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Vol. 2



1900

The Annual Publication of the Women Graduates and Undergraduates of University College.

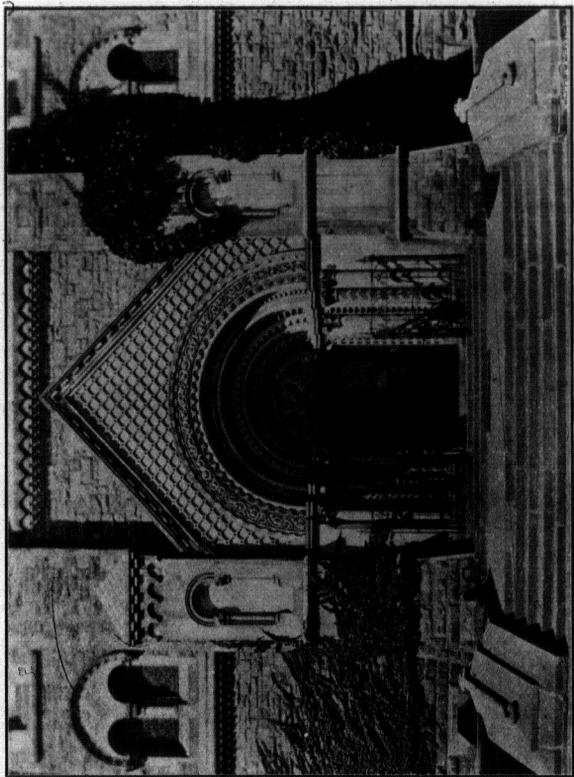
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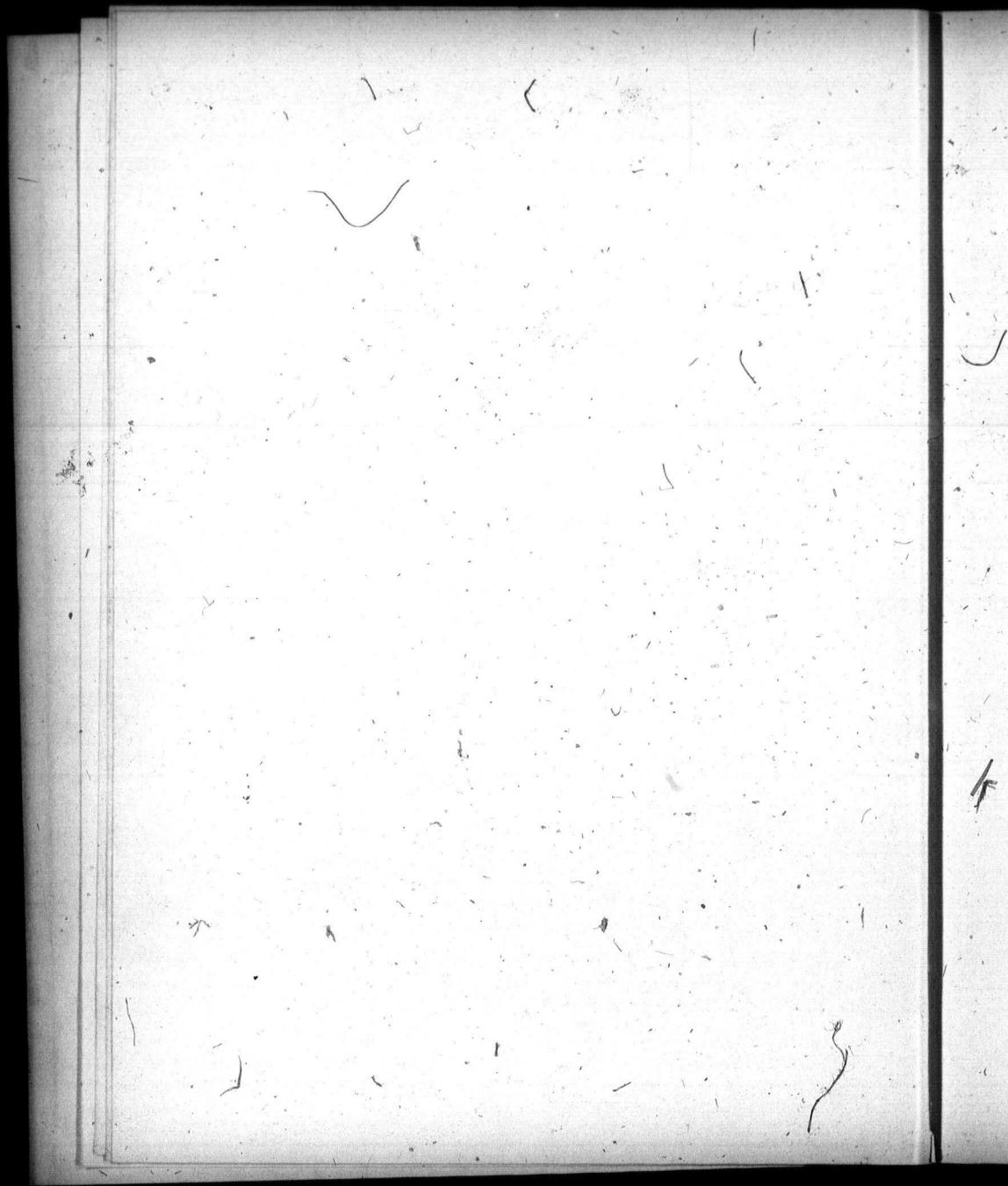
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The Annual Publication of the Women's Division,
Under the Auspices of the University of Chicago

11



Main Door University Building



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VOL 2

TORONTO MARCH 1900

No 1

The Plaint of the Universe.

THE Sea sobs low to the Stars;
The Earth makes moan to the Sky;—
The Deep, despair-wrought, ceaseless sighing:
“I am pregnant with death,
Breathe decay’s fetid breath,—
Fleck’d with foam from the lips of the dying.”
And ever ascending on high
Soars Earth’s wail: “A charnel-house I,
My freshness the dead’s dust of ages defiling,
And ever the bone-crumbing corpses are piling,
Till I sway and I swoon in the glimmerless gloom
’Neath the load of the finite’s unchangeable doom.”
Thus sobs the Sea to the Stars;
Thus moans the Earth to the Sky.

And the Stars look down on the Sea;
And the Sky laughs low to the Earth.
Say the Stars: "Cease thine impotent, puerile sighing;
Since thou wast, were not we!
Through the ages, O Sea,

We have heard sorrow's shriek and the groans of the dying;
We have looked unmoved on the constant decay;
For ere the new comes, must the old pass away.
Have thou faith and thine erst-while sad sighing shall be
Hymns of praise for Hope's hastened fulfilment, O Sea!"

And the Sky whispers placidly: "Peace,
"All thy moaning monotonous cease.

Oh, canst thou not trust,
Poor bearer of dust?

Canst thou not look beyond to the things which shall be?
Know that nothing is finite on earth nor in sea,
And the passing away of thy life, O dull Earth,
Is the finite but leaping to infinite birth."

Thus the Stars sing to the Sea;
Thus the Sky whispers the Earth.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

Shopping in Paris.

SHOPPING is always a pleasure—to a girl. The very word has a distinct aroma about it, though perhaps not exactly of sanctity. And shopping in Paris is different from shopping anywhere else. There one sees so many things one wants, and which one can't possibly have, while in other places one may possibly have some of the things one sees, without being put to too great inconvenience.

Paris has often been called the Woman's Paradise. And when you come to think of it, there are so many reasons for this that you almost hesitate to give any one of them as being paramount. I think, however, that the majority of women, if asked to state in all sincerity what Paris held most dear to them, would admit that the shops came a close second after the Galleries.

Let us go to the shops then, and see and see again, for we shall be sure to go and go again, and then look forward to a last hasty "au revoir" sandwiched in just before train time.

That portion of Paris devoted to the feminine interests in laces and chiffons, is situated in the heart of the city, and quite clearly outlined by a triangle of beautiful streets. It is easy of access from any part of the city, and within walking distance of the Gare de St. Lazare, which is a natural starting point, being the first bit of experience of real Paris which strikes the tourist forcibly on entering this modern Athens. Leaving the Gare we are soon in sight of the Opera House, that queen of all theatres, which stands at the head of the Rue de l'Opera, a long, white street, running without a twist or turn to the "Grand Magasin du Louvre," which rises in soft grey outlines like a silhouette against the sky. This is not for the Parisians themselves however. It is merely an anteroom and generally set apart by the politeness of our hosts for their visitors. For all summer long the women flock from everywhere, from England, America, New Zealand, and Australia, choosing this or that as it strikes their

fancy, buying here, trying effects there, admiring, criticising and comparing everywhere. But they are always foreigners. This is the table set apart distinctly for the guests. And one may lose some of one's confidence in French politeness, when one finds that the shops in the Rue de l'Opera charge almost double the amount for many things—trifling and otherwise—as they do farther down town. But then the French are a thrifty people, and it is but meet that, since they give freely, they should also take. For there is much to be had for the asking in this beautiful city. The galleries, museums, libraries, and numerous public institutions are all open for general inspection and admiration, although, sad to say, one's thorough appreciation of them depends largely on one's ability to cope successfully with the language of the guides—pecuniary or otherwise.

But all these have little to do with the shops, which are under discussion at present. We shall continue our walk down the Rue de l'Opera then, past windows filled with gorgeous dresses on the one side, and "petites femmes" wearing copies of them on the other; jogging elbows with the little grisette in her grey gown, with bare head, and hair dressed to perfection; or the "grande dame" in her laces and silks, and with an air that almost suggests a halo of calm serenity. Or else there passes the black-robed nun, the ends of whose great, white cap flap from side to side like the ears of an elephant, and lend a drollness to her appearance which was probably hardly intended. Then there is the dark-eyed daughter of Italy with her short skirt, crimson shawl and hose, whose costume would add picturesqueness to any scene, but here it passes almost unnoticed among all the glow and abundant overflow of color. In one short walk we pass a seemingly endless throng of happy, easy-going people—all laughing and chattering, and most thoroughly enjoying the brightness and gaiety of their surroundings. So we look from shop window to sidewalk, and from sidewalk to shop window, noticing the familiar name of Tiffany in blazing letters over a door on one corner, or the even more familiar sign of Eclipse Soap, Vinolia, or Perrin's Sauce, or else an old and tried adage to the effect that Scotch whiskey is really the best. And always the horses and carriages, or carriages without horses, the busses, fiacres and cabs go flashing past up and down the broad, white avenue; the horses' chains jingling; the newsboys crying their papers, and the various fruit and other vendors their wares. A hubbub? Well, yes, perhaps. But it is the kind of hubbub that sets the blood rushing. One cannot be dismal in Paris. The sky is so

blue, and the air so clear, and the sunshine so warm and bright that it makes the whole atmosphere rather intoxicating, and certainly exhilarating.

Reaching the Louvre we enter one of the huge glass doors which fill in the pillared portico facing the street. This is done only after careful dodging of the numerous vehicles of every kind and description which seem to be coming from every direction at once. Once across the road and inside, however, we are safe. And then we know what shopping really ought to be. Our one desire is to buy, buy, buy, and become the happy possessor of some of the delights of this Aladdin's Palace with all possible speed. Nothing, hardly, seems to descend to the needs and requirements of ordinary usefulness. But that need not deter us, for the eye is so charmed by the vistas of color and shape and form, that we must commit sundry indiscretions in the line of purchases. These, however, more often than not are handed over to our friends—as "trifling souvenirs," on our return home.

Passing out of the Louvre, one enters the Rue de Rivoli, with its cool shadowed arcade, where the whole stock seems to be placed in the windows. Here we may find almost anything we don't want—if we are not connoisseurs—marvellously embroidered caps, handkerchiefs, or slippers too dainty to wear; wonderful jewels—and equally wonderful imitations; all sort of small accessories of dress which one doesn't want, but which one is certain to buy if one enters one of these shops. For it is against the French *boutiquier's* principles to allow anyone to depart from his shop empty-handed.

The Square opposite the Rue de Rivoli is crossed and criss-crossed with streets filled with small shops all selling the finery that delights the eye and tempts an utter abandonment of purse strings. Then we turn into the Place Vendome, where Napoleon stands high on his column in classic undress, and from here it is only a step to the Rue de la Paix. Here dwelt the immortal Worth—and here are many little less unworthies who share his kingdom to-day. This is the home of Dame Fashion—the heart of the fashion-world. Here chiffons and laces and silks and satins are modeled and cut and sewn, so that whoever runs may read, and all may, nay *must* see. This is the beginning and the end. And we finish our walk at the end of the Rue de la Paix, where we hear the cries of the newsboys, who

have no hats, and the "fruitiers," who have no cloaks, and the poor old flower women calling upon "madame" in her silks to buy their flowers—"Belles violettes—c'est pour rien, vingt sous!" for a crust of bread mayhap. Truly it has been said that small streams run down big ones. And here, even in the Rue de la Paix, do we find some going unclothed, unfed, and uncared for. The two extremes might strike one rather ironically, if it were not for the fact that the very poor of Paris seem to try themselves to keep their poverty and misery as much in the background as possible. Whatever little happiness they can enjoy they make as leaven that leaveneth the whole. They are smilingly cheerful in spite of their privations—and they have their reward.

E. E. P.

Women's Residences.

WE cannot study the rise of the movement for the higher education of women, and follow its progress through the latter years of this century, without having woven into our thought incidentally, the part that has been played in this movement by the college dormitories, as centres of home-like influence bringing comfort and social pleasure to brighten the lives of the students during those marked years of strenuous mental growth, a part which has an importance that can hardly be over-estimated, and yet which acts and interacts so subtly upon individual lives, that it is difficult to estimate it concretely at all.

We have but to observe a few facts to realize that the movement for the improved education of girls is a comparatively recent one. In England by the years 1848 and 1858, it was expressed by a few notable instances of the founding of schools and colleges for women; and in 1856 the hunger for higher education declared itself in the application made by a woman to the University of London for permission to become a candidate for a medical diploma, and in 1862 another woman applied to the same university for admission to the matriculation examination. Both these requests were refused on the ground that the senate had not power to grant them. A memorial was then sent to the senate asking that a change be made in the charter to remove this disability, but the motion in favor of granting the request was lost by the casting vote of the chancellor.

From the interest that these efforts awakened grew the formation of a London Committee, of which Miss Emily Davis was an active member, to work for the admission of women to university examinations. The first thing they did was to ask the University of Cambridge, which had established a system of local examinations for boys,

to allow girls to be examined upon the same papers. This request was formally granted in 1865. In 1864 they petitioned a Royal Commission, known as the School Inquiry Commission, to include the education of girls in the inquiry. It reported the girls' schools to be in a thoroughly unsatisfactory state, and recommended that girls have an equal share in the education endowments; and expressed sympathy with those who were endeavoring to provide opportunities for the higher education of women. Miss Clough, afterwards mistress of Clough Hall at Newnham College, Cambridge, then wrote a paper which she sent to the commissioners, in which she suggested some plans. Among them was a proposition that courses of lectures on higher subjects, to be delivered by University professors, be established in the large towns for the advantage of teachers and older pupils, and also for other women who felt the lack of proper guidance in higher studies. She wrote: "Some intercourse with university men who carry on the higher education in the country would be a great boon to many teachers who are doing their best under great difficulties. In carrying out this plan, the sanction and help of a high authority would be especially valuable, whether government or the universities." Such a plan was afterwards carried out.

In November, 1867, a course of lectures in astronomy was delivered by a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in four towns, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Leeds. And, in the same year, the North of England Council for Promoting the Higher Education of Women, was formed and held its first meeting at Leeds. This body included members of the universities, and educational authorities, and its formation insured the deliberation of the question of better education of women by those who could do something to bring it about. It was found that men as well as women sought the advantages of these local lectures, and out of the movement grew the system of university extension, to give the higher education to "those classes in great towns who are inevitably debarred from residence at a university." This the University of Cambridge took up as a permanent work in 1874, and the University of Oxford followed four years later. So this great movement that carries the direct university influence out among the people, grew out of the movement for the better education of women. This step in the progress of women was registered immediately in an advantage gained for the whole people.

In 1868 special examinations for women were instituted by the University of London. The next year a college for women was

opened at Hitchin, which was subsequently incorporated under the name of Girton College and removed to Cambridge. The buildings were erected at a cost of £12,000, raised by public subscription, and had dormitory accommodation for twenty students. In the same year, 1869, women's examinations were instituted at Cambridge, and by 1871 two women from a distance had applied to the Cambridge committee and accommodation, was secured for them in private families. In the next year Mr. Henry Sedgwick, through whose influence the lectures had been started, rented and furnished a house of residence on his own responsibility, having secured the services of Miss Anne Clough, already distinguished by her efforts to raise the standard of women's education, as head of the house. Five students entered at its opening. In the next year the numbers increased and they needed a larger house. Merton Hall with a large garden was secured, which accommodated fourteen students. By 1873 this proved too small and a supplementary house had to be secured. In 1874 a committee of management decided that it was desirable to build a hall to accommodate thirty students; £10,000 was needed. They proposed to form a company and to raise £3,000 of the needed fund by allotting shares, and to appeal to the public for donations to make up the rest. The efforts of Miss Clough and others interested were indefatigable. Many private letters were written to friends who responded liberally. A public meeting was held in Birmingham which led a number of citizens to help the fund. Substantial aid was received from Liverpool and elsewhere. The hall was built and opened in 1875, and by 1876 enough money had been raised to cover the cost of the building and furnishing. The next year a gymnasium and some other improvements were added. The number of students kept increasing; first one and then a second supplementary house had to be taken, and in 1879, besides the thirty students at Newnham and twenty in two supplementary houses, there were twenty-five in lodgings. It was decided that another hall should be built at a cost of £11,000. Nearly the whole sum was raised by subscription and the balance was paid by degrees out of the college income. That the sum of £2,000 was received from an anonymous hand is not uninteresting in this connection. The hall was finished in 1880. In the previous year the Newnham College association had been formed, and Newnham College was established on its present footing. In 1880 Clough Hall was built to accommodate fifty students, and in 1893 the Pfeiffer building made the fourth residence hall.

At Oxford in 1870 local examinations were opened; then quickly followed the establishment of lectures, and Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall were opened for resident students. Since then a third hall, St. Hugh's, has been opened. Thus it is seen that in the two great university centres where the general movement for the education of girls and women blossomed forth in opportunity for higher education, there came into existence contemporaneously the residence halls. And this was not by chance, but because of the timely, systematic, cordial and tireless co-operation of certain university professors and women of influence who saw the need.

In 1892 women were admitted to membership and degrees in the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, and Aberdeen. In a recent publication on Education and Graduation of Women at Edinburgh University, the spirit in which the Masson Hall of residence is established is thus expressed, "it is hoped that Masson Hall will in time come to fill somewhat the same place in relation to university life in Edinburgh that is filled by such halls as Somerville, Lady Margaret's, and St. Hugh's at Oxford. It aims at providing a centre where university women may meet on the common ground of similar interests and kindred sympathies, and where women students of former years may make acquaintance with younger generations of students, and thus keep pleasantly in touch with university life." At St. Andrew's University Hall is a women's residence. A letter from the warden, ranked in Classical Honors, Girton College, Cambridge, gives a glimpse of the life there. She tells us that the ideal she has set before herself is "to create a college for women within the university which shall in its life and discipline combine the advantages of the Scottish and English university systems. The life of the students here," she continues, "while more guarded, sheltered and disciplined than that of the students who live in lodgings, is more free, independent and responsible than that of the students at Oxford or Cambridge. The women students here mix freely with the men, and I have no desire that this freedom within reasonable limits, should be interfered with. They attend lectures together at college. . . . Tennis, golf, and sometimes hockey are played by the men and women together. . . . Dancing and other parties are not infrequent in the winter. . . . Good study work is done and the women students take good places both in class and degree examination." In Glasgow we find Queen Margaret's Hall, which promises residence accommodation for twenty-five students. Wales University consists of a federation of three colleges, Bangor, Cardiff, and

Aberystwith, and each of these colleges has in connection with it a women's residence, Alexander Hall, at Aberystwith, accommodating one hundred and forty-seven students. Here we note a by no means insignificant fact, that the charter of this university states that men and women shall be on an equality in all respects; and that there must be some women members of the governing body.

Turning to America, we find that as early as 1833 a co-educational institution was established at Oberlin, Ohio. Here Lucy Stone graduated in 1847. In 1861 Matthew Vassar donated \$400,000 to establish Vassar College for women, which was built at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Increased by subsequent gifts from him and others, the endowment now amounts to \$1,000,000. The main building alone, which is modeled after the Tuileries, has accommodation for 300 students, besides recreation and teachers' quarters.

In 1871 Sophia Smith founded and endowed Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts, to give young women the same educational advantages obtained by men in the best universities. Here there are eighteen buildings on the campus, and seven of these are halls of residence.

The University of Wisconsin, which is co-educational, was also established in 1871. A women's dormitory, which cost \$50,000, was built with funds appropriated by the state. This building was remodeled in 1896 at an additional cost of \$20,000. It includes a fine gymnasium. This instance is of peculiar interest to us as it shows a state expressing its sense of responsibility to provide residence accommodation. In 1873 Sage College was established at Cornell University. It was handsomely endowed by Henry W. Sage, chairman of the board of trustees. When the university was opened in 1868 both the founder, Ezra Cornell, and the first president, Andrew D. White, expressed the wish that its advantages might be reaped not only by young men but by the young women of the land also. The only hindrance was the want of means to provide the needed accommodation. These we have seen were supplied by one closely connected with the university. In 1895 Sage College was enlarged to accommodate 125 students, and in 1897, owing to need for increased accommodation, a large house was purchased from Sage College funds and refitted to accommodate 42 students. The large dining hall in Sage College is used by those living in both buildings. The board of trustees last year appropriated \$835 for decorating the parlors in Sage College, recognising the important

influence exerted by beautiful surroundings. There is always a fine conservatory attached to the college, from which it is always supplied with beautiful flowers in memory of Mrs. Sage. A certain amount of physical exercise is required of the students, who have to undergo a physical examination, and there is a splendidly equipped gymnasium; but last year for the first time, in the spring and fall, out of door sports, such as rowing on the river, basket ball and tennis took the place of the regular gymnasium work. In 1883 Columbia University offered degrees to women. Barnard College was established in 1889 and in 1898 Fiske Hall, named for the lady who built it, was opened. It is the college dormitory which accommodates from 60 to 65 students.

In the fall of 1890 the University of Chicago, which offers equal advantages to men and women students, was incorporated. Its wonderful growth in ten years is astonishing. Part of the generosity of its many benefactors has expressed itself in the erection of four imposing women's residences. Each cost over \$50,000, and is large enough to accommodate from sixty to seventy students.

In 1891 another great co-educational university was established in California. It too has its women's residence, Robel Hall, where there is a happy social life. "The regular after dinner dancing in the parlors, is especially attractive," writes one of the Leland Stanford undergraduates.

Radcliffe College, the women's part of Harvard University, has been greatly in need of a hall of residence. Recently, however, the means for meeting this want were contributed and the building is under consideration. A splendid gymnasium building with swimming bath, recently completed, was the gift of a graduate.

At Pennsylvania University, where there are no undergraduate women, but where graduate courses are open to all, there is a women's residence; which shews plainly that there a hall of residence is recognised as important.

Bryn Mawr College for women, which is situated ten miles from Philadelphia, was opened for instruction in 1885. It modeled its domestic organization after careful consideration of the older colleges, Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley. Its four magnificent halls of residence are well known to several Toronto graduates who have been fortunate enough to obtain fellowships or scholarships there. One afternoon spent at Pembroke Hall as guest of one of these will never be forgotten by the writer.

At McGill University in Montreal a women's dormitory has been erected through the generosity of Sir Donald Smith.

Fragmentary as is this summary, it is hoped that it will serve to show that the relation between the college and the residence is a real one, and that nearly everywhere this has been felt. Where the response has been made to a small but growing need, there have been small beginnings developing into large results; and when the pressure of need has been at once great there the provision has been proportionately large to meet it.

In Toronto the problem of women's residence was not considered when there were three or four women students from a distance; and now when there are between fifty and a hundred, adequate provision for them is not a small problem but a large one, and one that is worthy of the consideration of every one interested in the university.

LURI M. HAMILTON.

Jose's Dollar.

JOSE was only a ragged banana boy, but in the cold of the Canadian Autumn he was dreaming of sunny Italy. His banana sales had paid him well lately and now was the time for a treat; something of Italy, and laughter, and gaiety, and music. Then the idea came. He would go to the opera, to one of the merry ones, where the land represented was his own, the words in his own language, and, best of all, where some of the singers were his own countrymen.

For several days José studied the play bills and advertisements. There was nothing quite to suit him, and when at last he did find what he wanted, it would cost him a whole dollar to go. That was a large sum to be sure, the price of ten dozen bananas, which he had already paid for. But, then, he would see the gay flower-girls, would hear the happy voices, and it was worth going without breakfasts for a week, if need be, for that. So José determined to earn the dollar.

The sunshine seemed like a bit of home next day, and José was all smiles at his corner as he stood over his cart. Several people stopped to buy, until José could hear the money jingle in his pocket. The last he had taken was five cents clear profit, for the lady had given him a quarter of a dollar for two dozen. But a pinched little face was turned wistfully towards the cart and its golden fruit. José turned away from the hungry eyes, and then he thought: and then because it was José's good heart which kept him warm in this chilly land, he looked back again. The little girl drew closer. "Like me?" said José. The head nodded hard. But José need not have given little Nellie three because Jim, her brother, was at home and lame.

Still there was fifteen cents to the good in José's pocket when he went home.

Though the next day was raw and cold, José was off bright and early. It was a good stand he had, and again the money came in, tho' not so well as yesterday. The next day, however, he earned ten cents by returning a purse dropped near him. It was near evening when the same little girl came back. Jim had liked the bananas,

she said, and she looked wistful again. José talked to her in his broken English. He was glad her name was Nellie and so easy to say. And she should have three bananas again. So the week passed. Each day José studied the advertisements of the opera, though, since the first day he had seen it, he quite knew it by heart. He had imaged how each singer would look, and how each would sing. Each day had added to the store of coins and each day Nellie had carried home three bananas. Each day José talked to her in his broken English.

At last the day of the opera came. José was in a fever of impatience all afternoon. The dollar was safe in his pocket, but José was waiting for Nellie to talk it all over with her. But Nellie did not come. It was past her usual time now; then it began to grow dark, and, though no buyers came to José's cart, he still waited. At last he began to fear he would be late for the opera; so he packed his cart and started off, wondering where Nellie was. Perhaps she was ill, and perhaps she was in need of things for herself and Jim; and then José slowly turned the money in his pocket.

Just then a ragged, dirty woman turned down from a side street.

"Ye'r José, the banana boy?" she said.

José assented, and then in a whining voice she poured out a miserable tale. She had left Nellie, her little girl, José's friend, at home, ill and starving. She filled it all up with harrowing details; and, she, poor thing, could do nothing for them. Perhaps he would do something for the poor child. So José gave one thought to the music, and the singing, and the soft Italian words, and then one thought to Nellie, and Nellie was worthy it all. Then, because José was shy and did not know English very well, he dropped the coins into the woman's hand and was gone without a word.

Perhaps it was as well he did not see the woman turn off to a tavern, and perhaps it was as well he did not know that Nellie was locked in a door in the tenement house, that she might be out of the way, that she might not save the good friend she and Jim talked of in whispers, from this very trap. And if José should know some time, it was José's good heart that had done the deed, and it would still be true. After all that dollar had been placed on the right side of José's account up above, which is more than some of us can feel about our dollars and cents.

A. B. C.

"Comus" as a Poetic Masterpiece.

POETIC Masterpiece" is a very comprehensive term, and it will be well first to ascertain its true meaning, and then try "Comus" by that standard. What is a Masterpiece? It may be defined as a perfect design perfectly executed, and in so far as the artist, be he musician, poet, painter, sculptor or architect, fails in either of these requirements, just so far he fails to materialize his ideal. What is Poetry?—Macaulay's definition is: "The art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors": and this can certainly be extended to what the musician does by means of sound, what the sculptor does by means of marble, and what the architect does by means of stone. Representing the four Arts, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, respectively, by sound, colour, expression, form, and material, Poetry may be defined as an idealization of them all, and the nearer it approaches their several ideals, the nearer is it to its own goal.

Resembling the Puritan nature, against the exaggeration of which it formed a protest, the music of "Comus" is not attractive to the popular mind: like that stern nature, the due appreciation thereof involves understanding, and here may be traced a musical analogy. In many instances the true beauty of classical studies is not fully perceived when first heard: gradually only to the faithful worker comes the real knowledge thereof, and in a similar manner, the musical harmonies of this poem, unnoticed at first, are one by one revealed to the student. With the striking of the keynote, the love of virtue and the heavenly protection accorded thereto, the Masque opens: and in the closing lines is heard the same note expanded into a perfect chord.

It is by the skilful choice and combination of colours, by the different strokes of the brush, by the wonderful effects of light and

shade, that the Master-Painter makes the canvas the counterpart of his conception: and by a similar use of his materials the word-painter of "Comus" has made it a reflection of his thought. The apt choice and combination of words must be apparent to even a casual reader, some notable examples being, "Simorn mould," "Perplex'd paths," "Violet-embroidered vale," "Raven down of darkness," "Glassy, cool, translucent wave," "Printless feet." The various figures may be regarded as typical of the strokes of the painter's brush, and their arrangement as corresponding to the light and shade of a painting.

The distinctive features of the allegory are so clearly cut that the resemblance to a perfect piece of statuary is very marked. Were the origin of the poem not known, it would not require a vivid imagination to suppose it to have been inspired by a sculptured group, representing Virtue rescued from the power of Vice by a guardian angel. The power of sculpture is obtained by expression, the curve of the face, the droop of an eyelid. The degradation of the followers of Comus is as perfectly portrayed in the words, "To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty," as a sculptor by a master stroke of his chisel could express that same degradation by the protruding underlip and receding forehead.

As in architecture the form or design as well as the material must be perfect of their kind in order that the resulting structure may be unsurpassed, so in a poem must the design and material be equally good. Here the design, though old, is none the less beautiful, and by the form, "Essentially lyrical and dramatic in semblance only, Milton has succeeded wherever success was not impossible." It is a familiar fact that the first impression of a masterpiece of architecture is the beauty of the whole, and gradually the smaller features claim attention. In "Comus" we are first attracted by the beauty of the design: and then one by one the details present themselves,—for example, the description of the earth as opposed to that of heaven:

"In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and din of this dim spot
Which men call earth."

The following passage is so comprehensive that, following the architectural simile, it may be compared to one of those chapels often

attached to cathedrals, having a special interest of their own, sometimes equal to and even surpassing that of the building proper,—

“Thou hast not ear nor soul to comprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of virginity,
And thou are worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.”

Here, in contradistinction to man's free will, is formulated the doctrine that true perception of moral beauty is not attainable by minds of a certain order. And in this case was shown the poet's knowledge of human nature.

Perfect in conception, faultless in execution, tried by the four-fold tests representing the sister arts of Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and not found wanting, “Comus” deserves a place among poetic masterpieces, and merits Macaulay's tribute to the genius of its author, “The noblest performance of the kind which exists in any language.”

M. C. ST. GEORGE-YARWOOD.

Mathematics vs. Love.

THE two sciences of Mathematics and Love must be pursued apart. What Mathematics proves to the mind with the certainty of a dogma, the other science disproves with a heart beat. We cannot always control the latter function of his being, withal it may lead him into devious and unscientific paths. Mathematics is reasonable and capable of demonstration; the science of Love is wholly unreasonable and inexplicable. Let him beware who attempts the double course! So surely as there is beauty in Mathematics, that man will utterly fail in both.

It has been often thought by the careless observer that the axioms of Mathematics are universally true. With the exclusion of the realm of Love we may call them so. Mathematics holds that everywhere and in all circumstances one and one makes two; while Love daily and hourly illustrates the truth that two in the presence of a third may make one. Mathematics smiles sardonically; but Cupid chuckles at his practical demonstration of a mathematical impossibility.

The scientific man gazes with one eye into the vast universe, and, with the other, looks with contempt at the busy world of love, whose votaries dance their idle rounds on the green sward beneath him: and by virtue of his upward gazing eye, he finally promulgates, as he fondly thinks, a law of the universe that "attraction varies inversely as the square of the distance between attracting bodies." And again he pities those mortals who are spinning out their lives for naught. But hark! upon his ear is borne a refrain from the simple people who are capering so merrily, and the song startles him, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and again, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." And the pity of it is, for the sake of science, that Love has proved its case. Have they idly lived who have shattered a principle of the universe?

The truths of Mathematics are expressed in concrete terms, those of Love are often left to the imagination. The god of science is far-seeing and cautious; Cupid is blind, and shoots his arrows at random. The mathematical mind takes note of trifles, so that the final result of experiment is certain and accurate. Those in pursuit of love are careless of the seemingly insignificant, and their final result too often reveals a tremendous miscalculation.

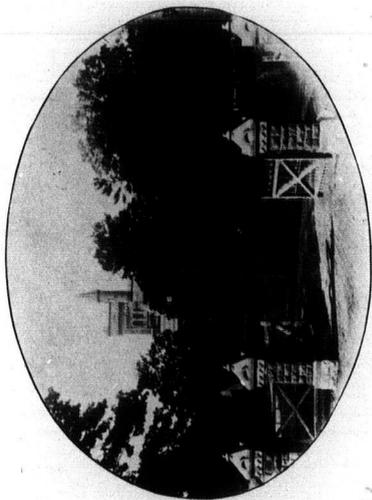
Mathematics crawls toward conclusions; Love jumps at them, and invariably misses the goal, and receives bodily injury in the leap.

Mathematics investigates equations of the higher degrees. Love cannot reach beyond the solution of the quadratic, there being one too many unknowns in the cubic to manipulate with ease. The former science deals in all sorts of combinations and permutations; while the latter cannot appreciate combinations of more than two, which, however, may be permuted in an indefinite number of ways.

The algebraic equation must give sufficient data for its solution. Love, with an audacity born by ignorance of these fundamental laws, attempts to find the solution of $x+y$; where x and y are two unknowns. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that x and y are seldom found apart, until, at least, the relation has been proved. Then it is often seen that the result obtained is inconsistent.

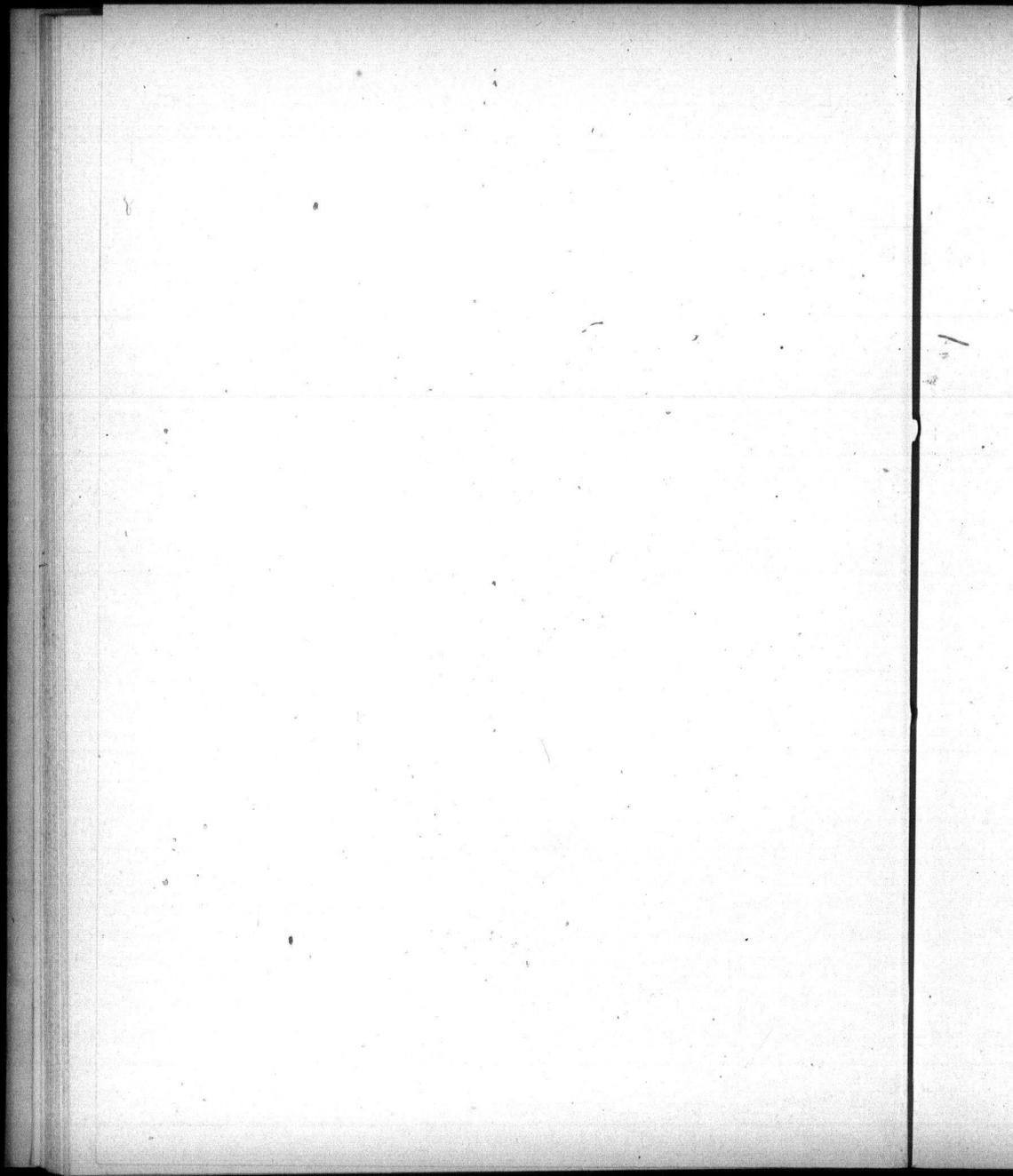
The profundity of thought above disclosed is apparent to all who are mathematically inclined. The utterances will not have been expended in vain, should they prove a warning against the pursuit of double courses.

OLD CROW.



University Gates

201



Oh, No!

HAVE you forgotten, and so soon?
'Twas but two little years ago,
In summertime—one night in June"—
"Forgotten that? Oh, no!"

"I begged a lock of nut-brown hair;
It curled, and lengthwise measured—so—
You said perhaps you would not care?"
"Forgotten that? Well, no."

"And, do you know, I have it yet,
I've kept it hid from friend and foe;
And all this time—did I forget?"
"Forget that? Oh, well—no."

"And you, have you forgotten me,
And all you promised long ago,
Beneath the drooping willow tree?"
"Forgotten you—well, no."

"You say you kept that lock of hair,
And thought of me, and loved me best?
Well, sir, and do I really care?
"Why—I have kept the rest!"

A '99-ER.

Swallowgizing.

IN accordance with the requirements set forth in a rather formidable looking catalogue, this would-be naturalist spent many a long summer hour hunting bugs and things, or, in the small boy's language, "Swallowgizing." It was, in fact, the process of finding a more or less suitable animal for each lang-nebbed name, of visiting him at his home in order to become familiar with his way of doing things, his daily menu and other domestic matters, and of carrying off his brother to return their domestic hospitality, but, alas, in a much less cordial manner.

'Way down in Maine, in a quiet little seaside place, it was, where many of the researches in question were carried on, and altho' twentieth century naturalists will not be greatly enlightened thereby, the aforementioned Small Boy & Co. will not soon forget their expeditions "Scolamander" hunting.

As the landlady and daughter seemed to have objections to my visitors, I had to find comfortable quarters for them in pint bottles of formaldehyde [$\text{CH}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$, one to thirty-nine parts of water] arrayed in a shady corner of the veranda. Fortunately for me other people had made similar investigations before, and very kindly published them for the benefit of the ignorant; accordingly, before rooting out such visiting appurtenances as rubber boots, long-handled leaky dippers, a pail and a lens (if you belong with "the ignorant"), you must first consult some authority as to your friends' addresses, reception hours, etc. This is done to best advantage when the small boys are away whittling a new dipper handle for your dipper. Spread everything out on the grass before attempting to take your departure, and think of all the things you could possibly need, as you may not have sufficient inducements to suit your hosts' tastes. And one other bit of advice: make out a list of the friends you wish to visit; of course matters are simplified if they live in the same pond or river.

One useful book informed me that such folk as Water-beetle, the Leeches, their friends the Snails (at least those with whom a moist climate agrees), and others make it their custom in the summer to retire to some cool, slimy pond; Crayfish and the Mussels prefer the gayer life of the river; while the energetic Salamanders spend part of their time visiting the Leeches, and the rest in a quiet shaded dell near a stream.

Primed with such information, we betook ourselves to a large lily-pond, and "Billy," the favoured on this occasion, was delighted to drag a flat-bottomed punt from its hiding-place and convey me by means of a so-called paddle—closely resembling a spade—to the desired locality. Billy of course had many things to learn, and considered white water-lilies of far more interest than my friends; hence my plans and wily manoeuvres were frequently disturbed by his violent attempts to gather "big fellows." Thankful for small mercies, I appreciated his assistance most of all when other duties called him elsewhere, and I had to learn the knack of manipulating that unwieldy paddle, of balancing and steering the punt, and at the same time escaping the small pond in its floor and chasing up these bashful folk.

When greater distances had to be traversed, "Wheeler's hoss" and driver made themselves useful, and naturally requested the why and wherefore of all the paraphernalia tucked into the rig. The "dog days" (cold, foggy and wet, rather than hot) were the reception days of Millipede and Centipede, whose headquarters were close by a haunted house, but nevertheless hard to reach, as great rotten logs, stones, and boards had to be lifted to disclose their front door. On such an occasion I would advise you to wear very old clothes and rubber boots; these people are too much engrossed to take note of your visiting costume. The cellar of the house being damp and dark, it was chosen as a place of abode of our gay little Newt, who had forsaken the watery scenes of his childhood.

The honest fishermen, busy with their laborious clam-digging, were occasionally surprised by a request for "just one," and for information as to the whereabouts of Shrimp, Starfish, Urchin, and their friends. One becomes quite expert, in such quests, in adhering in a stooping position to a slippery rock covered with sea-weed, while plunging the arm into the fascinating little pools near by. The shrimps you will find are of a retiring nature; Starfish and Urchin

do not object to tours of investigation, provided your pail is interesting; on the other hand, you must show firmness in your dealing with Anemone, as he much prefers his quiet retreat attached to the rock, hidden by masses of sea-weed.

One day Billy undertook to escort me to the far shore of the "pond," a body of stagnant water said to cover 20 acres. Numerous inquiries finally led us thro' the back gate of a large farm, then down through the boggy domains of Mother Goose, along winding ways thro' the densest woods we had ever seen, and finally down a steep path into a very strange little place. It was evidently a covert for the sportsmen, as the thick roof and walls were built of branches tangled so as to hold together, and it looked over the lake which was frequented by ducks in season. Two old sportsmen were enjoying their pipes in front of the little hut, and were vastly amused on hearing of the game we hunted. Still another pond was ransacked that day, and on the way there we trespassed on the property of the pitcher plant, whose wiles we knew of, and so were not entrapped, altho' some of its friends joined our pilgrimage.

When good roads led to our destination, the pail was strapped to our wheels; these valiant steeds did not object to resting by the roadside while we wandered along the river bank, breaking our backs in attempts to secure Mussels, Snails, and Crayfish from under the rocks. Of course the student of any subject has difficulties to surmount, and my chief one was in identifying the animals when once procured; on their names hung the stupendous question as to whether they were the prescribed creatures. This was just one; the others are innumerable. Billy used to weary of the same old complaint that the long searched shell contained nothing but *mud*.

If you are tempted any summer to undertake such a collection, I shall be glad to furnish any further information; and for your encouragement would say that the way to learn of these as well as other things, is to do them yourself.

NATURALIST (?).

Tennyson's Views.

CAREFUL study will generally disclose an author's views; especially is this the case with subjective writers, and from the poems of Tennyson may be gathered a clear idea of his views on many subjects of vital importance to our race, among them being:—

1. Life and Death.
2. Heaven and Hell.
3. Science and Religion.
4. Man and Woman.
5. Love.

1. As to others great thinkers, so to him, the problems of Life and Death presented themselves forcibly, but optimist as the poet was, he believed firmly that the good would be finally triumphant, that everything was created for some wise purpose, that not one life should be destroyed. The means by which this was to be effected were evidently not clear to his mind, "Somehow" seeming to content him who believed that an All-wise Creator would not create for naught.

A personal immortality is also part of the poet's creed. The secrets of the life beyond the grave not being revealed to Lazarus, Tennyson seems to accept as an indication that they were not intended for man's knowledge. His love for his dead friend is so intense that yearning for him seems to render spirit communion possible, and from his own experience is drawn the inference that only "The pure in heart" should dare hope for "Communion with the dead."

2. From a mind like his definite views of Heaven and Hell would be a disappointment; "We cannot know," from the introduction to "In Memoriam," may be taken as an expression of his opinion, and this being so, it would seem that the Conservative poet, and the foremost of the Scientists, the late Professor Huxley, were not so very far apart. In the sixth and seventh stanzas of the eighty-fifth chapter of this poem, he seems to have the idea that the imperfect knowledge

of this world will, in heaven, be made perfect. This idea is exquisitely expressed, earlier, in the sixty-first chapter, "The perfect flower of human time."

That the Hell of the old Theology was to him never a reality, is beyond doubt, and the "Larger Hope" described in the fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth chapters, is wide enough to take in the most sinful and degraded.

3. How far the conclusions of modern Science were accepted by him, it is difficult to gather from his writings, one of the most definite expressions of opinion in regard thereto being in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After,"—

"Many an Aeon moulded Earth, before her highest, man, was born,
Many an Aeon too may pass when Earth is manless and forlorn."

His views of Evolution are said to be expressed in "By an Evolutionist."

If Dean Stanley's definition of Religion as a love of the beautiful and good, be accepted, Tennyson was a truly religious man; the author of "The Higher Pantheism," and the ninety-sixth chapter of "In Memoriam" could not be bound by any traditional creed; but if the introduction to the last mentioned poem, and the fifty-fourth chapter of the same be taken as a confession of faith, Tennyson's belief was full of hope for the future.

4. High as were Tennyson's ideals of Man and Woman, they were realized: and doubtless that realization had much to do with his idea of the perfect relation of the sexes, described in "The Princess,—

"The woman's cause is man's,
Like perfect music unto noble words.

5. What Love was to the youth, is found in "Locksley Hall"; what it was to the man in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," the whole summed up in the poet's own words,—

"Love took up the harp of Life,
And smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

M. C. ST. G. YARWOOD.

The Wisdom of True Genius.

A STRANGE ANOMALY.

"They called me fool, they called me child;
I found an angel of the night;
The voice was low, the look was bright;
He looked upon my crown and smiled;

"He reached the glory of a hand,
That seemed to touch it into leaf:
The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand."

IN these days of advanced ideas, the statement that genius is only a form of insanity,—more or less violent in proportion to the degree of genius,—no longer strikes on our ears as rank heresy.

Nay, it even has an air of triteness that might almost exclude it, as a topic of discussion, from the realms of intelligent society. Only the desire to justify dull mediocrity gives me the courage to proceed on such a hackneyed subject.

"At the present day," says Lombroso, "the academic world, *always composed of intelligent mediocrities*, laughs at criminal anthropology, is mildly sarcastic towards hypnotism, and looks on homeopathy as a joke." It should not be so. For such phases of genius—or insanity—should be treated, if not with the reverential awe due them, according to their author's valuation, at least with the indulgent tolerance granted to other and similar disorders. Hence, perhaps, arose the regard of the ancients for mad, as inspired persons.

"What we call genius is the highest manifestation of personality," and what is extreme personality, or originality, but a trait of insanity?

"The frequency of genius among lunatics, and of madmen among men of genius, explains the fact that the destiny of nations has often been in the hands of the insane"; by which remark I cast no reflections on local politicians, but merely make it in the light of a general statement—although in this connection it seems like an application of a well-known phrase: "Everything is permitted to genius."

The moral and physical degenerations,—the necessary accompaniments of the development of great genius, according to emi-

nent psychologists.—are evidenced, on the one hand, in various phases of excessive mental originality; and again, on the physical side, no less an authority than Lombroso tells us the chief points of recognition are, prominent ears, irregularity of teeth, deficiency of beard, and many other common defects of mankind,—alarmingly common, alas! if we accept their significance according to Lombroso's doctrines.

But fear of discouraging anyone engaged on a perhaps fruitless search for the required phrenological bumps, restrains me from publishing a complete list — the result of thorough psychological research—of the necessary qualification for genius—or insanity.

The great Aristotle, says L., once the father, and still the friend, of philosophers, observed that under the influence of congestion of the head, "many persons become poets, prophets, and sybils, and, like Marcus the Syracusan, are pretty good poets while they are maniacal; but when cured can no longer write verse." A vast solace, surely, to those youthful aspirants for literary fame, whose genius often refuses to burn,—if only as a guarantee of sanity!

Still more comfort may be taken from consideration of the fact, that delay in development has always been characteristic of the greatest geniuses,—for example, Wellington, Burns, Goldsmith; and is explained, according to Beard, by the "ignorance of teachers and parents who see mental obtusity or even idiocy, where there is only the distraction of genius." Even now, perchance, we may be entertaining "an angel unawares" in these very precincts! who knows?

"The celebrated Australian novelist, Marcus Clarke, when a child, received a blow from a horse's hoof which crushed his skull"; and though the event was probably the result of an accident, history records methods, almost as severe, of superinducing genius, as it were. "Some, in order to give themselves up to meditation, even put themselves artificially into a state of cerebral semi-congestion." Thus, Schiller plunged his feet into ice before beginning work. Pitt and Fox prepared their speeches after excessive indulgence in port. Bonult, more modern in his ideas, only retired to a cold room, with his head enveloped in hot cloths. However, to judge from my own limited knowledge, such drastic measures are more liable, with the ordinary mortal, to superinduce a cold in the head than any transcendental outburst of genius.

In some of the traits common to insanity and genius, we see a further confirmation of our theory. The love of wandering, frequent

among men of genius, such as Heine, Byron, Wordsworth and Goldsmith, is an instance in point; and, again, the love of solitude, typical of both disorders, is commented on in Milton's character by Wordsworth's famous line(s):

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!"

That the seizures are somewhat alike in their instantaneous and intermittent character is shown in the comparatively infrequent appearance of creations of genius. The influence of changes in the barometer is in a measure accountable for this; as certain biographers tell us of the almost total eclipse of genius, in the "dog days," in such men as Voltaire, Milton, Napoleon, Heine, and Byron.

The pun is named as a characteristic form of this disorder; although my authority on the subject added this saving qualification to his statement: "one *need* not be either insane or imbecile to make puns, and associate words together on account of superficial resemblances."

The extraordinary over-development of one idea, or one phase of existence, common both to insanity and genius, is another link in our theory. Was Hamlet a genius or a madman? the Man of One Idea, or the man whose very multitude of ideas incapacitated him for action?

But on such a debatable subject, statistics are the great convincing arguments. So, if we turn to Lombroso, we find ample proof of the fact that a considerable number of lunatics are descended from men of ability. So also, statistics show that a large percentage of the geniuses of the world are Jews—which accounts for their *money-mania*?—Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Strauss, Heine, Auerbach, Bernhardt, Spinoza—what a host of examples through the pages of history! And we turn to Lombroso again, and find a correspondingly large proportion of the insane population is made up from the same race.

One more significant fact—"Women of genius are rare exceptions in the world," says an eminent authority on the subject. Ergo—? But, after all, for myself, "I am rather attracted than repelled by the failings of great geniuses; in their human limitations, their prejudices, I find the ties that link them to myself and to a humanity, whose perfection is not only a vague dream of the future, but actually and for the deepest reasons impossible." And be it insanity or genius which actuates them all, let us say with Mabie:

"Blessed are the individualities who are not lost in the mob, who have their own thoughts, and live their own lives!"

WINIFRED HUTCHISON.

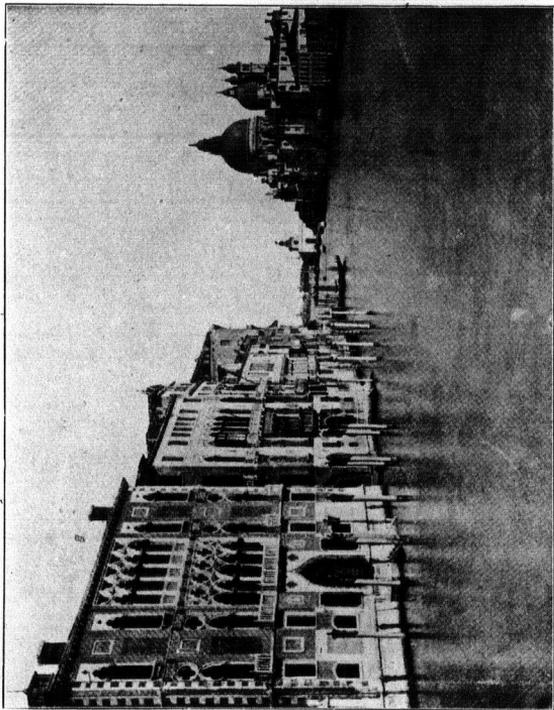
A Summer Holiday Abroad.

IN undertaking to review and note briefly some of the sights and impressions left from a hurried trip over the continent, there is perhaps more pleasure afforded to the writer than to the reader; for to the former it means living over again many delightful experiences, and tends to revive and impress many incidents and sights which might otherwise be forgotten in the bustle and pressure of a university course.

Our journey, by a North German Lloyd steamer, from New York to Genoa, was a rather long though an exceedingly interesting one. About a week after sailing, we passed quite close to Sao Miguel, one of the Azores. This island is very mountainous and it is curious to see how many of the mountains are cultivated to the very top.

A few days later, the steamer anchored for some hours in the Bay of Gibraltar. We went ashore by tender at six o'clock in the morning, and, early as it was, all the inhabitants seemed astir, for the streets were crowded with people, English, Spanish, Moors and Jews, many of them in distinctive costumes. The Spanish women were very picturesque with their lace shawls and fans, and we noticed quite a number who had their faces rouged and powdered, either to protect their complexions from the sun or to make themselves look like their English sisters.

Throughout the town there is a curious intermingling of English and Spanish architecture. The stores are, as a rule, very small and not at all inviting in appearance, and the houses are surrounded by high stone walls covered with vines. The streets leading up to the fort, which is of course the chief point of interest for visitors, are steep and so narrow that two carriages cannot pass. At the entrance to the fortifications we were asked to register and then a soldier was told off to show us around. Visitors are allowed only in the most unimportant parts of the fortress, but this is quite sufficient to give one an idea of its strength. The rock is intersected with passages and chambers, and through these we ascended to a height of about five hundred feet above the sea. It was quite a sight to look straight



Grand Canal, Venice

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down the face of the rock from this height, and also to view on one side, for many miles, the peninsula connecting the fortress with Spain, and on the other the ocean, dashing against the rocks. We were allowed to stay only a few hours in Gibraltar so, after driving through the town, were obliged to hurry back to the steamer.

Naples is beautifully situated on the Bay, and extends up the side of a steep slope. Many of the houses are high and narrow but there are also a great number of magnificent residences, and the Royal Palace is quite grand with its marble court and staircase and its walls covered with satin and paintings by the old masters. There is a beautiful park called the Villa Nazionale, where the nobility drive every afternoon, and of special interest to the antiquarian is the Museo Nazionale, an immense building containing thousands of statues, bronzes, and mosaics taken from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Mount Vesuvius, to the east, appears to be less than a mile from the city, but is, in reality, fifteen miles distant.

At Genoa we were shown the house in which, they say, Christopher Columbus was born. It is high and narrow and is situated in the oldest and worst part of the city. Another place which the visitor seldom fails to see is the cemetery, where there are thousands of the most magnificent monuments, for in Italy people erect their tombstones during their lifetime, and this naturally results in more pretentious and imposing memorials than where a different custom prevails.

It was about five o'clock one morning when we arrived in Venice, and at that hour, before the sun has risen, Venice is not at all enchanting. Besides, on the night before, Italians from all parts of the country had been celebrating one of their annual festivals, and the city had not yet recovered from the effects of this carousal. One of the first places we visited was the Piazza of St. Mark, a large square in the centre of the city, enclosed on three sides by handsome palaces, and on the fourth by the Cathedral of St. Mark. Behind this is the Palace of the Doges, where, among other interesting sights, were the rooms in which the Councils of the Ten and of the Three used to assemble. Leading from the palace over one of the canals to the prison is the Bridge of Sighs, across which prisoners under penalty of death are taken to be sentenced. We spent the greater part of one day in visiting the churches, of which there are an almost countless number, and we were surprised to find how much of the city could be traversed by walking. The church in which the festival

had been held was reached by means of a bridge of boats over the canal. The Grand Canal is lined with old, grey stone palaces, and it is exceedingly interesting to hear what celebrated people some of these have sheltered. Here we see the palace in which George Eliot spent some time, there the one in which Browning died. Not far from this is the palace at one time occupied by Byron, and further on the Palazzo Contarini-Fasan, or, as it is called, the House of Desdemona.

The most fascinating time is the evening, when your most glowing expectations are realised, and you feel that this is indeed Venice, the Magic City. When the Grand Canal is ablaze with light and in the sparkling water are reflected, as in a mirror, the beautiful buildings and palaces, it is most enchanting, while listening to the music wafted from the Piazza, to glide over the water in company with thousands in their gondolas.

Perhaps the grandest view we had was at Modane. Far above were the mountain peaks, capped with perpetual snow, merging further down into fertile green slopes, covered with grape-vines, while away in the valley below, the stream, fed from the glacier above, was here a dashing, turbulent river.

Chamonix is a beautiful, peaceful village in the heart of the Alps, and towering high above is Mount Blanc, the monarch of European mountains—with its summit clothed in a mantle of eternal snow and ice, battling with the fierce storms which are almost always raging in that elevated Arctic region, 15,730 feet above the sea. Visitors to Chamonix have frequently to remain for weeks to get a glimpse of Mount Blanc owing to the fact that, except in very clear weather it is above, and beyond, and completely shrouded by the mists and clouds floating at a lower elevation. Fortunately the sky was clear, and we had a splendid view of the mountain, and with the aid of a most powerful telescope, we observed mere specs moving on the snow which, we were told, were travellers making the dangerous ascent near the summit. We crossed the Glacier des Bossons on a very hot day, and it was delightful to find such a cool spot. The path leading up to it was through a pretty wood, where we found very beautiful flowers and ferns, with here and there torrents of icy water rushing down from the Glacier. The drive from Chamonix to Martigny by way of the Tête Noire Pass is over a road which after leaving Trient, ascends steeply to the Col de Trient, at an altitude of

about five thousand feet. In descending from here to the valley below we were kept in a state of constant terror through our drivers showing a disposition to go to sleep. When we had exhausted our French vocabulary in asking him questions, we had to resort to the point of an umbrella to assist in keeping him awake.

In Germany we first visited that grand, old, ivy-covered ruin, Heidelberg Castle, with its walls of immense thickness, and from the great tower of which a magnificent view of the valley of the Neckar is to be seen. Taking the Rhine steamer at Mayence, and passing Bingen, we were treated to a magnificent panorama of vine-covered slopes and numberless ruins and strongholds of old German barons. Among the most interesting sights are the Mäuse-Thurm and the Lorelei-Felsen, where the beautiful maiden lured sailors to destruction by her singing. Leaving the steamer at Cologne, and hurrying on through water-dyked Holland, we spent a few days at Amsterdam, where a very fascinating sight, for ladies especially, is the cutting and polishing of diamonds. At the Hague and its fashionable watering-place Scheveningen, we rested for some time, visiting the "House in the Wood" where the Peace Conference had just concluded its labours.

The Dutch women wear a most peculiar kind of brass helmet as a head-dress, over which they wear bonnets, and the children look clumsy and rather awkward, clattering about in their heavy, wooden clogs.

Brussels was our next stopping place, and, we confess to the weakness of most women in being unable to resist an early inspection of its noted lace factories. One has no idea of the amount of patience required in the making of the finest artistic laces, for years are often spent over one handkerchief, frequently resulting in ruined eyesight to the worker.

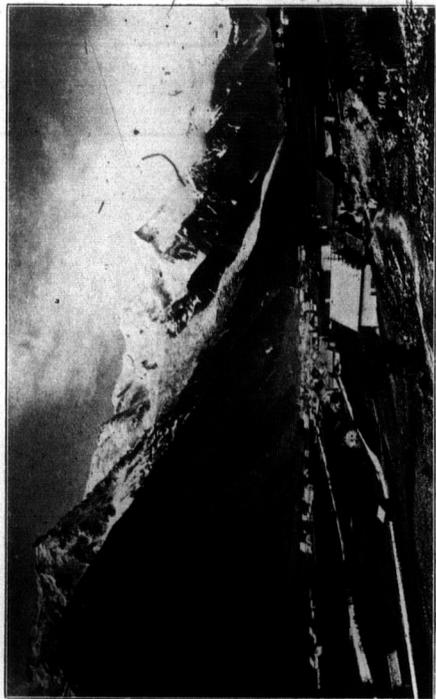
In Paris, the visitor feels at home immediately, for on all sides are seen streets and buildings, the names of which have long been familiar. One of our first excursions was to the Palace of Versailles, in which the ball room, the Salon des Glaces, is recognized as one of the finest rooms in the world. From its windows one has a charming view of old-fashioned gardens, stretching away in terrace after terrace, ornamented with flowers and fountains. The whole place throngs with memories of the Louis'. In the coach house are the imposing carriages used by them on state occasions, and in the

grounds, a short distance from the palace, is a little stone house in which the beautiful Marie Antoinette used to amuse herself playing dairy-maid.

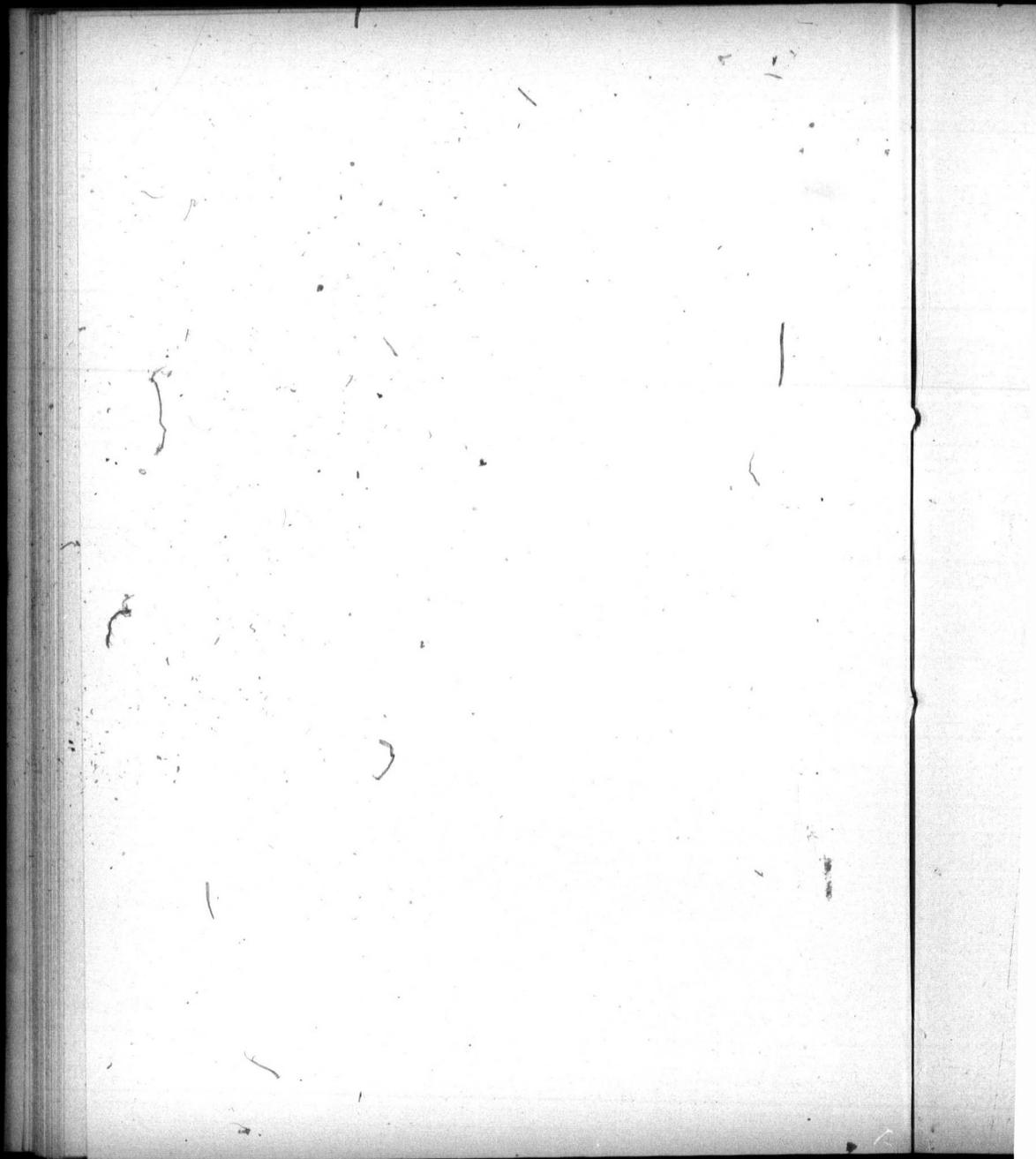
One sight in Paris, which appeals probably to everyone, is the beautiful tomb of Napoleon, situated in an open crypt in the Hotel des Invalides. The walls are of polished granite and the sarcophagus is one immense block of marble, surrounded by twelve large statues of dark marble, symbolizing his twelve great victories. The effect of the whole is greatly enhanced by the flood of golden light which streams through the stained windows. Over the entrance to the vault is the following inscription in French: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so well."

The buildings for the World's Fair were in a rather unfinished condition when we visited them; indeed the site of the principal entrance was still occupied by a row of stores. The Arts building, which is to be permanent, was sufficiently advanced to give one an idea of the magnificence, and the grounds, lying on either side of the Seine, afford every opportunity for the display of these brilliant artistic conceptions for which the French are noted.

MARION M. LANG.



Chamonix—Le Mont Blanc



Hercules.

"Thou, in this battle of life, be strong,—and forgive the weak."

THE old Greek god of all force was Hercules, the hero of twelve labors surpassingly great. Though our modern world does not personify its forces, it *has* a Hercules whose name is Work. The heathen god could vanquish any power that opposed him, could sweep aside all obstacles, and reach the wished-for prize. Just so, this Hercules of ours is triumphant, though there are lions to conquer fiercer than the Nemean, hydras to destroy more terrible than the Terrean, and golden apples farther out of reach than those in the garden of the Hesperides.

Of all the gifts bestowed on mortals, the greatest is a boundless capacity for work. With it go energy and perseverance,—the energy to attack and conquer every obstacle, the perseverance which can see shining far in the distance its beacon-light, can wait, and struggle and press onward to its goal. Happy is he who has this armour of triple steel! Through bitter discouragements, through long waiting and fierce struggle, it will not fail him. And the tide still turns for him who waits. No man works save under conditions; each has his limitations.

"Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little. 'Twill employ
Seven men, they say, to make a perfect pin;
Who makes the head, content to miss the point;
Who makes the point, agreed to leave the joint:
And if a man should say; 'I want a pin,
And I must make it straightway, head and point,'
His wisdom is not worth the pin he wants.
Seven men to a pin, and not a man too much."

Some tools are given to one, some to another. We can work only with the tools that are ours. Patiently, perseveringly must we sharpen them, whet the steel, and burnish the brass till they flash in the sunlight. Sometimes the brightest tools are dulled by disuse and rusted by neglect, and the work is all undone at the close of day; sometimes the tools that seemed at dawn so poor, so worthless, lie, at sunset, worn by the good service they have done their master.

For now-a-days, even in the present, which looks regretfully toward the past for its heroes and longingly toward the future for its trophies,—even to-day, *Work* has its heroes, as great in courage and endurance as were those of Greece and Rome, noble in self-sacrifice undreamed-of by the winners of the triumph and the wearers of the wild-olive crown. But to the bravest *we* give no triumph, and to the strongest no crown, even of wild-olive. We are sharp critics, we are hard to please: persistently we ignore, and swiftly we forget.

The world is like a great loom where each of us weaves his web. Seventy hours is the time for work and rest. And some are master-weavers. When but half the hours have glided by, while the sun shines brightest, and the work goes most briskly, and each is intent on his task, a master's web falls from his hands, and his workmen see him no more. And when the thread grows tangled, and the colors are hard to match, and their hands seem to have grown unskilful, they miss the master's presence, his swift glance and ready help. But his web lies there in the workshop, and they hasten to see what the master's hand has wrought. And lo! the web is wonderful. How did he weave so swiftly that the webs of fifty or sixty hours' work are only half as large? And the beauty of the pattern! Where did the master find the lovely colors, and how weave them in so skilfully? *They* never saw him use them. Only a few had watched as a deftly wove the threads. The others never knew the patient striving, and the watchful eye, and faithful heart of the master that wove the web. Back to their task go the toilers, and soon both worker and work are forgotten. But the few who had known the master remember the beauty and strength of the web, and long to copy the pattern. And the master's work is left unfinished.

And so, as long as the wheel of time shall turn, unfinished must all our work be;—"not as we *wish* we live, but as we *can*." Slowly

we cut the steps in the great mountain of life, and slowly climb upward. Be all our care to hew them out with brave heart and steady hand; to take from the paths of others the stones that tripped us, and the briers that cut our feet, that they may mount lightly where we travelled with infinite toil, forgetful of us, even as we have forgotten the lives on whose labors we stand. And we shall reach at last the life of perfect service, "when the day dawns and the shadows flee away."

"Tis not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be,—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make that fair,
Up to our means."

ANNA WOODS BALLARD.

An Apology.

(OVERHEARD)

A LADY passenger on one of the Muskoka steamers, had been unintentionally annoying the man at the wheel by asking questions at a time when all his attention had to be directed to his work. At last he so far forgot himself as to tell her to "Go to Jericho," or some other worse place. The lady, greatly shocked and insulted, complained to the captain, and insisted on an apology from the man. The captain promised to see to it, and, having called the steersman and heard his account of the affair, told him that whatever his provocation, he ought not to have spoken so to a lady, and that he must go to the cabin where she was and make an apology. The man was not convinced of his offence, but knew he must obey orders: and so went off rather sulkily towards the cabin. When he reached the door, he stood there till the attention of the lady was turned to him, and called out to her, "You need not go," then turned and went on deck.

The Old Family Butler.

MAJOR WHITE of Brownsville had an old servant, a "family piece," named William —, familiarly addressed as "Wull" He was a characteristic specimen of the type which has become almost extinct, combining the most respectful and affectionate regard for the family, with a good deal of natural independence and frankness of expression. On one occasion the Major required to leave home early, and for protection in traveling, meant to wear a heavy overcoat. After searching for some time without success, the Major became not a little irritated. His temper was not improved by seeing "Wull" walking up the avenue from the lodge where he lived, wearing the missing garment. On reaching the house, "Wull" was greeted with a violent explosion from his master, who demanded what he meant by carrying off his coat and keeping him searching for it everywhere. "Wull" stood it silently for a while, but at last gave vent to his sense of the Major's unreasonableness:—"What's the sense o' a' this noise? Hoo could I ken that ye wantit this coat? If ye had telt me ye wantet it, I could as easily hae ta'en anither ane."

It became necessary to add a third story to the house, to meet the convenience of the family, but the additional stair was a grievance to "Wull," who could not help showing it sometimes. Once, when Mrs. White was seated in the drawing-room, the door was opened by "Wull," who addressed her in a tone of severe dignity: "Gin ye hae ony orders, mam, I'll tak them noo, if ye please, for I'm gaun up to the tap o' the hous'."

A YOUNG lady who has recently finished her studies in Paris, and who is very proficient in French, was writing to a Boston friend one day. She was describing the progress of an *affaire du coeur* of a gentlemen friend, the object of whose affections was not very responsive. The gentleman's mode of expressing his devotion had proved very interesting to the writer, and in referring to the subject, she casually remarked: "*L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher.*" Her Boston friend on receiving the letter, took her French grammar, and by its friendly aid succeeded in rendering the quotation as follows: "Honesty is the best policy."

The Aberdeen Accent.

EVERY one knows that every locality in Scotland has its peculiar tone in speech, observed only by those who live beyond the district. Not the least marked is that of Aberdeen. A Paisley man had removed to Aberdeen from his native town, the accent of which is well known. He had preceded his family by several weeks to secure a house and have things generally prepared for them. At last he was gladdened by the arrival of his wife and children. On their way from the station, his wife had been struck with the local accent, so different from what she considered to be the pure speech: and when they were seated quietly in their new home she remarked to her husband: "Did ye notice, William, what a queer tone thae Aberdeen folk hae when they speak?" "Tone, wumman," replied the man, "I wuss ye had heard it when I cam' here sax weeks syne."

Hymen, O Hymenaie.

ASCEND, fair Grecian maid, the bridal car,
Thy father's vows are paid to the sacred fire,
No more thou art his child, a home afar
Awaits thee for its bride, another sire
Will rule thee evermore.

"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"
Hark, 'tis the bridal train!
"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"
Is ever the refrain.

White are thy robes, and chaste thy crown and veil,
And brightly burns the nuptial torch before:
Thy choir of pomp sublimely bid thee hail,
The car rolls on, till at thy master's door
It halts in lordly state.

"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"
The bridegroom meets his bride.
"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"
May naught of ill betide!

A cry escapes thy lips, thou feignest fear
As he essays to bear thee o'er the sill;
Thy handmaids haste to help and give thee cheer,
But he, the stronger, lifts thee at his will

Within the portals safe.
The choristers that honor'd with their hymn,
"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"
May wend their way; e'en now the torch grows dim.
"Hymen, O Hymenaie!"

Unto the sacred fire he leads thee now,
There from the lustral font bedews thy head;
Touch thou the flame, take to thyself a vow,
Share in his loaf when ye your prayers have said,
Thou and thy stranger king.

“Hymen, O Hymenaie!”

Her lot is to obey.

“Hymen, O Hymenaie!”

Her lord holds sovereign sway.

Not love of thee, but duty to his race
Led him to woo thee, lest his hearth grow cold;
'Twas not thy woman's sympathy and grace.
Mayhap he ne'er had seen thee when of old
Thy father's god was thine.

And so no rapturous joy rang thro' the air

“In Hymen, O Hymenaie.”

But all was solemn service, coldly fair

“In Hymen, O Hymenaie.”

OUDEMIA.

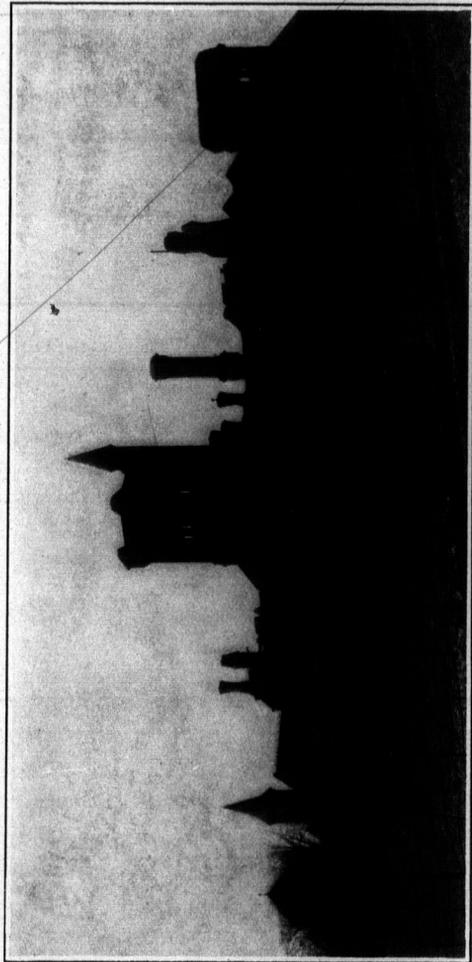
"What Our College Lacks in Completeness."

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT, AND WHAT, UNDER CERTAIN
CIRCUMSTANCES, MIGHT BE FROM A MAN'S
STANDPOINT AS WELL.

WE as women undergraduates of University College represent that phase of nineteenth century development in which it is deemed proper and just that the gentler, and, generally stigmatized, weaker sex, should enjoy the same privileges in the matter of higher education as the sterner sex. There has been, however, a great deal of discussion in recent years relative to the merits and demerits of such an education for women. In these discussions the demerits, I fear, are especially emphasized. One hears on all sides the worn and hackneyed tirade that a woman's proper sphere is in the home, where she should be the soul of sweetness and brightness; and, just as soon as she crosses its threshold, she is outside of her demesne, outside of that kingdom over which she should reign as queen.

Now, *myself* one of these so-called *misplaced* undergraduates of this great institution of learning, I have been compelled to construct a coat of armour in self-defence against such belligerent attacks. I never could see why a girl should be looked upon in the light of a species of domestic animal, to be fondled and trained by wiser and superior beings who deign, now and then, to impart a *little* of their knowledge—since more than *little* could not be imbibed—to these dear yet inferior creatures.

Bristling, however, as I constantly was with sharp-edged weapons, I was forced to stop, not long since, just at a time when my exuberant energy was at its zenith,—and consider whether or no I had hitherto labored under a huge hallucination. I was led to this by a series of happenings of a very practical and of an exceedingly humiliating nature. Let me relate them.



University Building the Morning after the Fire



You must now imagine one of these spurned representatives of woman-kind who drink deep of the well of human knowledge, domiciled, during a few weeks of her summer vacation, in an abode as its ruling goddess, in the absence of those who, in her opinion, had partaken only of the shallower depths of that wisdom which she regarded as omniscient. The thought of being a ruling spirit is apt to create in one a very pleasing sensation; but this sensation undergoes somewhat of a metamorphosis when one finds oneself all of a sudden the ruling *worker* as well. Our undergraduate however, bravely buckled on her sword—in this case her apron—and set to work. Her university training stood her in good stead: she entered into the hitherto unexplored regions of the science of cooking with the same zest and avidity with which she had approached the other sciences. Did she not already know from her studies in chemistry of the properties of tin, brass and iron: and are not these the chief appurtenances of a kitchen? The knowledge gained in a university training must certainly be applicable to the every-day matters of human life. Cannot a kitchen, therefore, be run upon the same principles as a laboratory?

So, imbued with the courage which is another of the advantages attendant on a college career, she first started upon the manufacture of biscuits. University undergraduates, especially "juniors," are always ambitious. She was quite sanguine of results. Was not this merely a chemical equation $\text{flour} + \text{butter} + \text{milk} = \text{biscuits}$. The result *had* to be biscuits, biscuits pure and simple. After opening the oven door at least twenty times the auspicious moment arrived when they "looked done" (presented a done aspect). They did not rise as high as she would have liked, but quality not quantity was the important matter. Imagine, then, the look depicted on the countenance of our cook in embryo when, at the evening meal her precious brother, busily engaged in prying open his biscuit, kindly informed her that she had forgotten to put the "stuffin" in the sandwiches. She said nothing but kept her awful apprehensions to herself. *Did* she put any baking-powder in? Of one thing, at any rate, she *was* certain, that baking-powder would go in next time.

The amount of matter in the universe is a constant quantity—none can be added nor taken away. Our science student determined that she would do her share towards verifying the truth of this law; or perchance it was the old adage "Waste not, want not," that haunted her. At any rate, she resolved that she would not waste those biscuits, nor would they on any other occasion make her the

butt of her brother's cruel and merciless jokes. What was she to do in this emergency? But she was a university undergraduate. *She* had not written for three consecutive springs in those bleak and formidable looking halls for nought. Her inventive powers had slowly been developing and these now came to her rescue. She ingeniously gilded some, and tied pale pink ribbon around them in pretty bow-knots, carefully attaching a little note upon which was written—"I'm sending you a small paper-weight designed after a biscuit as a slight remembrance. With love —." These she sent away to some of her friends who, doubtless, appreciated her artistic efforts. The remainder of the batch she purposed sending a few miles out of the city to feed her uncle's pigs. But from this humane project she desisted, owing to that incorrigible younger brother of hers who coolly let fall the observation that her uncle considered his pigs very valuable. Whether or no this remark had any bearing on the question in hand she did not quite clearly see.

The next thing on the tapis was baking a cake. She had been invited to a picnic, rather a grand affair, and she felt that this would be a capital opportunity of retrieving the reputation she had sacrificed in her first experiment in the science of cooking. She determined the cake should be a grand success. Naturally our embryo cook was not slow in making all present cognizant of the fact that she had baked a cake with her own hands. Everyone waited in breathless impatience for the advent of the cake. At last it came, duly announced as "Angel's Food." Let me say here that she had not been present at the packing of the hamper, and had not viewed the final result of her handiwork. What was her horror, then, to see her "Angel's Food" make its appearance a beautiful golden hue. She looked around in dismay on the company there assembled, only to see a cast of countenance—well, after all, perhaps it was merely the reflection of the cake. A mist rose before her eyes, but she was able to discern here and there a few persons take a taste of her "Food," then suddenly stop as if debating whether cake would agree with their internal organisms. Whatever could be the matter? What Midas-fingers could have been meddling with her hamper? Needless to say she did not enter into the spirit of the rest of the picnic—her face wore a wan and worn aspect, so busily was she engaged in trying to solve the mystery. She was beset by fearful forebodings—what if she really had included some poisonous substance in her list of ingredients! What culinary Nemesis was overhanging her? Here was another dilemma and, as was proper, our student appealed to her

scientific principles to extricate her. After a minute chemical analysis of the ingredients of her cake she at last hit upon the reason of its discoloration. She had expected baking-soda to perform the functions of baking-powder. If only she had chosen something a little more pleasing to the taste, results might not have proved quite so disastrous. The maxim "Waste not, want not" had, by this time, lost its efficacy. No longer actuated by human instincts, she dedicated this scorned morsel of the culinary art to the stove, to the loss—or gain shall we say—of her uncle's pigs. Our young queen of the kitchen realm was now forced to the conclusion that there are as many sphinxes to be encountered in making one's way through a "House-keeper's Manual" as through a university curriculum.

It was at this juncture that I indulged in a few mental aberrations. It was very evident a university education, omniscient as it had always seemed to me, had, in this case, served neither as a preventative nor a cure. Then the tempter presented the question—well! of what use in the world is a university training if it does not prove a guide and support in *any* walk of after life? This question so urgently and persistently put required some sort of answer, to form which I had to enter into a rather humiliating compromise considering the premises I had assumed, and, for so many years, stubbornly upheld. I could not, of course, admit unconditionally and unreservedly that a university education for women was of *no* practical use in after-life; yet how was I, in the face of all that had just transpired, conscientiously to try to prove that it was always beneficial? How much should I concede and how much still maintain? I was very loth to concede anything, but I was honest even with my own self. Here is the dread verdict as pronounced against a university education for women by the tribunal of justice over which my conscience and and experience sat as judges—*Found guilty of not affording knowledge of such a character as can be used advantageously in all after-walks of life.* Thus the doom was sealed. The sentence fell upon my aching heart like a knell of all those pet ideas, which seemed to me to constitute the *summum bonum* of existence and which had heretofore been the impetus of all my being. However, while sunk in the depths of deepest despair, that spirit of optimism, of which my soul is sometimes possessed, made itself felt. Why could not this deficiency be remedied? Great, indeed, must be the evil for which no antidote can be proffered.

Therefore I am now forced to make my compromise—to surren-

der, in fact, though conditionally. If a culinary department be added to the women's curriculum of the university course, then, and not till then, will I once more go forth and do battle for the cause of higher education for the gentler sex. If not, necessity compels me to make the humiliating concession that our college lacks in completeness. I would suggest that this culinary department be put in running order as soon as possible and that the results be on exhibition at the Class Receptions. I do not mean by this that they be placed around the wall in glass cases; but that they be really present in tangible form so as to be enjoyed, not only by the sense of sight, but by the sense of taste as well. Looking at this from a financial standpoint is it not a valuable suggestion? I think also that many embarrassing situations in the dim and distant future might be forestalled if extempore lunches and dinners were sometimes required to be served. Let no one think for a moment that I would wish to interfere in any way with the proposed dining-hall. By the way, why should not the two schemes be united into one, grander and more comprehensive? Then again the men might materially aid their plan when making arrangements for their next annual dinner.

Considering all the advantages to be derived by both the men and women students, let me here, on behalf of all those poor unfortunates who have had bitter experiences like unto mine, make the humble plea that this weighty matter be immediately submitted to the careful consideration of the Senate of the University of Toronto, and let me also express the wish that its importance may be duly felt and appreciated by that sage and august body.

CHARLOTTE S. WEGG, '00.

“Sans Teeth, Sans Eyes, Sans Taste, Sans Everything.”

THAT'S what you'll be some day,—a day far off, when the importance of examinations will be a thing to be smiled over, and the walls of old 'Varsity will be as grey in memory as in the mists of Hallowe'en.

Then, prithee, fill your arms with pillows and shawls, and follow Tibbie and me across the brook to the daisy-fields. We go at a slow pace, and, because I have no hands free, Tibbie takes a fast grip of my skirt to ensure her against slipping.

With the long grass to hide us from intruders, and in the shade of a clump of trees, we spread our shawls, leaning our pillows up against some saplings. After our tramp in the afternoon sun, the first game I persuaded the blue-eyed four-year-old to play is Dreaming. What sweet dreams are passing behind those closed eyes I know not, but through my dreams I feel the great west wind blow, and the sapling tug and strain at its roots, and I learn something of the way youth gets a grasp on life. I hear the dipping song of the goldfinch passing overhead, and the unceasing interrogations of the red-eyed vireo in the trees by the brook. Don't you know the red-eyed vireo? He was once a little boy of inquisitive mind, and with the grim humor of fairies, his god-mother doomed him to continue perpetually in that wherein he had offended; only, for the peace of men, she made his home in the trees, and gave him a sweet voice. I wonder sometimes what the god-mother might have been tempted to do with Tibbie, but I have never mentioned to my questioner the fate of the little bird; partly because I think the god-mother was a cross old thing, who was driven to this course to hide her own ignorance, and partly because my own life still trembles with many unanswered questions.

It seems that it needs more than tightly shut eye-lids for Tibbie's inspirations, and presently she demands something more lively. So

we each select a steed from among the great fluffy clouds floating over the hills, and finding two that look so thick we need not fear dropping through, we set off over the hills and down the valley of the river. Alas, holes come in our clouds, and get bigger all the time, so that when at last our white steeds have melted away, we are glad but not surprised to find that we have dropped into the front garden of Tibbie's aunt. Not having been introduced to the lady of the house, I naturally feel a little shy about calling so unexpectedly: and as we are planning how two people can impersonate three, and Tibbie's aunt thus be made acquainted with "Tibbie's fwend," we hear a locomotive whistle, and remember that it is time to start for home. We snatch up our purses and bags of leaves, borrowed from the bushes, and board the train. Tibbie does the necessary puffing and snorting, which soon brings us back to our own little town.

After such a journey, my small friend's suggestion of serving supper is warmly greeted. I suppose that we shall sit down together, but Tibbie has no idea of playing any such inactive role. "I am Mary," she says, and lays before me a maple leaf, on which is daintily served pine-needle salad. It is a delightful dish, and the manner of enjoying the refreshment is to crush the needle between your fingers, and take generous sniffs. Then I ring a little bell, and Mary brings on the next course. It is the biggest daisy in sight, but Mary calls it a cup of milk: and I toss my head back and drain it to its yellow bottom. Not till then does Mary find pine-needle salad and milk for her own sweet lips: and even then she must eat in the "kitchen," which I am glad to find is no further away than a neighboring bush.

The pee-wee is uttering his plaintive note, and the companions of our former steeds are turning golden in the west. I whisper a soft "swiss-wiss," and Mary is Mary no longer, but jumps to her feet, turns her head quickly to right and left, and with joyful "chick-a-dee-dee-dees" flutters softly to my arms. With the evening sounds all about us, together we hie to our own home nest.

When the anticipated day does come, and you begin to lose some of those things you had thought necessary to happiness, may you never need to be sans cloud and field, and, most of all, never sans some blue-eyed Tibbie!

"A LADY OF NINETY-FIVE."

The Old Church.

IT was not large nor fine. It was only picturesque, crumbling, and gray and ivy-grown. It stood there in the hollow, weatherbeaten, and alone, except for the grave-stones and the three groups of sheds straggling along the country road in front. There it stood, a long, narrow frame structure, gray with age and innocent of paint. The grass in the grave-yard was long and unkept; raspberry bushes and weeds grew thickly in the corners and along the fences.

The interior was quite as bare. The walls and ceiling were white; and unornamented save by the few hooks which served to suspend the wires supporting the long rows of stove-pipes. The pews, pine, straight-backed and hard, ranged along both sides of the long, single isle until it met the cross isle in front of the raised part of the floor, at the back of the church. In the centre, at the back, was the pulpit. The sole ornament of the church, it rose, high and box-shaped, more than half way to the ceiling. A winding stair climbed up one side and was shut off at the top by a small door, so that the pulpit formed a pleasing retreat for the minister. Once he had entered and seated himself he disappeared entirely from view, unless, perchance, the arch of his head peeped above the enclosure. The reading-desk, fixed in front of the pulpit, was covered with scarlet cloth and hung with fringe and tassels of the same color. Upon it both Gaelic and English versions of the Holy Scriptures, and of the Psalms in metre found a place.

At the foot of the lofty seat stood a little, old table, boasting a red cover on ordinary occasions, but draped in snowy linen on communion days, when the holy feast was spread upon it. In the corner by the stairway were the collection bags, wonderful contrivances consisting of long wooden rods painted black, to which pouches of red

cloth were attached. These were passed in and out among the long pews just before the benediction, to receive the offerings of the people.

Such were the furnishings of the quaint, old house of God, plain, homely it may be, but sacred. The Gaelic fathers and mothers who worshipped there have long ago entered into their rest. The churchyard holds their dust, but the old church is gone. Nothing of it remains but one bare, unsightly spot that the grass and brambles cannot cover. Tread softly, traveller, for this is holy ground. A little child once thought she saw God there, in the presence of his ministers. It was a childish fancy, but the Lord truly was gracious unto his people in this lowly tabernacle; many sought and found Him there, and worshipped Him in the Beauty of His Holiness.

KLEOS, '02.

Morning Praise.

CAROLING at first dawn
From a chimney black and high,
Trilling there its life-song
To its Father, then more nigh;

Singing forth its full breast,
Filled with freshest joy and love;
Morning thanks for night's rest,
Sent to bird from God above.

From half-lit window, I
Pray to God for heart as pure,
That I may lift on high
Praise as full from voice as sure.

Days' hours are for earth,
But the morning, God, is mine;
That noon may be more worth,
Take dawn, O God, and make it thine.

College Dictionary.

A DVERTISEMENT. A notice; a most profitable way of acquiring world-wide fame (we hope) if inserted in Sesame.

BLUES.—A so-called inexplicable state where the atmospheric pressure of multitudinous tribulations weighs as an insupportable burden upon the mental processes of its innocent possessor.

BROKE.—The state of most of us a week before Christmas.

CHOICE AND CHANCE.—A part of algebra in which you take your chance of getting through, or if you don't you have a choice of taking it over again in the fall.

CRAM.—Something that rhymes with jam, but does not mean at all the same thing. If, however, the first letter is eliminated the remaining word is almost synonymous.

EXAMINATIONS.—That part of the College course devoted to the education of the faculty.

FLUSH.—The state of our pocket-books just after we have received a letter from home.

GRADUATION.—The realization of the hopes of four years, and the wish for four more.

HOME.—The place that seems most distant from this section of the country to one who has experienced College life but for a limited time.

LUCK.—What puts you through an exam.

PLUG.—The Board has had no experience so cannot adequately define. A prize offered for a definition and a concrete example.

PSYCHOLOGY.—A difficult science fitted only for brilliant and starry intellects.

PUN.—Something said to get you into Sesame, which accounts for this scarcity in the college.

SESAME.—The Year Book. Finest production of its kind. The book for which all of us expect to furnish the whole material from our own sayings and exploits, *if we have time*.

STUDY.—One of the cardinal sins. An employment generally indulged in by seniors, and occasionally others.

E. E. P.

A Vagary.

 ONE of the most cherished memories of my childhood is that of a quaint castle, which used to excite my wonder and admiration as I passed it in my daily walk. But, though the exterior, with its high tower, rugged battlements, and odd windows, pleased me, I knew nothing of the interior, till, one day when I had almost attained the dignity of womanhood, I obtained possession of a large key that would unlock the heavy doors: and I gaily set off to visit the enchanted palace.

On opening the main door, I found myself in a spacious hall. Beyond were the apartments of the castle, and over an arch which led to the interior was the inscription—*Contemplare et disce*. Just to the right of the door, a magnificent staircase, of the most exquisite workmanship, led to the summit of the tower. After examining for some time the intricate and delicately executed carving in the balustrade, I entered a large room at the top of the castle.

The room was furnished after the old English style, with massive oak chairs and tables, and heavy tapestry-draperies. There were also many curious ornaments scattered about, and the walls were decorated with Latin mottoes. But, happening to glance out of one of the windows, I forgot to examine the furniture more closely, for my eye caught sight of a wonderful scene below.

It was a scene of unusual activity. Numberless human forms flitted here and there, each apparently absorbed in the business of the hour. Upon closer scrutiny I saw that each person carried a ball of colored cord which he unwound, as he walked, and let fall to the earth, where it was caught and held in place by a slightly cohesive

substance on the surface of the soil. The cords were of various shades, purple, scarlet, gold, gray, brown, and white, according to the circumstances of the owners.)

But the beauty of the design made by the cords depended more on the perfection of the curves than on the color of the cords. And each individual had it in his power to aid in the execution of the whole, by keeping his curves round and perfect; or to mar the work, by taking sudden turns, thus giving it an irregular appearance. Moreover, there seemed to a director, in an elevated position east of the castle, and unseen by me; for I saw the workers glancing upward in that direction, from time to time. I also noticed that, when one went wrong, others around him were apt to be influenced, and there were some who seemed to be continually getting themselves and their neighbors into trouble. There were some, indeed, who evidently took delight in doing as much mischief as possible. These resorted to all kinds of schemes to entice the workers into crooked paths; but the method adopted by one class of deceivers struck me as being particularly cunning. A member of this class would approach a neighbor and with a smiling face compliment him on the beauty of his curves; or, perhaps, on his personal appearance. Then, having succeeded in taking his victim's attention from his work, the knave would lead him, at will, through a most angular course and finally leave him in a hopeless tangle. The dupe, listening with apparent pleasure to the wily words, forgot the ball in his hands; now slackened his pace while he still unwound the cord, and now walked quickly while he neglected to unwind; so that not only was he wasting his time but was pulling and distorting the work he had done previously, and making it unfit to form part of an harmonious design.

There were, however, some earnest toilers who would stop when they met one of these deluded victims and warn him of his danger; but it seemed to me as if this were like rousing him from a pleasant dream. An expression of vexation, more or less concealed, passed over the faces of those who were thus admonished. The kindly interest was resented in some cases; although more often it had the effect of arresting the wanderer, of inducing him to look again for guidance, and of causing him to make a fresh start. The unfortunates generally tried to unravel the tangles in their cords; but the task of undoing what was done required much arduous labor and greatly delayed further progress.

The colors of the cords interested me, and I tried to discern who were the bearers of the different shades. Several times I thought I had recognized an acquaintance, when the light changed and the resemblance faded before my eyes. Some cords were of many colors, red, blue, yellow, green and brown, in recurring sections. This puzzled me, for I could not understand its significance nor tell why they should be so. There were also bicolored cords; some being dark gray through the first half of their length and then changing to a brilliant gold or purple; others being bright at first and taking a sombre tint afterwards. Again, the parts of the design intrusted to the various artisans differed widely in elaborativeness; and it seemed to me that the dull colors were oftenest laid in the prettiest curves, while the gay ones were used in the coarser lines of the figure. I noticed, too, that the cords were of varying lengths, and that white formed the most minute and delicate details of the work.

As I gazed in wonderment upon the sight, the pattern grew dim, the colors faded, and I knew not what I had seen. But afterwards I often thought of the toilers I had beheld from the castle tower, and wondered if they wove the web of destiny.

E. G., '03.

Obiter Dicta

THE contrast between the winter of England and that of the Riviera, is made very striking to a tourist, by the shortness of the journey from London to the Mediterranean coast. In thirty hours after taking leave of the London fog, the traveller may rejoice in a new world of sunshine and flowers, for he has reached "the land where the citron-trees bloom." Partial nature, lover of extremes, has showered tokens of her favor on the Riviera, and has encircled the glowing landscape with a sky that resembles a blue silk tent. The olive woods and the grape-vines on the hills, with deep green colouring, form the background of the picture. Orange and lemon groves extend, in long, bright, yellow lines, from the olive woods to the red rocks on the beach, that is washed by the blue, tideless Mediterranean. The brilliancy of the landscape is increased by roads of dazzling whiteness, and roofs of vivid red. Outdoor occupations are very attractive, and the tanned faces of the peasants tell the tale of their life among the vineyards and mountains.

Close to the French and Italian frontier is La Mortola, a little Italian village by the sea. In this hamlet, an English merchant from Shanghai has built schools, and has benefited the villagers in so many other ways, that King Humbert has honored the Englishman with knighthood, and he is known as the Chevalier Thomas Hanbury. The knight had been still more highly honored by her Majesty the Queen, who from one of the kiosques of his exquisite gardens, sketched the Bay of Mentone.

Leaving the wonderful natural beauties of La Mortola, the Riviera railway, skirting the sea, passes through Bordighera. In the neighbourhood of this village the finest palms of Italy are found, and those used in Rome on Palm Sunday are sent from Bordighera. At

his villa, in this hamlet by the sea, George Macdonald for many years delighted English visitors with his readings. Following the coast line eastward, the railway reaches the old town of Genoa, which nestles among the highest peaks of the Maritime Alps. The Campo Santo of this city, its grand harbour and extensive shipping are of great interest. A statue of Christopher Columbus stands just outside the station. The train, passing through a tunnel under the city, and continuing its course down the Italian coast line, reaches Spezzia Bay. Shelley was drowned in this bay, and in accordance with an Italian custom, the poet's body was burned on the beach in the presence of his friends, Byron, Keats, and Leigh Hunt. His ashes are buried in the English cemetery at Rome, where his tomb bears the inscription,

“Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.”

The blocks of white marble that strew the beach a few miles below Spezzia Bay show that the train is nearing the famous Carrara. A short distance beyond this town is the bridge crossing the mouth of the Arno, from which the leaning tower of Pisa is distinctly seen. The next bridges that the railway crosses are those over “Father Tiber,” and the train arrives at the Eternal City.



Dragon on Staircase

60



Knebworth.

IN the heart of one of the pleasantest shires in England, some thirty miles from the smoke and din of London, lies the Castle of Knebworth. Though not one of the largest, it is certainly one of the most beautiful of the many stately homes of which England is so justly proud. Its interest lies not only in its architectural grandeur, and in the picturesque and beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded, but also in the fact that it has been the home of one of England's greatest novelists, Bulwer Lytton.

The castle is approached after about an hour's drive along a perfect English road, which seems to stretch away like a long white ribbon between the green fields. Patrician trees which for centuries the ruthless hand of war has never touched, cast their welcome shade across the roadway. The fields look like velvet, unbroken save by the even softer lines of the green hedgerows; the dark tree-masses are so softly rounded; and the red-tiled roofs, or brown thatched cottages are such a soothing contrast. The roads are the finest in the world, save, perhaps, those of Italy. And you feel that you could love this country with a tenderness you never felt towards your own. It is the perfect mansion of an old-world civilization. But one is enthusiastic about one's own land. England is like a gentle grandmother, hoary and dignified. But America is our mother, strong, vigorous, and full of a splendid promise. She is rough, crude and unfinished, with her great, untamed rivers and her proud defiant mountains. But she is the cradle of the Future.

As we drove up to the door finally, through what was the old court entrance, the grim dragons on the gateposts, and the ancient, scarred and time stained walls seemed to frown down upon us as "irreverent Americans," as we passed under their cool shadow. Passing through the great hallway, whose stone floor is worn into deep hollows and covered with the most modern rugs, one reaches the wide stone portico at the back, and here a scene of almost overwhelming beauty greets the eye. As far as one can see stretches the park of English turf that has been "clipped and rolled for a thousand years,"

green in the warm sunshine. Fountains are spouting long jets of sparkling, white water from fauns, griffins, dragons and cupids on the terraces, which rise one beyond the other, receding gently from the view till they are lost in the valley beyond. Splendid green masses of laurel hedges, dark pine and cypress, and the English hawthorne, soften the dazzling white of the marble steps and the gravel paths. Everywhere there is a profusion of flowers, roses, carnations, mignonette, and the brilliant English poppy, until one is almost weary of the color. With the great flat blue sky, and the whole place flooded in sunshine, it is like a beautiful vision.

Seen from the terraces the house itself is even more imposing than it seemed when we first drove through the court-yard. It is built in the ornate Tudor style, with slender towers at the corners, capped in a style suggestive of Moorish architecture. The long mulioned windows were one of the most beautiful and distinctive features of this period, and to-day they have an added beauty in the long arms of ivy which sway to and fro in front of them. The main door is formed by a facade of Corinthian pillars, and leads directly into the grand hallway. This still retains all the characteristics of the later Tudor style, although it has been subjected to a good deal of alteration. The walls are hung with paintings, which both here and in the gallery adjoining, form a collection famous for its beauty and worth. Every part of the castle contains, indeed, some object of interest. There is the room in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept when she honored the Lord of Knebworth with a visit, and which is still preserved almost intact. The walls are hung with tapestry, and the great four-post bed, the high oak table, and the white and blue mantle with its quaint inscription of Latin, are looked upon with an almost reverent interest.

When at last we were ready to start back for the city the sun was almost setting. The great black towers stood out against the sky's background of pink, and purple, and blue in the west, and the vast grey dome overhead. The farm houses looked like small white cameos in a background of green. And the hedges grew blurred in the quickly falling twilight, as we watched them through the car windows. And we felt rather sorry as we sped back to the city, where the sound of the scythe has long since been lost in the ramble of tram cars, and rows of electric lights take the place of the stars.

E. E. PRESTON.

At Sunrise.

THE cloud that floats high o'er the crest of the morn,
In the green lucent light hanging listless and cold,
Thrills high with joy of a glory new-born,
When the sun-rays transfuse it with amber and gold.

And the bird on the wing as he soars to the light,
From the blue fields of air sends his tremulous glee,
And the wild butterfly is away on his flight,
And the wind is awake in the tall poplar tree.

When the dew 'gins to change into pearls in its bowl,
The sweet morning-glory with gladness is rife,
And the mist on the hillside is thrilled to the soul
Where from out of its bosom the rainbow has life.

O, glad is the wind, and the mist on the hill,
And the sweet morning-glory a-gleam on the wall,
And the butterfly free at his own wanton will,
But the gay heart of youth is the gladdest of all!

In the wild heart of youth there is gushing a spring
Rich, warm as the east, as the light zephyr free;
On, upward, bold heart, like the bird on the wing!
The glory, the gladness, the hope is for thee.

EDITH SUMMERS.

Side Talks With Girls.

BY THE EDITOR.

(In this column I will cheerfully answer any questions sent me by my girl readers.)

I NQUISITIVE.—Engagement rings are worn on the third finger of the left hand. This is imperative—if you want your friends to find out quickly.

LITTLE GIRL.—How to be “dead swell,” as you call it, is hardly a question I can answer in these columns. That is not the best English you might have used. Yes, you write well.

FRESHETTE.—No, the library ticket is not punched at the door. In this respect it resembles your rink ticket. Both are worn round the neck, attached to a bit of pink string. A fine gold chain might do, however, if you haven't the string.

COSME.—I do not give recipes for complexion lotions in these columns. When you write again, enclose a stamp for reply.

DIGNITY.—If you wish to know about some young man, ask the man himself. Don't get your friend to ask your brother to find out for you. Boys notice this sort of thing very quickly, and are apt to take advantage of you.

NAUGHTY THREE.—No, when late for a lecture it is not necessary to distract the attention of the class by apologising to the professor in charge. This had better be done in private, if done at all. It is better, however, to be late as seldom as possible.

ONA ONE.—No, green goggles are not considered good form outside of college circles. Besides this, they have a marked objection to

balancing on one's nose for the space of more than sixty seconds at a time, so that they somewhat distract one's attention from study. I should not advise wearing them.

MORE THAN ME.—When travelling in Europe it is always best to have a guide-book for the different cities. And do not be sure you will be able to speak all the languages at once. This saves disappointment. In fact you will find that the only thing the matter with the continental cities is that they each speak a different tongue—and that all are horrible. Do not take much baggage with you. You can buy whatever you want, and a good deal you don't, abroad. Take an umbrella, or a pair of rubbers. You may need them.

NOT WE.—If you exchange pictures with the girls of your year, I would hardly advise you to give them to your brother to take back to college with him. Your friends might not like it if they accidentally heard of it.

VOX POPULI.—I know of no cure for mosquito bites except tar soap, ammonia, and butter mixed with a little olive oil and baking powder, to take the inflammation out.

MAISIE.—It is not exactly a good habit to be late for all meals. Gloves can be cleaned and made to look like new by dipping them in the white of an egg and then rubbing with an old tooth brush until a shining surface is procured.

WEARY ONE.—Yes, you will find the elevator to the second floor in the N.N.E. corner of the main building. Being somewhat out of working order however, owing to overcrowding in the days of our grandmothers, it only runs *down*.

MORE THAN US.—No, the expression "perfectly lovely time" is now devoted entirely to the use of those returning home from the "Rugby" or "Conversat." later than 2 a.m. At that hour the active intellect is at its lowest ebb. This may account for the frequency of the use of this expression by these revellers.

The Two Locksley Halls.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Locksley Hall.

"All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
Forward far and far from here is all the hope of fifty years."

"Sixty Years After."

THE ecstasy of love, the passion of betrayal, the bitterness of disappointment, and the noble aspirations of youthful fancy, are the central ideas about which the poem of "Locksley Hall" is entwined. The other "Locksley Hall," written after half a century had elapsed, represents the ecstasy of love changed into the prating babble of a fond old man, the fiery passions of youth transformed into the pessimism of old age, and the lofty aspirations of early life shattered by the experiences of later days. The young soldier of the first poem, with all the intensity of youthful passion, disappointed in love, bereft of faith in womankind, soliloquizes on the future of his race, yearns for "the large excitement that the coming years will yield," predicts the dawn of a glorious era: and then taking a long farewell of the home of his childhood, plunges madly into the work of the world. But sixty years elapse, the young man has become old, and the conflict has well-nigh ended; but the realization of his boyish dreams has not been accomplished. "Fifty years of Europe" have rolled by; but the mighty changes wrought have not rung in "the thousand years of peace."

"Locksley Hall," published in eighteen hundred and forty-two, secured for Tennyson an enviable and permanent reputation. The poem touched all that was youthful, ambitious and inspiring in the

hearts of Englishmen. The hero is pre-eminently a young man, youthful in his loves, his passions, his dreams of a Utopian future. With the tenacity of youth he clings to the present; with the ambition of budding manhood he dips into the future; and with the earnestness of developing maturity he prepares to enter the battle of life. The setting of the poem is that which charms the youthful mind. The works of nature are lovely; the stars shine bright and beautiful, for the clouds of maturity and old age have not overshadowed the clear blue of the firmament. The sweet singer of England took up the "Harp of Youth and smote on all the chords with might."

But in eighteen hundred and eighty-six, when the poet had reached "such years as the many wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home," a new "Locksley Hall" appeared. In it, the curtain is drawn aside for a moment upon the closing scene of the drama of sixty years ago: and our old time chivalric hero breathes his last before us.

There emanates from this later picture the impersonation of old age: and the wailing music of the monologue bespeaks disappointment and regret. The young soldier of long ago, is the ancient grandsire of the modern youth; and he rambles on from babbling anger to soft forgiveness; from passionate memories to pathetic expectations of the world to come. He overwhelms his grandson with cries of "Chaos, Cosmos, Cosmos, Chaos," but love triumphs at the last. The poem is long, and perhaps needlessly so; but this may have been intended by the poet to represent the garrulousness of old age. The poem is saved from the stigma of pessimism by the belief in immortality, and the glad expectations of the life beyond.

It is not often that we have so excellent an opportunity of comparing and contrasting the opening and closing scenes of life's drama; of studying side by side the crude egotistical ideas of youth, with the ripe, settled opinions of maturity. The hero of "Locksley Hall" is a creation of the poet's brain, and in no wise represents the poet's views: and the grandsire of the later poem is the development of the youth. The very character of the hero in his distorted, though lofty ideas of life; in the fact that he does not enter the broad field of battle, but settles down to work out theories of progress, precludes the possibility of the development of broad-minded and optimistic ideas. Of necessity, the hero of "Sixty Years After" must be the guerulous old man.

The advance of sixty years, however, has changed the hero's crude, hastily formed opinions of womankind into a beatific reverence for all womanly traits. The disappointed lover, with the egotism of inexperience, exclaims in the earlier days,—

"Nature made them blinder motions, bounded in a shallower brain."

"Woman is the lesser man, and all her passions matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine";

but the mature judgment and wide experience of time has softened the heart, and the dying man reverses the nobility of woman's character.

"She with all the charm of woman, she with all the breadth of man."

"Strong in will, and rich in wisdom, Edith, yet so lowly sweet,
Woman in her inmost heart, and woman to her tender feet."

The old grandsire of "Sixty Years After" is optimistic in his religious views, and contrasts, to the detriment of the materialist, the lives of his son and his grandson.

"Wiser than thou, that crowning barren death as lord of all,
Deem this over-tragic drama's closing curtain is the pall."

He insists that the inherent instincts of man prove the truth of a life beyond; and that it is only by a conception of mortality—that man may be made a moral creature.

"The Good, the True, the Pure, the Just,
Take the charm 'forever' from them and they crumble into dust."

It is, to me, a peculiar feature of the poems, that all the bitterness of the young man, all the pessimism of the old man are clustered about one central figure, that of the faithless Amy. The forsaken youth predicts judgment upon his sweetheart, and invokes a curse upon her as he breaks away from conventionality, and seeks oblivion in labor. But in the closing scene of life, we can see nothing but fond memories of the love of the old man's youth.

"I this old white-headed dreamer stooped and kissed her marble brow."
to the Amy of long ago, and tender memories recur in the midst of his railings.

"Dead, the new Astronomy calls her—

* * * * *

On this day, and at this hour
Here we met—our latest meeting—Amy, sixty years ago."

The heart breaking passion of long ago has developed into the satisfying memories of age: the once faithless Amy has become the guardian angel of an old man's steps.

Why Tennyson should have filled the world with the wailing music of "Sixty Years After," and left the impress of failure upon the progress of the present age, is difficult to understand. There is, it seems to me, but the one redeeming feature for which it was worth a poet's while to depress mankind who are depressed enough in this work-a-day world. Underlying the sadness, there is the still dawning hope that man may yet accomplish much, since man he believes "can half control his doom": and the steadfast belief that the infinite future is in the hands of Him who

"Sent the shadow by Himself, the Boundless o'er the human soul,
Boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole."

A. C. MACDONALD.

Editorial Notes.

WITH the publication of the present volume, Sesame celebrates her fourth birthday. When she was first launched there were those whose trepidity led them to express the belief that she would not live more than one year. But such has been the enthusiasm displayed by the undergraduates who have taken upon their shoulders the trouble and responsibility of carrying the work through, Sesame is, and we sincerely hope will continue to be, a direct refutation of this assumption.

Sesame was the result of a positive demand from the women undergraduates of University College. For some years before its appearance there was a well expressed wish that there should be an effort to publish a popular, literary Year Book. The natural risks attendant upon such a venture and the many chances antecedent to its success, had hitherto acted as effectual deterrents to embarking in such a labor. In 1897 however, some more courageous spirits appeared, who professed their willingness to undertake what at that time appeared to be a risk. Since then Sesame has been building her road to Success. The path has not been entirely rose-strewn, but Sesame had a firm foundation of youthful enthusiasm, hope, and energy, which all go to make any literary founding vigorous. As regards the advertising patronage she has flourished, and we duly tender our thanks to these many merchants of divers wares for their kindness and goodwill in allowing our columns to be mediums for attracting the attention of the general public. And our sincere thanks are also due to the many friends, both the undergraduates, and those who have left the College for a wider sphere, but who still retain a warm spot in their hearts for us, for the contributions with which they have so kindly assisted our efforts.

Sesame, 1900, carries greetings to her friends everywhere. Offered in the spirit of the holiday season, of hope and joy, she wishes you all prosperity, and bids you farewell for another year. If she brings interest and pleasant remembrances to those who have long since left our classic halls, and perhaps amusement to those who still tread the thorny paths of learning, her mission has been well fulfilled.

SESAME has been struggling for a place in the hearts of the women of University College. Those who graduated before '97 may even yet consider it an innovation. This year the Business Board thought to arouse a general interest among the women as well as to raise the literary standard of the contributions by offering a prize worth five dollars for the best essay written by an undergraduate. The essays have been submitted to Professor Alexander and Mr. Keys.

The illustrations, *The Grand Canal of Venice*, *Chamouix*, and *The University Gates*, appear through the kindness of Miss Lang and of Miss Butterworth. Sesame desires also to thank "Varsity" for the use of the cuts of *The Main Door*, and of *The Dragon on the Staircase*.