her troubled thoughts and anxiety did not steady her judgment and temper.

"Never mention that name to me!" she snapped, glaring fiercely at him. The hired man at that moment busied himself with the horse's harness.

From that time Ben made every effort to please Miss Ranston. After all, he seemed to be her equal, except that he had no wealth. One summer day, when he asked as a special favor to be allowed to drive her to a picnic, her pride took possession of her and she accepted—just to let her false lover see that she was not pining for him. On this occasion the young man made himself so agreeable that some of Jean's prejudices were swept clear away. Still, she remembered her first impression of dislike for him and tried to avoid him.

Opportunities, however, for ingratiating himself into her favor were not difficult for the wily young fellow to find. Quite frequently he went out of his way to post her letters—to Rob. He became her devoted slave—and she despised him for it—and never ventured to mention the youth whom he had long considered his rival.

On the second Thanksgiving during Robert's absence, Jean was more lonesome and gloomy than usual. Could she forget that lovely Thanksgiving two years before when she and Rob had been so happy? For the first time a most disturbing thought occurred to her. Could Rob have wearied of her, and could he have fallen in love with some other girl up north? The more she pondered over it the more likely it seemed. Although a sense of loneliness

had long been stealing over her, she had not given up faith and hope. To-day she was for the first time heart-broken! Indignation seized her, and a resolve to hide from all her real feelings.

When Ben begged the pleasure of taking her for a drive on that beautiful day, she accepted the invitation merely because she had ceased to mind little annoyances. As yet she was dazed by the realization of the significance of her lover's silence. When, deeply blushing and obviously uneasy, her companion with smooth words sought her hand, she yielded to the sudden impulse to forget her old love and to consent to marry this man to show the world that she was not heart-broken.

Soon a merry wedding took place at the Ranston home. Everyone was happy but the bride. Her heart was heavy; it almost seemed to choke her. After hesitating for one moment to say "I will," she pronounced the all-important words, only to repent bitterly the next instant.

After her marriage her husband seemed more like her first impressions of him. He was handsome and, as a rule, very obliging and fairly attentive to his wife. But occasionally, his tyrannical disposition got the upper hand. He could be stubborn and miserly. However, since the farm was his wife's property, he dared not go too far. These disagreeable traits in her husband's character along with the sly, secretive manner, which was scarcely perceptible to his most intimate friends, made Jean's life miserable.

One stormy day in February when Ben was more domineering than usual, his wife was about to rebel but decided to be patient, to give up her way for this once. He had marched out triumphantly; and she, indignantly resolving to let him rule her no more, turned to her baking.

In the afternoon, some time after Ben's departure for town, there came a sudden knock at the side door. Jean opened the door and ushered in a snow-covered stranger. Only when the visitor had shaken off the snow, did she recognize him.

"Robert Dennis, where did you come from?" exclaimed Jean in a surprised and chilling tone.

"From your father's," the stalwart young man replied in a grieved but patient voice. "They told me how to find you. I came to congratulate you. If only I could have been the fortunate man!"

"I wonder that you would take the trouble to hunt for me!" There was scornful emphasis on the last word.

Young Dennis colored. "You are the one who stopped caring once I was gone; but I've been true. You'd think I hadn't written regularly until it was only too evident that you wanted me to stop." The blue eyes flashed indignantly.

"Now, you're accusing me. I wrote until I decided you were dead—or else, possibly, married."

Robert's serious look deepened. "See here, Jean, I came to get a glimpse of you again and to give you an opportunity to tell me my serious fault or peculiarity which turned you away from me so quickly. Now you say you wrote, and deny that you received any letters from me. I did write. I kept

sending letters to you till the last. I was ashamed of myself for not seeing your meaning sooner. Surely the letters could not all have been lost.

"No, that would be impossible, for Ben is so careful, and it was he who always posted my letters and brought home the mail."

At that instant a man's footsteps were heard approaching. Robert and Jean looked up simultaneously, with the blazing eyes of disillusionment.

Jean gasped despairingly, "Oh, Rob, the wretch!"

A moment later her husband entered, whistling. Upon observing his former rival he stopped suddenly in confusion. The lovers looked from him to each other. Although Robert Dennis was raging furiously within himself he restrained his righteous anger.

Jean kept her violent passion only partly under control. She stood there, calm and grand, her face pale with despair and anger. She looked her husband straight in the eye.

"You wretched cur! If it were not for Rob's sake, I'd—I'd kill you!"

Dropping his eyes, Ben slunk out of the room.

An Interesting Discovery.

(From the *New Zealand Times*, Jan. 24, 3401.)

By JELLABY BLANCO, D.Sc.

AT the millenary meeting of the Pan-Australian Historical Congress, held at Auckland in December, 3400, Dr. A. D. G. Grubber reported on the successful excavations made near the site of the prehistoric sea known to men of the Victorian era as Lakontario. Since the year 2190, the whole of the region called by the ancients Canada*, has been uninhabited owing to the southern advance of the ice-cap surrounding the magnetic pole. Dr. Grubber has discovered, near the ruins traditionally known as the King's Town, one of those ancient Druidical colleges which form so characteristic a feature of the barren wastes of Europe and America. In view of his discoveries, the learned Doctor is inclined to think that the King's Town should be identified with that lost city of Ophir, from which King Solomon obtained his so-called Ivory Apes, as well as the species of musical instrument known as the Peacock. We hope that Dr. Grubber will state his arguments 'in extenso' before long: until he does so, no opinion can be pronounced upon such a conclusion. But, in the course of his work Dr. Grubber has come upon a "find" which will make his name long remembered in the annals of science. Securely embedded between the mouldering stones of the S.W. wall of the largest group of buildings, there was found a fairly well preserved copy of a broadsheet, printed in black pigment with movable types upon the ancient material known as 'paper,' the secret of which has now perished. The broadsheet, illustrated in a manner recalling the etchings executed on bone by men of the stone age, dates apparently from some period of the so-called Victorian civilisation, which flourished between the years 1500 and 2000 A.D. So far as it has been deciphered, the

*Sometimes abbreviated to 'U.S.A.', a contraction the significance of which is unknown.

fragment seems to be a description (written by a foreign traveller who visited the spot in the reign of the ancient Roman-British King George V), of the secret initiation-ceremonies accompanying the admission the admission of Fresh Men, or novices, to participation in the religious cult of the Druids who presided over the college. Like the rites of Mithras and the mysteries of Eleusis, this initiation-ceremony took place in early manhood, and, from the obscurity which attended its performance, was usually known as The Haze. The precious document containing the description of the ritual is so fragmentary in some places that the following account must, pending emendation, be received with caution.

At a certain date in the month of October, when their god the sun was high in the heavens, the Seniors, or initiated men, assembled on a small plain near the structure which the paper calls Grant Hall.** On the other side of this rectangular plot of grass, traditionally connected with the gruesome gladiatorial spectacles known as Football, were drawn up the Fresh Men in a shrinking band. At a given signal, the Seniors rushed forward with ritual cries of Queens-queens-queens,*** and bound them straitly. The least resistance was, it seems, punished by death. On each side of the grass patch stood high and serviceable gallows of timber with short cross-bars, capable of accommodating twenty or thirty victims: and there is no reason to doubt that, in these merciless days, the recalcitrant Fresh Man would be accorded short shrift. Those who submitted to the binding were swiftly borne into the penetralia of Grant-Hall. An unfortunate lacuna in the fragment leaves us in ignorance of what happened there. But in dark cellars, far below the level of the ground, have been discovered iron stoves and grating similar to those employed so generally by the Spanish Inquisition in the time of Alexander the Great, and there can be no question that these pieces of rusted metal, did they but possess power of speech, could tell many a tale of the sufferings endured by the hapless Fresh Men before their courage and endurance were deemed proven. Many doubtless perished under the stern ordeal, and their bodies were either devoured at the cannibal banquet known as Artsdinner, or consigned to the dark green waters of Lakontaio Sea. Those who survived were accorded the privilege of decorating their faces with the sacred colors of their cult. The paper to which we owe our information speaks of the recently initiated Fresh Men pacing proudly round the scene of his recent sufferings, his face decorated in broad stripes of red, blue and yellow—a combination of colors which has been found on many curious cultus-objects in the vicinity. Occasionally, it seems, the color scheme underwent a variation. One youth, encountered by the traveller to whose pen we owe the whole of this description, was decorated with short wedge-shaped dashes of color on the cheeks, chin and forehead. It has been conjectured by Dr. Grubber that the difference of arrangement corresponds to a difference in grade in the hierarchy of the Mysteries.

**Dr. Grubber explains this as being the building where the votive offerings or grants, made to the gods by the faithful, were stored. Later, tradition connected it with the name of an alleged Chief Druid, greatly revered, named Grant. This explanation is plainly only an aetiological myth of a common type.

***Doubtless an invocatory exclamation like the *Io, Bacche!* of contemporary Roman religious ceremonies.

The initiated, as it seems, possessed two other privileges in addition to the right of facial decoration. He might make use of the ritual invocation Queens-queens-queens, and he might choose a wife† from among those damsels who had been admitted by a ceremony corresponding to his own, to the rights practised by the females. This society bore the curious title of Levana. We have no means of knowing whether the last right was ever exercised: but if the secret society is to be identified, as Dr. Grubber thinks, with the agitation connected with Female Suffrage, it is probable that no youth would be found bold enough to claim a privilege so dubious.

It is impossible to praise too highly the monumental industry of Dr. Grubber. Without his prodigious learning we might still have remained in utter ignorance of the 'civilisation'—if the term may be employed to denote so barbarous a condition of society—which existed aeons ago, long ere the mammoth wandered free amidst the ruins of the once stately King's Town beside Lakontario Sea.

†In contemporary phraseology, a 'Freshette.'

The Rebel Nun.

(Sign: H. H. S.)

SUCH a chill ran through me as I had never experienced before, when the brakeman called out "St. Nora! next stop is St. Nora!" Just such a chill as one might expect to feel when he hears those words, "I pronounce you man and wife." St. Nora was to be my home for the next year at least. I had never heard of the place until a few weeks before, and my nerves tingled with curiosity and expectation.

I could feel the speed of the train decreasing, and, hastening to put my luggage in order, I had just stepped out into the aisle when the train stopped with a shunt which sent me back into my seat rather abruptly. Being the only passenger to get off, I hastened out to the platform, in a rather sullen humour. It was a dismal day, hot, cloudy, dark, and as the train scurried quickly away, the heavy black smoke hanging lowly over the track, I could not but feel lonely. Nor did anything about the village serve to cheer my sullen mood—everything looked dreary, the grey stone buildings stood like so many vaults, the roads were heavy with mud, the people stared in a disgusting manner, so that I heartily wished myself away from the place.

Happily, my first opinion was a mistaken one. It was marvellous how cheerful this seemingly dismal place soon became. The roads became dry, the people no longer stared, and the buildings no longer appeared gloomy in the bright sunlight. As harvesting came to an end, new signs of life were constantly showing themselves—dancing, card parties, and, later on, sleigh rides, and skating, so that I soon concluded that St. Nora was the liveliest place per square foot on the globe.

One day, not long after my arrival, I received an invitation to a dance, and knowing but few in the place, it was decided that I should go along with Elmer, the son of the farmer with whom I boarded. Of course he was to be

accompanied by a young lady, and, although I objected to going in this fashion, he assured me that they would be delighted to have me, so I finally accepted. Accordingly, on the appointed evening he and I set out for Keitha's, as her name was. He seemed disappointed when her mother answered the door, and it immediately flashed through my mind that something was wrong. Nor was I mistaken, for not long after we entered she came downstairs, looking for all the world like a dilapidated dish-rag. Making a rather sickly attempt at smiling, she informed us that she had a headache, in particular, and everything else, in general.

I had resigned myself in going back to my rooms and spending the evening reading—for it was quite clear they would not attend the dance—when suddenly the whole situation was changed.

"Where is Marie to-night?" asked Elmer.

"Here I am," answered a voice from upstairs, a peculiar voice, too, one in a thousand; and when she added, not knowing of my presence, "I shall be down in a minute, dearie," I could not but wish it had been addressed to me.

Her voice seemed familiar to me, and yet I could not connect it with anyone I had ever known. I did not know that I had seen and admired her dozens of times; I did not know that I had talked to her every day since my arrival, but I had, for she was the telephone operator, the "hello-girl," so to speak, of the rural telephone line. I had often thought that I should like to see the owner of that voice, and yet never dreamed that it was the same girl that I had met so many times on the street. She was not the mouthy type you so often hear over the city lines, but just an ordinary country girl. Her home being out of the village, she boarded at Keitha's.

And now she entered she seemed fashioned to dance—she could not help but dance at the sound of music. Her black eyes danced under her heavy eyebrows; the corners of her mouth were never at rest, little dimples played about her healthy cheeks, and her glistening hair, lightly thrown back, fluttered at the slightest provocation. That waist just coaxed an arm, and she would willingly have sanctioned the invitation.

And I was to be her escort to the dance! Yes, certainly I was. She could not go along, and yet Keitha and Elmer were not going. That was the only way out of the difficulty. We had unwittingly been thrown into the same position, and the way out was a pleasant one, to me at least.

Time never went so quickly as it did the next few weeks, but our acquaintance ended as abruptly as it had begun. I had entirely forgotten that she was a Catholic, until one evening she informed me that she was soon to enter a nunnery, according to the wishes of her parents. It seemed incredible that a girl of her stamp, so gay, so light-hearted, should become a nun. Not long afterwards she parted, as we supposed, for ever. It was as if she had died, since she was permitted to write no letters, nor to communicate with anyone other than her parents.

In the spring I left St. Nora, and it was five years later before I returned on a holiday trip, partly to see my old friends, but more especially to obtain news of Marie. I was very successful in this, since her sister was still at

home. She informed me that Marie was now a sister in St. Jeanne D'Armoise Hospital at Rolston, and further added that she had assumed the name Mary St. Thomas.

Being fond of adventure, and having nothing in particular to do for a month or so, I decided to visit the place and to learn what I could of her.

When I went up the big stone stairs, when I was ushered into the spacious writing-room, I hadn't the slightest idea that my request would be granted, but summoning all my courage I asked if I might see Sister Mary St. Thomas. My request was granted, but with a reservation, for another sister accompanied her. She dared not even smile, and the coldness of manner, the deep black gown, caused me to lose all interest in her for the time. Nevertheless, I decided to give her a fairer chance to talk with me, and for this purpose engaged a room in her ward, under the pretense that I wished a rest from business.

No sooner was I installed in my room than I heard some one sadly singing. They opened the door. It was Marie, or, as I should say, Sister Mary St. Thomas. She forgot all her nunly dignity, she rushed toward me, but checked herself and, advancing, took my hand, which I had stretched out unwittingly. Looking straight into my eyes she half sobbed: "Can't you, oh, won't you help me?" I stood dazed, I can't say how long, then I realized that I was actually holding a nun's hand, and that I had one arm around her waist. I almost pushed her from me and sank into a chair. She did the same; and then finally uttered: "I acted rashly, I was so glad to see you, and yet I had to remain so dignified in the waiting-room—at the same time I feared I'd never see you again. You'll forgive me, won't you?" Forgive her? I nearly forgot she was a nun; she was again my old friend Marie. She told me how for four years she had been locked up in that nunnery, with windows barred, dismal walls and ceilings, ghostly crosses, and seeing no one but nuns; how she dared not tell how she hated all this, lest a hundred and one curses be pronounced on her. She told me how she hated the hospital, the odor of the drugs, the groans of the patients, and finally implored me, actually implored me, to aid her to escape.

I had come for adventure, and surely I was not disappointed—here this girl's whole future happiness depended on me. Successful and again she would be free; unsuccessful and she would, in all probability, be barred up for life in a nunnery.

Numerous plans presented themselves, escape by alley-ways, by rear entrances under cover of darkness, but all these plans gave way to the boldest of all. She was off duty at nine o'clock; at this hour she would disguise herself by dressing in the clothes of one of the patients and we would escape openly. Everything favored this scheme. All the lights in the halls were turned low at this hour; the elevator stopped running, although anyone might use it who understood how to work it. There were several trains leaving the city about that time, and we would not likely be missed for several hours.

On the stroke of nine Marie came to me to say she would soon be ready, and twenty minutes later a beautiful young girl came waltzing into my room, humming one of the old tunes. She was the same girl as of old, and I caught

her in my arms. She was as little the nun as if she had never worn a black robe. I forgot everything but her until she reminded me that we should be going.

I hastened along the heavy carpets to see whether the elevator was at our floor. I went inside, turned on the light, and found all in order. Turning out the light again, for greater concealment, I hurried back to my room. "Come," said I. She placed her hand in mine; she was pale now, ghostly pale, the smile was gone and she seemed to realize the risk she was running. I myself saw the seriousness of it all, and we trembled together. We reached the elevator; all was dark behind the grating. I softly slid back the iron door and we stepped into the darkness. Down! Down! we went! For ages it seemed I fell down that awful elevator shaft, the rushing air roared about my ears, and I knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness I realized that the elevator had been removed and since that time I have spent many an hour wondering whether she was killed by the fall, or lived to be imprisoned in the nunnery.

Sister Mary.

(Signs C. E. C.)

EVERY day as she, with her companion, passed by my little garden, she would put forth her hand out of the folds of her nun's mantle and caressingly draw a bit of the sweetbriar, growing in the hedge, towards her. Just for a moment the gentle, thin hand would clasp the careless, thorny branch; her face, which made you wish that yours had been chiselled by Sorrow and Purity, would bend down to meet this undisciplined tree. A deep breath—and then her head would rise, her hand would go back underneath the cloak, and she and her companion would pass on.

But one day she did not come, nor even the next. The branches of the sweetbriar waved, and the leaves shivered as if they missed her caresses. It seemed as if they begged me to bring that mild hand to them.

I broke off a spray of the tree and took it to her at her convent. She was ill, but she saw me, and then she told me: "Twenty years ago I loved to smell the sweetbriar and to dream of happiness. But suddenly all the world, which had been so wondrously bright and joyful for me became dark and melancholy. Duties were hard. And then One who loved me called me here. Once I hated it, and sometimes now it is so lonely." She smelled the sweetbriar. "That makes me recall the time when I used to dream. But I am sinning. I make you think I am not happy. Here I have more than husband or children could give me—a tranquil life."

Next day the convent bell tolled—Sister Mary's lonely, earthly life was at an end.

I took my sweetbriar and planted it at her grave; perhaps her recollection of happy dreams would be eternal.

The Noble Deed.

(Sign: A. G. C.)

“**P**ERCIVAL Yates, Newman, and two other boys were crossing a section of the St. Lawrence river near the foot of Mille Roches rapids, when an oarlock broke and the boat upset. Yates and two of the boys grabbed the boat, which drifted upside down, but Newman, who could not swim, called for help and Yates swam to his aid. He placed Newman's hands on his shoulders and had gone a few feet with him, when he saw Shaver, who also could not swim, beneath the surface. He pulled Shaver to the surface, put his arm around his body and swam some distance further with the boys to a punt which was coming to their aid.”

Since reading this extract in one of our dailies it has been the privilege of “The Dreamer” to meet Mr. B. Yates, whose rescue of two comrades in the Long Sault Rapids, was lately rewarded with the Carnegie Bronze Medal and \$2,000 cash.

As “The Dreamer” heard the story (told so simply by this latter-day “Hero of the Long Sault”), and pictured the small boat overturning in the midst of angry, swirling waters, and the lad seeking and saving his helpless comrades, and then battling so valiantly with the waves until aid was at hand, he was moved to moralize in this wise:—

Would we all but orient ourselves with that sense of the sublime from which spring all such noble deeds—that soaring spirit of idealism, which inspired Ulysses of old—then perhaps in the mighty crisis of life we might be better prepared to play with honour our part on the stage of life. Were we to unsheathe our swords and do battle in a college crusade for a Christian Canada, could we not make ourselves a mighty force to leaven the sordidness of life in this harrowing age of materialism? A Titanic task, it is true, but what of those immortal lines hymned in the soul of that stainless knight of medieval legend:

“My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”



The World and I.

By F. B. MILLETT.

I have come to the end of the World,
 The wind has blown through my hair:
 And the cares that lay in my lashes curled,
 The river says, are not there.

I have trampled the clover red,
 My feet are bare and brown;
 And my hands are stained where the strawberries bled:
 (Oh, what are the joys of town?)

I was chasing a dragon fly
 And tripped on some rambling thorn:
 "It lives, I live; we are one," quoth I
 And I laughed the bruise to scorn.

For, when I'm alone with the world,
 Of nature, not men, I mean,
 I feel like a sprite on a butterfly whirled,
 Green trees and blue sky and so clean!

But a cloud is blurring the sun;
 There's a vexing chill in its frown,
 And I think when this glorious day is done,
 I'll hie me back to town.

Syrinx.

By F. B. MILLETT.

Wild fawn, lying low in the greenwood,,
 When the crimson pyre of the day
 Turns black, and the white sparks fly heavenward,
 Pick up your pipes and play.

And if men's white faces affright you,
 And their love seems a dolorous thing,
 Leap away where the thrushes invite you
 To fling down your pipes and sing.

Of clear waters and unbroken flowers,
 Gold stars and the weary old sea;
 Wild fawn, of your life's dreamy hours,
 Pipe to the world and me.

The Two Spirits.

By C. A. GIRDLER.

I wandered through the mist of years alone,
 Alone, and bitter as the fading rue;
 Wild was the beauty of the world around,
 But dropped no healing balm upon my heart.
 The pure unfettered zephyrs could not cool
 The fever of my soul. I threw me down
 Upon a bank of flowers: cold and grim
 The long, long minutes took their toll of life,
 And when I fain would grasp them, through my hands
 I felt their flood melt silently away.
 I looked for Peace, for often had I felt
 Her presence in the woodland. Many years
 Impatient had I sought all forest joys.
 My cold blue steel had freed the bursting blood
 Within the wildcat's veins, and 'mid the flowers
 I had with callous finger oftentimes
 Squeezed out the red deer's life: yes, joy had I
 When on the bleeding snow-drops agonized
 The dull-eyed rabbit sobbed her life away.

* * * * *

Methought as on the crushed flowers sad I slept,
 A tiny voice released my fast-bound eyes,
 And drew them where, above the shadowed moss,
 A tossing rosebud mocked the covert cool.
 Lightly upon her frail and fragrant throne
 A little fairy stood: a flower she was,
 But fairer than the lily in the dew,
 And decked with tinselled gold. Wildly she cried:

*"Dance no more, fairies,
 Light-footed elves no more:
 Delicate spirits all,
 Come from the prairies,
 Come from the silver peaks,
 Come from the shelly shore:
 'Tis I, thy mistress, speaks;
 Dance no more.*

*Gold drops are running through the laughing leaves;
 But dance no more, your little mistress grieves.*

"Sing no more, fairies,
 Silver-tongued sprites no more;
 Delicate spirits all,
 Hither where care is!
 Hither come, hither come,—
 Ne'er have ye known before
 Sorrows that mortals numb.
 Sing no more.

Sweet tones are ringing through the gold-swept leaves;
 But sing no more, your little mistress grieves.

Among the golden shadows of the elms,
 From piny upland and from purple grove,
 A thousand little stars flashed back the sun.
 Mab's loyal subjects gathered on the green
 Like dancing dewdrops sparkling to the sky.
 One little forester in Lincoln green
 Bowed low before his Queen, and, springing swift,
 Light-poised upon a dark anenome,
 With grace he stood and heard his sovereign's plaint:

"Laugh, laugh,
 The world is merry:
 Lips like the cherry
 Has Folly; sweet maid.
 Hola! Hola!
 Here let us bury the shroud and the spade.

"Airily, fairily,
 Thrud I the forest:
 I am the chorist
 Who sings to the flowers.
 Hola! Hola!
 Yet trip I charily into maids' bowers.

"Robin! Robin!
 Sigh all the fairies:
 I rob the dairies
 And laugh at their plea.
 Hola! Hola!
 Ne'er for me care is, but all care for me.

"Come, come,
 Laugh with Goodfellow:
 Bees black and yellow
 Shall honeyless go.
 Hola! Hola!
 Ne'er fruit so mellow as stolen, I trow."

His music died within him, and the fire
 In many a dark eye leapt, and leaping, died.
 The silvan strains were muffled in the glen,
 And a cold Hand seemed thrusting out the sun.
 The shivering fairies all besought their Queen
 To say what hurt immortals might befall,
 If Beauty lived for ever. Down she sprang,
 And pointing to the flaunting briar's root
 Showed where, the world outcloaked, in deep dank leaves
 Moody and fraught with fear lay Oberon.
 The air grew chill, and in the silent glade
 Bleak Terror gripped all hearts. Poor Puck the bold
 Threw his frail body wildly by his king
 And drowned his half-choked words. Sweet Mab drew near,
 And murmuring low, as if with mild appeal
 Yet fearful of displeasure, soft she sang:

*"Gather we violets by the stream
 P' the cool o' the noon:
 Myrtle and marigold
 Charm not your heavy dream.
 Soon, soon,
 Let us fly o'er wood and wold,
 Where the sunbeams doff their gold,
 And on the tinted airs float wonders manifold."*

Forth came the sun, and to his kindly smile
 The sad king raised his face and slowly spoke:
 "Immortal are we but as is man's mind,
 Which though it live in beauty, dies in truth.
 Mammon now rules where Oberon had sway,
 Or worse, a guiding spirit there is none.
 True 'tis, in many minds we still have home;
 But seldom are we free, or even known
 To those who shield us. So we die in truth.
 Our beauty lives for ever, but, sweet friends,
 Naught but a death in life before us lies."

He spoke, and o'er his drooping head the rose
 Danced in the chill wind's arms; the giant pines
 Sighed and were silent. Through the iron sky
 Tremendous shadows flew, and in their train
 Whirled like dim dreams the wraiths that haunt the flight
 Of rain and frost, till the vast Universe
 Menaced the crouching forest and her brood.

"The Spirit of the Day is passing by,"

The old king said ; "and on its bitter breath
 We are most like to die with all that lives."
 A hush there fell. Beyond the canopy
 A rushing wind passed suddenly and died ;
 And lo, mysterious darkness fell on all.
 Deep in the riven clouds red battle waged
 Where mighty forms strove on the streaming plains
 And in abysmal caverns, from whose jaws
 Spat the white fire. Spurning the writhing slain,
 Hurling the monsters fled into the west,
 Victors and vanquished ; for the powers of Light
 Knew no resistance. Through soft-curling clouds
 Came like caressing love the glorious sun :
 And then from out the distance rang a Voice
 Pure as the dew, sweet as the light of day :

*"Out in the sunshine, the shadows are past!
 See! how life springs.
 Soon will they lengthen, forever to last:
 Fold not your wings."*

The tinted dawn her petals spread above :
 Delicate dews distilled from earth and sky ;
 And with the stirring zephyrs sounded low
 The murmur of innumerable things.
 One long sweet sigh of peace, and suddenly
 The dreaming world awoke and glittered fresh.
 High overhead the silken clouds hung light,
 Pure as though bathed in the celestial sea.
 All nature drew the breath of life. And now
 From gold-rained hollow and from emerald hill ;
 From many a shimmering silence water-borne ;
 From where the wind-flower starts, and by her grace
 Startles the timid hare ; from mossy glen
 Where sings the waterfall to waters deep,
 Pillowed in dark luxuriance asleep ;
 From violet-broidered banks and lawny vale
 Whereon the bluebells ring their fairy chime ;
 From where the wind among the crags shakes forth
 The scarlet columbine ; once more from all there came
 The fragrance of a hundred thousand lives.

*"Cold falls the death-shroud on coward and free:
 Where streams the gold?
 Chaos blots all but best,—cares it for thee?
 Tell, or be told."*

The fairies stood in silent trance. Young Puck
 Bounded in air, and through the forest glades
 Tinkled his laugh. "The Spirit of All Time
 Rules, and shall rule, the Spirit of the Day.
 The fairies live in beauty and in truth."
 Thrice did he skip, and down a sunny path,
 Aisle with slow-dropping gold and silver fumed,
 He shot like arrow and was seen no more.

Slowly I rose and turned towards the king;
 But as I spoke a mist fell on my eyes,
 And ere I saw again the empty sword
 Once more the Voice was heard within my soul:

*"Ah, but the sparkle falls, quenchless and true:
 Find it, ye fools!
 'Tis all the void will leave, let it leave you—
 Else are ye tools.*

*"Out in the sunshine, the shadows are past:
 See! how life springs!
 Soon will they lengthen, for ever to last:
 Fold not your wings."*

Students' Missionary Conference.

THE Fourth Annual Students' Missionary Conference has come and gone; the much-beribboned delegates have gone back to their own happy hunting grounds, and Grant Hall—after its amazing burst of reckless festivities—is relapsing once more into its accustomed soberness.

Has the Conference been a success? How can it compare with previous conferences? Had the programme all the elements of weight and balance and inspiration which constitute a really efficient missionary conference?

In attempting to answer these questions one finds it difficult to eliminate the personal equation and arrive at even approximate truth. But we can at least say what we think about some of the general impressions made upon the minds of some of our students.

Perhaps one secret of the success of these student conferences is the cumulative effect of a constant stream of facts pouring into minds alive to the compelling power of just such bare, naked, soul-wringing facts. In the conference we had short, swift glimpses into this land of fact. We saw, as in a glass, darkly, the enormity of the world's need. But there were tremendous gaps in the revelation. Perhaps the time was too short for extensive journeys throughout the great divisions of the world's mission field, but we ought to have had Africa represented by at least one missionary, and the menace of Mohammedanism ought to have been emphasized much more than it was by any of the speakers.

Again, we look for a clear exposition of fundamental missionary principles. This work was done—and done well—by our own Dr. Jordan and by Rev. W. A. Cameron in their respective addresses. As students, we want to know why we should have missions at all, and these addresses helped to answer the question.

But a conference might have both a clear view of the missionary need and a tight grip of essential missionary principles, and yet fail to move to the needed missionary endeavour. There remains the need of that constraining love of God and humanity—that love which, overcoming the selfish principle in our natures, carries us to the rescue of earth's darkened lives and sin-smitten souls. In almost every convention we find some speaker whose words seem—like Luther's—to be "half-battles." They burn into our souls and sting us into action. These speakers have the supreme art of focussing all the accumulated facts and feeling of the conference in one supreme challenge to the nobility of our natures to come out and do battle for the great Captain of our salvation. We had this, too, in our fourth annual convention, so we feel sure that many students shall have cause to look back with pleasure and thankfulness to "Kingston, 1913," because of its strong and helpful influences and because of the splendid feeling of fellowship which characterised the various delegations of students as they fraternised in our halls and homes.

