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VOL. XXXIV.

NUMBER THREE

Aeta Victoriana



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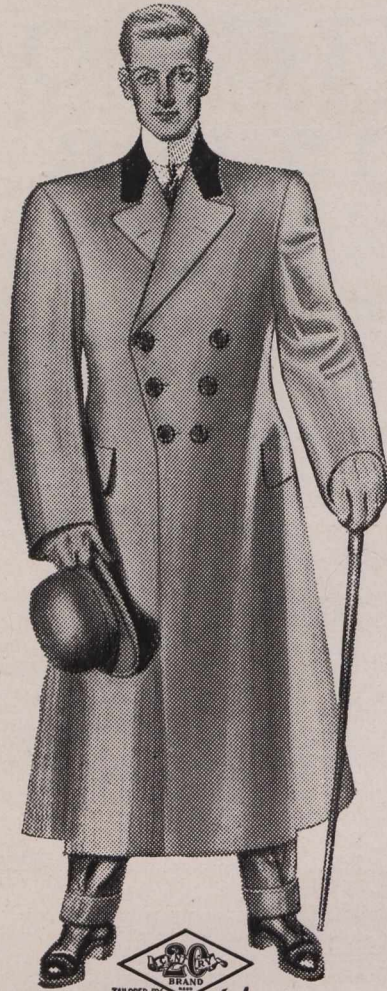
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OFFICIAL CALENDAR OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

FOR THE YEAR 1910

DECEMBER:

1. Last day of appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (On or before 1st December.)
Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessment, etc., of each School Section. (On or before 1st December.)
Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second Instalment. (On or before 1st December.)
13. Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (Before second Wednesday in December.)
14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees. (Not later than 14th December.)
15. County Council to pay \$500 to High School and Continuation School where Agricultural Department is established. (On or before 15th December.)
Municipal Councils to pay Municipal Grants to High School Boards. (On or before 15th December.)
22. High Schools, first term, and Public and Separate Schools close. (End 22nd December.)
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Sunday).
26. New Schools, alterations of School boundaries and consolidated Schools go into operation or take effect. (Not to take effect before 25th December.)
28. Annual meetings of supporters of Public and Separate Schools. (Last Wednesday in December, or day following if a holiday.)
31. High School Treasurers to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements. (On or before 31st December.)
Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months. (On or before 31st December.)
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees. (At end of year.)

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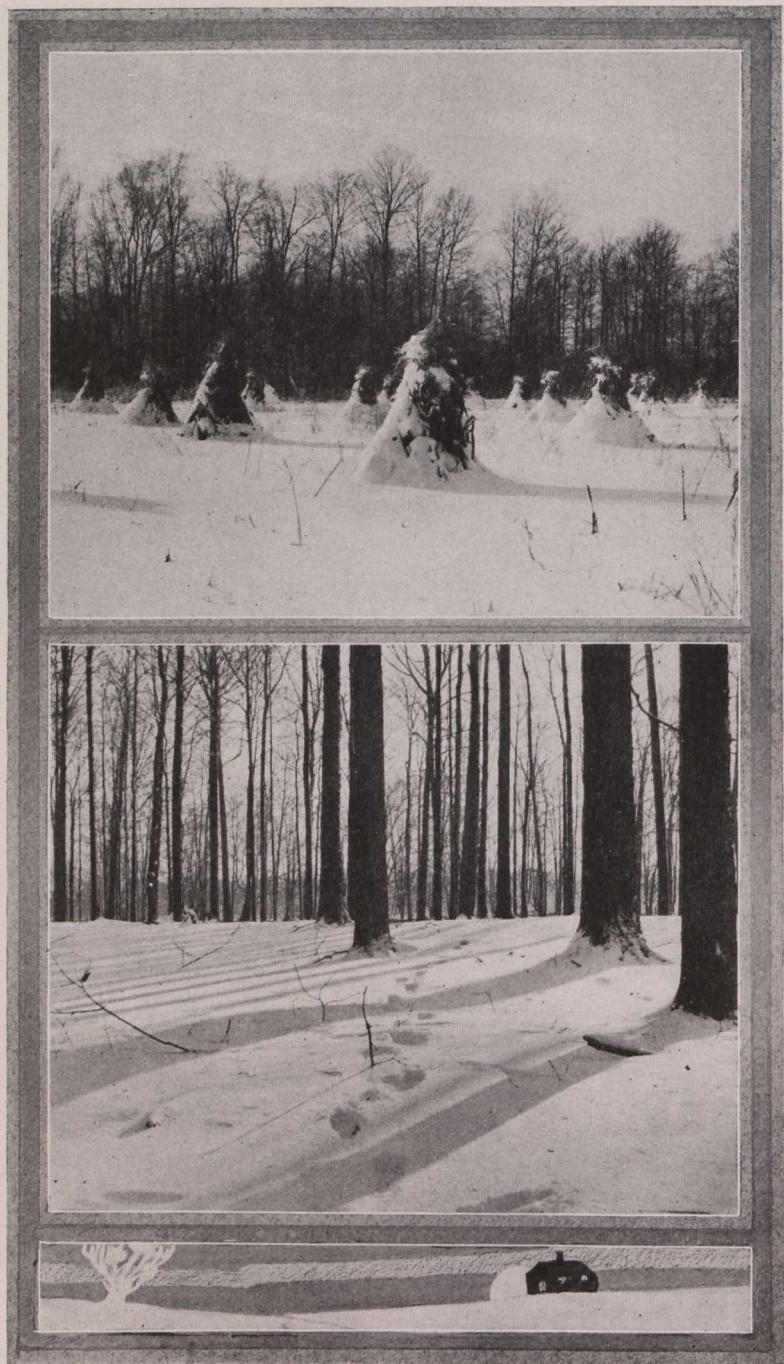
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Acta Victoriana



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VOL. XXXIV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 3

A Christmas Wish

"Glory to God in the highest-
and on earth peace good
will to men"

Can I wish one and all
any better thing than to
join with heart and life
in this angel song?

H. Burwash

Some Features of Swinburne's Later Work

W. J. SYKES, B.A.

It is hard for a man to live down an early indiscretion. Though it be followed by years of exemplary conduct, most people will still suspect a taint, or, having once classified the man, will pay no further attention to him. To some extent these remarks apply to Swinburne. His early indiscretion was, of course, the publication of *Poems and Ballads* in 1866, or, to speak more exactly, the inclusion in this volume of a few poems that should not have been printed. But the uproar that followed was out of all proportion to the fault, and from the heated discussion of those days arose a conventional and unfair view of the poet that unfortunately persists. Even to-day many of the limited public that care for poetry think of Swinburne as unsafe or even immoral; they ignore the work of the greater part of his life. In a letter published in one of our critical magazines a few years ago the writer of a widely-used history of English literature begins by admitting, "I have no especial knowledge of Swinburne's work," and goes on to argue for the common view that his poetry is chiefly sound and fury and debased sensualism. The attitude is characteristic; ignorance and prejudice go hand in hand. Now, it is not the purpose of this article to be controversial, but, admitting his early fault, to show that in the poet's later work (and by that we mean his work since 1866—probably nine-tenths of his work) there is much that calls for recognition by those who value high thinking, noble enthusiasms, and poetic beauty.

If we consider the form of Swinburne's poetry we are at once impressed by his wonderful technique. That command of rhyme, of melody and rhythm, of stanza form that attracted attention in the early choruses of *Atalanta in Calydon*, he has retained throughout his life; though in his later works it is not forced on our notice as in *Poems and Ballads*. No *tour de force* of verse is too great for him to attempt and achieve. Indeed, in some difficult and limited forms, the roundel, for example, he seems to have won the greatest success, just as Wordsworth found in the narrow compass of the sonnet a plot in which his flowers of

poetry reached their greatest beauty. Some readers of Swinburne, carried on by the strong tide of his rhythm and music, have asserted that he lacks ideas. This is probably an error. While at times the music may impress us most, yet if we fix our minds on the idea, we shall always find a solid structure of thought. A good test of this might be found in the poems, *Astrophel, to Sir Philip Sidney* and *Songs of Four Seasons*, with their varied rhythms. As an example of this command over the roundel we may quote one of the series on *A Baby's Death* :

“ The little hands that never sought
 Earth's prizes, worthless all as sands,
 What gift has death, God's servant, brought
 The little hands?

“ We ask: but love's self silent stands,
 Love, that lends eyes and wings to thought
 To search where death's dim heaven expands.

“ Ere this, perchance, though love know nought,
 Flowers fill them, grown in lovelier lands,
 Where hands of guiding angels caught
 The little hands.”

This roundel suggests another feature of Swinburne's later poems, his love of children. To one who knows Swinburne only by common report as the poet of passion and revolt, it may come as a surprise that he should be called a poet of child life. Yet, having in mind Wordsworth, and Blake, and Longfellow, we may say with some confidence that no English poet has written of children more purely, more tenderly, more reverentially. Of this side of his genius illustrations may be found in abundance in the volumes after 1880; for example, *A Baby's Death*, *Benediction*, *Etude Réaliste*, *Babyhood*, *First Footsteps*, *A Ninth Birthday*, *Six Years Old*, *Not a Child*, *Herse*. The opening of this last poem is characteristic :

“ When grace is given us ever to behold
 A child some sweet months old,
 Love, laying across our lips his finger, saith
 Smiling, with bated breath,
 Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,
 And heaven's own heart how near!”

And again in "Eight Years Old" his spirit and attitude is well shown:

" Ah! child, what are we that our ears
Should hear you singing on your way,
Should have this happiness? The years
Whose hurrying wings about us play
Are not like yours, whose flower-time fears
Naught worse than sunlit showers in May,
Being sinless as the spring, that hears
Her own heart praise her every day."

Furthermore it is not speaking too strongly to say that Swinburne is one of our greatest elegiac poets. Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais*, Arnold's *Thyrsis*, are but fitting companions for *Ave atque Vale* on the death of Charles Bandelaire, or *Memorial Verses* on the death of Theophile Gautier, or the splendid sonnet sequence on the death of Robert Browning. One of the most generous of admirers, ever ready to appreciate the literary merit of others, he neglects not to pay a tribute of song to the work of a fallen comrade. And a more splendid tribute than *Ave atque Vale* it would be hard to find. In classic restraint, in stateliness, in solemn music like some great requiem, it reaches the high-water mark of elegiac verse. The sonnet sequence on the death of Browning is different. Its tone is vigorous and triumphant rather than mournful, as if the writer had caught the spirit of the great poet who was the subject of his song:

" He held no dream worth waking: so he said,
He who stands now on death's triumphal steep,
Awakened out of life wherein we sleep.
And dream of what he knows and sees, being dead.
But never death for him was dark or dread:
' Look forth! ' he bade the soul, and fear not. Weep,
All ye that trust not in his truth, and keep
Vain memory's vision of a vanished head
As all that lives of all that once was he
Save that which lightens from his word: but we,
Who, seeing the sunset-coloured waters roll,
Yet know the sun subdued not of the sea,
Nor weep nor doubt that still the spirit is whole,
And life and death but shadows of the soul."



WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

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Swinburne was a poet of peculiarly ardent temperament. His nature was intense in its hates and loves. Is it a question of children? He adores them. Is it a question of liberty? He is (until his last years) radical and revolutionary. Is it a question of clerical influence? He becomes blasphemous. Is it a question of great men? He worships them. When other men, other poets even, feel the divine flame, he glows at white heat. Of the men of his time who were the special objects of his hero-worship, three stand out most prominently: Walter Savage Landor, Joseph Mazzini, and Victor Hugo. When he addresses these men he shows a curious blending of personal affection with reverence for literary excellence and for service in the cause of liberty. The story of young Swinburne's visit to the aged Landor in Florence is told in memorial verses in *Poems and Ballads*:

" I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend."

And thirty years later, in another poem to Landor, we find an expression of love and reverence as strong as ever. To Victor Hugo he paid many tributes. "To the greatest man of France; to the chief of living poets; to the first dramatist of his age; to my beloved and reverent master, Victor Hugo . . . I dedicate this play," he wrote at the beginning of *Mary Stuart*. Again he addresses him in stirring and noble verse:

" Praised above men be thou,
Whose laurel-laden brow,
Made for the morning, droops not in the night;
Praised and beloved, that none
Of all thy great things done
Flies higher than thy most equal spirit's flight;
Praised that nor doubt nor hope could bend
Earth's loftiest head, found upright to the end."

But it would seem that Mazzini more than anyone else influenced the poet's thought, and was in the realm of world politics his master. No doubt there were differences in their views. Mazzini, while not orthodox, was deeply religious; Swinburne was an open foe to established religion. Mazzini was more philosophic than the fiery enthusiast who hailed him as master. Yet

they were alike in their thorough-going republicanism, in their acceptance of the law of self-sacrifice for the good of the cause of liberty, in their hope of a future when all shall possess and enjoy freedom. And when the biography of Swinburne comes to be written we may quite probably find that the friendship of Mazzini was one of the sobering and ennobling influences of Swinburne's life.

“ Italia, mother of the souls of men,
 Mother divine,
 Of all that served thee best with sword or pen,
 All sons of thine,

“ Thou knowest that here the likeness of the best
 Before thee stands:
 The head most high, the heart found faithfulest,
 The purest hands.”

To say that Swinburne was a lover of liberty is scarcely to assert a distinctive characteristic. All poets, it may be broadly said, are lovers of liberty: “Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us; Burns, Shelley were with us,” sings Browning, himself a steadfast liberal. But Swinburne, in this respect as in others, was more passionate, more intense—he was until his old age a radical, a republican. France, Italy and Russia were the three nations that in particular enlisted his sympathies. France and Italy during his prime of life achieved their liberation, Italy from the oppressive yoke of a foreign power, France from the rule of the usurper and reactionary, Louis Napoleon. Of Russia, the down-trodden people appealed to his pity, while its rulers called down his curses. Many poems might be quoted to show how Swinburne followed with varying emotions the varying fortunes of France and Italy. Despair, hope, faith, exultation succeed one another as the cause of liberty fluctuates and at last triumphs. One of the most direct expressions of his worship of freedom is found in *Thalassius*. The old sage is teaching the young poet:

“ One fairer thing he showed him, and in might
 More strong than day and night,
 Whose strengths build up time's towering period;
 Yea, one thing stronger and more high than God,
 Which, if man had not, then should God not be:
 And that was liberty.”

This serious note leads us to ask whether Swinburne has any message on the deeper problems of existence. The answer to this question is found in such poems as *Hertha*, *The Altar of Righteousness*, *The Pilgrims*, and *Super Flumina Babylonis*. The conception at the base of *Hertha* seems to be a sort of pantheism; all things together make up God. Yet here he insists more on character than on speculative views:

“ But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light.”

This insistence on the greatness and permanence of the law of right is set forth most strongly in one of his latest poems, *The Altar of Righteousness*. Behind all the shifting phenomena of the material world and the course of history, the one thing he finds to be permanent is the law of right in man's heart. Conceptions of God change from age to age, truth may appear clear or vague, “death may live or death may die”; but

“ Not for gain of heaven may man put away the rule of right.”

This high ethical position is identical with Tennyson's:

“ Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

What place among English poets will be given to Swinburne in the future it is hard to say. One thing is certain: it is not fair to judge him hastily or without taking into account all his work; it is not fair to place the emphasis on his early poems. It seems, on the whole, not unlikely that he may come to be ranked near Shelley, possessing, as he does, a lyrical faculty that may fairly be said to equal that of the earlier poet, holding somewhat similar views that have undergone a like development, fired by the same enthusiasm for liberty, fed by the same hopes for mankind.

IN MEMORIAM

By HELEN M. MERRILL.

About thy grave white cedars I shall plant,
And pines, and by a fountain little ferns
And flowers, maidenhair and violets;
Larches and lindens, and the lowly yew---
The linden blossoms for the golden bees,
The linden branches for a singing bird;
And by the green pools in the grassy stream,
Where amber sunlight sifts the leaves between,
Wild bergamot and balm and mint and musk,
As sweet as ilex groves in summertime,
As sea winds blowing from the Isle of June;
And vines as lattices to veil the light,
Where mosses grow, and scarlet dryads' cups,
A bosky place where falls the forest peace,
Whereto a solitary bird will stray,
Nor know that thine is not his ancient grove,
And so will sing on many opal, autumn eyes.

And mine will be deep sighs of mingled pain
And pride and pleasure. You will come at morn
Or eve, and I shall know when you draw near
By many secret tokens. The shy bird
His mellow, lone, impassioned song will sing;
To its enthrallment I my soul shall yield,
And all of life still be illumined by thy love.

And when of earth the last white star has set,
In after years we twain shall loiter there
In the green gloaming of the lonely pines,
To hear the hermit thrush which still will sing,
While we forget that once we suffered death,
Only remembering we ever live and love.

The Maid and the Minister

JEAN BLEWETT.

The door of Squire Hammond's office was opened without ceremony to admit of a head, a pair of broad shoulders, and a breath of November air which fluttered the papers littering the desk, and sent chills up and down the back of the portly squire. "Come out," called a big, cheery voice, "come out, and enjoy the beauties of nature. A nice host you are, stealing off to an office and shutting yourself in with a rusty box stove and a tortoise-shell cat instead of showing me the town. Get into your overcoat and come along."

"Now, why the mischief do you want to go promenading the muddy streets of a little town with the wind knocking the breath from your body, and the sleet tickling your cheek?" growled the Squire with an irritability which affected the other not at all. "Sit down and smoke a pipe in peace and comfort."

"Here's your overcoat; judging from the smell your rubbers are under the stove. That's right. Later you'll bless me for luring you from your stuffy old den."

"Someone may want me," urged the Squire. "On these sort of days the farmers come in to get law, and—"

"So much the more reason you shouldn't be found. When they can't get law they'll be content to settle the matter by common sense. Come on, sir, no shirking."

"I told you on my arrival last night that I came on a mission," the young man continued, linking his arm in the Squire's and forcing that worthy along at a high rate of speed, "and now I'll enlighten you as to its nature. Do you know, I'm going to make this out-of-the-way country town immortal."

Temper and speed combined to keep the Squire silent, and the other went on, "Yes, sir, immortal. Naturally you're curious to know how I propose accomplishing this. Here's the secret, old friend; I'm going to lay the scene of my novel right here. It's to be a Canadian novel—the Canadian novel," modestly. "Behold me burying myself alive in Allanton for the purpose of

getting local color, atmosphere. What the world wants is originality."

"It bids fair to keep on wanting it," commented the Squire drily.

"You're going to be indispensable to me," sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, "you know the place and the people thoroughly, and can tell me all about everything. Have you many interesting, uncommon characters hereabouts? No, no, not freaks—persons who say and do things out of the ordinary. Originality, as I said a moment since, is what the world wants."

"It strikes me," returned the blunt old Squire, "that the author ought to stock up with a little of it on his own account, and not be dependent on what he can scare up among other folk."

"Sure thing," agreed Roger. "I'm nothing if not original. What I want in your old town is atmosphere, and—hello! who comes galloping madly on the gallant roan? Is it—yes, it is a woman as I live, and a young one at that. Who is she, Hammond? Where does she hail from?"

Horse and rider went past with a great spattering of mud and water, and the Squire, replacing the glengarry cap on his grey head, turned to Roger with: "Her name is Bell, and she doesn't hail from any place, she's the village doctor."

"Surely not! I was in hopes I'd found my heroine—beautiful, daring child of nature, and all the rest of it." Roger was plainly aggrieved. "What business has a woman who looks like—Berengaria of Navarre to be anything so commonplace as a village doctor, I'd like to know?"

"No business at all," cheerfully, "but since she insists on following her own sweet will I don't see how you can change matters." The Squire dodged behind his companion, who was enough taller and broader than himself to afford a shelter, and lighted his pipe. "I don't want to grumble at Providence," he resumed between the puffs of smoke, "but I will say that things get pretty well muddled sometimes. As an instance, we have a doctor of divinity and a doctor of medicine in our town. The first-named is a timid little spick-and-span chap—polished finger nails, not a hair on his head criss-cross, patent leathers clean all times of the year. He never said a word to hurt anyone's feel-

ings, or did an unconventional thing in the whole thirty-three years of his life. Good as gold, but too gentle for a man. He has sort of dainty ways that grate on you; you'd swear if you watched him walking down the street that he ought to carry his coat-tails in his hand as a woman does her skirt."

"I can't go that namby-pamby sort." Roger shook his head solemnly. "A man ought to be—well, a man, and not an apology for one."

"I don't say he's namby-pamby," put in the Squire, "my own opinion is he's gritty as a bulldog, but he's queer."

"Does Berengaria—does the little doctor see much of him?" The question was put with a fine show of indifference.

"Naturally, since the sick have souls as well as bodies. Well, I was going to remark that I never see him without thinking that Nature fully intended him for a woman, but somehow mis-managed the job."

"Then," after a pause, "there's Dr. Dorothy Bell. When she goes spinning along in that red cart of hers, or riding the roan at break-neck speed, you realize that she's a girl by accident, not by design. Her face is the face of a handsome boy, short curls pushed back from a big brow, and red mouth set in a firm line. It's a boy's spirit, bold, venturesome, that looks out of her dark eyes. You notice she wears a divided skirt, and rides astride. I'll wager she quarrels with the Lord every day of her life because of her sex."

"I'll wager she laughs in her sleeve at Miss Betty, the minister," said Roger, squaring back his broad shoulders, and thinking complacently of his six-foot of stature. "Could she be induced to take an interest in me, do you think? She might give me material for my book, and—"

"Young man," interrupted the Squire, "she won't care the snap of her fingers for you, or your book—she's the busiest person in the whole of Elgin County, and unless you can manage to fall desperately sick, or break a limb, you needn't hope to claim any time or thought from her."

"Something may happen." Roger's tone was distinctly hopeful. "I'll trust to luck."

Something did happen—the Squire took down with bronchitis. This event did not bid fair to advance the cause of the ambitious

youth, owing to the fact that his unreasonable old friend insisted on blaming him for the attack, and during the visits of Dr. Dorothy Bell spoke most disparagingly of young fools who, in a search for material for novels which nobody could or would read, lured kind-hearted, long-suffering, unselfish old men out into wind, and rain, and mud, and slush, and brought about their death—or tried to. Dr. Dorothy smiled at Roger, and Roger smiled back at her.

“The ambitions of youth are underrated by the old and wise,” said her smile.

“Right you are,” said his, and the friendship began.

He made a devoted nurse. The doctor never called but she found him on duty. He was over-anxious if anything. If the patient’s fever rose ever so little, or the cough grew troublesome, he was off after advice as fast as his long legs would carry him.

“A most exemplary young man,” said the Rev. John Reynolds on one of his visits, “as kindly as he is good to look at.”

“He doesn’t fool me,” chuckled the ungrateful Squire, “it’s Dr. Dorothy he’s working for, not a bald-headed bachelor like myself.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” the little minister’s voice was gentler than usual even, “but it is only natural. Both are young, happy, full of life and vigor. There is mutual attraction.”

“Mutual attraction be hanged,” growled the Squire with the crossness of a convalescent, “one can understand him, or any other man, admiring her, but what she sees in him puzzles me.”

“His splendid physique, his manliness,” suggested the little minister.

“Manliness means more than physical perfection. I wish—” a pause. “You see the lad has no stability,” he resumed, “and he’s eaten up with conceit.”

“Let him but fall deeply enough in love and he will rise above his faults.” The minister stood up to go. “The man who loves Dr. Dorothy Bell is sure to love her with his heart, Squire. Good afternoon.”

“Now I wonder—stranger things have happened,” muttered the Squire, “and he’s a man, every inch of him, in spite of his finicky ways. As for Roger,” with something between a

laugh and a groan, "he loves and admires himself more than any other living creature—and always will, always will, his dad did it before him."

After the cold and sleet came golden days filled with sunshine, and the breath of russet leaves and dying flowers. A blue haze half hid Harper's forest, the great wood skirting the river for some seven miles, banked itself in the valleys, climbed half way up the hills. The glory of the Indian summer was on everything.

Dr. Dorothy walking out to enjoy it all met the little minister on the outskirts of the town. "Is it a holiday?" he asked with a smile as they shook hands.

"No, it came to me that I'd like for this long golden afternoon to forget about pills and powders, aches and pains, forget about work and ambition, and be a girl—just a girl." Her big brown eyes looked into his almost timidly. "No matter how dearly one loves work one tires of it sometimes."

"Instinct conquers training, eh? It is so with man, I presume it is so with woman. He shuts himself in his den and reads and smokes, or goes tramping till the fit is past; she dons her purple and fine linen, and goes forth to exact her just due of homage and happiness."

"You are laughing at me," she exclaimed, a thrill of anger in her voice; "because I have the fancy to wear one of the pretty dresses I used to wear you think me frivolous and vain. As for happiness, I have it, Dr. Reynolds, and as for homage I exact it from no one. What do I care for any man's homage?"

"Nothing at all," quietly, "but you cannot prevent his paying it. White is your color, Dr. Bell, you should wear nothing else."

She knew that the dignified thing to do, the right and proper thing to do, was to bow and go her way, but something held her feet, something made her say, still with that quiver of anger in her voice, "You so rarely approve of me, that I should be grateful for this mark of your favor. Let me thank you for thinking the gown all that it ought to be"—with a sweeping curtsy.

"You take me up wrong, you usually take me up wrong," not looking at her, but at the golden-rod bordering the roadside, "I pay you an honest compliment and—"



U. L. S. EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1910-11.

D. E. Dean, '11,	H. O. Hutcheson, '13,	W. E. MacNiven, '11,	F. G. Buchanan, '13,	J. R. Rumball, J. R. Laycock, '11,	M. P. Smith, '11,	W. J. Little, '13.
Councillor.	Curator.	Asst. Critic.	Sec.	Councillor.	Councillor.	Marshal. Asst. Critic.
H. L. Roberts, '12,	R. M. Edmanson, '12,	W. R. Green, '11,	Dr. De. Witt,	C. Bishop, C.T.,	W. J. Morrison, '11,	A. H. Plant, '12,
2nd Vice-Pres.	Leader of Opp'n.	Pres.	Hon. Pres.	1st Vice-Pres.	Leader of Gov't.	Treas.

“Don't! Keep your compliments for those who value them so highly, for the dear good ladies of your flock who live, move and have their being for the sole purpose of pleasing you.” With her own ears she heard a voice she knew to be her own, though she longed to deny it, saying these foolish, childish words. Of a sudden a hot blush dyed her cheek, and the eyes were not the eyes of a boy, but of a girl shamed and shy.

“There, it's over.” Shaking herself till the white gown with its silken petticoat rustled softly, and a curl slipped from under the hat brim and lay a shining ring on the wide brow. “Think I must have caught it from the wife of a lumberman at Harper's Corner. The poor man, when he came in to consult me, said she was ‘took with tantrums, and spoke and did outrageously contrary.’ Put it down to tantrums, Dr. Reynolds.” She held out her hand. “I'm going to turn over a new leaf—from this time forth Dr. Dorothy Bell is a changed person.”

“I do not want her changed,” he answered lightly. “She has been a bit of brightness in the dull lives of the Allanton folk, and when she goes her way to the very highest sphere of all, her husband's fireside, we are going to miss her greatly.”

“Thank you,” turning to go, “you are very kind.”

The little minister watched her as she walked away, tall and lithe and strong. His eyes said many things, his lips but one, “She's not for me. God bless her!”

And Dr. Dorothy taking the path on the hill, pausing now and then to adorn herself with a scarlet leaf from the blackberry bushes which clutched her skirts as she passed them, wondered why she had lost her temper, called the minister a dainty old dear, and assured herself that more than anything else in a man she admired strength, and the fearlessness which strength begets.

At this stage fate led her into the soft shadows of the wood, where Roger, a splendid young giant in a grey tweed hunting suit, a gun on his shoulder and a red setter at heels, met her, walked with her, and talked with her. He was not one to let the grass grow under his feet. When the twain shook hands at her office door, as the hazy day deepened into a hazier twilight, and a slim moon sailed on a silver cloud straight over the bald hills lying all about the town, he had managed to convey to her the intelligence that he admired her beauty, her cleverness, her

charming womanliness—that if he failed to win her the probabilities were he would die a bachelor; and she had promised to give the matter her consideration.

The next day Dr. Dorothy Bell held a conversation over the 'phone with the foreman of the Harper lumber camp. She was extremely busy for some two hours after, packing her medicine chest afresh, writing letters, sending telegrams, and visiting the few patients needing her care. It was not till the roan was hitched to the red cart that she rang up Squire Hammond.

“I wish to tell you something,” she began, on recognizing the Squire’s “Hello!” “Three of the lumbermen at Harper’s Corner have fallen ill of some epidemic—the foreman fears smallpox. Mrs. Masson of the boarding-house is prostrated with nervousness, and, as none of the men will act as nurses, the poor fellows bid fair to suffer from neglect. I am going down—no, don’t interrupt me—oh, for shame! the Rev. John shall preach a sermon on the sin of swearing. I feel I ought to go—no, not foolhardiness, dear old friend, just firmness,” with her old laugh. “I’ve wired up to the city for a couple of nurses. In the meantime I hope that Mr. Roger Grant will come to the front. He studied medicine for two years, and has a good knowledge of things—besides, he is so big and bold, he’ll see that none of us lose heart.”

“Listen to me, Dr. Dorothy, brave little woman,” the Squire answered with an earnestness which disquieted her, “he won’t go. I’ll give him your message, but he won’t go.”

“Why won’t he?” she asked sharply.

“Because he’s a coward, that’s why.”

“You don’t understand him,” she returned proudly, “he does not know the meaning of fear.”

But out at Harper’s Corner doubts began to assail her. The place was the essence of loneliness, some half-dozen rough shanties occupied by the lumbermen at work in the great wood skirting the river, a barn-like structure known as “Masson’s Meal House,” and a shed for stores. In the latter was the foreman’s office, and from this office ran telephone communication with Allanton. There could be no putting her hand to the plow and looking back, the desolate place held her. Two of the patients were but slightly ill, the other was in a critical condition.

All that first night the wind wailed among the trees, and next day the first real snowstorm of the season set in. She could see nothing from the window but a drifting sea of white. In spite of herself she grew more and more depressed. Part of the road to Harper's Corner was little more than a trail; a few more hours of wind and snow and the nurses would not be able to get to her assistance. Roger had not hastened to the scene, and as yet no word of encouragement had come in answer to the note sent the little minister from her office in Allanton.

Mrs. Masson was too frightened to be of any use to her, and old Granny Masson, who insisted on bearing her company, told such gruesome tales when awake, and snored so loudly when asleep, that Dr. Dorothy wished her anywhere else. The foreman watched with her the second night. Coming in about ten o'clock he handed her a folded paper. "Message from Allanton," he said. Ah! Roger's explanation. She spread it out with some eagerness. It was from Squire Hammond and read:

"Roger left for home this A.M. Feels he shouldn't take any risks until such time as the great novel is finished."

Her lip curled, then she laughed—so much for that specimen of manliness.

She was all physician through the long hours of the night. At dawn, a misty, silvery dawn, the sickest of the three men died. Then she was a woman shivering partly with the cold and partly with the dread that she was not equal to her task.

Battling with a wild desire to break into sobbing, she stepped out into a snowy world. There was a ribbon of rose in the east, one lone star still shone, but 'twas pale and dim. Someone was making up a roaring fire in the "Meal House," she could see the glow through the uncurtained window. Presently this "someone" opened the door and walked toward her. He picked his way among the drifts with a certain daintiness, and, yes, without a doubt, he held the tail of his best overcoat in his mittened hand. A moment later she was pillowing that haughty head of hers on a rather meagre shoulder, and whispering over and over:

"What made you come, John, what made you come?"

"I came to take care of you," he told her cheerfully, "would have been here sooner only that I went to town for my sister, a



VICTORIA COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, 1910-11.

W. R. Green, Bus. Mgr.	W. P. E. James, Treas.	H. L. Roberts, Pres.	J. M. Sherlock, Conductor.	G. I. Stephenson, B.A., Hon. Pres.	C. E. Locke, 1st Vice-Pres.	F. T. Graham, Sec.	W. E. Sloane, Pianist.
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trained nurse. She's over at the house, and breakfast waits. Come along, little woman."

"John," with a wave toward the shanty, "there's a man dead in there. Aren't you afraid of infection?" John lifted a pair of eyes radiant and steadfast. "I was never afraid in my life," he said quietly.

"I was, last night," nestling closer, "horribly afraid."

"You frightened yourself. God never meant man, woman or child to be a coward. It's over now, you are your old brave self. We'll have better conditions here, and get the disease checked. You're going to do your work in a way to make us all proud of you, going to prove that you deserve the title Bob Town gave you when you set his leg, 'Dr. Dorothy, the best ever!'"

Dorothy stood up grandly. "Until this business is ended I promise you to forget that I'm a girl, promise to be Dr. Bell—without the Dorothy."

She did it, too. The task was not so hard as she had feared. The patients improved, only one case developed, and it proved a light one. There could be no going home for Christmas, but what of that? In addition to all the Christmas cheer which the Meal House boasted—and never had Harper's Corner known the like of it—came a huge hamper from Dr. Dorothy's proud parents, and another from the Squire.

With the latter came a characteristic letter apprising Dr. Dorothy of the fact that she was worth her weight in gold, also that she was a headstrong young fool, and ending up with:

"But Providence certainly watches over people of your order, and sees that you get the best going—witness the events of the last three weeks. The best day's work you ever did was when you won the little minister. A Merry Christmas, and congratulations to you both."

After the signature was a postscript which made Dr. Dorothy laugh till she cried.

"Have just heard from Roger. He has gone into the millinery business. Couldn't find enough originality floating 'round to make the great novel interesting."

WIND AND WAVE

By F. OWEN, B.A.

What says the wind,
As it soughs and sighs,
As it sweeps through the trees
With sobs and cries?
Whispering secrets none may know
But those who see where the breezes blow,
Rustling, flustering the clustering leaves,
Storming, blustering, it sorrows and grieves,
With wails and with moans its soul overflows,
As it howls and shrieks and whistles its woes;
 Soughing and sighing,
 Sobbing and crying,
Ever the sad wind mourns in the trees.

What say the waves,
As they roll and roam,
As they rage at the rocks
With fury and foam?
Rushing along with lingering plaint,
Like souls of sin that are hungry and faint,
Whirling, swirling the curling seas,
Rending, hurling, it surges and flees,
It throbs in its throes again and again,
As it lashes and swishes and hisses its pain,
 Rolling and roaming,
 Raging and foaming,
Ever the lost waves heave o'er the seas.

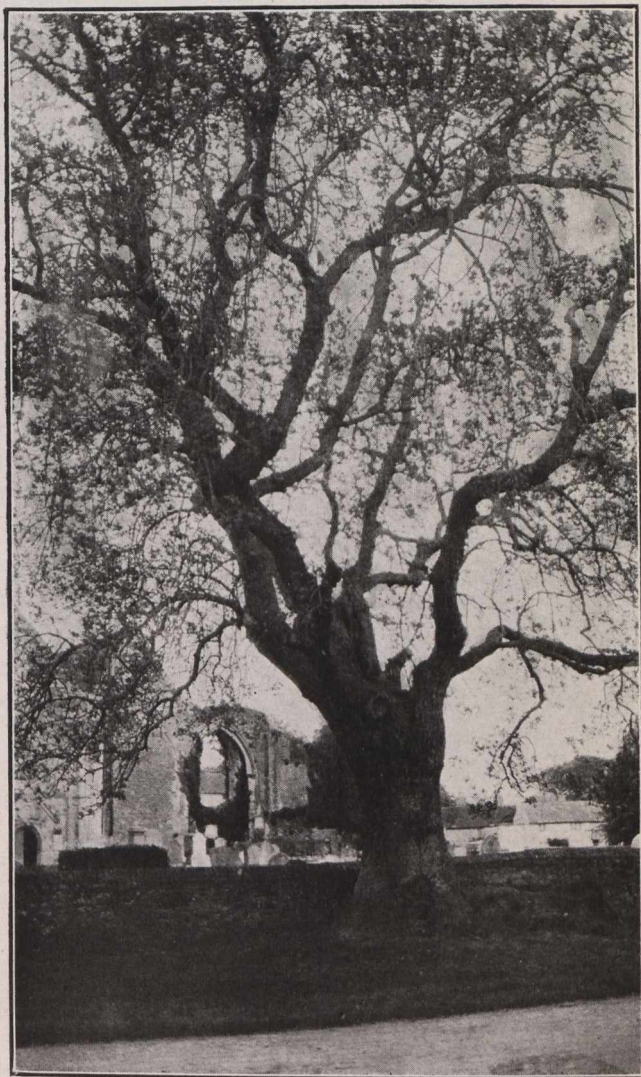
Three of My Snapshots

J. C. ROBERTSON, M.A.

Of the various articles I have written for ACTA during the past decade and a half, none has ever yet attained to the dignity of being illustrated; from their nature none could be. So now, when I am asked to contribute an illustrated article on something of what I saw while abroad last year, the temptation is irresistible to follow the fashion of certain American magazines and to subordinate what I may write entirely to the pictures. The Editor may perhaps object to having ACTA thus lowered to the level of *Munsey's*, but the writer's task will be so much lighter that his own conscience is not likely to upbraid him.

Landing at Southampton on April 21 of last year, we spent the next seven weeks before going up to London in the South-eastern counties, passing from the Isle of Wight and the New Forest by way of the downs and the sea coast of Sussex to the cliffs and countryside of Kent. Spring was unusually late in the South of England, and we were thus fortunate enough to see during these weeks the whole progress of the advancing springtide, from the first leafing out of the hedges to the time of roses. On our first arrival the rather primrose, with its pale, inimitable delicacy, was everywhere along the lanes and banks, while before we reached London the rhododendrons were out in all the glory of their crimson bloom. But as late as the 26th of May, when we visited Winchelsea, the ash and the oak, always the most deliberate of trees, were still showing only faint signs of green.

Few towns in England have had so melancholy a history as Winchelsea. Under the earlier Plantagenet kings it was one of the most notable and prosperous of English towns, a busy seaport ranking with the Cinque Ports. But three times within fifty years the town suffered heavily through inundations from the sea, and after the last of these (in 1287) it was decided to rebuild the town on a hill close by. Two miles away across the meadows lies its sister-town, Rye, also in its day a great seaport, and, like Winchelsea, built for safety on a hill. Each had, and



WESLEY'S TREE, WINCHELSEA, SUSSEX.

still has in part, its city walls and towered gates, for in those days French and English were continually harrying each other's coasts. Rye is built on a small conical hill, and thus is very compact; from every point of view the red-tiled roofs rise one above another, clustering thick about the fine old church which tops the view. Winchelsea's hill forms a plateau, and the new town was planned on a correspondingly extensive scale. A vast church (one of three) was to occupy the centre, in a churchyard of huge proportions; while about it the town was divided into forty ample rectangular squares by streets of a generous width unusual in England. But the nave of the church was never built, the transepts were left half finished and are now in ruins, and the only part completed was the choir, which now serves as the parish church, and even so is all too large for a cure which has dwindled to 500 souls.

In the fourteenth century, while the new town was building, with every prospect of future greatness, disasters came thick and fast upon its energetic citizens. It had been an important factor in both the French and the Scotch wars of the Edwards, furnishing, for example, 600 sailors and a score of ships for the siege of Calais in 1347. But in 1349 came the Black Death and depopulated the town, and ten years later the French, not for the first time or the last, landed and took vengeance on Winchelsea. The town was set on fire and pillaged, and many of its inhabitants slain. The following year, and again twenty years later, these attacks were repeated. Under these successive blows of fortune Winchelsea sank, until early in the fifteenth century its ruin was completed by the receding of the very sea which had driven it from its ancient site. Long stretches of marsh now separate it from a shallow roadstead, fast silting up; a tiny tidal river allows diminutive coasting vessels to come up to its walls, but all its trade has vanished. To-day the very wideness of its streets and the thinly scattered dwellings suggest a loneliness such as one seldom realizes in an English village.

Of personal associations Winchelsea has but little to boast. One interesting and still beautiful sign of its ancient importance is the fine Gothic tomb in the choir, where lie the remains of Gervaise Alard, who in the time of Edward I. was the first Englishman to bear the title of Admiral. A less permanent



FROM THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

abode is that of Ellen Terry, who has a small and cosy-looking cottage on the brow of the hill, where one can look out past the remains of one of the city gates and over the level meadows to the distant channel. John Wesley also visited Winchelsea (where in England did he not go?) and under a tree close by the churchyard he preached on October 7th, 1790, what was fated to be his last out-of-door sermon. The tree, still known as Wesley's Tree, is a magnificent ash, standing just outside the churchyard wall and directly west of the church. An arch of the ruined south transept may be discerned in the background. Wesley's entry, one of the very last to be made in his journal, reads thus in part: "I went over to that poor skeleton of Winchelsea. . . . I stood under a large tree on the side of it (i.e., the church square) and called to most of the inhabitants of the town 'The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent and believe the gospel.' It seemed as if all that heard me were, for the moment, almost persuaded to be Christians."

* * *

Everyone is familiar with the aspect of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The accompanying view, taken from one of the upper stories of the tower, shows rather strikingly the degree of inclination. To the west of the tower lie first the Duomo or Cathedral, with a dome supported on richly carved pillars, and farther off the Baptistery, an immense rotunda crowned with a noble dome. Both are built of white marble ornamented with black and colored marbles in varied geometrical designs, and seen under the clear Italian sky the three buildings form a group of dazzling brightness. The tower itself is six or seven stories high, each having a circle of pillars around the central core, from which they are separated by a narrow walk, unprotected by any outer railings. The guide books had spoken of the peculiar sensation of looking down from the overhanging side: this I did not myself find so noticeable as the sensation of walking around the slanting passage just inside the pillars—an operation perhaps not without its danger in the high spring wind blowing over the Tuscan plains that day. The picture was taken standing near the central core, a few feet away from one of the pillars, and looking past this down upon the Duomo and Baptistery.

* * *

If in all Greece one can visit but two places, these should assuredly be Athens and Delphi. To reach the latter the best, or rather the least bad, way is to take steamer from either end of the Corinthian Gulf and land at Itea, a squalid port on the north shore, whence carriages take one in about three hours to Delphi. First one is driven for half an hour through a wide plain, filled as far as the eye can see with olive groves, and then by a long, winding road up and up the mountain side, until finally, at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet, one comes to the modern village of Kastri—a very modern one, indeed (though by no means up-to-date); for when, about twenty years ago, the French excavators began to dig out the site of ancient Delphi, they had to demolish a Greek village built on top of the site and rebuild it half a mile nearer the sea. But even when one has reached Kastri nothing can be seen of Delphi itself, until one comes to a sudden turn of the road as it winds along the hillside high above a gorge through which flows a mountain torrent far below, and there on the left or northern slope of the mountain side lies all that remains of Delphi. Although one has been travelling steadily toward the summit of Parnassus, its snowy peak is lost to sight behind the nearer heights as soon as one leaves Itea. But as one climbs and winds up the hillside he has, by way of compensation, a glorious view of the olive-covered plain immediately below, then the blue waters of the Corinthian Gulf beyond, and across it the Peloponnesus, a jumble of bare, rugged peaks, with the snowy summit of Mount Cyllene in Arcadia overtopping all its neighbors. As soon, however, as one turns the corner of the road and comes in sight of Delphi this view is completely shut out. Delphi could never have been visible from the sea; the pilgrim, whether travelling from the north or the south, was close at hand before it burst in all its magnificence upon his vision.

The chief and central feature of ancient Delphi was its sacred precinct, an irregular quadrilateral of about 600 feet by 450. This lay with its greatest length running steeply up the hillside, the great temple of Pythian Apollo in the centre. To this temple a road ran zig-zagging up from the entrance at one of the lower corners, and crowded close on both sides of this sacred street were the votive monuments and trophies erected by grateful

cities of Greece in honor of the god of Delphi. One of these, the building shown in the illustration, has been reconstructed out of the fallen materials lying *in situ*. Only about one-fifth of the original fragments were missing, and these have been replaced by tufa blocks; the original portions are of Parian marble.

This was the Treasury of the Athenians, a small Doric temple



IN DELPHI.

built by the Athenians after their victory at Marathon in thanksgiving to Apollo. In it, as in the treasuries of other cities within the sacred precinct, were guarded the various precious offerings from grateful citizens or from the state itself. On a narrow triangular platform close to the south (in the picture

the left) side of this Treasury were erected the trophies of Marathon, and along the base of that side of the temple there may be read to this day an inscription running the length of the building: "The Athenians to Apollo, the spoils of the Medes from the battle at Marathon."

The road seen in the background is that leading towards the Corinthian Gulf: the village of Kastri is around the corner. On the nearer side of the bend, and close to the road, but hidden from us by the Treasury, is the museum, where have been placed the chief finds from the excavations, the most famous of all being the bronze statue of a charioteer, clad in a long, close-fitting pleated robe, and standing watchful and calmly confident. If one stands on the spot from which this picture was taken he is close to the place where the sacred street reaches the great temple of Apollo. This itself would be just to the right hand, but of course on a higher level, as the hillside slopes up from left to right. Of this temple nothing remains but the foundation platform and the base.

At the right-hand margin of the picture may be seen a rough mass of native rock, which at once arrests the visitor's attention; for all else about is artificial and carefully wrought, and space for new monuments and trophies must have been hard to find and very valuable. Had the rock not been of special importance and sanctity it would certainly have been replaced by some monument or edifice. The testimony of Pausanias shows conclusively that this was the Sibyl's Rock. Here, in the early years before Delphi became a centre of Greek worship, there arose from among these rocks certain intoxicating vapors, under whose influence and spell the Sibyl (not to be confounded with the priestess of Apollo of historical times, but probably the priestess of an earlier cult) uttered her prophecies. The sanctity of this primitive place of the manifestation of divine power evidently remained inviolate to the last. Here too, among these very rocks, was the haunt of the dragon Python, vanquished and slain by Apollo, who thus obtained the epithet Pythian, always associated with the God of Delphi, and whose worship was thenceforth established in this wild mountain pass. The patron saint of Delphi he remains also to this day: "for does not the

chief inn of the neighboring village, bare and simple and primitive though it is, bear proudly the resounding title of *Grand Hôtel d'Apollon Pythien?*

The Lake in November

Cold and gray is thy face, O Lake,
Gray and cold are thy waves,
And thy rock-strewn shore is as bleak and dull
And as chill as the water that laves.
Through the cloud-grey sky, the sickly sun
Weakly drops forth a few dull rays
That but heighten thy pallor, with mockery grim
Of the glory of summer days.
And thy voice, O waters, then soft and low
Or laughing in storm-tossed leap,
Moans forth its dull song in listless tone
—The autumn dirge of the deep.

W. C. G. ('12).

I THANK YOU

By MERCY E. McCULLOCH, B.A., '01

Dear one, the roses that you sent to-night
Are rarer blooms than even you suppose,
For, in their perfumed hearts, the charms
Of nosegays long since faded, they disclose.

The daisy chains and dandelion curls
With which you decked me forth in childhood days,
The wood-anemones and violets
You sought for me in moss-grown woodland ways,

The "mums" I wore at the great football game,
The holly twined that Christmas in my hair,
Commencement roses, bridal lilies, too,
The hyacinths you tended with such care.

All these I find within the fragrant hearts
Of the rare roses pressed against my breast:
Dear one, I thank you doubly for these flowers,
Because once more in them bloom all the rest.

Christmas Soliloquy of a Down-Town Church

ADELINE TESKEY.

I have had a place in this world a number of years, I cannot say exactly how many, but the marks and scars of time, like the wrinkles on a human face, acquaint every one who looks at me of the fact that they are not a few. I have been silent all through those years, but this is a progressive age in which I find myself; animals of the lower creation, and even inanimate things have been allowed to speak—why should not a church?

No desire for display or spirit of rivalry prompted the laying of my corner-stone and the raising of my superstructure. No millionaire bore the "burden" of my construction. Neither was my advent made in poverty; wood and stone were in great abundance through the country at the time, and some of the best of those are incorporated in my bones and sinews. My window frames and doors are made of oak that has buffeted the storms of hundreds of years, my uncarpeted floors and pews are made of the same imperishable wood. It never occurred to my builders to cushion my seats—such an act of self-indulgence would have seemed almost sacrilege. I was built for a place in which to worship God, not to while away a luxurious hour listening to high-art performances in pulpit and choir-gallery.

It was said that I was a thing of beauty as I stood among the green trees which whispered around me, the birds caroling over my roof, or holding soft little colloquies from one treetop to another, as if passing remarks about me. My builders were very proud of me—my solidity of body, my heaven-pointing spire, my sweet-toned bell, my air of sanctity, which made people drop their voices to a whisper when they came within my walls—and one bright summer day it was with full hearts they consecrated me to the worship of Almighty God.

At my opening services a little baby girl was brought in to be christened; now she is a very old woman, and it is through her many experiences that my recollections have been kept fresh.

It was a proud day on which the music of my bell first reverberated through the streets of the village, streets without pave-

ments, electric lights, street cars, cabs, automobiles. I was the First Church, and the first people were to become worshippers within my walls, well-dressed men, softly-clad women, rose-bud children.

After the ceremony of dedication, work proceeded Sunday after Sunday within my walls without interruption. Deep passages of Scripture were learnedly expounded, sermons were preached, hymns and prayers ascended like incense to heaven. I seemed to have a place between the seen and the unseen; in my aura the good were made better, and, more mysterious still, in some cases the moral Ethiopian may be said to have changed his skin, and the leopard his spots.

There have been red-letter days in my experience. One of these was the day, when all dressed in virgin white, at the age of fifteen, the baby who had been christened at my dedication "joined the church." My anniversaries are never-to-be-forgotten days, when my builders rejoiced over me as a mother might rejoice over the birthday of a child. "Harvest Home" Sundays stand out vividly, when my congregation, having decked up with the sheaves of golden grain, the clusters of purple grapes, the corn and pumpkins, thanked God for an abundant harvest. Missionary Sundays are memorable days, when the people, having given a good subscription toward sending the Gospel to the heathen, sang with heart and voice,

" From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain,"

until my very walls seemed to tremble.

Of wedding days there have been many, when my interior has been redolent with flowers and perfume. Pre-eminent among these was the day the "first baby" stood before my altar and placed her soft little hand into the clasp of one stronger; and the twain struck out on a new path together.

About this time some of my progenitors and staunch supporters, dear old men and women with furrowed brows and trembling hands, and that far-away look in their eyes which denotes that they are catching a glimpse of another shore, began to weary and

faint by the way. They were buried under the green sod in the plot of ground on which I stand. Those graves increased with the passage of time, until I was in the midst of a field of the dead.

Years rolled on, and the village grew to a city. The vacant land around my site began to be eagerly bought up and built upon, and it was thought necessary to the health of the new residents that the dead be taken from around me and moved to distant quarters. This was a great grief to many of my friends; and in some cases relatives of the deceased, when the sacred dust was carried away, placed tablets to their memories in my interior walls, tablets on which were inscribed their names and a few of their virtues.

The building in my immediate neighborhood increased rapidly, and what was called by some people the "better class" sold their property and moved farther up town. They said the only regret they had was leaving me, and some of them even shed tears at the parting.

My locality became more crowded; business houses, some reputable and some not so savory, became my near neighbors. The jangle of the world was at my very threshold; the sanctity of the place, to a superficial observer, was gone. But the "first baby," by this time a middle-aged woman, said that I seemed like a green, sweet oasis in a desert among the down-town din, and she hoped nothing would induce the church fathers to sell me, and allow me to be turned into a business place. "It seems as if I could not stand it," she added with a little sob.

In time large offers were made for me, because my site was considered very valuable, but some of my churchwardens, who *really* sought the kingdom of God before the dollar, maintained that I was doing much good in that locality, and should not be sacrificed for a mere money consideration.

By the time I had reached my golden jubilee, the well-dressed, comfortable-looking people were seldom seen within my walls. The peace-radiating trees which had once stood around me were all cut down, a bird-song was never heard in my vicinity. The sun by day, and the moon by night were the only outward and visible things that maintained their old relations toward me, and continued to shed the blessing of their presence upon me.



1911 CLASS EXECUTIVE.

E. J. Pratt, Prophet.	Miss W. L. Colbeck, Poet.	B. H. Robinson, Historian.	H. B. Van Wyck, Poet.	Miss E. A. Anderson, Treasurer	E. A. McCulloch, 2nd Vice-Pres.
Miss R. C. Hewitt, Prophetess.	L. M. Rice, Pres.	Miss C. A. Pennington, 1st Vice-President.	Dr. Edgar, Hon. Pres.	Miss I. K. Cowan, Senior Stick.	W. Moorhouse, Senior Stick.
		D. B. Leitch, Secy.	F. J. Livingston, Athletic Stick.		Miss E. G. Gibson, Historian.

A few more years, and for want of proper care my sweet-toned bell fell from its tower and was slightly cracked. Since that time there is a flat sound in the music I send out on the Sabbath air, which is far from pleasing to cultivated ears. It is a cause for thankfulness that few of the owners of these are within hearing distance.

At intervals of years some of the old worshippers dropped into my service, remarking with surprise at such times that, notwithstanding my many humiliations, the dust and grime around me, the thunder of the street cars, the vulgarity of the theatre bills, the maddening human crowd, I still retained that subtle, indefinable something which caused people to whisper when they came within my walls.

Children's children visit me, steal up my quiet aisle, and say in awed undertones, "My grandfather worshipped in this church."

As has been remarked, the rich, even the well-to-do, come no more as regular worshippers within my walls, but the poor, the people who live among the simplicities of life, and are nearer the heart of things, feel that I belong to them. The trembling inebriate knows that he can come in without being stared at, and the abandoned and forsaken seek my shelter in which to shed tears of repentance. I have many causes for thankfulness.

No paid soloist within my walls shakes the words of the sacred hymns until she shakes all the meaning and sacredness out of them. No high-salaried "doctor of music" plays his light, sermon-scattering ditties on my organ. No rich man dictates what the minister must say or leave unsaid. No silken-clad women frighten the poor and ill clad from my aisles. No Higher Critic thinks it worth while to air his views in my pulpit. No Pharisees sit in my front seats. I am burdened with no church debt.

It is Christmas Eve again—how many of them I have enjoyed—and in the gloaming the "first baby," all dressed in soft black this time, has tottered in (her step has grown very feeble) and fastened a few bunches of holly around my pulpit. It is years since I have had any before. She bowed her head when she was through with the decorating, and whispered something about it being her last Christmas on earth. Then she called down bless-

ings upon me, and the years I had yet before me, and went out crooning an old hymn.

Oh! it is a glorious thing to live—to have the opportunity of leaving an impress on the world! Serving my day, and the present generation, quite as well as when I was the First Church, I would not exchange places with the most aristocratic cathedral in the city.



OUT OF PLACE, BUT INTERESTING—LONDON, 1909.

LULLABIES OF THE LAKE

F. OWEN, B.A.

Rock me to sleep on thy soft soothing swell,
 Sing me the songs of thy soul;
 Show me the mysteries tongue cannot tell
 While on thy billows I roll;
 Bring from the depths of thine infinite heart
 Tales of thy gladness and pain,
 Dreams of thy life that will never depart
 Whisper again and again.

What dost thou hide in thy dark, restless deep?
 Heaving and throbbing it grieves.
 Whence are the shadows that over thee sweep
 With ripples the light breezes weave?
 Art thou so weary thou ever must sigh,
 Weary yet never to rest?
 Why with the winds can thy seeking not die,
 Bringing sweet peace to thy breast?

List to the stars in their silvery dreams,
 Lulled in thy watery graves;
 Vastness above thee and mirrored there seems
 A heaven asleep in thy waves;
 What say the clouds as they gently caress
 Thy brow with their diamond-like tears?
 Why to thine ears do they always confess,
 Their sorrows, their joys and their fears?

Rock me to sleep with thy soft lullabies,
 Crooning the songs of thy soul;
 Both of us long for the same Paradise,
 Both of us strive for the goal.
 Rest, it is rest from the fight and the toil,
 Rest from the brooding that mars;
 Peace, it is peace from the throng and the moil,
 Calm as the infinite stars.

Some Aspects of George Eliot's Novels

(From a Paper read before the Letters Club.)

C. W. STANLEY.

Obviously it is a bootless task to quarrel with popular opinion on the merits of a novelist. For of all writers a novelist makes the most democratic appeal—he writes for the great bulk of the public who read at all; and the public, knowing this, object to being hectored into a like or dislike of any novel-writer. It is much easier to change the general criticism on Milton or Spencer, whom “the general” never read. With no attempt to proselytize then, I shall merely state that the grounds alleged by George Eliot’s detractors seem to me to be insufficient, and indeed, not to the point. She is blamed by most of her adverse critics for being too psychological—though the objection does not always involve that ambitious term—she pays too much attention to the inner workings of character, and is in consequence dull, or, at least, heavy. Whether she deserves these harsh names or not is not the question just here. The point is, is she dull *because of* devoting her attention to the inner workings of character? I hope not, for if they are not interesting I know of nothing such.

In a general way all novelists have concerned themselves with human character; and usually when we refer to a novelist’s work it is his “characters” we speak of. In the same way, in everyday life we are all concerned with men—but the tailor merely clothes a man; there are others who have an infinitely closer relation in humanity. Others again are related even more distantly. So it is with the novelists in their portrayal of character. Broadly speaking, what do we know of the heart of any of Scott’s so-called characters? It is undeniable that they are interesting. It is undeniable that we know them. But it is the external conduct of each that interests us. So it comes about that you can describe Quentin Durward, say, with two or three adjectives. Or consider even a novel like Reade’s *The Cloister and the Hearth*, where the whole story turns on the course of action that a character will take when tugged in various direc-

tions by diverse appeals. But a few epithets, or at most a few phrases, will describe Gerard, and indeed tell the entire tale. Jane Austen limited herself to depicting a narrow range of characters within a narrow sphere. But it does not follow that her analysis will be more minute. She labels one character Pride, another Prejudice, and is content with seeing how these predominant motives interact.

I am not finding fault with these authors because their analysis of character is not more minute. But I do think it a great blunder to decry George Eliot because she took for her field the inner workings of the human heart. I say "inner workings" because she frees herself more from externals than does any other novelist. Romola in mediaeval Florence acts much the same as Maggie Tulliver in modern England. Bratti, the pedlar, and Bob Jakin, the pedlar, might be interchanged. In any of the novels development of character is the predominant interest. It is frequently stated that this applies to all novels, but it can readily be shown that this is not the case. Dicken's work may be said to be the study of human nature under certain conditions. But it is the mud-colored surroundings more than the characters themselves that interest the author and his readers. In Scott's tales what holds our attention is the manners and customs of the times he deals with. When he tells of a tournament we never think of the emotions that surge in the breasts of the combatants. Even the present "problematic" school of writers, who tell us they must deal with conditions because those conditions have an evil influence on human nature, never get within a league of character.

As was said at the outset, whether our author is dull or not is another question. While I do not think she is, I admit that it is inevitable that she should be thought so by a very large proportion of readers. Nowadays American publishers are producing "expurgated" editions of Scott. In these there are no historical footnotes, the foreign expressions are translated into English, the old English phrases modernized. I suppose the term "expurgated" shows that these omissions and changes are as necessary as the abridgements in Boccaccio. But George Eliot can never be expurgated in that way. The difficulties that repel the readers of American editions are imbedded in her

work. They do not consist of antiquarian niceties, or philosophic terms, or French phrases. It is not to the uneducated that she cries:

Odi profanum volgus et arceo.

Her work requires, however, a sustained attention, an appreciation of the more enduring things of life, a capacity for mounting now and again to the eminence whence all things human may be surveyed. To such demands not all readers, whether educated or illiterate, will or indeed can, respond. Upon whom then is the blame to rest? There is much in Browning's poetry on music and Italian art which many of us do not fully comprehend or appreciate. But we are not disposed to quarrel with the poet for our own deficiencies.

Despite George Eliot's skill in depicting character, in its workings and development, it seems to me that there is at least one serious objection to her whole conception of human nature. She makes it too subjective in its growth—there is not sufficient allowance made for environment. Take *Romola* for example. The scene is laid in Florence about the year 1492, the year that was one of the great turning points in history. And Florence was the focus of much that happened in that epoch-making year. Our author is fully aware of the stress of events, and in many ways she calls that stress to our minds. But it is not marked by any change in the characters we are dealing with. The characters slowly change, develop; but the development is the direct, undeviating result of the germ that is within them. Nello, the barber, does not talk quite the same at the end of the story as at the beginning—the talk is sillier and more inapposite; but at the beginning one could prophesy what his character will finally become, even if one knew nothing of the events that happen in the story. Tito becomes more selfish and hard, but the change would have been precisely the same had he married some other woman than Romola, had Baldassare never pursued him, had the French never entered Florence, nor Savonarola been excommunicated. Perhaps Silas Marner is the only exception to this rule in George Eliot's works. Yet even his case hardly contradicts the theory. We feel that Silas is developing along predestined lines rather than that his character is changed by an

accident. We are distinctly told that he is a miser because the accumulation of wealth is the only channel left open for his energies. His wealth is taken from him, so that he has no longer any gold to gloat over; and Eppie, the little foundling that comes into his home, reawakens the relationship to his fellow-men. The criticism that George Eliot's characters act too much on intellectual motives, too little as a result of emotional impulse, is not adequate. Tito, for example, is always acting upon impulses that result from the emotions of the moment. But our author constantly points out that these impulses are the result of motives that are not momentary. It seems nearer the mark to say that the mechanical nature of her work is due to the fact that she over-emphasized the germ in character, and paid too little attention to the environment, not only of events, but also of other characters.

It does not follow from what we have said of character being the predominant interest in her work that George Eliot's novels have no other features. There must be a setting for any character study. Nor, while the externals are subsidiary, are they without a fascination of their own; in three of the novels, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *The Mill on the Floss*, the setting is of the highest excellence. She had essayed this field in her early work, *Amos Barton*, as a tyro; here she made it her own. She had been observing this uneventful Warwickshire life with a keen, sympathetic eye; and she now brought to bear on it the imagination that is the first requisite of a novelist. A romanticist's imagination is different. It carries him beyond the possibilities of human experience; it creates only. The imagination of the novelist is not less creative or poetic, and is really a much rarer faculty; it takes up every-day objects and subdues them to itself. (Here, by the way, is the reason why so many stupid people imagine they can write novels—as George Sand complains, modern "artists" give us the every-day things and leave out the imagination.) To return to the setting of our author's most successful books: it is the life of the midland counties, which she had known in childhood. Her imaginative clothing of familiar objects is excellently shown in the way in which she mingled and interfused the scenes, events and characters she had known so well. Often three or four prototypes are blended into one

character of the fiction. The background for all these stories is admirably done. The scene in the Rainbow Tavern is one of the best of its kind in literature. Mrs. Poyser's dairy is a creation that is unsurpassed. Few characters in fiction live in our imaginations as does Maggie Tulliver.

Of the many minor characteristics of these works one must not be overlooked. Many an author has made child characters interesting for children. No one has made them so interesting for adults as has George Eliot. It is not that we merely pity them for their helplessness, or love their innocence and winsomeness. *We know* them; their sorrows affect us as real tragedy; we are enabled to see their passions from their own standpoint, though we are never conscious that the author is reducing us to the child's level.

What is distinctly feminine in George Eliot's work? The most noticeably feminine trait is her ability to depict women, her inability to depict men. The terms employed are relative. Many male authors have drawn men much less convincing. But it was inevitable that a woman, so thoroughly womanly in private life, should have failed to fathom much in the character of the opposite sex. The most glaring incapacity I have noticed in her work is the account of the events after the fight of Arthur Donnithorne and Adam Bede. Arthur, we are told, recovers from unconsciousness and asks for the aid of the man who has knocked him down; of the man, too, who has detected him in a shameful deception. The aid is accepted very much as a matter of course. This bold statement of the situation may not make it seem an impossible one. But no man can read that chapter and not feel that Arthur is assigned an impossible part. Tito, it is generally agreed, is a successful character; but then, as has been pointed out, Tito is really feminine in all his qualities. Or if there is a male character that we feel to be convincing, he is an oddity—Bartle Massey, the lame school-master, for example; or the recluse weaver, Silas Marner, or Philip Wakem, the cripple.

In a really powerful writer, style is such a subtle, elusive thing that one hesitates to pronounce on any feature of it as feminine. Only one thing in George Eliot's style strikes me as distinctively so, and only a few examples of it are to be found in each book. I suppose everyone who has had the fortune (I

really do not think it a misfortune) to examine essays written by school girls will have noticed a strange propensity in all their descriptive passages. One gathers from them nearly always a strange confusion of ideas, and one looks long before the reason appears. It seems to result not so much from a confusion of ideas on the part of the writer as from an over-ready perception of associations. Women seem to be unable to describe a house, seen from the outside, without telling you something of the "spacious parlor" that lies behind "that bow-window," something of the carpet on the parlor floor, and you may think yourself lucky if you are not told the color of the carpet, and how much it cost, and how soft it is. This often results in a piling up of phrases and parentheses, and relative clause within relative clause *ad infinitum*. Take the following from Felix Holt:

"The rectory was on the other side of the river, close to the church, of which it was the fitting companion, a fine old brick and stone house with a great bow window opening from the library on to the deep-turfed lawn, one fat dog sleeping on the door-stone, another fat dog waddling on the gravel, the autumn leaves duly swept away, the chrysanthemums cherished, tall trees stooping or soaring in the most picturesque variety, and a Virginia creeper turning a little rustic hut into a scarlet pavilion." In this passage there is no complication of construction; but the confusion of ideas is apparent. The author tries to say too much in a short space. It would be well enough to talk of the great bow window, but to tell us that this opens off the library (which we cannot see) merely diverts our attention. She must even tell us that, though we cannot see any leaves lying around, they were there once, but have been swept away. To notice the absence of leaves on the lawn would be tolerable; but the words "duly swept away" are peculiarly distracting. And surely one fat, waddling dog was enough when one had to take in at a glance the river, the church, the house with its windows and door-stones, its gravel and well-turfed lawn, and the surrounding autumn scene—all manner of trees, chrysanthemums, Virginia creeper, rustic hut and scarlet pavilion.

Whenever I read George Eliot's description of the sluggish folk that peopled the Midland Counties where she was reared, the question rises to my mind: Is there not a little of this



CONFERENCE THEOLOGICAL CLASS EXECUTIVE, 1910.

W. Clements,
Alley.

F. C. Clysdale,
Treas.

W. A. Morrison,
Athletic Rep.

E. J. Matthews,
Pres.

H. Haddon, Soccer Rep.

J. Bright,
Basket Ball.

Rev. Prof. Geo. Jackson, B.A.,
Hon. Pres.

A. C. Burley,
Y.M.C.A.

Rev. Prof. Geo. Jackson, B.A.,
Hon. Pres.

G. A. Bainborough,
Poet.

C. Bishop,
Vice-Pres.

A. Aldridge, Tennis Rep.

J. E. Hunter,
Mission Study.

F. R. Meredith,
Secy.

stolidity in the novelist herself? It is not shown where one might first look for it. There is no lack of imagination in her work; the dialogue is well continued; and where the humor of any character is oafish, there is considerable lightness of wit in showing us how oafish it is. The phlegmatic temperament, if shown at all, appears in the deliberateness with which every story is made sombre from the outset, sometimes almost hellish in the tragedy before its close. Among the Celtic peoples Anglo-Saxon indifference to pain is proverbial; wrongly, perhaps, for all Englishmen are not so unimpressionable. Yet certain types are remarkable for this characteristic. Or we may adduce another reason for the melancholy of George Eliot. She was nearly thirty-eight when her first novel was written. Jane Austen wrote her first tale at the age of twenty-three. Dickens published his first great work at the same age. George Sand was famous as a novelist at the age of twenty-eight. Indeed, few authors' productions have been deferred to so late a period in life as George Eliot's.

These reasons for her melancholy merely as suggestions; we shall return to the subject later.

The question arises: Is the melancholy beyond the *ne plus ultra* of art? We must say that it is if the effect on us is a lasting depression. For the function of art is to please; and while an artistic work may distress us for the moment, the ultimate effect must be pleasure and not pain. It is extremely dangerous to be dogmatic on a point like this. Our feelings regarding happiness and sorrow change so from year to year, sometimes the tragedy of a single day in real life makes the darkest tragedy of fiction seem a melodrama. Yet one might say with regard to George Eliot's work, that it is too sad reading for very young people. A child with any imagination at all could not read *Adam Bede* without having a shadow cast over the rest of his life; unless, indeed, his life had hitherto been so care-free and joyous that he was incapable of appreciating in the least the sorrows of the book. Older people also choose well the time for re-reading any of George Eliot's novels, even more carefully than they choose the time for re-reading *Lear*.

Nothing is so sad as the sadness of George Eliot. Dante's pales beside it. Even Virgil is not so mournful. The quintes-

sence of Virgil's melancholy may be found in a single line:

Desine fata deum flecti sperare precando.

It is Destiny that weighs down mankind, and they, hapless mortals, cannot change it. But this seems a happy creed in comparison with George Eliot's. The men and women of her world are not less bowed down than were Virgil's heroes. But the cause is no objective Destiny. The fire that is not quenched is within men's hearts. That is the "sorrow's crown of sorrow"; it is men that make themselves and their fellow men wretched; there was no foreordination about it. How often our author shows, as in *Romola* and *Adam Bede*, the thin partition that severs right and wrong action, happiness and misery! Nor has any author elaborated a Nemesis so relentless.

Is it all then so supremely sad? No two men will answer alike. It is not altogether a question of the age of the author. Some of us learn how sad life is at a cruelly early age, some never learn. And a careful study of George Eliot's life does not leave one with the impression that her temperament was wholly responsible for her gloom of mind. Such a thing cannot be satisfactorily analyzed. Only we may say this: that wherever and whenever men grow up in an atmosphere such as surrounded the early life of George Eliot their outlook will be as sad. She early developed a proclivity for hard thinking, due partly to the fact that she was impressionable and intellectual, while her acquaintances seem to have been more or less bovine in understanding. The only people of intelligence she met with were fervent evangelicals; consequently this was the only channel for her feelings and aspirations. At the early age of twenty, when her evangelism was at its height, she happened upon the religious controversies of the day. A year later she fell in with the sceptics, and almost at once found her old faiths impossible. It is commonly remarked at the present day that nothing is so tragic in a person's life as the shaking of old religious beliefs. But it rarely comes about so suddenly and completely as it did in the case of George Eliot. And in our day evangelism is not so fervent, scepticism not so steel-cold. In 1840 the serious, meditative young girl passes at a step from the influences of an atmosphere like that surrounding Dinah

Morris, the Methodist preacher, to the numbing effect of a creed like Mill's.

It did not benumb her into torpor—that is to her credit. Nor was hers a spirit like Shelley's "beating its wings against the bars." If there were bars they were not to be broken by any poetic flutterings, however pathetic. The world, she thought, was a great hard fact, and only a stoical philosophy could cope with it. Frederick Myers relates how, when George Eliot was walking with him one night at Oxford, she said that of the three consolations offered to mankind—God, Immortality and Duty—the first was unknowable, the second a vain dream, so that only Duty remained. No Roman ever said anything so stern.

To conclude: George Eliot has upon her the mark of her times, as every author must have; but she was original in applying herself to a study which had hitherto been considered the concern of the dramatist—a study which will probably occupy more novelists in the days to come; in her own special field, the life of the lower and middle classes in the Midland Counties, her work possesses a wizard charm; her women characters, as Leslie Stephen says, are perfectly drawn so far as a man can judge; yet we shall hope that as great and greater work may be done by authors not so despairing of human life and the ultimate fate of men.

“One on the Kaiser”

No crowned monarch of the present generation has been so often made the target for the shafts of the humorists as the German Emperor. A few years ago the world laughed over a very witty caricature entitled “Me and Gott,” exhibiting the Emperor’s excessive love for self-display. We have now culled from a recent periodical another “skit” upon the Kaiser’s boasted versatility in the modern languages.

Guten Morgen, mon ami,
 Heute ist es schönes Wetter,
 Charmé de vous voir ici,
 Never saw you looking better.

Hoffentlich que la Baronne,
 So entzückend et so pleasant.
 Ist à Brussels cet automne
 Combien wünsch’ ich she were present.

Und die Kinder, how are they?
 Ont ils eu la rougeole lately.
 Sind sie avec vous to-day.
 J’aimerais les treffen greatly.

Ich muss chercher mon hotel,
 What a charming Schwaterei sir;
 Lebewohl, adieu, farewell;
 Vive le Congo! Hoch der Kaiser!

John Morley---“The English Prophet”

W. E. MACNIVEN.

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

It would be presumption for me at this time to tell, if I could, the story of the life of one of the foremost public men of our time—but the recent announcement of the Secretary of State for India that soon he will retire into private life draws our minds toward those things which have made him a man of such distinction in politics and the literary world. We cannot pass by as unimportant such an announcement, and we ought not, no matter what our station in society, feign indifference to the character which is displayed in the public life of our nation.

In his essay on “On Popular Culture,” Morley declares that the most important things in history are, “the economic forces of a society on the one hand, and on the other the forms of religious opinion and ecclesiastical organization,” and since we desire to examine his work as that of a prophet, it may not be amiss to trace the relation between religion and public life, and by so doing more clearly understand the career and standing, the outlook and aim of this man who has been called to serve in one of the highest places of our nation’s life. Much and all as we may desire and demand the separation of church and state, yet religion cannot be thrust back into the dim light of a cathedral cloister or conventicle: religion was meant for a more strenuous arena—a living force in the lives of men and nations.

The prophet of old stood in a public place to warn, to challenge and to lay bare the impertinences of wickedness in high places, and to blast with the terrible invective of displeasure the tyrant prince or priest or business man who was untrue. The history of the past is absolutely meaningless, unless it emphatically teaches that religion is the foundation on which the superstructure of national life is built, and that the decay of nations is contemporaneous with the loss of religious faith. “Religion played a great part in what has given elevation to Roman civil life;” it has much to do with law, with political development, with a

Roman sense of public duty, and a Roman reverence for the state. But when religion went public spirit went with it, and the dissolution of the fabric was only a matter of time. Christianity reunited the disintegrated fragments of society and reformed the social structure.

Dean Church says: "The struggles of the clergy with the lewdness of the nobles, and their stout assertions against power and force of franchises and liberties, sowed the seeds of national life in all the countries of Europe." Christianity commercialized the impulses, the ideas, the illuminating influences that renewed the life of nations and sent them forward on a career of progress and development.

It was in this highly organized and developed system of society that John Morley acted out his wonderful part, and now when he shall lay aside his arduous public duties, to retire to seclusion, so well has that part been played that he will take with him the good will and admiration of the whole Empire. He lays down the tasks of office with a conscience void of offence, and surely he breathes the air of the world's charity.

That this man, retiring and reticent, has gained and held the respect of all is, in the realm of politics at least, a wonderful phenomenon, but had he not stood in a high public station with the eye and courage of a prophet, such a thing would have been impossible.

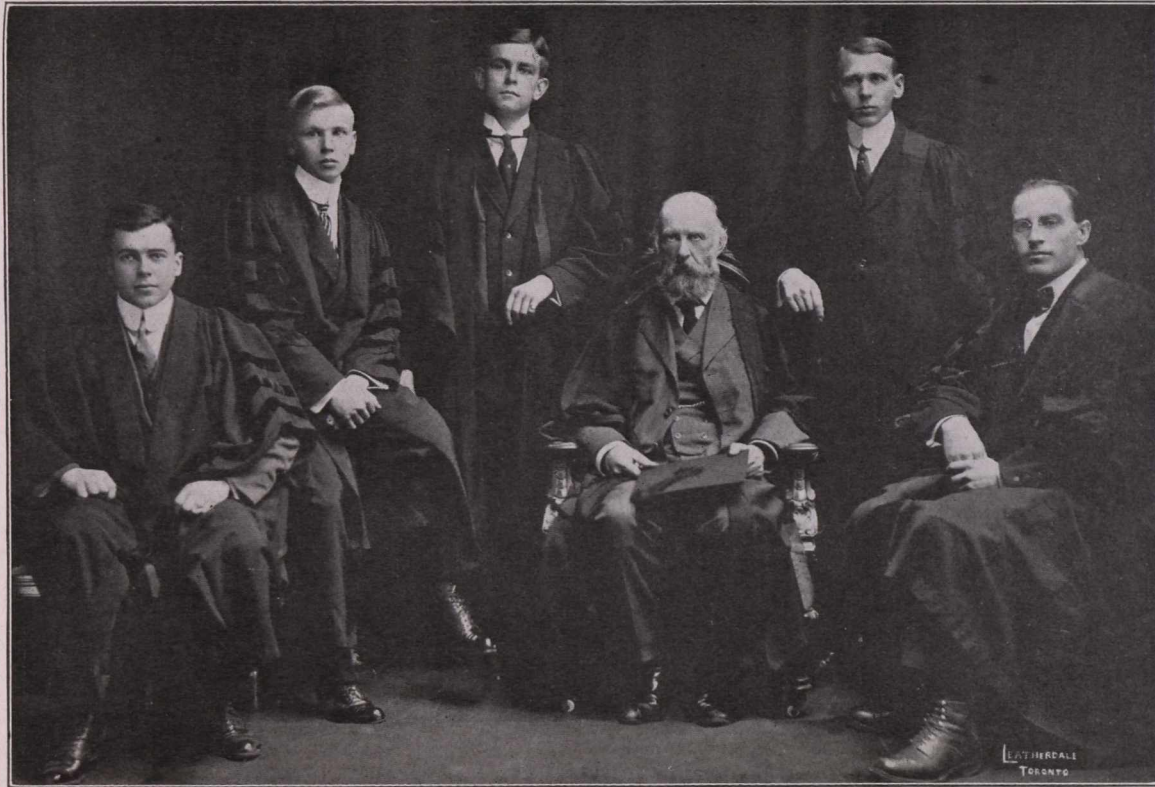
There is no other man that holds a position quite similar to that of Morley. Friend and foe alike esteem him; he seems to have an air which charms those coming within its sweep, and there are few whom he has touched who have not responded to him with an allegiance that has seldom been broken. In Gladstone's diary there is a little note relating his meeting for the first time with Morley that is worth the quoting. They met first at the country seat of Sir John Lubbock. Huxley was there, and Playfair and Darwin, but Gladstone merely notes that he had met with a noble company and that he "could not help liking" one. From such a man it is quite enough to show us the impressive winsomeness which characterized Morley on his first appearance among the men of his time, and which has grown through the years, until now it may not be extravagant to say, that there is not a man in the whole realm of the public life of the world

who commands such unquestioned sway over the affections of his friends.

To some, the religious views of Morley stand as a barrier against the man and his work. Let us quote Hutton, the great editor of the *Spectator*—one of the most able, as he is one of the most believing, men of his time: “I am not ashamed,” he says, “to feel far more sympathy with the nobler aspects of unbelief than with the ignobler and shiftier aspects of so-called faith. . . . A religion which has not made man religious *must*, in the form it has taken in his mind at least, be inferior to the want of religion—or, if you please, even irreligion—of the man who shows as high morals and as earnest a sense of duty as Mr. John Morley. . . . It is quite easy to confess God and Christ in a spirit much more pernicious and fatal to the growth of faith in God and Christ, than that in which others deny them. False visions may be much worse than no visions. The babble of imaginary voices may be much more perverting to the mind than the aching of an intense silence.”

Such is the witness of Richard Holt Hutton—and it is telling and extremely impressive. There is a careless self-sufficiency among us to-day that lifts its shameless head in base and unworthy boast, even in the high presence of religious faith, which is struck dumb by the silent testimony of a man like John Morley. There is a possibility of being religious, though one may not have what is called a religion. Such men as Morley may stand—as it were—in the outer court, but they are men whose truth and transparent sincerity and unfeigned faith in the highest things demand the world’s sanest devotion and praise. Morley, if he were a prophet who preferred to stand in the outer court, had a conviction and a courage that gave stern rebuke to the apathy and cowardice and indolence of those who professed to have entered perchance into the holy-of-holies.

Perhaps the main office of the ancient prophet was to see, and we cannot choose but recognize the use that John Morley made of his eyes. He sees the things that are best worth attention and gives himself sincerely to the vision. He says, in one of his lectures, “The greatest lesson of history is the fact of its oneness.” This is the vision of the man; the vision of the real prophet. Such a vision means humility—we are not of our own making, it



POLITICAL SCIENCE, VICTORIA, 1910-11.

L. Macauley. J. E. Corcoran. R. P. Locke. Prof. Jas. Mavor. H. C. D. Beck. W. E. MacNiven.

suggests debt—as we have received so must we give; it says, responsibility—we shall be judged by the eyes yet to be. It is said that Wellington remarked on the eve of Waterloo, “What shall they think of us in England to-morrow?” This was the motto of the Secretary of State for India. He saw not only the beginnings and progress of history, and from these made his acute interpretations, but he saw beneath the surface of present things and penetrated their sham, and saw that life was more than flesh and sense and more than could be weighed in scales or measured by a yard rule.

Dr. Draper lays down as the fundamental axiom of history that human progress depends upon increase of our knowledge of the conditions of material phenomena; to this Morley replies: “. . . as if moral advance, the progressive elevation of types of character and ethical ideas were not at least an equally important cause of improvement in civilization. The type of St. Vincent de Paul is plainly as indispensable to progress as the type of Newton.” Surely such a sight is prophetic; but the public man *must* see. He *must* distinguish between the shows of things and their roots; between the things that last and the things that perish.

There was often a ring of scorn in the voice of the prophet, and this characteristic is present in Morley. He says: “Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is, at least for the present, no longer an organic power. It is not that supreme, penetrating, controlling, decisive part of a man’s life which it has been and will be again. . . . The souls of men have become void; into the void have entered the seven devils of secularity.”

Morley wrote a book in which it was his intention to transfix compromise; in it so anxious was he to perform the miracle of rooting out the seven devils of secularity that he himself was quite willing to compromise on the matter of superstitious dogma. He says: “If the religious spirit leads to a worthy and beautiful life, if it shows itself in cheerfulness, in piety, in charity and tolerance, in forgiveness, in a sense of largeness and the mystery of things, in lifting up the soul in gratitude and awe to some supreme power and sovereign force, then, whatever drawback there may be in the way of superstitious dogma, still such a spirit is on the whole a good thing.” Anything to save from secularity:

is it not our danger? Men cannot be reared on concentrated sunshine any more than on natural moonshine. The absolute need is reality, truth, right, good and the power of each which makes them one symmetrical sovereign, supreme.

The secret of Morley's success was that of the ancient prophet, namely, confidence in truth. Above all things it should be a satisfaction to all right thinking men that there are still men (and not a few) in public life whose power is the offspring of truth. To seek for power is one of the legitimate appetites of nature—and it is good. It is the force which moves the greatest men into public life and the force which has elevated the realm of that calling to a place considered a sacred thing in the eyes of nations.

In looking at his life, one has said: "The integrity of Morley's career is absolutely beyond criticism and cavil. It never entered into the mind of his bitterest opponent to suspect for a moment that he could be influenced by any personal consideration in the course which he took or the words which he uttered.

. . . Everybody knows that he has never sought office, and could never be induced to make any compromise of political principles, even for the sake of maintaining in power the party to which he belongs. The universal recognition of that great quality in him has added unspeakably to his influence in parliament. John Morley soon became one of that small body of men in the House of Commons whose rising to speak is always regarded as an event of importance."

His attitude toward the South African war came as a great surprise to all—and many declared that in a moment of innocence he had betrayed himself. It was not so. His firmness, straightforwardness and courage made him the more revered and trusted, and bound the ties of devotion to him stronger. The public may be, and is, many times unreasonable, but it does admire a man of unflinching truth. Macphail says: ". . . the ethics of politics is the love of men," and this was Morley's strength too—indeed the very keynote to his magnificent success. He loved men and inspired them with his own unostentatious example to think on the highest plane, to respond to the highest motives, and to seek the highest ends.

Acta Victoriana

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EDITORIAL

Count Leo Tolstoi

One of the few men who has stood in the white light in the eyes of the whole world, in political, social and literary circles, for more than half a century, has passed away in the person of Count Tolstoi. He was born at Yasuaya Poliana, Russia, and attended the University of Kazan, in that country, after which he did military service in the Caucasus, and later served with great distinction at the Crimea. It was while in the Caucasus that he began his great literary career, and published "The Cossacks" and "The Morning of a Proprietor." His travels abroad made him dissatisfied with modern civilization, and when he returned home he wrote "The Memoirs of Prince Nekhlyadoff," a vigorous protest against poverty and ignorance.

For a time he devoted himself to the school work upon his own estate: and that he might better understand his lowly friends adopted their mode of dress and worked with them in the fields. From 1864 to 1869 he was engaged on his great work, "War and Peace," a prose epic centreing about the invasion of Russia by Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the publication of "The Resurrection"—the immediate reason of its publication being to aid the Dukhobors to emigrate to Canada—he was excommunicated by the Holy Synod, which had previously manifested its displeasure at his open disbeliefs in its dogmas. In reply to this action of the Synod he addressed an open letter to the Czar denouncing both the Church and Governmental despotism of Russia.

He strongly denounced the Russo-Japanese war of 1904—and early the next year published his drama, "Behind the Scenes in War," the publication of which was prohibited in Russia. The Crimean War made Tolstoi an "Apostle of Peace," and he induced the Czar to propose, some years ago, the idea of disarmament, which action led finally to the Hague Tribunal.

His many books touch all the phases of life, economic, philosophic, historic and religious, and demand his recognition as one of the most potent and famous writers of the civilized world to-day.

In his later life he became a mystic and turned from the world to find salvation in the life of the spirit. One masterpiece only appeared after he became a pronounced mystic, but almost his entire literary work was accomplished in the course of transition. His works are even now regarded as among the world's classics, and although the productions of his later years are not so widely known as those of the former years, still there is little doubt but that these latter writings will be regarded as his greatest productions.



A Plea for Breadth.

One hears it so loudly proclaimed on all sides that the modern multiplicity of knowledge has made versatility a thing of the past, and this view at first sight seems so plausible, that it argues something of temerity to attack it. Yet if a Hippias or a Bacon are no longer possible, it does not follow that a modern is to narrow down to a single department of knowledge. If the contrary position were not so frequently maintained no one would think it necessary to point out the absurdity of shaving a thing down to the *n*th fraction because we cannot attain all of it.

Obviously, if a man who has spent fifty years in the study of

earthworms says that no one can know all about the earthworm without doing a half-century's special research work, his statement will be seldom disputed; there are few qualified by the required probationary term. That is why the specialists are having it all their own way to-day. Any insignificant scholar can run off and spend a lifetime studying the sand of the Sahara Desert (there are deserts not geographical), and then, emerging to civilization, proclaim his discoveries, and draw from them what conclusions he pleases. Who is to gainsay him? Who else has studied the particular Sahara as long?

The conclusions, rather than the discoveries, are baneful. It is a human impossibility for a specialist of the narrow type to lay down a general law *on anything*, whether it is his special subject or not. He cannot have any sense of proportions; he will want to bring his Sahara Desert experience to bear on every question in politics, and every criticism of poetry, to introduce it into every pink-tea conversation. And if he does confine himself to Sahara entities, are his judgments rational there? Dealing with few objects, he will exaggerate the importance of each. His observations of facts will tend to be as lop-sided as his own life is unbalanced. The function of the sun, the Sahara investigator will tell you, is to heat the sand of the Sahara; the wind has no other purpose than to blow up sandstorms; the seasons revolve in order that the Kamsin may occur; sand is an absolutely useless substance—every dictum in terms of the Sahara, and every one wrong.

The vice of specialization is nowhere more apparent than in the work of many of the present writers on history. Granted that a man who "specializes on" the first year of King Alfred's reign knows more of the facts of that year than does anyone else; is his knowledge of any value? If he has not studied life outside that period, and outside of history altogether, does he know how to interpret the facts he has collected? Can he assign the proper motive for any action, or trace its result?

In view of the wonderful progress of knowledge due to German science no one can decry the value of contributions to the general store by special investigators; but when specializing goes beyond a certain point it can make no contribution at all; in some fields at the present time it is doing positive harm.



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A Merry Christmas

We were pretty blue about it all not many weeks ago, and it was on the point of our editorial tongue to acclaim as the Prince of Knockers in the Kingdom of Grouchiness a really decent chap about our halls—so very blue did we feel. But to-day—well, Christmas is drawing very near and the bright gladness of that season has already warmed the editorial heart. And so we wish ACTA's readers and hosts of friends the brightest and best the season can give.

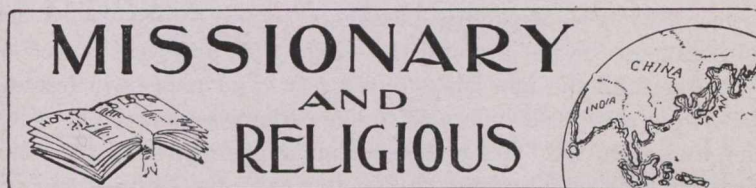
And then our efforts, feeble at their best, but rendered in all good faith, have been so well and kindly received that we are happy in our gratitude to you and glad to repay you, very inadequately it is true, by our deepening enthusiasm in the work, and our utmost effort throughout the New Year.

Here are two good reasons then for wishing one and all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.



ACTA has a Precedent to follow in the Christmas number and a Reputation to sustain. We have followed the Precedent, though loath to do so, because we believe in a College paper of College interests by College people. But then Precedent (*viz.*, the going far a-field for contributors) was so hoary in this instance that we dared not put forth impious hands. We followed Precedent.

That we have sustained the Reputation is due to the generous contribution of those whose names are household names in Canadian literature. ACTA Board desires to acknowledge its great obligation for a willing and splendid service.



Up-to-Date Methodist Preaching

FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.

The first Sunday I ever spent in London, now many years ago, I heard Spurgeon in the morning, Liddon in the afternoon, and Cardinal Manning in the evening. Such a trio I have never heard in one day since, and probably never shall again. At that time the popular favorites in London were Spurgeon and our own Dr. Morley Punshon. The latter was a sort of Christian Cicero in the pulpit; his strain was one of sustained magnificence throughout; his style was a very field of cloth of gold. Spurgeon was a sort of modern Bunyan in the pulpit; his style was pithy, homespun, racily idiomatic; his thought was richly evangelical; his voice sounded through the vast Metropolitan Tabernacle like a deep-toned, mellow bell. He was the greatest preacher of the Gospel of his time, and equally great as a pastor.

To-day there are no such preachers in London, even as there are no Beechers in Brooklyn. The grand style gives place in Church, as in Parliament, to a simpler and more conversational; there is less oratory, but perhaps more exposition and instruction. My impression is that in the present British pulpit, for all the greatest objects of the pulpit, there is a better average of preaching, more practical, direct, sympathetic, spiritual, Biblical. The great preachers of that earlier date were superb. But from many a lesser man I heard apologetic lectures on Christianity rather than a powerful proclamation of Christ and Him crucified. Now men seem to have assimilated what is good in the new learning of our time and then to have come back from the new point of view to the old Gospel, to preach it with fresh power. On that earlier visit I heard Methodist preachers who read carefully prepared essays on the adjustment of religion to the modern modes of thought. They had on Saul's armor and it did not fit

them. Now the Methodist preachers whom I have heard are returning to the pebbles and the sling. The awkward period of adjustment to the new ideas seems past, and men have learned that, whether the old views or the new views be correct, it is not views of evolution or of criticism that will minister to the mind diseased with sin, but the divine touch of the divine Saviour. As a matter of fact, the present-day Methodist ministers of England seem to take for granted the modern views on these subjects and to say very little about them, but to seek in every way to lead men, for the solution of their deepest problems, their personal salvation from sin, their equipment for service, to Jesus Christ and a living, joyful personal experience of His grace. I have not once heard Higher Criticism mentioned in an English pulpit during several months of attentive hearing, whether to ban it or to bless it; but I have seen men proceeding on the basis of its approved results to expound Scripture sanely and correctly and to apply its truths fearlessly and powerfully to men's consciences and hearts.

These men heartily sympathize with all modern learning and culture, and show their sympathy in innumerable delicate shades of thought and expression, but are not eager to obtrude their academic attainments upon their congregations. They sympathize keenly with the people and all efforts to better their condition, but they know that social betterment is impossible without individual regeneration, and that the kingdom of heaven is, after all, more than a readjustment of social relations. The deepest note that I have heard struck again and again is the old note, ever new, of personal sin and responsibility, repentance, faith, salvation, the note of personal experience. I have felt over and over again, "that is just what John Wesley preached, only put very carefully and skillfully into modern terms." Listen to J. E. Rattenbury, as he holds an audience of 3,000 people in the Lyceum Theatre on a Sunday evening, and you find that the attraction which draws and holds that vast audience is the skill and earnestness with which he applies the old gospel of sin and salvation to modern needs. He knows what men are thinking and writing; but he does not spend much time rehearsing the dicta of the recent book; those, however, who have read it recognize his deft allusions and replies. And he knows that

the solution of all modern problems is to be found at the cross of Jesus. He speaks with the tone of the absolute assurance of personal experience, of one who has felt and known for himself, of one who has seen many men lifted out of the horrible pit and saved with the power of a divine life. Go to hear even R. J. Campbell, and you find that the deepest note, after all, is not his semi-pantheistic "new theology," but, with splendid inconsistency, an insistence upon sin and the need of salvation. I heard him preach one sermon on the general principle of retribution and another on hell—for he did not hesitate to use the old, unfashionable word. And a more solemn appeal to sinful men I never heard.

One Sunday evening I went to the large, beautiful Wesley Memorial Church in Oxford. A comparatively young man entered the pulpit, with short coat, black tie, unconventional manners, an unmistakable layman—for the Wesleyan ministers all dress clerically. I did not know what to expect, but I have ever since been thankful for what I got. I say nothing of the profoundly sympathetic prayer, in tune with the deep, sad music of humanity, and the high and saving grace of God. The sermon was the outpouring, in the most untechnical terms, of the results of the spiritual struggles of a deeply thoughtful mind, trained in all the learning of our time, weary with all the problems of our modern thought, and finding rest for itself at the old place, the cross of Christ. For three-quarters of an hour that wonderful "local preacher" grappled with the sins and sorrows and perplexities of English life in the twentieth century, and brought his hearers back from each to a personal experience of Jesus Christ as the only satisfactory solution. I ascertained afterwards that the preacher who had so held me and so helped me was a fellow of one of the colleges and one of the best Greek scholars of Oxford.

But not only from such men did I hear sane and accurate exposition of Scripture and powerful preaching of the Gospel. I went one Sunday morning to the Wesleyan Church in a country town in the North of England. The preacher was a very young man, just ordained. The preaching was so unpretentiously intellectual, so rich in literary allusion, so moving in its appeal to the sense of duty, so nourishing to the spiritual life,

that I eagerly returned to listen to another helpful sermon in the evening.

These men are not playing with preaching. They grapple with the great themes. They give themselves to thorough Bible study. They read strong books. They thus appeal to the intellect. And then they have convictions and a definite message, and so they appeal to the deeper nature. Not nearly so large a proportion of the Wesleyan ministers as of our own are graduates in arts. But there is a multitude of excellent Biblical scholars, thoughtful expositors, effective preachers. They are well trained in the use of the English language. Their style is neither pedantic nor vulgar, but vigorous, idiomatic, and direct. It cannot be said of present-day Methodist preachers in England that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," for they evidently give themselves to reading and thinking, and bring forth out of their treasury things new and old. They have, at least most of those whom I heard have, the fire of intense convictions and firm principles practically and earnestly applied to the needs of the individual and society. And this fire has been kindled at the cross.

Since the glorious example of Hugh Price Hughes, the ministry of the Methodist Church in England has had before it the splendid ideal of a combination of modern critical and exegetical scholarship with the most intense spirituality, all earnestly applied to social service and individual conversion, in a spirit both of enthusiasm for humanity and, far more, of passionate devotion to the divine Lord and Saviour.

Is not this the ideal for Canada, for the Methodist Church, for Victoria College, for each one of us? Can any labor of preparation for such a noble life-work be too strenuous? Can we work too hard for each sermon, when we remember how much, under God, may depend upon the skill and faithfulness with which we present the truth? To preach "the simple Gospel" does not mean to take it easy and to glibly repeat well-worn, hackneyed phrases. Be it ours to know the thoughts of men, the learning of our time, the undercurrents of distress and dissatisfaction and deep unrest, and then, out from a profound and present personal experience, to bear witness to the things which we have known and to give the bread of life to hungry souls.



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The Christ in Art

The books that have been written upon this and allied specific themes would make a respectable library. Anything like a formal or bookish article would, therefore, be out of place, even if such were possible in the brief space I shall claim. Rather would I turn, with the thought of Christendom at this season, to the Advent itself, and while music, literature and manifold art are figuratively weaving fabrics of beautiful design, I would add a thread that may not be lost when the pattern leaves the loom. No other theme has laid under tribute finer dreams of the poet or more touching strains of music than the coming of this infant King. If for this event the notes of seraphs were not too glorious or high; if the gold of kings and the frankincense of priests, and the costliest gifts of the East were laid at His feet, it is fitting that art should volunteer its most splendid lines and color in portrayal of the story of His deeds of healing, His words of power and messages of love. In considering the Christ in art, we are embarrassed with the multitude of representations which have been made of Him, in His personality on the one hand and also in the actions in which His influence is a direct factor. It is but just to say that the spirit of Christ permeates the thought and life of the era, and so must find expression in its art. It is also safe to say that no one theme has been so fruitful in the world's art as this, no allure so constant; and yet, to portray the unique human character of the Christ baffles the most cunning and daring of the world's men of genius. At some time in the life of the greater amongst the painters they have attempted a rendering of Jesus; but has anyone at any time succeeded in a masterful and satisfying result? I have not yet seen such a picture and have hitherto not met one who has. It would seem that the limitations of the artist's vehicle of expression are such that only the somewhat crude and directly human situations and moods can respond to the brush of the painter; that some more supple instruments and more subtle medium must be found ere the spiritual and exalted emotions and suggestions of super-human power can be pronounced upon canvas.

Another fact becomes evident as we enter upon this study, and that is, Christian art has grown out of the life of Christ alone.

It has had no inspiration from Egyptian or Assyrian schools. Greek, Byzantine and Roman teachers may have taught the Christian painters to draw, but nothing of the mythology of



Greece or of any Roman state finds place in the concepts of the artists of the Christian family or fold.

As we approach our study of the drawings and carvings of the several periods, beginning with the meagre data to be found

in the Catacombs, we can discover no attempt at portraiture of Christ. This forces the conviction that, although there were Greek and Roman painters at the time of Christ, and although He was a sufficiently notable figure in the important cities of Palestine, and though His followers quickly awakened to a perception of the remarkable character of their Master, and immediately after His ascension invested Him with the reverent conviction of deity, no tradition was held that a likeness of Him had been preserved whatsoever. Such a possession would have been sought out and known; and the reproduction of it would have engaged the devout attention of painters for many generations.

Greek influence and Roman influence are felt in the forms represented in the earliest examples in the beardless face and the attire; not only is no effort at portraiture to be seen, but the evident purpose was pedagogic—an aid to the convert or neophyte to an appreciation of His sacrifice and atonement for the sin of the human family; and when preaching was forbidden the silent message of the picture was esteemed the more for its daily lesson.

The continual scattering of Christians throughout the known world by persistent and pitiless persecution, the building up of the Eastern Empire centreing in Constantinople, and the ultimate truce to the followers of Jesus by Constantine, brought about two important results. The first was the orientalizing of the Christ features in the symbolisms which continued to be made; the second was that with the upspringing of churches and cathedrals came the elevation of Christian art to a noble cult. The decoration and beautification of the sanctuaries with mosaics and paintings gave wing to the artists' imagination, and, as all examples of Byzantine work show, the Christian art of that age was an exalted and awesome, but still didactic, presentation of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God. The Byzantine type of face has continued to influence the painters of every age down to the present, with its oriental cast, pointed beard and parted hair, except where Roman modification gives a forked beard.

Just here I may call attention to the portrait of Jesus preserved in the cathedral at Citta Vecchia, in Malta, attributed to St. Luke. This picture has been an object of veneration for

many centuries, as its costly encasement in silver and jewels of Byzantine workmanship would testify. But as few scholars concede that Luke lived early enough to have seen our Lord, and as he, in the introduction to his Gospel, intimates that he was not a witness of the events he narrates, we may safely discount the Luke tradition. The head is markedly Byzantine.

Much interest attaches to the subjects treated by Christian artists in those early days, indicating, as they do, the historic facts in Christ's life which held the major place in the Christians' thought—the Adoration of the Magi, the Turning of Water into Wine, the Healing of the Blind Man, the Multiplication of Loaves, the Entry into Jerusalem, Christ before Pilate.

Coming down to earlier mediaeval days, the number of subjects increased. The pictorial note was rising, but the didactic spirit remained.

We must not overlook the influences of which space forbids us more than merest hint, which were contributory to this art spirit. First, the Christian reaction against all pageant, pomp and vanity, the espousal of the simplest life as helpful to holiness of character and unimpeachable conduct. Second, as persecution became a normal condition for centuries, and public preaching was forbidden, pictorial lessons from Christ's life and mystic symbolisms grew more and more in favor with Christian teachers. Third, with the lull in persecution the world crept in, especially after Constantine's espousal of the Christian cause. A monastic reaction followed to save the church from the world; and therefore it is that the Constantinople or Byzantine school marks the acme of the mystic, monastic period.

But the Western or Roman Empire had risen amid the same social conditions; hence was it that the Roman schools were not far behind in conventual insistence upon both the subjects and their treatment by the monastery artists. A curious significance is found in the decision of the second Council of Nice as follows: "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition; to the painter, only the execution." This decision formu-

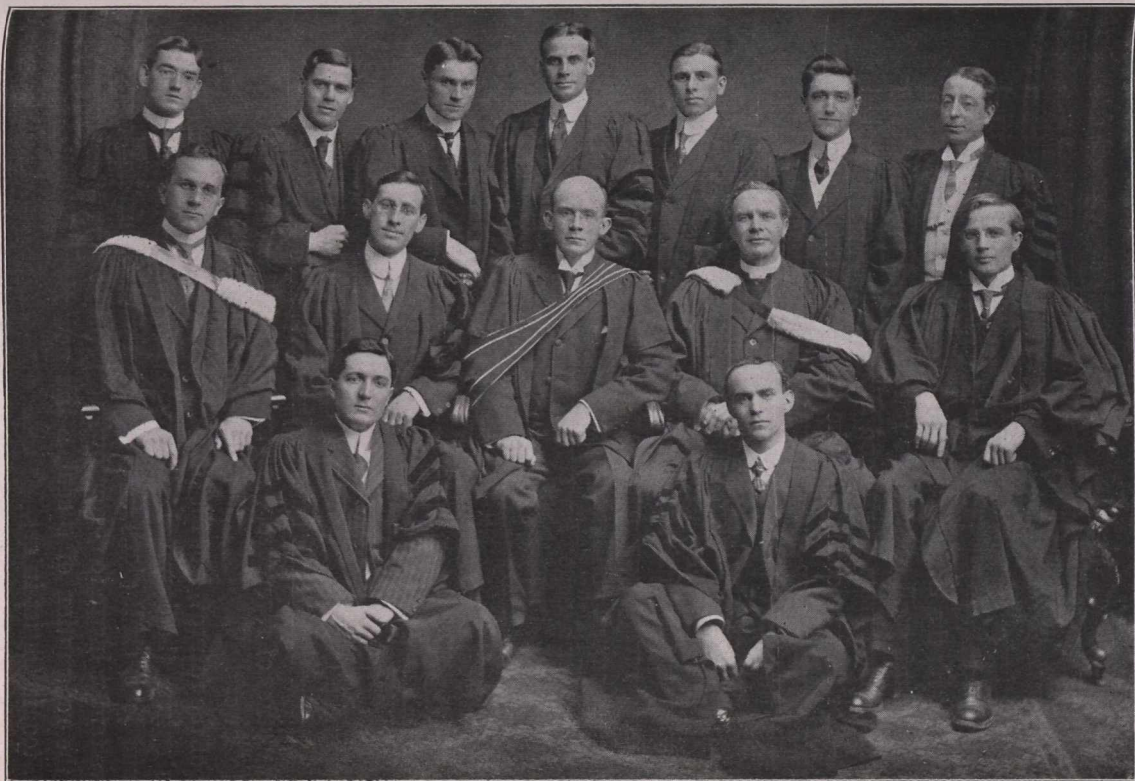
lated a practice that had been followed in the church for many hundred years. Whatever latitude the earlier Christian artists may have enjoyed in expressing their motives, inevitable uniformity had followed, with the stilted mechanical dryness of uninspired craftsmanship; and yet the designs continued to be marked by a fine, compelling reverence. But the Eastern Empire had passed away. With the fall of the Western Empire a few centuries later political topsy-turvydom and the dark ages over-spread Christendom and gave the Christian Church its political opportunity. The Church learned the art of controlling the masses of the people and manipulating the affairs of states, and of growing rich upon the tribute levied on the sometimes questionable enterprises. How fared the Christ in art in these times? Not well, if the beautiful breviaries and missals of this period, the chief output of its luxurious leisure, may interpret for us the signs of the age. But a new spirit was awakening.

Political chaos having vibrated into something of cosmic order in two great rival factions, and a truculent Church becoming divided by the operation of the very forces it had created, a sense of independence became possible to the men whose service was in the market for the bid of either faction. This was the dawn of a new era, the Renaissance.

The sense of freedom is contagious. Benvenuto Cellini denied entirely the right of his Eminence the Pope to subjugate his genius or spirit, and told the wise teacher to go to the place arranged for those of doubtful church character. The venerable father in God was wise enough to leave the great artist to his own individuality, and as a result the works which he developed in silver were among the most remarkable of the time. This spirit inoculated the painters also of the Renaissance epoch very fully.

It must be admitted the mediaeval period was prolific in pictures; nor will any critic pretend that the dictations of the ecclesiastics were wanting in high sentiment, but on the other hand the most ultra-churchman will admit that the sacred art of the later period, when the painter could express himself untrammelled, transcends by far in lofty and spiritual passion the work of any former age.

No events of history kindle imagination like those of the brief life of Jesus, because of the spiritual thrill pregnant in every



Y. M. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

M. P. Smith, '11.	E. S. H. Soper, '11.	F. L. Tilson, B.A.	B. H. Robinson, '11.	J. G. Goddard, '13.	G. I. Stevenson, B.A.	E. H. Burnett.
Bible Study.	Mission Study.		Membership	Secy.		
M. E. Conron, B.A.	J. B. Hunter, '11.	Prof. Misenes,	Hon. Pres.	Dr. J. W. Graham.	G. B. King, B.A.	
	Pres.			Rep. on Board of Dirs.		
	M. M. Whiting, '13.			C. Bishop, C.T.,		
	Treas.			Vice-Pres.		

action; hence the art which Christianity has made is in a class by itself. There yet remains the question which the whole thoughtful and sympathetic world brings ever to the artist, namely, the features of the Christ upon which His personal disciples looked. The admitted inadequacy of every attempt to satisfy the art sense of the people must leave the conviction within us of an unfathomed depth of character, unmeasured spiritual power, unapproached illumination, unexplored consciousness. Indeed, we thank the General Council held at Constantinople in 754 for condemning all pictures as false that had been declared to have come direct from Christ and His apostles, for the reason that to the artist was committed the interpretation of his own spirit in its apprehension and expression of Jesus the Christ.

The types that have been followed count for little, but what does count is that artists like Giotto, Messaccio and Angelo closed the gates for ever upon a servile past and became the heralds of the expression of the Christ within the hearts and lives of men. Reformations, revolutions and revivals have wrought great changes in the moral, political and social life of states and continents; art also has changed her style, her themes and her dogmas as well. Through all these changes the Christ has arrested the attention of the strongest painters. Whether Skredswig, or Von Udhe, or Goetz, or whoever may have painted him, each has felt some of the spell of His life, has felt Him illumining life's truths and experiences and revealing their sacredness to his soul. The centre of all, the inspiration, the body, soul and spirit of it all, is Jesus the Christ. The appeal of art throughout Christendom has always been made by a divine Christ, the response has been the virtues of reverence, devotion, consecration and sacrifice in His followers.

What of the future? Not the Christ form only shall be painted, but His spirit; the inspired vision of the painter shall exalt purity and love, shall glorify peace and universal brotherhood, shall give tender lustre to sympathy's tear, the healing of earth's illness, the redemption of a soul, a life new risen in holiness; for this, too, is Christ in art.

J. W. L. FORSTER.

Notes

MISSIONARIES SAILING.

Two contingents of reinforcements have left this fall for the foreign mission field of the Canadian Methodist Church. The first of these left September 28th, and are already on their way up the Yangtse River. This party consists of Miss M. L. Perkins, teacher for the missionaries' children; Miss Lucy Norman, matron in charge of the Home for Missionaries' Children; Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Bateman, and Dr. D. F. and Mrs. McKinley.

Early in November Rev. A. E. Johns, M.A., and Mrs. Johns; Rev. Gordon R. Jones; Mr. F. E. L. Abrey, missionary architect, take ship for West China, while Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Howe, and Rev. H. W. and Mrs. Outerbridge sail for Japan.

The following missionaries who have been home on furlough are returning to their fields this month: Rev. Dr. O. L. and Mrs. Kilborn, and Rev. Dr. C. W. and Mrs. Service. Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Saunby, after an absence of fifteen years, are returning to take up work in Japan at the earnest solicitation of the Japan Church.

Victoria College heartily wishes all Godspeed and abundant success; and for those going out for the first time a happy home-making in a strange land.



MISSIONARIES WANTED.

The West China Mission Council have forwarded an appeal for the following new workers to go to West China in the fall of 1911:

Five Missionaries for Evangelistic Work.

Four Missionaries for Educational Work.

Three Missionaries for Medical Work.

Two Missionary Nurses.

One Missionary for Press Work.

For Japan we should appoint in 1911:

Two Missionaries for Evangelistic Work.

Two Missionaries for Educational Work.

One Missionary for either Student, Dormitory or Orphanage Work.



The Biological Station at Go-Home Bay

R. C. COATSWORTH, B.A.

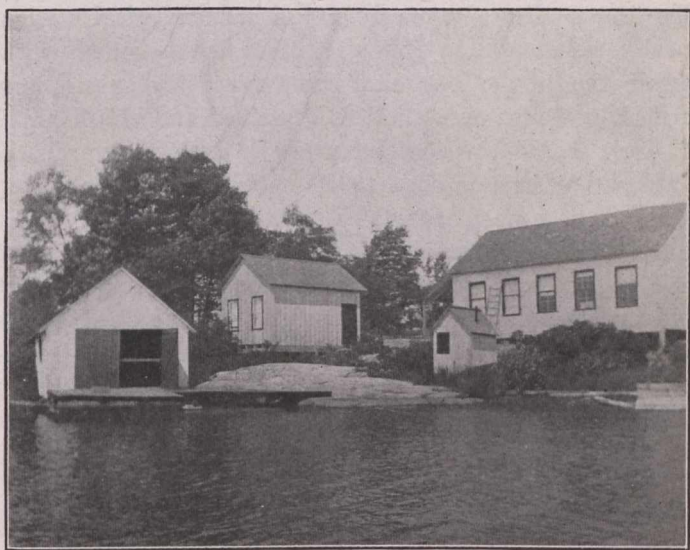
In the summer just past it was my good fortune to spend two months as a member of the staff of the Biological Station at Go-Home Bay. The enthusiasm accumulated in those pleasant and profitable days being now given an opportunity to escape through the medium of printer's ink, I shall endeavor to give some idea of the Go-Home Bay station and the work done there. This I do with all due apologies to the gentlemen who, in previous years, have contributed such excellent articles on the same subject to this magazine, and also to those of the readers of ACTA to whom this subject will have thus lost the charm of novelty. Nevertheless, since there are as many views to a subject as there are persons viewing it, I trust that something new may be said here.

The Biological Station at Go-Home Bay is one of three such institutions maintained in our Dominion by Government support. Of the remaining two, one is at St. Andrew's, on the Nova Scotia coast, and the other near Nanaimo, on the Pacific coast. The latter are, therefore, devoted mainly to the study of marine flora and fauna, while the former is naturally devoted to fresh-water and terrestrial studies.

The vicinity of Go-Home Bay is marvellously well adapted for biological research, offering, as it does, a wide variety of conditions for the development of life, with the accompanying variation in species. Out in the Georgian Bay are the clear, deep waters and scattered islands of an "inland sea," whilst along the coast, lakes, bays and inlets of all sizes and kinds abound. Within a half-mile of Go-Home Bay are several inland lakes with no

visible outlet except at high-water. Near-by are several marshes, rich in material for collection or study. Continuous with Go-Home Bay is the Go-Home River, in which may be found the flora and fauna of running water. Terrestrial environments are quite as varied and range from the bare surface of the smallest wave-washed rock to the thickly wooded country inland up the river. This spot was indeed a happy choice and offers a wide field for research.

The "Station," as it is familiarly known, is situated on a small, triangular island at the entrance to Go-Home Bay. At the eastern side of the island, and facing the steamer channel,



THE STATION AT GO-HOME BAY.

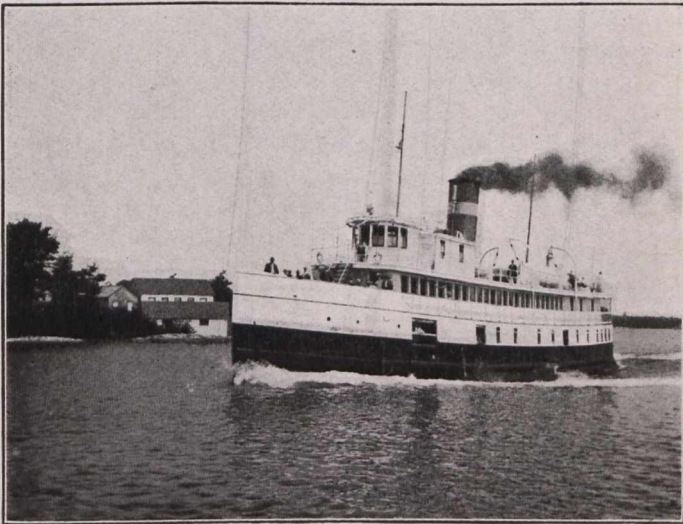
are the laboratory, office and boathouse. These are well shown in the first view; they may also be seen in the background of the photograph of the steamer. The building which serves as a laboratory is large and roomy, and well lighted by a series of five windows along each side. A part of the eastern side is apportioned off to provide a dark-room for photography and two supply-rooms for chemicals and glassware. Along that part of the wall not cut off by these rooms are tables for the use of the

members of the staff. In the centre of the room is a large zinc-covered table provided with taps, from which the running water necessary for the preservation of living specimens may be obtained. The water used is pumped from the channel by an engine placed in the foreground of the first photograph. Next to the laboratory is the office used by the Director of the station, and at the water's edge is the boathouse. Over at the far side of the island, about a hundred yards distant, lies the cottage provided for the members of the staff. Belonging to the station there is also a houseboat, which has done good service in past years when it was necessary to carry on prolonged investigations at a distance.

The first studies of a newly-established biological station are naturally systematic in character, that is, they deal with the determination of the local flora and fauna. Old species must be identified, and new ones studied, described and classified. That such work should precede the study of biological problems of scientific or economic importance may be well shown by the experiences of a member of the staff who has spent two summers investigating the internal parasites of the black bass. After identifying the adult parasites in the adult bass, it was necessary to find the time and means of infection. As one would naturally expect, infection occurred through the food, so an exhaustive investigation of the menu of a black bass from the period of its earliest infancy was commenced. The first food was found to consist of delicate little animalcules, known collectively as the plankton. Later came a time when insect larvæ offered the greatest attraction. As the young bass grew in stature and appetite its views as to the size of a good dinner increased; also it became less particular. With this increased catholicity of taste various items were added to its diet: minnows, large and small, and last of all crayfish. From each variety of food certain parasites were obtained, so that, in order to gain a complete knowledge of the problem, some twenty species of aquatic fauna had to be studied and identified. From the story of this one investigation it is easily seen that, unless the local flora and fauna have been previously determined, the solution of one problem necessitates the solution of twenty or more accessory problems.

The second phase in the life of a biological station commences

with its entry upon the investigation of biological questions of scientific or economic importance. As the study cited above shows, the station at Go-Home Bay has reached this stage. Another instance of work of economic importance is the investigation of the damage done to fish by the lampreys in Lake Chautauqua. The lamprey is a marsipobranchiate fish of an eel-like form, provided with a large, suctorial mouth, by which it can grasp, or even eat into, the body of the fish attacked. Along the shores of this lake large numbers of fish were found with one or more circular wounds on their sides. The death of these fish meant a great loss to the country; so biological experts were sent



THE STATION IN THE DISTANCE.

to investigate the problem with a view to finding a cure. They quickly discovered that the lamprey was the culprit and, accordingly, set to work to find means of destroying this menace to the local fishing industry. Observations extending over some months brought forth important discoveries, the most important of which was that during the spawning season the lampreys always travelled up a stream. But, as the number of streams supplying Lake Chautauqua is very small, the solution of the problem was the construction of weirs in these streams, by

means of which the lampreys might be captured as they came up the stream to spawn. The saving to the Government effected by the removal of this enemy to the fish in Lake Chautauqua more than paid for the cost of the investigation, besides producing a method which might be applied to similar problems in other parts of the world.

The Go-Home Bay station is in connection with our University, its Director being Dr. B. A. Bensley of the Biological Department, and its workers mainly students or graduates of Toronto. To the University it is a valuable asset, providing, as it does, a rich field for research work, a fine opportunity for the student to gain experience in collecting and other "field work," and, lastly, a source whence material for class use may be easily and quickly obtained.



Class of '03

Miss Rose V. Beatty is in Weda, Japan.

Miss Edith Campbell also resides in Japan, at Kofu.

Miss Rose Cullen has charge of Y. W. C. A. work in Paris, France.

Miss E. Edna Dingwall holds the position of private secretary to Professor J. H. Sykes, Columbia University, New York.

Miss F. M. Eby teaches in the High School at Rockland, Ont.

Miss E. Jackson is also instructing the youth of our country in the Drayton High School.

Miss Ruby M. Jolliffe holds a similar position in Hackettstown, New Jersey.

Miss Olive Lindsay is teaching at Qu'Appelle.

Mrs. C. E. Auger (Miss L. P. Smith) is residing in Toronto.

Mrs. R. H. Stewart (Miss A. A. Will) is living at Rossland, B.C.

R. C. Armstrong is home this year on furlough from Japan. We have been told that he has grown fat over missionary work.

T. A. Bagshaw is writing on the staff of one of the Chicago dailies.

F. L. Barber preaches in the Methodist Church at Preston, Ont.

N. E. Bowles lives at Kiating, Szechwan, China.

- J. F. Chapman is preaching at Little Britain, Ont.
- J. H. Chown fulfils the duties of chief clerk to the divisional superintendent of the C. P. R. at Kenora, Ont.
- W. Conway is pastor of the Methodist Church at Nile, Ont.
- R. G. Dingman is business manager of *The Financial Post*, Toronto.
- E. L. C. Forster is working in the Department of Inland Revenue at Ottawa.
- A. R. Ford, president of the class, edits the Saturday edition of the Winnipeg *Telegram*.
- R. S. Glass is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.
- G. H. Grey practises law in Toronto.
- R. O. Jolliffe is at Yuin Hsien, Szechwan, China.
- E. H. Jolliffe is on the staff of the Toronto Technical High School.
- J. I. Hughes is stationed at Inverness, Que.
- E. C. Irvine is Professor in Mathematics at Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que.
- D. P. Kennedy is preaching at Pipestone, Man.
- P. McD. Kerr spends his time at California University, Berkeley, Cal.
- John Mackenzie takes pastoral care of the flock at Hornby, Ont.
- W. P. Near is living in Toronto.
- D. P. Rees is engaged in newspaper advertising in Montreal.
- D. A. Walker is pastor of the Methodist Church at Waterdown, Ont.
- J. H. Wallace resides at 120 Szechuen Road, Shanghai. He is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work.
- A. J. Thomas is pastor of the Methodist Church, Brigden, Ont.
- C. W. Webb lives at home at Ancaster, Ont.
- C. J. Wilson is preaching at Yellow Grass, Sask.
- T. E. Wilson, secretary of the class, is one of the legal lights of Vancouver, B.C.



VICTORIA COLLEGE ATHLETIC CLUB EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

Miss P. McNeill, '12,
Basket Ball Capt.

Miss M. Flanders, '14,
1st Year Rep.

Miss N. Merritt, '13,
Field Hockey Capt.

Miss E. Gilroy, '13,
2nd Year Rep.

Miss M. Lowrey, '12,
3rd Year Rep.

Miss Laura Denton, '11,
Pres.

Miss E. Horning, '11,
Tennis Capt.

Miss Lily Denton, '11,
4th Year Rep.

Miss L. Porte, '12,
Sec.-Treas.

Miss M. Cuthbertson,
Ice Hockey Capt.

Of '03 undergraduates and specialists we have the following information:

Mrs. Jennings Hood (Miss W. Douglas) resides in Philadelphia.

Miss Hazel Hedley and Miss Ethel Paul are at their respective homes in Toronto.

Mrs. Avern Pardoe, Jr. (Miss E. Hutchinson) also lives in Toronto.

Mrs. R. D. Hume (Miss Pearl Rutley) is another Toronto resident.

Mrs. F. M. Warren (Miss Alice Rockwell) lives at 5223 Irving Ave. S., Minneapolis.

Miss A. G. Scott is Assistant Superintendent of the General Hospital, Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. Biehn (Miss Rose Winter) is in Berlin, Ont.

R. H. Brett preaches at Clover Bar, Alta.

E. S. Bishop is also preaching in Alberta, at Nanton.

E. W. S. Coates is stationed at Waterloo, Que.

Chas. Douglas is in the Auditor-General's Department at Ottawa.

G. E. Eakins is practising medicine in Port Arthur.

W. W. McKee preaches at Grand Island, Neb.

T. R. B. Nelles practises medicine in Vancouver, B.C.

V. W. Odlum is manager of one of the insurance companies in Winnipeg.

J. E. Rockwell is city editor of the Duluth *Herald*.

Other Years

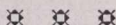
Mrs. A. C. Hodgetts (Miss M. E. Birnie, '07) is now living in Omemee.

J. L. Rutledge ('07) is with one of the wholesale fruit firms of Montreal. His brother Gordon ('09) is on the staff of the *Montreal Witness*. Address, Central Y. M. C. A., Montreal.

Judge what a shock we received when on looking through one of our exchanges (*Lux Columbiana*, for the satisfaction of the incredulous) we came face to face with the picture of Lloyd

Morrison ('09), and not only that, but it was labelled *Prof. H. L. Morrison!* *Sic transit gloria mundi.* We thought Lloyd was bound to be an athlete, or at least a preacher.

We are glad to note the appointment of the Rev. W. T. Allison, B.A., Ph.D., to the chair of English Literature at Wesley College, Winnipeg. Prof. Allison has distinguished himself as an essayist and has also won laurels in journalistic work. He graduated from Victoria in '99 and was for two years lecturer in rhetoric here. He took his Ph.D. at Yale.



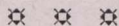
Marriages

We have received no definite information, but there are rumors that the little winged god has again been on the war-path, with the result that several victims have succumbed to his arrows.

It is said that D. M. Perley ('04) of West China is one of the wounded, and that he is shortly to be married to a young lady in Tokyo. We apologize in advance if this is not so.

E. W. Wallace ('04) is also rumored to be about to join the ranks of the benedicts, but rumor saith not how, nor when, nor where.

One of our '06 graduates recently received a card from Cornell Lane ('06) announcing the fact that he and his wife were on the way to Cuba. Fuller particulars have, we regret, been unobtainable.



Deaths

On October 18, 1910, there passed away one of Victoria's older graduates, in the person of Wm. Canniff, M.D., M.R.C.S. Dr. Canniff was a scion of one of the U. E. Loyalist families which traces its history back to the days when the Huguenots emigrated from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was distinguished as a contributor to the medical press, being the author of several books as well on history as on medicine. For some years past, however, he had been an invalid, and had not done any work. His death will be much regretted by all ACTA readers.

Exchanges

Among all the exchanges which come to our Library there are few that maintain a higher standard of efficiency and attractiveness than the *O. A. C. Review*. Much of its material is, of course, of a technical nature, but there are other features of more general interest. The November issue has a good description of early life in Massachusetts.

The Martlet has an excellent short story entitled "The Stupid Man and the Clever Jug," which is well above the average and thoroughly readable.

We cannot say it is strictly literary, but it expresses the sentiment perfectly, this snatch of verse from the *Queen's University Journal*:

A padded suit, a year at school,
The youth has turned to a butting bull.
He works his feet like a dancing bear,
Everything harnessed save his hair.
Euclid be jiggered, and Latin's dead.

(ff.) Rah! for the pigskin—we're a point ahead.

The *Journal* has also a good article on "Acquired Immunity from Infectious Diseases."

The criticism of George Bernard Shaw which appears in *The Student* for November 4 is the best we have seen yet.

The *Manitoba College Journal* has some good verse in the October number.

The exchanges now on fyle in the Library are: *Oxford University Review*, *The Student*, *The Martlet*, *Queen's University Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *The Argosy*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Lux Columbiana*.



ATHLETIC UNION EXECUTIVE, 1910-11.

W. E. Morrison, Theology Rep.	F. J. Livingston, '11, Rugby.	E. Kerr, '14, 1st Year Rep.	J. R. Rumball, '11, Treasurer.	J. F. P. Birnie, '11, Hockey.	D. W. Ganton, B.A., Hand Ball.	A. E. McCulloch, '11, Soccer.
K. B. Maclaren, '12, Secy.	J. R. Gundy, '11, Pres.	Prof. Langford, Hon. Pres.	H. Guthrie, '12, 1st Vice-Pres.	W. A. F. Campbell, '13, 2nd Vice-Pres.		



PREFACE

COLLEGE sport means more to the individual student than the individual student means to college sport. The individual student means you. College sport means a training as useful to the brain as it is beneficial to the brawn. This understood, but one more word remains. Another season opens with the new year. Come back prepared for the winter's athletic programme.

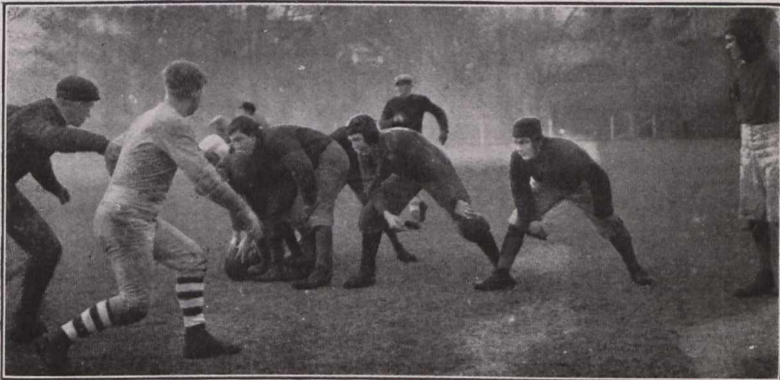
Victoria and Junior Arts

21 TO EIGHT was the final tally for Vic's second win in the Mulock Cup Series. At the start the ball travelled well into Arts' territory and stayed there, practically throughout the game. Both sides showed some rawness in the first quarter and played too much loose ball with offside interference. From half-time on, however, the game became faster, and the halves made better use of a good field for speedy get-aways. The two touchdowns of the game were made by Patterson and McDowell, through their fast following up. The play was one-sided throughout, and the Vic. men were cornering down Arts' defense for another try when the whistle blew.

Line-up: Rumball, full; Guthrie, Livingstone and Duggan, halves; Birnie, quarter; McCulloch, VanWyck and Morrison, scrimmage; Sleeman, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Cambell, wings. The officials were "Reddie" Dixon and "Charlie" Gage.

Victoria and Junior Arts

10 TO NIL was the score that told the story of the game on Friday, November 11th. This shut-out for Arts placed Vic. at the head of her group. The field was muddy and treacherous, and Arts started out to make it a kicking game, but were out-punted by Rumball. In the first quarter Vic. captured the ball on Arts' 15-yard line and Livingstone tried a drop, but missed by six inches. Dales, the Arts' centre, muffed and McDowell fell on the ball for a touchdown, which was converted by Livingstone. Score, 6 to 0.



JUNIOR ARTS vs. VICTORIA.

By the second half the ball had become soaked and hard to punt. Both teams consequently adopted a long-passing game in spite of the slippery ball, while McLaren continued to get over some heavy kicking behind a good wing defence. McDowell showed some speedy following-up, which he made effective by accurate tackling. The two big runs of the game were pulled off by Gundy and Livingstone, the latter covering seventy yards in the second quarter.

Line-up: Rumball, back; McLaren, Livingstone and Gundy, halves; Birnie, quarter; Graham, Van Wyck and Morrison, scrimmage; Sleeman, Newton, Church, Patterson, McDowell and Guthrie, wings. Officials—Dixon and Gage.

Victoria and Dents

23 TO EIGHT was the score by which Vic. won the semi-finals on Tuesday, November 15th. Both teams played the gridiron game for all it was worth. Dents won a lead of 6 at the beginning of the first quarter with a try, which was converted, but they failed to maintain their pace. With the change of goals Vic. found her form and had doubled on the Dents' initial score before half-time.

The game throughout was characterized by clean, fast work, the Victoria squad tightening up to the same kind of play that gave them the cup last year. Church made a good catch in the first quarter and fought his way to Dents' 35-yard line. With two bucks and a kick Dents were then forced to rouge, giving Vic. her first point. Before quarter-time Guthrie fell on the ball for a try, which was converted by Livingstone. This made the score 7 to 6 in Vic.'s favor.

At the beginning of the second quarter both Livingstone and Gundy made break-aways for a good gain. McLaren, who never missed a catch throughout the game, repeatedly out-booted the Dents in his returning. Rumball and Birnie, with two good runs, crossed Dents' 35-yard line, and a rouge gave Vic. another point. Rumball repeated the feat on a long pass from Livingstone, but the gain was soon lost by a stolen ball, which McDowell outran just in time to prevent a try. The Vic. line held the next two bucks and Rumball kicked out of dangerous territory on the return punt. Two more rouges and a drop kick made the tally 13 to 6 at half-time.

In the third quarter Zimmerman of the Dents took a beautiful on-side kick, but was pushed to touch by Sleeman. Patterson scored the next touchdown for Victoria, and Newton dis-jointed a four-man buck and carried the ball back for a two-yard gain just before quarter-time.

The last quarter began with a hard-fought run by McLaren. The Dents stuck to the four-man buck, which they had used from the first, but were crumbled by a strict defence. Dents won their last two points through a safety touch by McLaren. The rest of the Victoria score was made by forcing Dents to rouge.

The best run of the day was made in the last minute, when Gundy carried the ball from centre field to within a foot of Dents' goal line. The play was clean-cut and fast from start to finish and worked out a good deal smoother than the first game with Junior School. The Dents were out-punted by both McLaren and Rumball, and the fast following-up of the Vic. wings checked any effective running back. The line-up was the same as in the second game with Junior Arts.



JUNIOR SCHOOL vs. VICTORIA.

Victoria and Junior School

16 TO SIXTEEN was the referee's count when time was up on the Mulock Cup final. The game was played on Tuesday, November 14th, at Varsity Oval, and the prevalence of off-side interference and penalties for no yards was a feature. By a mistake of the timekeepers the first half was prolonged to forty minutes. Not until the fourth quarter was Victoria playing the football that gave the Dents their quietus in the semi-finals. In centre scrumage Guthrie, whose speed was needed on the right wing, was not a success as substitute for Graham. Church and Patterson didn't show their usual aggressiveness,

and Rumball kicked repeatedly to touch. In spite of the large score, Victoria got but one touchdown, and that on a muff by School's back.

The Vic. men, however, played the game into School territory continually, and McLaren and Rumball punted the ball for a good lead in the first quarter. Gundy and Campbell had an unfortunate collision, but were able to continue the game. McLaren fought the ball out of goal twice in the second quarter, and made a difficult 30-yard run just before half-time. Although Victoria was never behind in points, School tied the score, 7 to 7, by bucking to touch and failing to convert. At half-time the score was 15 to 7.

In the third quarter a great deal of loose ball was played. Sinclair and Webster of the School team put through some good individual play, but McDowell and Morrison worked well together in grassing trick manoeuvres. School bucked for their last touchdown and worked desperately for a lead.

During the last quarter, however, Victoria was getting better all the time, and the ball was at School's 35-yard line when the whistle blew. The Vic. team wanted to play off the tie according to usual regulations, but School refused and imposed another game on the generosity of Victoria.

Junior School and Victoria

11 AGAINST FIFTEEN was Vic.'s ultimate score in the post finals played off on Friday, November 25th. School started a long-pass game, with Webster and "Bud" Clark, their new wing man, cracking the fireworks. Tackling, however, was good, and both teams acted out the criss-cross and fake pass to little purpose.

The whole game was less open than the regular final, and degenerated into a series of scrimmages. Several of the Victoria men left the field more or less hashed, although no one on the Science team was injured. Livingstone received a bad cut over the left eye. McDowell had the flesh on his chin ripped open. McLaren suffered from a strained thigh. Gundy had the liga-

ments of his left knee torn, while Graham was badly hurt with a twisted shoulder. Such a list of casualties was unprecedented throughout the whole season.

At the end of the first quarter Victoria held a lead, with the score 6 to 3. Two rouges and a safety touch gave School an advantage of one point, and by bucking for a try, which was converted, this lead was increased till School registered 13. The wind was against Vic. in the second quarter, but with a change of goals the score crept up to within two points of the School mark. The game might have been redeemed in this quarter if Rumball's punting had been called more into play. The necessary two points, however, were not worked out, and with the wind to face in the last quarter Victoria did well in holding School back to a gain of two more points. This game, which ended the series, resulted in the only defeat for Victoria; but it must be admitted that a cipher is worth more behind than in front of a row of figures.



MULOCK CUP DEFENDERS, 1910.

Girls' Athletics

A pleasant ramble in the form of a progressive walking party was held on Saturday, November 12th, the Victoria girls entertaining the girls of St. Hilda's and University College. The girls met at the head of Yonge Street, and the walk led through Reservoir Park and North Toronto. Tea was afterwards served at Annesley Hall.

The St. Hilda's girls returned the compliment on Saturday, November 19th, when a paper chase was held. The girls met at Sunnyside and "paper-chased" through High Park. St. Hilda's, as usual, came in first. Tea was served at St. Hilda's College, and college songs and yells were rendered.

FIELD HOCKEY.

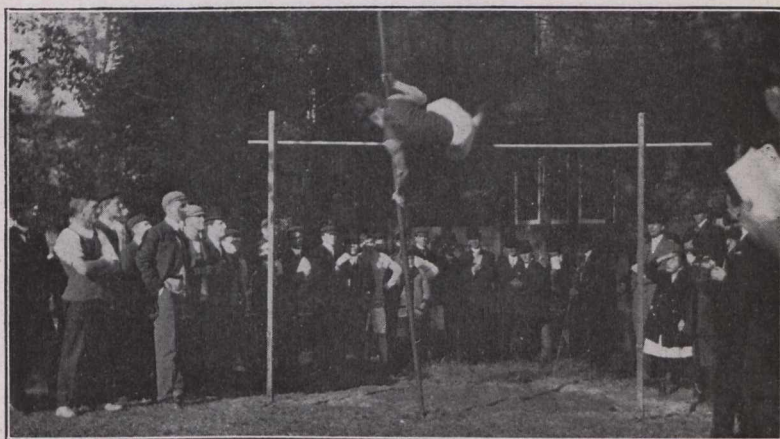
The interest taken in this pastime about Annesley Hall was renewed rather late in the season this year. With Miss McNeill as captain, however, and A. C. Burley as coach, several good practices were held, although the enthusiasm which accompanies ice hockey could not be expected, as there is no inter-year or inter-college competition.

GIRLS' OPEN TENNIS.

The intercollegiate tournament did not result very gloriously for Victoria this year, as she finished with only one point to her credit. The team was handicapped by the grass courts and the loss of Miss Maclaren, for five years its mainstay. The Victoria tournament went on in spite of unfavorable circumstances. Miss Merrit won through in the girls' open event, securing the college championship by the defeat of Miss Laura Denton, who held it last year.

Miss Flanders.....	} Miss Merrit	} Miss Merrit...	} Miss Merrit.
" Merrit.....			
" Lily Denton. }	" Gilroy..... }	} " Lowrey..	
" Gilroy.....	" Lowrey.... }		
" Lowrey.....	" Dawson.... }	} Miss Lowrey..	
" Adams.....	" Lowrey.. }		
" Dawson.....	" Horning ...		
" Gibson.....			
" Horning.....			
" Henderson...			

The finals in the handicap tournament are not yet played off.



SECOND ANNUAL—

Handball

Although a growing interest has been taken in this sport, only one of last year's team was back this fall, and a new team was not worked into form fast enough to annex the handball cup in which St. Michael's takes such an interest. The results of the tournament were as follows:

A Series—	Victoria.	St. Michael's.
At St. Michael's.....	7	21
At Victoria	14	21
At St. Michael's.....	17	21
At Victoria	21	8
B Series—	Victoria.	St. Michael's.
At St. Michael's.....	15	21
At Victoria	8	21

Team A: Maclaren, Ganton, Manning, Richardson.

Team B: Livingstone, McCulloch, Armstrong, Taylor.

The inter-year series of fifteen games was not played off till late in the season.



FIELD DAY—

Basketball

THE Sifton Cup series, in which Victoria reached the finals last year, was renewed at the gymnasium on Thursday, November 24th, with a game between Victoria and Junior Arts. These two teams, together with the Senior School, make up one of the groups of competitors for this year's championship. Although beaten, the Victoria men were first to score and put up a remarkably good game against a team which had been in training for some time. Goddart, who is captaining the Victoria team this year, was the only man playing who was in the game last season, as neither Sleeman nor McCulloch were available. Victoria showed good material, but bad form. The final tally was 17 to 5 in favor of Arts. The teams lined up as follows:

Victoria: Griffiths and Goddart, backs; Mackenzie, centre; Newton and Mains, halves.

Junior Arts: Clark and Scott, backs; Hanna, centre; J. Preston and H. A. Preston, halves.



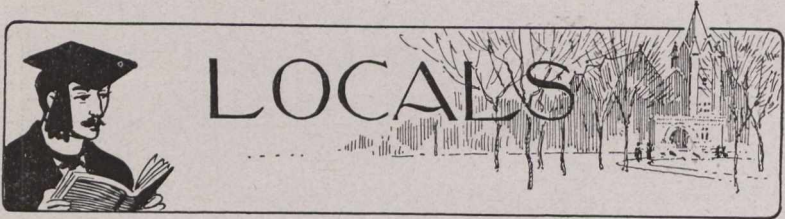
OCTOBER, 12, 1910.

Tennis

In spite of the limited number of courts available for competitors in the tennis tournament the series was played off in excellent time. In the November number the results of the men's handicap series were published. In the men's open series F. C. Morrow carried away the laurels, and will challenge W. B. Wiegand for the Undergraduate Championship Cup. Following are the further results of the tournament:

MIXED DOUBLES.

Miss Gilroy.....	}			
Mackenzie.....	}	Miss Gilroy.....	}	Miss Denton.....
Miss Dawson....	}	Mackenzie.....		
Rumball.....	}			
Miss Denton.....	}	Miss Denton....	}	Miss Denton.
Maclaren.....	}	Maclaren.....		
Miss Merrit....	}			6-4, 6-3, 3-6.
Morrow.....	}			
Miss Horning...	}	Miss Horning...	}	Miss Lowrey....
Connor.....	}	Connor.....		
Miss Gibson....	}			
Allen.....	}			
Miss Clement...	}	Miss Lowrey....	}	
Dean.....	}	Sissons.....		
Miss Lowrey....	}			
Sissons.....	}			



An important event in the progress of Victoria College was marked on Friday evening last by a brilliant social function, when the magnificent new library was formally opened to the student body. The entire building was charmingly lighted by Jack-'o-Lanterns (as the electric light fixtures have not been ordered from England), and the magnificent attire of the ladies presented a most pleasing spectacle in the subdued light. The floor was in excellent condition, and had it not been for the hemp rugs spread to save the paint, which was not dry, would have been much enjoyed.

The dignitaries of the faculty received their guests, whose munificence had made the building possible, as well as the students at the east (back) door, the other entrances not being completed. The genial countenance of the librarian, with smiles for all, gave inspiration to the large assembly, and he received innumerable compliments for the unprecedented rapidity with which the building had been erected and equipped. It was regretted by many that the sign "wet paint" forbade them to investigate the many rooms of the building, which are said to be admirably planned for research work. The programme, consisting of three numbers, Formal Reception at the door, Refreshments à la buffet, and Formal Farewell, was all over and the lights out by nine o'clock.

Dr. Edgar (calling sophomore roll, and addressing an absentee): "Miss Clement, you are present, are you not?"

Annesley Hall for several nights in one memorable week was plunged in darkness. The cause cannot be readily ascertained, unless it be due to the darkness of the deeds of some of its occu-

pants. Let the cause be what it will, it was quite fitting that on Sunday night Miss Findlay ('12) requested that the following hymn be sung:

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Shining in the night.

Soper ('11) (in dread consternation over sudden disappearance of his Virgil key just before lecture) suddenly becomes poetical, exclaiming: "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

Students will appreciate, as Latin keys are Kelly's editions.

Miss Hubbel ('14): "I wish to get a hat."

Milliner: "I am very sorry, but we haven't any children's hats left."

Dr. De Witt (unveiling graduation group of class 1910 at open lit.): "We welcome the class of 1910 into the ranks of the alumni, and declare all their academic sins forgiven. Note the look of intelligence on their faces; they got that here. (Cries of poor freshies.) I will now ask that this picture be taken out from this place and hanged on the wall forever."

Miss Richardson (who has just opened and shut the door of the telephone room) is asked: "Is Miss Going ('14) there yet?" "Yes, and she seems to be going a good deal, too."

Miss Cowan ('11), imploring a freshette to join Y. W.

Miss Edwards ('14): "You are really quite an evangelist."

On Thursday night, November 10, a bevy of loyal Victoria students gathered at the College to escort our debaters, R. M. Edmanson ('12) and W. W. Evans ('12) to Trinity Convocation Hall. So hilarious were the supporters over what they were sure would be certain victory that Toronto's police force deemed it necessary to accompany the throng. With signs of relief they witnessed their departure at Trinity gates as they heralded their approach with tooting of horns and lusty shouts. After a fitting welcome the audience was favored with an instrumental solo excellently rendered by J. D. Ketchum of Trinity

College. The Victoria men had prepared several songs, prophetic in their vein, which were much appreciated. By 9 o'clock the judges had arrived, and then began the debate on the subject, "That Canada should adopt an amendment to the constitution requiring an educational qualification for suffrage." So forcible was the clear and eloquent style of W. Burt, leader of the affirmative, that some did not know just what might prove the issue. However, fears for Victoria were set aside as R. M. Edmanson, leader of the negative, sped through his logical arguments. These proved so convincing that V. C. Spencer, B.A., of Trinity spent two-thirds of his allotted time attempting



NOT A SNAP-SHOT BUT AN EXPOSURE.

to refute his statements, and thus leaving himself but little time to bring forward any new points. W. W. Evans dismissed these in a few words and then proceeded to bring forward one irrefutable argument after another. The leader of the affirmative then spoke for five minutes, after which the judges withdrew. During the interval Mr. Dichtburn of Trinity College sang two songs. Then followed retaliatory songs, and since both were theological colleges many an "amen" was chanted. The songs were kept up, sometimes two at a time, much to the chairman's discomfort, until the judges returned. They declared that their lengthy absence was not due to the refreshments or the Provost's tobacco, but to the usual difficulty of coming to a decision. They stated

the weight of argument lay with the negative, and hence awarded the decision to Victoria.—P. H. F.

Clipperton ('14), after seventh dish of water-ice: "Wasn't it rank of the sophs. to steal that other five gallons?"

Miss Hewitt ('11): "I like the new Library all but those billikens with the sore knees."

Miss Dawson ('11): "Oh, don't; they're meant to be some of the professors."

Candid Advice, to be meditated upon by some of our slum-work enthusiasts and others.

Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a visit to a mission school in the East-end of London, and told a class of boys the story of Samson. In concluding his narrative, his Lordship added: "He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now boys if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?" A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of hair restorer."

Dr. Edgar, in fourth year Honour French, wishing to cut the pages of a book: "Has any one a hair pin? Mr. Shipman, have you a hair pin?"

Model conversation for reception.

Fair Junior, to Mr. Wilder ('12): "It seems strange to me that when you put two reacting weights of hydrogen into one of oxygen it forms water. If you put two of each what would it make?"

Mr. Wilder (vaguely): "I don't know."

Junior: "Hydrogen peroxide, would it not?"

Mr. Wilder (sleepily): "I don't know."

Junior: "I was out gathering leaves this afternoon. Can you tell me if it hurts the trees to pull off those little branches?"

Mr. Wilder (despairingly): "I don't know."

Junior (conclusively): "Well, really, Mr. Wilder, what do you know?"

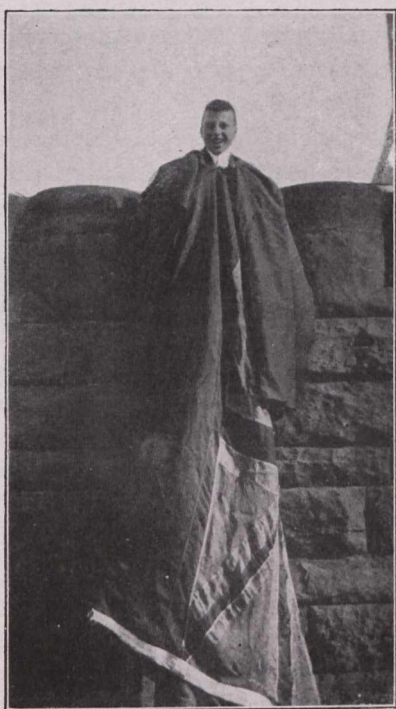
Ticket Agent (at flower show to Miss Pettit ('12) and Miss Kelly ('12): "Children's tickets, of course?"

D. J. Gray ('12), fussing for freshie reception: "Gee! I'll have to go back to the farm. Society life's killing me."

O tempora, O mores, seniores hanc intellegunt juniores vident hic tamem vivit. In former days the spacious, well-lighted corridors and sunny balconies of Annesley Hall were wont to ring with hilarious laughter, and ever was there sound of revelry by night. But, alas! Now it is the freshie who burns the midnight oil, and some have become so corrupt that notices of "Please call only between 9.30 and 10 p.m.," decorate their doors. The sophomores gather in a bunch and hug each other. If one unkind soul suggests that the freshies be tapped the others throw up their hands in holy horror and cry aloud "For shame! It would be un-Christian thus to interfere with their personal rights." And so they dwell in peace and unity, one in harmony with another. The juniors, who in previous years were energetic and gay, now, perforce of their position, have to endure the heart-rending misery of viewing from their high post the degeneracy of the present age. But they are juniors, and so their only solace from their racking pain is to drown it in green tea. The seniors, it is quietly reported, once were "sports" when they were fresh. But who could have the audacity to imagine that these same grand and stately seniors, who regulate the goings out and comings in of all humanity, ever could have been fresh?

Alack! alack! the times are most degenerate indeed. The Dean and the head of the house were absent from the beloved scene of their fruitful labors, and nothing was doing—until two juniors became so frenzied at the appalling disgrace of the situation that they boldly rushed from their rooms and rang the fire alarm. Scarcely had the old bell clattered once than a few freshies were on the dead run for the bucket tank in the basement. Some declare they smelt the smoke; some even heard the crackling of the burning wood. But the majority petulantly arose from their books, saying, "Oh, shoot! why did I have to be disturbed?" The sophomores ran straight for their leader's room, threw themselves in a heap, arms around each

other's necks, heroically declaring, "In death we are not divided." The juniors, whose minds were more alert to such events, quickly came out into the hall and draped themselves on the staircase—that they might watch the extraordinary proceedings. The seniors, who had still some vivid recollections of what the energetic life of the juniors had been, immediately gathered together to discuss the matter. The head of the year calmly arose and gently remarked, "Girls, we are met for a special purpose. The fire gong was rung to-night, supposedly by a junior, without



"Does this little Freshie feel funny to his toes?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then he must be very funny."

"Oh, a Freshman is always funny."

either our orders or permission. Consequently something must be done, and that something at once. Will someone please make a motion that we may take definite action?" It was duly arranged that the head of a year be a committee to set wrongs right, and especially to show to the wayward juniors the awful consequences of the crime.

Accordingly the worthy lady at once set about her duty. The first person she met was one of the offending juniors. Throwing

her arms about her, she exclaimed in impassioned tones, "Oh, my dear, you should not have done it; you know the principle of the thing is wrong. Why, just think, some of those freshies might have been so alarmed as to have thrown themselves from their windows—or, worse still, to have gone down the fire-escape. I fairly quake when I think what might have been the dire results. Oh, why did you do it? But, my dear, you know that I simply loathe having to say this to you. If you juniors forget your duty, we as seniors feel it ours to remind you that you are now an example to the freshies. But you know that we all think your year is the best in the bunch except our own, of course. Well, good-night, but remember now, dear, you must not do such things."

The stalwart junior disengaged herself from the loving embrace, and with an air of contemptuous disdain walked down the hall to a more sympathetic atmosphere—to get some jam.

Miss Bartlett ('11) translating "venator" hesitatingly.

Prof.: "Do you know what the word means?" No reply. "Well, do you know of anybody called a (Hunter) hunter?"

Latin professor asking freshmen class difference between "Tristis" and "Maestus." No answer. "Well 'Tristis' is expression on girl's face when she has a heartache, while 'Maestus' is expression on boy's face when he has the toothache."

Lecturer explaining sea-sickness in Latin class: "Have you ever been seasick? Well, at first you feel like sending a wireless to your friends telling them to look after your remains. Then after a while you think there will not be any remains, so you don't bother."

Sir Robert Finlay, well known to Canadians as one of the giants of the legal profession in the old land, and particularly popular now as a result of his famous speech—lasting over a week—at the Hague, in connection with the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Arbitration, tells how he fell a prey to the wit of an Irish cattle dealer at one time.

Sir Robert met him on the road to Waterford Fair with a number of cattle. In reply to a question from the great lawyer, he said he might get £8 a head for them. "Ah, that's a sample of your country," said Sir Robert. "Now take those cattle to England and you average £14 per head."

"Just so, yer hanner," replied the Irishman, "and av' yez were to take the Lakes o' Killarney to Purgathory yez would get a guinea a dhrop."

On Belt Line car: Miss Neff ('13) (speaking to Mr. Hugh Beatty ('12) about Varsity-Queen's rugby game), "Were you sitting in the grand stand last Saturday?"

Mr. Beatty: "No, I was with the rooters. I am living 'single' this year."

Explanation, Beatty, please."

Just as a hard row gets easy by hoeing on it, an easy one gets hard if you don't.

On November the ninth a most interesting and educative programme was presented by the Alumnae Association at the Women's Literary Society. Miss O. Patterson ('06), President of the Association, presided over the meeting. Mrs. Rowell ('98) gave an admirable description of the architecture of the East, especially of Egypt and Constantinople. After Miss Patterson ('05) had sung, Miss Deacon ('98) gave a most interesting account of her experiences in Florida. Miss Phillips ('09) then sang. Miss Graham ('98) brought the programme to a close by presenting a most vivid picture of the beauties of Italy, particularly of Venice.

Answers to correspondents.

No, the 'phone is not supposed to be used for more than half an hour at a time. It may be hard to break away, but you'll find the discipline beneficial.

H. E. M.: No. One is not a sufficiently large number for a successful Historical Seminary meeting, but it gives that one a splendid chance to air his opinions.

Many of our friends outside the college who read Christmas ACTA will be interested in the farewell dinner tendered to Dr. John Burwash on Thursday evening, November 24th, by his confrères of the Faculty, prior to his departure for a trip throughout the West and an extended visit at Calgary. Dr. Reynar occupied the chair in his own inimitable manner, and his happy, ever merry spirit, was here quite contagious.

Platonic love might work if only one of the couple got it.

You cannot take a correspondence course in the school of experience. All must begin as freshmen.

Motto, reverently dedicated by "Locals" to C. T's.: "Be not simply good, but good for something."

Miss Edge ('14), after first flashlight had been taken: "If you take another of those I'll be looking edgeways."

The Chancellor and other members of the Faculty indulged in pleasant reminiscences, viewing with satisfaction the success which has resulted from years of harmonious co-operation. Dr. Bell, for the Faculty, presented Dr. John with a handsome hammered brass electric reading lamp, and expressed the appreciation of his services rendered through long years. The student body joins in good wishes to Dr. Burwash as Professor Emeritus.

To those whom we've hit, whom we should have missed; to those whom we've missed, whom we should have hit, and to all others, Locals extends best wishes for a very Merry Christmas time. This wicked department is at peace with all men, and we hope you'll come back with a lot of jokes on your friends to help make for yourselves and the editors a Happy New Year.

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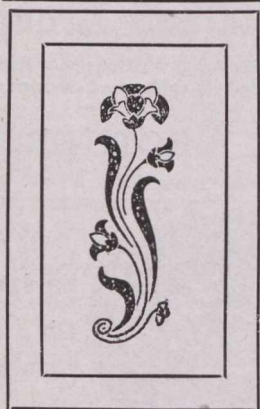
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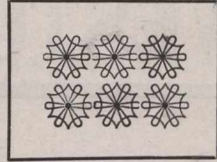
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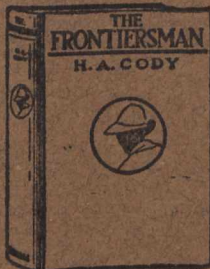
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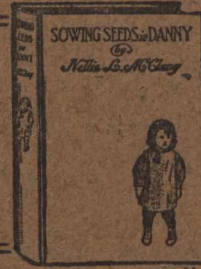
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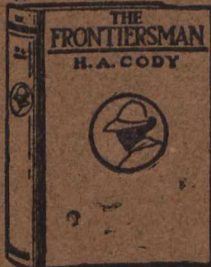
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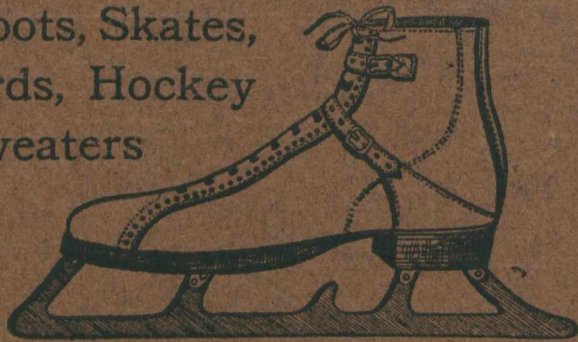


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