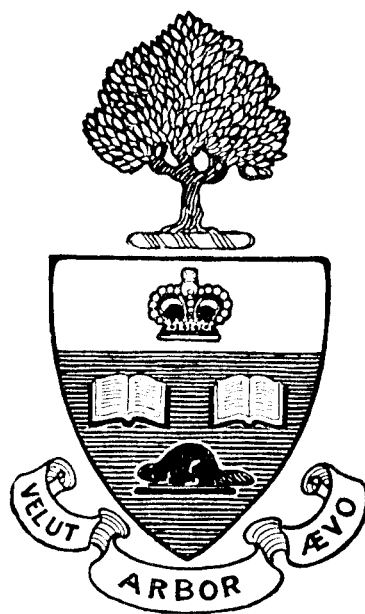
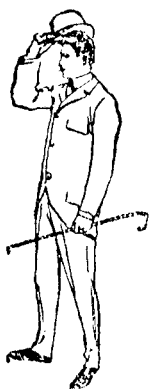


# THE VARSITY



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# THE VARSITY

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No. 12.

## A Residence for Men

For years the reproach most frequently hurled against the University of Toronto is that we have no residence system. The charge has never been wholly true. From the first a residence system was contemplated as vital to the life of the University and a part, adequate for the time, of our noble Norman pile was devoted to that purpose. Most of the Colleges connected with the University have residences—Knox, Wycliffe, St. Michael's, the Agricultural College at Guelph, and last but not least, Trinity. Besides for women we have now in Toronto three College residences. So we have really not been doing so badly. But it is still true that the male students in the University not taking Divinity are condemned almost wholly to the more or less tender mercies of the boarding house.

Perhaps the end of the gloomy era is almost in sight. Mr. E. C. Whitney, of Ottawa, has just handed over to Trustees, prominent citizens in the community, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars to be held by them and to be allowed to accumulate for the purpose of establishing a residence for men. It is a noble gift and to the generous donor the grateful thanks of all connected with the University are due. When Mr. Whitney contemplated doing something for the University he was advised that a residence was our most pressing need. Probably most of us agree with him. Now let us accept his gift as a call to strenuous effort to secure that of which we have so long dreamed.

May I put under a few heads very briefly the thoughts that occur to me in this connection.

(1) Let us be united in working for a residence system. It is a huge task. Probably not less than \$250,000 will be required to make a beginning that will be really felt; four or five times this sum will be necessary to solve the problem completely. We were united in working for the Convocation Hall, and we succeeded. Let this be the next task to which all turn.

(2) As yet no one has any very definite plan of what is to be done. The admirable Oxford system cannot be applied here in its entirety; nor, it is likely, can we copy with any completeness, systems that have obtained in the United States. It is best so. We must work out our own system. Mr. Whitney has entrusted his money to competent Trustees, leaders in the business world. We shall have the benefit of their acuteness in helping to solve the problem.

(3) I should like to propound the question whether it should be expedient to found a Men's Residence Association similar to that which has worked so long and faithfully and at last won success for the women. Such an association would start with Mr. Whitney's gift as an in-

centive to effort. Perhaps at an early date it might be well to hold a meeting at which either Mr. Whitney or some of his Trustees would be present to give counsel and ensure co-operation.

(4) And lastly. What can the students do? They can show a resolute determination to help this plan and to let nothing else interfere with it. Let me say again a residence for men is our most pressing need. We have dreamed about it long enough. It is time to do something. I am assured by business men that the money difficulties are not insuperable if those connected with the University are united in working for this one great improvement.

George M. Wrong.



## Varsity by Moonlight

Still is the night, and still the old gray walls  
Bathed in the moon's soft light,  
Dark are the trees, and dark the shadows lie,  
And myriad stars are bright.  
Thoughts that arise and crowd upon the mind,  
Words would in vain express;  
Longings that spring within the 'raptured soul,  
The will cannot suppress.  
—Gone are the days, but every shadowy niche  
Speaks of a living Past;—  
Hopes that expired toward the upward plains,  
Heights that were won at last.  
Veiled is the scene, yet every silvery spire,  
Points to the realm of light;—  
Minds in the Future Days reflecting Truth  
Will soaring shine as bright.  
Shine, silvery moon: and faithful stars keep  
watch,  
Guards of the still night hour.  
Come, Lamp of Truth, and likewise brightly shine  
O'er this beloved old tower.

—N. A. McEachern, '07.



## Hellenism

(The substance of a paper prepared for the Greek department of the Congress of Arts and Sciences at the St. Louis Exposition.)

It has been a familiar experience in my own life that my virtues—or what I have been pleased to call my virtues—have been due to ignorance.

All the more interest I find in the Socratic paradox that virtue is knowledge. Paradox though it be, that maxim I think expresses the inner idea of Hellenism, the inner idea of the Greek mind; and to it I add the kindred paradox that virtue is an art, the paradox of the first book of the Republic. These paradoxes I find in the life, the literature and the language of the Greeks.

In their life they are expressed in the worship. The typical heroes of Hellas are Odysseus and of intellect, to whatever ends addressed. The un-

scrupulous Antiphon is "second to no one in virtue," i. e., in intellectual force and in astuteness. Themistocles; conspicuous each for his adroitness, "slimness" and finesse. Another political hero—selected by Aristotle as one of the three great statesmen of Athens—is Theramenes, the academic statesman or "mugwump"; the fastidious "independent," who tried all parties and was satisfied with none; for none realized his ideal of a scientific republic. He also was generally considered merely an adroit schemer; but his quest of perfection in politics was probably disinterested enough; he was the doctrinaire in politics. These "intellectuals," as the French call them, appear at their best in the great days of Athens; at their worst in the days of Roman domination when the Greek became the facile astute domestic chaplain of his brutal, strong-willed Roman employer; when he presented that most melancholy of spectacles, the spectacle of a man of genius without character and self-respect; evil days are not good for men merely intellectual; such men are birds of paradise or butterflies needing the sunshine of prosperity, if they are to discharge well their ornamental function in the economy of Nature. Homer knew his countrymen well when he said that their mind adapted itself to their fortunes (*Odyssey*, xviii., 136); and, again, "Half that man's virtues Zeus doth take away Whom he hath humbled unto slavery's day." Life is a tragedy—says Horace Walpole—to those who feel, a comedy to those who think; the Greeks thought; and life was to them a comedy, and so by them best expressed; whence their comedy from Aristophanes to Menander still holds in the comparative history of comedy a place higher than the place which belongs to Sophocles when his tragedies are compared with those of Shakespeare. Life should be a comedy to thinkers; they should be successful men, removed from the temptation of sycophancy—if they are to be seen at their best and respected as well as admired.

"Hellenism" in literature conveys the same suggestion of the cult of knowledge. Their literature is over-intellectual; there is the attempt to base everything even the deepest and therefore least known instincts of human nature upon knowledge.

Patriotism is laboriously justified by poets alike and historians as enlightened self-interest; the citizen must be a patriot, since his life and his success depend upon the life and success of his state; so too he must be pious, since by piety he will earn the support of his god; who can be trusted, if fairly treated, to support him, since he has no other natural votaries; there is a solidarity of interest between god and worshipper. Honesty again is recommended as the best policy; a man does not serve either god or fellow-men for naught; whence we find without surprise, since no one was ever honest on these grounds (and if he was he was not) that Greek honesty was less robust than Roman, in proportion as it was more intellectual and less instinctive.

The same paradox that virtue is knowledge is ever present on the lips of Greek tragedians; prudence—self-knowledge—thoughtfulness—*ἐνβονλίαι*—*σωφροσύνη*—*φρόνησις*—is the sermon by each actor as by the chorus in Sophocles' *Antigone*; whether he preach it consciously or as the awful example; it is a more natural doctrine for a trage-

dian after all than for a mere moralist; more natural for Sophocles than Socrates; yet even on the tragedian's lips it seems rather paradoxical; the man who is so cautious may indeed escape the unhappiness of life's tragedies, but he is likely also to cut away the very root of happiness, if he be so cautious; eternal vigilance is the price of safety; but the price of eternal vigilance is happiness.

The same pale cast of thought sicklies over all the virtues to the Greek; resignation is the intellectual man's recognition of accomplished facts, not the resignation of the will; humility is the wise man's recognition of his helplessness in the presence of external nature and his fellow-men; not the Christian's recognition of his weakness against himself; the Greek's reverence is the philosopher's ardor for the truth that lies at the bottom of a well; his truthfulness is the philosopher's patient exploration of the well; it is not a moral reverence—such as may seem more natural to a Christian—for the ignorance and innocence, e. g., of childhood; nor a truthfulness which expresses rather honesty of intention and harmony of thought and word, than any conformity between word and fact; Greek truthfulness is not truth-speaking—truth need not be always spoken, sometimes a lie is better—but truth-knowing; a verbal lie may be all right, but the lie veritable, the lie in the soul, ignorance, is to them the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit.

The second paradox of Greece that virtue is an art cannot obviously be disentangled from the first; but it may to some extent be treated separately. Many people in all ages treat life as an art; and make the end of life a dexterous opportunism; but this is especially Athenian; "connoisseurs of life, ever hankering after novelties and contemptuous of the trite," as Cleon calls them (*Thucydides*, iii. 30); impressionists, in a word. In many dialogues of Plato—in the "Ion," e. g., or in the last book of the "Republic," this assumption is so radical that it is an axiom that the poet, if he is to be any good, must be able to throw some light on some art or science; on medicine, e. g., or government or war; and it is triumphantly shown that he cannot do this and therefore is an impostor; unless indeed he be an inspired idiot; for sometimes the poet can throw light even on these things; but he does not understand the light he throws; he is a mouthpiece only for the truth which utters itself by him; he is inspired but he does not understand the truths with which he is inspired; but the highest knowledge is conscious knowledge, not unconscious instinct, or inspiration, or whatever we call that sort of knowledge. The secret of virtue and life lies in knowledge and conscious art; the poet is therefore on this, as on other grounds, inferior even to the carpenter.

This comparison of life to an art is surely striking and characteristic and involves consequences already noticed. The artist works, at least largely, for his own hand and for some definite and brilliant result associated with his own name; the soldier on the contrary, so far as he is a good soldier, does not fight for his own hand; he is only a small part of a large machine, and though the result depends partly on his fidelity, it is not conducive necessarily to his glory

or promotion; he may easily die as he has fought unknown and unrewarded. Metaphors of life as a battle are familiar to Christians; the other metaphor of life as a race, which comes nearer to the metaphor of life as an art, is more familiar to the Greeks. The runner runs for glory and racing is an art; the soldier fights for duty and fighting—especially with our soldiers—is often rather a matter of will and character than of art; even to a regrettable degree art is absent from their fighting and their life. Here as in politics the Greek is an individualist; and does not work for the state except in so far as it serves his own ends to do so; there is no instinctive solidarity in Greece or in any single Greek state; Greece and each Greek state is full of ructions; each state includes citizens who are "Pro-Boers," partisans of the enemy; cosmopolitans; friends of every country except their own; Demosthenes is hampered by supporters of Philip; liberty of thought and action is the state's watchword. Hence modern imperialist historians have little sympathy with the little separatist Greek states; they lean to Macedon; and conversely modern individualist historians side with Demosthenes and the city-states as against Macedon. Pericles, the Liberal Imperialist, and Cleon, the Tory Democrat or Radical Imperialist, denounce their opponents as "Little Athenians" (as we should say), that is believers in "magnanimity" and "peace-at-any-price" (*ἀνδραγαθία ἀπροσόννηγμ*). (Thucydides ii. 63-64; iii. 40.)

It follows from the proposition that virtue is knowledge and is art, that Hellenism represents theorist against the practical man. And this can be illustrated by the language of Hellas and Hellenism; the third head of my subject; *πράγμα* is "action"; it is also "weariness of the flesh," "a bore" and "a nuisance"; *πόνος* is "labor" and "sorrow" conversely *ποιητής* the creator, maker and man of action is the poet; *σκαίος* is "left-handed" figuratively, that is in the sphere of the intellect and of art; the stupid man or the awkward man; the "gauche" man as the modern Greeks of France say; with races less artistic and less intellectual "sinister" means morally rather than intellectually left-handed; *δράσασθαι παθεῖν* is the national motto of Hellas in its fullest sense; act at your peril; *λάθε βιώσας* was the advice of one of her native philosophers; as *γνώθι σεαυτόν* of another.

The fate of Cassandra was the fate of Hellas to know and to be helpless; *πολλὰ φρονέονσα μηδενὸς κρατεῖν* in Herodotus' words; *πρὸς ἅπαν συνέτη ἐπὶ πάν ἄργός* in the corresponding epigram of Thucydides (iii. 82); light without leading. Pericles for a short time only succeeded in lifting his countrymen into the healthier air where action and thought are combined and the native hue of resolution and the pale cast of thought meet on the same Athenian faces; *φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνευ μιλακίας φιλοκαλοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας*; or by transposition "plain living and high thinking"; *φιλοσοφοῦμεν μετ' εὐτελείας* "all the refinement of the artist with all the energy of the man" (*φιλοκαλοῦμεν ἄνευ μιλακίας*). Again, "leisure" is the demand of the Greek philosopher both for himself and for the statesman; the word almost means "thought" and has come to mean

"school"; Greek leisure was for thought not for athletics or drinking; *διαιτριβή* is another word of similar connotation but literally meaning only "pastime"; with races less intellectual than the Greek but more seriously inclined to action, the word has an evil ring of indolence and idleness; Cicero observes that there is no honorable equivalent for it in Latin; neither indeed is there in English; we go to the Italians for our "conversazione."

Hellenism in language shows itself not in isolated words only, such as those noticed above, but in many characteristic nuances; Hellenism means understatement of the truth; litotes; scrupulous moderation, though animated moderation; this may be ascribed to the philosophy or to the art of the Greek; but in art tastes differ, and Hellenism therefore sometimes meant rhetoric; to Juvenal, e. g., who contrasts the "highfalutin" rhetoric of Greek historians, Ephorus presumably and Theopompus, with the matter-of-factness of Rome; but others contrast not less pertinently the "highfalutin" rhetoric of Roman stoicism (about the virtuous man who is happy on the rack, e. g.) with the restrained good sense of Aristotle. The Romans were rhetorical in fact for purposes of moral edification, as their fanaticism also was moral; the Greeks were rhetorical, if at all, from an idea of art; as their fanaticism, if ever they were fanatics, was the fanaticism of the logical and doctrinaire intellect; of some "sea-green Robespierre" so to speak; some impracticable Theramenes. To return to Hellenic litotes, they understate a truth because they are so anxious for truth and so careful not to deceive themselves; the wish is father to a doubt; they say by way of consolation to another and encouragement that his prospects are "tolerable, not bad"; rather than "good"; *ὄν πάν* again is Plato's current phrase; it means of course "not altogether," but in the contexts often where Plato uses it, an Englishman or Roman would not scruple to say, "not at all"; *πάνν οὐ*; but Plato uses *πάνν οὐ* very sparingly, or shall I say *οὐ πάνν*? again a thing with Plato (as with Matthew Arnold) is "adequate" *ικανόν* rather than "ample" or "great"; the Greek says *οὐ χείρον*: "it would not be bad," when others would say *βέλτιον*: "it would be better"; he says "not less" (*οὐχ ἧττον*) where others would say *μᾶλλον*: "more" (Thucydides i. 70) or again *οὐ μᾶλλον*: "not more," when he means rather *οὐ τοσοῦτον* "not so much" (Thucydides v. 8; Aristotle Politics iv. 2, 7, 41 (1324a). A similar but less admirable habit of mind or speech is the habit "nil admirari" of the Greek high-minded man. (Aristotle, Ethics iv.)

Again Hellenism in language means the use of words which have an intellectual or artistic rather than a moral or secular significance; the good are "the reasonable" *οἱ ἐπιεικεῖς* goodness is "sweet reasonableness"; the "good" man means—as in University slang—the clever man, even though he be Antiphon; the upper classes are "the moderates," *οἱ μέτριοι*; rather than merely "the rich"; or they are "the educated," *οἱ πεπαιδευμένοι*; the cruel are "crude" (*ἄγριοι*) or "blockheads" (*ἀγνώμονες*); the vicious are "intemperate," *ἀκόλαστοι*; the silly are "imperfect" *ἀβέλτεροι*; the educated are "the graceful" (*οἱ χαρίεντες*), and the good is "the beautiful" (though Socrates is inclined to merge both in

the useful); beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all the Hellene knows or needs to know.

Hellenism in language, in fact, is the opposite of that American idiom of Puritan origin by which "clever" means "good" and "beautiful" means morally beautiful and may be applied to "homely" people; however, this last American adjective at least is Greek.

Hellenism in language again shows a deficiency in the Hellenic mind on the side of personal character, of the emotional and moral nature and of will: *θυμός* is used for spirit, courage, the whole element of will and character; apparently it really means "anger" rather; and the inference is legitimate that Greek courage is apt to be of this illegitimate kind; this inference is supported by Aristotle's analysis of courage in the *Ethics*; the ordinary courage of high spirits and love of adventure seems absent; in the same way this *θυμοειδής* or element of anger or moral element of the soul, though it appears to cover for Plato all that we mean by personal character, is at bottom, it seems, provisional and temporary; it may survive this life and may animate a god even, such as Ares, but it is not the true soul and it is not immortal.

The true immortal soul is one-fold, not two-fold; intellectual not moral; impersonal not personal; *λόγος* not *θυμός*: the intrinsic immortality of the soul has reached the Christian Churches from Plato via his disciples, Origen and Clement; but the Christian form of the doctrine, a personal immortality for me and you, is not in Plato. It is only an impersonal and intellectual basis of life, which survives this life as it has also preceded it; but all personal qualities are inherited from our parents and disappear with our bodies; and memory disappears also; the doctrine presents many difficulties no doubt even from Plato's point of view, but its general character cannot be missed; it is the doctrine of a thinker and of a race indifferent somewhat not only to action but to personality and character and will; looking forward rather, like an Oriental, to re-absorption into the Infinite, to escape from consciousness, than to any personal immortality; to whose mind the moral nature is of the earth earthy, and its function the handmaid's function, to keep the house—the body of man—swept and garnished for reason to enter in and possess; and reason is impersonal and its heaven is to rejoin the Reason of the Universe; "the one remains, the many change and pass."

Maurice Hutton.

### A Glimpse of the World's Fair

At the end of a first day's visit to the World's Fair, which is now drawing to a close, the mind of even a keen-witted man—strange, but true to relate—is apt to closely resemble a peddler's pack. If asked for his impression of the sights he has seen, he is bound to acknowledge, secretly if not openly, that, " 'A' has it, but 'A' knows not where it is." But, despite his sad predicament, he will at least be able to derive consolation in the thought that he is not the only unfortunate one in such a plight. For it is by this time an acknowledged fact that the immediate and inevitable effect of a first glimpse of the latest and

hugest achievement of man, as represented at St. Louis, is an impression of bewilderment.

But after he has passed by sure degrees through the various unsatisfactory experiences which must, of necessity, be produced by the characteristic elements of the Fair—its magnitude and variety—after his usual standards of measurement, which have heretofore been only as large as man's stature, have been readjusted; after, in short, he has relinquished as hopeless, the task of trying to recover his "equilibrium" by comparing this mighty exposition with the buildings, fairs, machines and displays of things to which he has been accustomed, and after he has learned to take a philosophical view of his wonderment and of things in general, then it is that he accepts as unquestioned the fact which in the previous chaotic state of his mind had escaped him—the fact that the colossal work of art upon which he looks has an inner meaning, use and justification.

'Tis hard, as many a footsore enthusiast can testify, to absorb, much less understand, all the fascinating details of this common meeting-ground where are "gathered, systematized, tabulated and exhibited (as the authorities put it) all the peoples, products, discoveries and inventions from the ends of the earth, and that, too, through past centuries"; 'tis harder still to attempt to describe them. But as the days go by we find ourselves almost unconsciously making contrasts and comparisons between the Old World and the New, here so conspicuously placed side by side on common ground, and become filled with the spirit of the present century, which gradually and indirectly defines itself amid the confusing and disconnected mass of ideas suggested by the hugeness, variety and beauty of our surroundings.

As we wander slowly along in the shadow of the snow-white palaces towering on every hand in all their grandeur of design and beauty of sculpture, past the smooth, sparkling water teeming with gay pleasure craft full of happy representatives from every nation; past the arched bridges which lead from one scene of beauty to another, each scene appearing more satisfying to the eyes than the last, we realize as never before that this is essentially a beauty-loving age.

The broad, white highways which dawn upon our vision, flanked by the columned walls of gigantic palaces, the seemingly endless vistas of buildings with their countless works of art, dazzle the eye and tire the brain with their brilliant magnificence. As our splendor-tired eyes turn with a sense of relief to the green oases with their smooth, velvety lawns and their artistic panorama of flowers, foliage and shrubberies scattered in seemingly careless profusion, we involuntarily bless the master-mind which appreciated so thoroughly and carried out so completely in his design, the beauty of contrast.

But it is not only the beauty of it all which is so bewildering. The immensity of the scale upon which everything has been planned in such perfect proportion, fairly confounds us. We have a very keen appreciation of "Aunt Samantha's" expressive remark, that "the vastness of it, as you look on every side on you, impresses you so you feel sunthin' as you would if you wuz sot down on the Desert of Sarah, and Sarah wuz

turned into vistas of bewildering beauty toward every pint of her compass."

And when we turn our eyes, feasted to satiety with all the glory and hugeness wrought by human minds and hands, upon the ever-moving and ever-changing mass of humanity streaming past us, we see a picture which most of us never saw before and which many of us will never see again. People from every country in the world, clad in every known and unknown costume pass us in endless stream. Mingled with a crowd in plain American dress, comes a dark-eyed, dark-skinned native of the far East, closely wrapped in his white robes, his head surmounted by a huge white turban; then, perhaps, an Indian from the far West, with his gaudy, striped blanket, beaded moccasins, and feathered head-dress; then, side by side with a keen looking business man, accompanied by his handsomely-dressed wife and dainty children, patters a Chinaman in all the glory of silken cloak and pigtailed; while a fierce-looking creature in red baggy trousers, embroidered jacket and tasseled cap, elbows an English tourist whom we catch in the act of raising his eye-glass and ejaculating a deep "Ah!" as he stares in astonishment at a lazy-looking Igorot from the far Philippines, who saunters past in all the freedom and scantiness of his native "undress costume." As the various shades of white, black, red and yellow skins pass us in an ever-increasing medley, we unconsciously but surely realize that verily, this is an age of "cosmopolitanism."

The breaking-down of hostile barriers of language and race; the bringing together of people heretofore ignorant and often contemptuous of each other, for which we have no more accurate name than "cosmopolitanism," can surely have no more vivid expression than is to be found in the picture before us.

And then, wearied and sated with the dazzling brightness and whiteness of the pageant "beautiful in the daytime as a Dream of Paradise," we betake ourselves, in the early dusk, to the central spot of beauty in this Wonderland, the Main Cascades, and there await the grand finale of this spectacle.

As we stand in front of Festival Hall (the handle, so to speak, of the gigantic fan which the surrounding buildings form) and watch the central cascade gushing and bubbling in front of us; as we gaze on the one hand on the waters in all their "dashing, sparkling glory as they bound down in miniature cataracts and disappear into the stretch of smooth water at our feet only to reappear again in spraying fountains, and on the other hand at the green slope dotted with flowerbeds in all their gorgeousness of hue and variety of design; and again as we raise our eyes and realize that eight magnificent palaces are in full view, that our eyes can travel two miles in one direction and almost a mile in another over a scene of unparalleled splendor, with its colossal works of art interspersed with green foliage, its perfect wildness of towers, minarets, domes and battlements, we feel inclined to quarrel with cold Reality. But when in a minute's short space the whole scene is transformed into a glittering Fairyland by a brilliant burst of light, we are so filled with a sense of the unspeakable beauty and wonder of it all that we are powerless to do aught but gaze in silent awe.

The whole dazzling scene seems so far beyond the things of men, seems so much a part of Fairy's fields that Reality succumbs without a struggle before the dominating power of Idealism. We yield ourselves to the influence we feel, but cannot describe, and own our hearts and minds made stronger and broader by even a temporary oblivion of the world and its cares. What though we read by the cold light of day that this is the "Electrical Age"? What though the new age of electricity—as in a sense superseding steam—will date from this Fair? While gazing at the proof of this dominant power in the new era, while imbued with its spirit, we are conscious of but one feeling, but one prayer: "Begone, ye philosophers! leave us to our dream!"

Annies B. Rankin, '04.



### Catullus X.

While lounging in the forum t'other day  
Friend Calvus came and carried me away  
To see his latest flame;  
A pretty jade enough, I saw at once,  
And what is more and stranger, scarce a dunce,  
You'd rather call her game.

The talk turned on my late official sit  
In Bithynia, and what I'd made by it,  
A subject that I feel on;  
For what between a consul and a quaestor  
Each stingier than a Hebrew shyster  
I'd ne'er a chance to steal on—

"But surely" quoth the girl "you'd brought at  
least  
A train of litter-bearers from the East,  
The custom comes from there."  
"Of course" cried I, who wished to make a figger,  
Things weren't so bad but what I got a nigger  
Or so to pack my chair."

Now this was all a most prodigious lie,  
For not a solitary wretch had I  
At home or o'er the sea,  
Upon whose back to lay the broken leg  
Of my old truckle bed. Quo' she "I beg,  
Catullus, lend 'em me."

"Hold on," I grasped, "I made a slip just then  
'Twas Cinna, Caius Cinna, bought the men.  
What difference does it make?  
He is my friend; I use them as my own.  
But you are plaguery sharp to pick a bone  
At every slight mistake."

L. OWEN.



"Sabbath School Methods" (Presbyterian Sunday School Publications) is the second of a series of interesting and instructive booklets, and as it is written by Frederick Tracy, B.A., Ph.D., it is of special interest to the students of the University of Toronto. As the booklet treats its subject in a lucid and practical way, with simple earnestness utterly devoid of cant, it should be most valuable to any who are engaged in such work.

# THE VARSITY

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Toronto, January 12, 1905.

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We are introducing no new subject in making reference to criticism of the most radical nature that during the past few weeks has been directed against the University of Toronto in the city press. All who for years have been interested in University matters, have grown accustomed to regard general attacks on the efficiency of the institution as a periodical and not unnatural occurrence. So commonplace has it become that we have accustomed ourselves to reading and forgetting. Such criticism is always more or less arbitrary, for the fitness of any who fill academic positions must be to a great extent a matter of individual opinion.

At the present time, however, criticism is of an entirely different nature. The changes made are far more serious ones, for they impeach the character not only of prominent members of the faculty, but reflect in a most discreditable way upon the University as a whole.

The criticism has been received by undergraduates with mingled feelings. Quite naturally, a feeling of resentment has been evidenced, that the charges should be anonymous and yet so serious, but on the whole the feeling has been one of relief, that what before had been indefinite and vague and, for that very reason, most difficult to deal with, had now been definitely formulated so as to admit of positive proof or refutation. We are passing no judgment, but are merely chronicling facts, when we say that the charges which have appeared in the city press have been quite in keeping with those bandied around our halls for the past few years.

To those to whom the University means something, the situation is a most painful one, whether charges are true or false. Year by year our graduates leave, some actually embittered the majority altogether apathetic, without love for or any particular interest in, their *alma mater*. Any who have travelled at all extensively, and have talked on University matters with grad-

uates far and near, know that whatever may be the grounds for so thinking, the conviction is universal that the University can never fulfil its proper function until more harmonious conditions prevail than at present exist. Students returning from their holiday from all parts of the country report that the present indictment is being everywhere read and discussed. The prestige of the University is in consequence suffering greatly, and the real good that the institution is accomplishing is being forgotten.

Eliminating then entirely the element of personality, and treating the situation altogether from the standpoint of the University's interests, surely we are not exceeding our province in saying that all real friends of their *alma mater* will be satisfied with nothing less than a thorough investigation—searching and and uncompromising—of the charges which have now been published specifically.

Speaking entirely from the student standpoint, until the charges are proved false, as we trust they will be, we cannot hope for any real *esprit de corps*—among the undergraduate body.



The Editor will be unable to make personal canvass of literary contributors, such as was made during the previous term, and must rely almost altogether on the voluntary efforts of those who wish to see their paper a success, and are ready to make some small sacrifice of time and effort to this end. All who during the past three months have in a literary way given their paper loyal support, are strongly urged to continue. Contributions of both prose and poetry are once more solicited.



A definite start has at length been made in the Women's Residence undertaking, and the house in Queen's Park has been opened to the women students. The Association hopes that it will not be a great while before accommodation sufficient for a much larger number will be provided.



Reference was made in our last issue to the Men's Residence scheme that has received such encouragement from the generous gift of Mr. Whitney. We think that the suggestions of Professor Wrong in connection with the working out of this undertaking are excellent, and will doubtless be acted upon by the student body in the near future.



Varsity extends to all its readers the New Year greeting.



## The COLLEGE GIRL

MISS P. A. MAGEE, Superintending Editor



At New Year's I suppose that consciously or unconsciously most orthodox and respectable people indulge in something popularly known as "New Year's resolutions," or perhaps, "New Year's reflections." And no matter how desirous wayward and original individuals may be of escaping from stereotyped rules of conduct, yet there is something in the air that leads to reminiscences and to anticipations. Sometimes as a consequence of this survey of the past and this forecast of the future, certain plans and resolves may be made, but as they develop quite naturally and are almost invariably due to a prevailing epidemic, they need excite no attention—especially as they usually pass away without any particular result.

Fortunately we college students enjoy a respite in which we may "look before and after." And this respite we prize, not only on account of the relaxation it affords for body and mind, the opportunity for rest and change, or even on account of the festive joys it brings in its train, but also for the reason that it is a kind of calm, when we may think over the past term, realize the significance of much that in the rush of events has escaped us, and may also look forward to the coming months with some vague conception of all they are to do for us, and what we must do with them.

The Christmas vacation certainly cuts the year into two very clearly marked divisions, each of which has its own distinguished features. The college life to which we return is not precisely like the college life we have left, and sometimes we may feel during the winter term that "there has passed away a glory," if not from the whole earth, at least from that part which we inhabit. But whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the glory having passed away, there can be no doubt that it has to a large extent changed, and that many of the things that once we saw, we now do see no more, though others may have taken their place.

The fall term which lies behind, has left a somewhat confused memory of all sorts of interesting experiences, and though the medley almost defies analysis, there are certain things which stand out prominently.

There is for some, the charm of the novelty of college life; for others, the no less potent charm of the return to familiar scenes; there is the forming of new friendships, and the renewing of old. The social side of college life is also most prominent in the autumn, and there are numerous opportunities for those who wish to take part in this phase of college activity. All sorts of organizations, athletic and otherwise, are in full swing, and the whirl of college life with the multiplicity of interests, proves equally irresistible to the new-comer and to the older student, to the one who has still its delights to explore, and to the one to whom they return with the stamp of familiarity upon them.

Then there is the interest of the work itself. The pressure is not so great as later, and we have the leisure in which we may take a general survey of the work before us, get an idea of its broad outlines, and explore its chief avenues of interest, without settling down to the careful and exact study which must come afterwards.

But I think the greatest boon of the fall term is the having time to think, to allow ideas to filter in gradually and be assimilated. Thoughts and suggestions come pouring in from all sources—from reading, from lectures, from various college societies, from conversation from fellow-students. New thoughts seem, as one of our poets has said, to come rolling in upon us like billions, in such quick succession that we have scarcely time to recover from one shock before another is upon us. This is undeniably the case sometimes, but in the fall we may give ourselves up more freely to the interests about us. And who will say that the general cumulative effects of wide if rapid reading, and the general impressions received half-unconsciously from the atmosphere of culture by which we are surrounded, may not be among the most valuable and lasting elements of our college education?

But I am afraid I am giving all reminiscences and no anticipations. However, I think that all who have had at least one year of college life will appreciate this persistent attempt to "look on the bright side of things." Yet the winter term has its good points also, though the atmosphere has changed, and the life has become much more strenuous.

The novelty has worn off, and the various activities of college life move along quietly in their accustomed grooves, as the interest which was very keen, begins to flag. There is considerably less social life, and considerably more work.

But the winter term may claim as its own, those pleasures which arise from going more deeply into things. New interests are constantly springing up in undreamed of places. And though in the tenser strain of the work we may sometimes be tempted to wish for a complete mental covering warranted "idea proof," in order that we may have a chance to evolve something like order out of the chaos of our minds, and though we may look backward longingly to the more leisurely way of proceeding in the past months, still this severe discipline has its own benefits for those who are prepared to seek amid the new conditions all the good these are capable of giving.

### The Political Heeler

HIS MOTTO: "TRUTH IS MIGHTY—SCARCE"

You can tell him at sight by his studious air  
And his far-away glance of pre-occupied care  
And the negligent grace of his disarranged hair  
    And his necktie forlorn,  
And the desperate attempt he makes not to swear  
    If you tread on his corn.

His smile when he smiles is childlike and bland,  
Which will captivate hearts unused to the brand,  
And the affable way that he clings to your hand  
    Resembles love-making,  
And unkind remarks if your vote he can't land  
    He's quite above making.

He'll corner a man when he thinks no one sees,  
With a hand on his arm and "a word if you please,  
Ah, what is your reference in—Limburger cheese,  
    Now hist! and no more,  
Come up to our rooms; we'll discuss this at ease,  
    But you're wrong I am sure."

He hangs round your door with a beastly cigar  
And wants to shake hands and know how you are,  
And dines with you maybe and rides in your car,  
    While he tries to find out  
Just anything private you yourself would for  
    From talking about.

He has morals (I'm told) of no higher hue  
Than is commonly found on a well blackened shoe,  
And when at their best, just a very dark blue—  
    A reprobate quite,  
Which doubtless is terribly shocking to you,  
    But I'm sure it is right.

He's an uncanny person to know on the whole,  
For while you've a vote you've a lie on his soul,  
And can realise too any time till the poll,  
    Tho what you would get on  
A worthless commodity of cobweb and hole  
    I'd not like to bet on.

To conclude: brother purists, we're all well agreed  
It's a parasite, wicked and damnable breed,  
But yet now and then their cases we plead  
    "Poor sun of a gun,  
Better keep him around, there's a chance I may  
    need  
    Him myself if I run."

—L. Owen.



### A Day of Fire Ranging

There had been no rain for a week and Sunday, the nineteenth of June, was hot. Clouds of black flies and mosquitoes hovered in the sultry air. Our breakfast had been eaten in the midst of a thick smudge and the frequent slapping of face and neck. I had retired to our tent, and had carefully closed every perceivable opening, even the smallest, and was considering the beauties and delights of camp-life on Rabbit Creek during the fly season.

Billy, my partner, stood outside, and looked down the line towards the gravel-pit.

"They're burning above the pit, and I think we'd better go down," he said.

"Is there any danger, do you think?" I enquired.

"No, I guess not, but you can't tell what a fire 'll do, and I think we'd better be there."

I climbed warily out of the tent, closing it as quickly as possible and proceeded to follow Billy, on the run.

A dense cloud of yellow-grey smoke rolled up into the the hazy air. As I drew near I heard the crackling of the flames, and the occasional cry of a human voice. Quick movement impressed me as being out of place, for nature that day was in one of her sleepy moods.

The gravel-pit had been opened only two days before, and the tents and snacks had been put up on the west side of the track. On the east side rose the hill of gravel, which was to become the pit, and behind it, range above range, heights of granite, covered with a foot of moss, and an earth formed of dead leaves, twigs and fallen shrubs which gave anchorage to a thick growth of balsams, birch and spruce.

A man had been left, during the night, in charge of two bonfires on the edge of the hill, but they had spread and begun to burn back into the wood. The company had called out their men, and dug a trench around the fire, which they thought sufficient to check it. When Billy and I arrived on the scene it was burning inside this trench and since there was little wind, there appeared no great likelihood of the flames crossing it. The chief danger was, that the large balsams, which burn very hotly, might fall across the trench while burning, and start the fire on the other side. We advised that the highest trees be cut down, and this element of danger lessened. The fire was coming closer to the trench and unfortunately a wind was springing up.

The Dagos, over a hundred of them, stood resting on their shovels or threw dead branches and limbs back from the trench. The water-boys carried their pails and cups from man to man along the line, and the cry of "aqua" formed in the pleasant Italian tone a constant accompaniment to the sizzling and crackling of the flames.

The wind increased. Down by the railway track, large piles of pine cut for trestles had caught fire, and were now burning furiously. Along the sides of the fire there was not much danger, for although the trench had been abandoned to the north, a double trench had been made directly along the front of the fire in that direction. On the faces of the foremen a nervous tension manifested itself. The Dagos alone were placid and indifferent.

Only thirty feet now remained between the trench and the red front of fire. The heat was intense and the question in every mind was whether we could remain at the trench as the fire reached it.

The flames, like small red banners, ran up the loose bark of the birch trees and breaking off formed a picture, vividly illustrative of those lines of Dante's,—

"O'er all the sand, fell slowly wafting down  
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow  
On Alpine summit."

Back where the fire had been burning all morning, some large red-pines having lost their pre-

carious foothold in the shallow soil, now crashed to the earth.

At the fire centre of the front of the fire the trench had run down into a hollow, and on the opposite side from the fire, the first of the heavily wooded granite hills ran steeply up to an indistinguishable height. Here Billy and I stood, with perhaps, twenty Dagos, and discussed the chances.

Ten feet away was the fire. The heat had become almost unendurable. Our faces were black from the smoke, and the constant action of our sleeves, in wiping away the perspiration, which ran down over our foreheads and trickled into our eyes. I turned my back to the fire, and directly in front of me, ten feet up on the hillside I saw a little flame spring up.

"She's done it. Here you! Put out all these fires on the hillside," I bawled to the Dagos

I climbed up and began trampling, feverishly, unthinkingly, and wildly, striving only to crush the red demon under my feet. I stamped a few seconds and then saw on both sides of me, two walls of flame climbing the hill. I also climbed the hill.

Billy was giving orders concerning the building of another trench further ahead. I joined him and together we ran up that hill, and the second hill, and on to the top of the third. Here we turned and looked back. Below and around us was the rolling smoke. At our feet, bare rock and dry, thick moss, and between us and the fire a hundred feet of forest.

Behind us to the north, ran a long, narrow valley which widened out a quarter of a mile away and showed us, to add our responsibility, a splendid grove of pines.

I don't know. Look at those pines. There's no water in that direction nearer than Rabbit creek and that's over a mile. The devil himself couldn't put a fire out on ground like this. No water and no earth. The only thing I see is to clear this moss back, and leave a path of bare rock around the fire."

We went down. The Dagos were working hard along the edge of the fire. Billy sent them up to me, and I passed them along up over the rocks, showing them what to do. Two of them understood English, and at once grasped the idea of turning back the moss. These took charge of the others. Quickly they came to where I stood, their black eyes now glowing with excitement, and quickly they disappeared up through the trees.

In the meantime, a foreman of the company had followed the same procedure on the other side, and presently from up above came the news that the two paths had met. I left three men to beat down the fire as it came to the foot of the third hill, and followed the path upward. From the pinnacle where Billy and I had stood a few minutes before tongues of fire showed through the trees, and on the sides of the few red pines which grew from hollows at the base of perpendicular shafts of stone, a clear path of bare rock dropped away on either side, along which in picturesque attitudes stood the Dagos.

As the fire came closer, we sent these to meet it and beat it out.

"Down in there, you lazy beggars! Beat it out! This way! See! Give me that shovel!

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So, see! Don't let that fire climb the trees. There's a balsom starting at the bottom. Beat it out! Work hard! That's the boys! After her now!"

And thus by words they did not in the least understand, and by actions they understood very well, the fire was checked, beat out, and at six o'clock, only the burning stumps and fallen trees in the midst of the black section remained.

At seven, Billy and I made our final tour around the path. The Dagos were carrying water for a quarter of a mile. Around the edge of the charred clearing I heard the plaintive crys of many wood-birds that looked in vain for their nests and eggs. During the night a heavy thunderstorm broke over the gravel-pit and next morning the fire was out.

Charles Lazenby.



### Some West Indian Superstitions

There is hardly need for a description of the West India Islands or for one to state their geographical position; everybody in this country has more or less some idea as to where they lie. The majority of the inhabitants are the descendants of African slaves, who were set free about 1840 A. D.

From their African homes these slaves brought a great number of strange rites, of which "obeah" is the most vigorous survivor. Obeah is said to be derived from an African word, "obi," meaning "serpent," and very likely in Africa it was made up of some sort of snake worship. The "snake" element, however, enters very slightly into modern "obeah"—due, no doubt, to the almost complete destruction of snakes in the islands.

The obeahman or "bush doctor" generally has a large practice, but this varies with his reputation, as is the case with more legitimate doctors. He professes to be able to cure any disease on the face of the earth, and never fails to give treatment of some kind, generally a draught he has boiled of bush and a powder of ashes and some kind of earth. Often the "obeahman" effects a cure, because he knows herbs of great virtue which he happens to administer in the right case. The majority of his patients, however, go away in a state worse than the first.

Suppose a negro receives a cut from an axe; he rarely goes to a doctor, but betakes himself to a member of the "bush" class and by having the wound poisoned with beastly compounds he is almost certain to become a cripple for the rest of

his life—an existence which affords him the greatest pleasure.

Another important part of the "obeahman's" art has to do with spirits. No man ever dies unexpectedly without his death being attributed to obeah. In most cases he is supposed to have had a "duppy" set on him by some foe. This "duppy" represents a ghost or spirit and never leaves him till he dies or it is removed by some "doctor" of higher power. In matters of this kind the negro has a very vivid imagination, and it is undoubted that many a man has been helped to his grave by the ever-present thought that the "duppy" is pursuing him. The negro's belief in "duppies" is unbounded, and it is perhaps not too much to say that every negro believes in duppies—of course he will never confess it.

Another large class of clients for the "obeahman" is made up of the love-lorn negro girl. She resorts to him for a philtre to bring back the faithless one, or when desperate seeks a potion to secure his undoing. Very seldom do these fail, for the erring fellow knows that an obeahman's aid has been sought, and sooner or later makes amends.

Again, if a negro specially desires to gain a position, he at once seeks the aid of an obeahman, who will probably give him a packet of dust-burnt feathers and bones—to sprinkle in a given place, or some liquid for a like purpose. The poor man is firmly persuaded that his hopes will be attained, and though he fails does not lose faith in the craft, but only in that particular member. Quite a large trade is done, too, in charms against disease, etc., and advice is given as to how to deal with "duppies"—never attempt to strike a duppy with the right hand, but only with the left, and to stop a duppy make an X mark, as he cannot count beyond nine.

The saddest part remains. A negro, if he is aggrieved and is bent on vengeance, in his rage and folly goes to an obeahman for help in gaining his end. The latter, at least one more learned in the art, knows of vegetable poisons which no analysis can trace, and made perhaps from the plants one sees every day. The client may get a poison, with most definite instructions as to giving it, and easily gets an opportunity. Many a man has died when no reasonable account could be given of his death, and others have had their health ruined through some mad fiend of a "nigger." Obeahmen on their deathbeds have made disclosures of the most hideous kind, accounting for many a strange death or illness. On the surface nothing of this appears, and visitors to these islands need have no fear for their safety—they run no risk of giving mortal offence to anyone.



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## J. BROTHERTON

550 Yonge Street

No mention has been made of the orgies held under the auspices of Obeah. These take place chiefly in Haiti, and very little is known of them, for none but the initiated are admitted. In the British West India Islands every effort is made to wipe out this evil, which retards the elevation and education of the negro. The laws on obeah are of the sternest, the penalty being generally "12 months' hard" with the "cat o' nine."

A. D. Cridland.

### University Sermons

The following eminent gentlemen have been secured for the University sermons of this term: Bishop Vincent, New York, Jan. 29; President King, Oberlin College, Feb. 5th; Chancellor Burwash, Victoria College, Feb. 19th; Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., New York, March 12th; Principal McCrimmon, Woodstock College, March 26th. The committee report with pleasure that the liberality of those who attended the services during the Michaelmas term made them self-sustaining, and trust that the same generosity will be displayed to the end of the session.

### Medicine

The representative of this department in extending a New Year's greeting to his fellow-students, and at the same time making his initial appearance in Varsity columns, is fully conscious of his own limitations. Knowing that he cannot be everywhere at once, either to witness or to hear all that is necessarily reportable here, he would request the aid of alert students of all the years. Any Med. having cognizance during the spring term of bright, "newsy" material is humbly solicited to communicate the same to the correspondent, either personally or by message, but as discreetly as possible. Such information will be thankfully received, and within proper limits will receive due consideration.

The Easter term has opened auspiciously. The spirit of reunion has been everywhere manifest and throughout the whole College the "glad hand" has been freely in operation. The Faculty also have their pleasant smile, and various classes have been verbally assured of professional pleasure in reassuming the burden of keeping under the effervescent spirits of irrepressible Meds. Seeing that they have missed us so much, perhaps the third year's holiday season of three full weeks has after all not been over lengthy, for

"If the parting gave them pain,  
We are here with joy again."

The third year is gratified in being able to welcome back to their midst three members who have lately been prostrated by severe illness, but who are happily now able to resume their work in the classes. Mr. A. Mitchell has been detained since September in Assiniboia, N.W.T., by a very severe attack of typhoid, and his complete recovery is a subject of thankfulness to all his friends and fellow-students, and together with Mr. F. B. Bowman and Mr. D. M. Kilgour, who had also severely trying illnesses, he will share a welcome home, not only from '06," but all other years as well.

A conversation between two elderly ladies, overheard in Eaton's store; query, who was the student?

"Why, yes! It's really wonderful what my boy is learning up at the Medical College. It's really marvellous, and I'm actually becoming afraid of him, he's getting so clever. He tells me lots of strange things they do, and, why, you know, they actually can count every drop of blood in your body, and I can't sleep quiet at night for thinking of the awful microbes we carry around with us."

"Dear me! Is it that bad? Yes, it must be wonderful! But what do they want the drops of blood for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm all fozzled up. When he mentions about palpitation and askilation and lots of other things they do. But here's my parcel. I must be going. Good-bye!" Curtain.

Judging from the notions of some laymen, the qualifications for medical men ought to be made much simpler. As a Med. was busily engaged one afternoon in the out-patient room of St. Michael's, dressing the wounded hand of a stalwart, rubeund laborer, the latter watched the movements of the amateur with curious interest. Finally he could contain himself in silence no longer. "Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, "I could a' done that just as well as you could. I needn't a' come 'ere at all. Any blowke could do that 'ere."

"Is that so? We'll do the best we can for you, anyway," was the careless reply.

"Yes! that's orl right, but I've hollen thort I'd be a doctor mysen, an' I'd be a good 'un' too. Woy, ye know, I've tied my wife up lots o' times!"

### Co-Education

It was with no little interest and, it must be confessed, with some amusement, that I read the ideas of "One of Them" in the last issue of Var-

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sity. She (for I take it for granted that "One of Them" is a she, and no clever "Masculine Thing") writes with great frankness. She tells us she is giving us her own opinions, yet notwithstanding her warning we think she has given us a fair idea of what the Varsity woman in general thinks of the Varsity man.

While admitting the great honesty and yet greater femininity of the letter, I beg, in the first place, to correct some wrong impressions on the part of the fair writer.

We must remember that co-education exists only in the Arts Faculty. For the honor of our Arts men let me state that "indulgence in wet dinners" is not, and never has been one of the vices of any considerable fraction of the Arts men. The same may be said of the "revolting features of the scraps." As for the possibility of the women raising the moral tone of the University, the idea is absurd. "One of Them" acknowledges that the intercourse between man and woman at Varsity is of the most superficial kind. And moral tone is far too weighty a matter to be imparted by the mere sight of women at lectures or receptions.

"One of Them's" remarks about marriage are singularly aside from the question. Whatever a "Co-ed's" views may be on the subject, let me assure her that the average man does not consider that one of a university's functions is to act as a matrimonial bureau.

At the same time no man at Varsity who calls himself a man, would be guilty of "looking down on" any Varsity woman who is driven to a man's college by a high-souled love of letters or the necessity of learning a profession. As for the woman who comes from any other motive, let her look for no pity. But let no woman of either class think that she has a claim to men's time in social intercourse. Social intercourse of the kind that is now most prevalent between men and women is the last thing for which one should make time at Varsity. It is to be contrasted rather than compared to the intercourse between man and man, and, I suppose, that between woman and woman. The first is in most cases superficial and tiresome: the second is full of unending riches of ideas and unselfish sentiment.

As to the right of women to higher education—I do not question it. I do not question the right of women to remain in University College, now that they have been admitted, until such time as proper opportunities for education may offer elsewhere. I do say, however, that women should never have been admitted to the Provincial University until the country could have provided a separate college suitable to their needs.

Amen, '05.

### ◆ ◆ ◆ Catullus XLU.

As Septimius held his Acme  
In his arms caressingly,  
'Save I love thee to perdition,  
Acme mine,' quoth he ;  
'Save thro' all the years, I love thee,  
All the years that are to be,  
With an ever growing passion,  
All consumedly;  
Then may the green-eyed beast of Ind  
Or Libya me defenceless find.  
He pledged him thus, and love, from left and  
right,  
Sneezed his approval of the lover's plight.

Acme then, her face upturning  
To her sweet boy tenderly,  
Raising lips of dainty ruby,  
Kissed him ardently ;  
Kissing eyes with love-light burning,  
'Septimillus, Acme's life,' quoth she,  
Let us worship one god only,  
Ever serve love's deity,  
As truly as my passion yearns,  
And fierce and yet more fiercely burns.  
She pledged her thus, and love from left and  
right;  
Sneezed her approval of the lover's plight.

Now their lives, in love, run lightly,  
Blessed by Cupid's augury,  
Each by each is cherished fondly,  
Cherished tenderly:  
To Septimius, dear is Acme,  
Dearer than the world is she;  
Constant Acme's joy is only  
Her Septimius joy to be.  
Have e'er two luckier mortals been?  
Was e'er a happier passion seen?

Chas. Freeman

### ◆ ◆ ◆ Psyche

They wove quaint fables in the days of old,  
When Reason borrowed Fancy's painted wings,  
When Truth's pure river flowed o'er sands of gold,  
And told in song its sweet and mystic things,  
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her,  
The pilgrim-heart to whom a dream was given.  
That led her through the world Love's worship-  
per,  
To seek on Earth for him whose home was  
Heaven.

In the full city, by the haunted fount,  
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,  
Via the pine temples on the moonlit mount,  
Where silence sits to listen to the stars,  
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove,  
The painted valley and the scented air,  
She heard far echoes of the voice of love,  
And found his footstep traces everywhere.

But nevertheless they met, since doubts and  
fears,  
Those phantom shapes that haunt and slight the  
earth,  
Had come 'twixt her, a child of sin and tears,  
And that fair spirit of immortal birth;  
Until her pining soul and weeping eyes,  
Had learned to seek him only in the skies,  
Till wings unto the weary soul were given,  
And she became Love's Angel-bride in heaven.  
—Sel.

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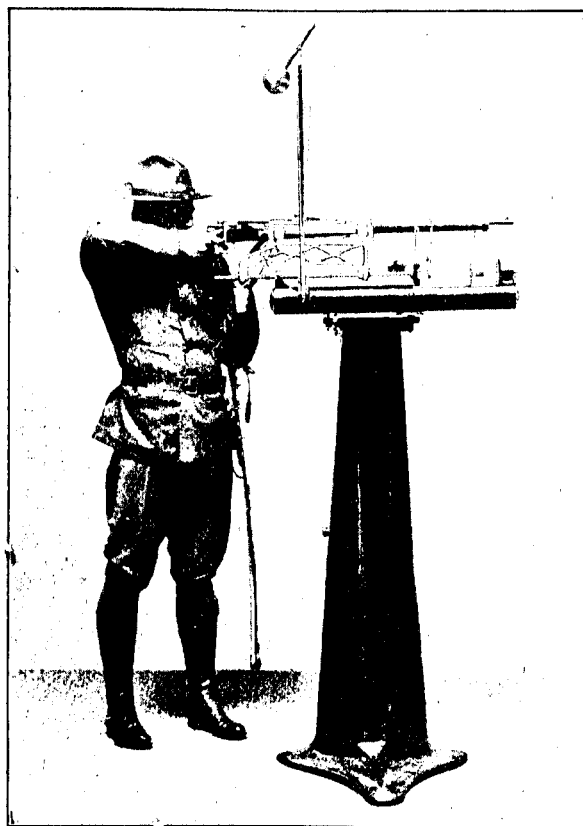
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CALENDAR, 1905

Jan. 14—Annual Reports of Boards in cities and towns, to Department, due. Names and addresses of Public School Trustees and Teachers to be sent to Township Clerks and Inspectors. Trustees' annual reports to Inspectors, due.

Jan. 15—Annual Reports of Kindergarten attendance, to Department due. Annual Reports of Separate Schools, to Department, due.

Jan. 16—Application for Legislative apportionment for inspection of Public Schools in cities and towns separated from the county, to Department due.

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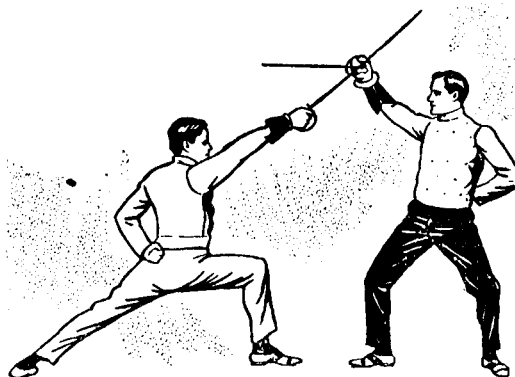
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