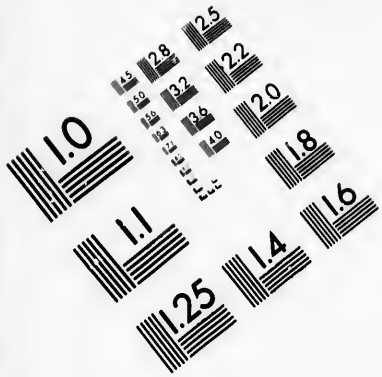

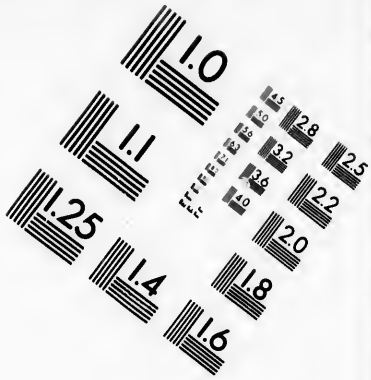

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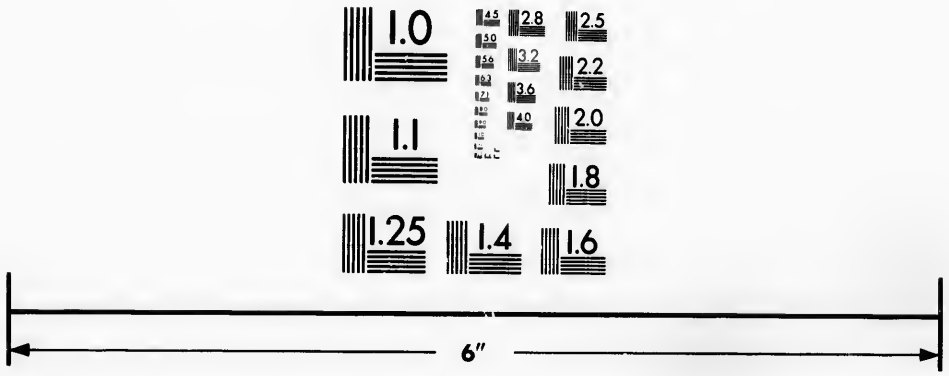

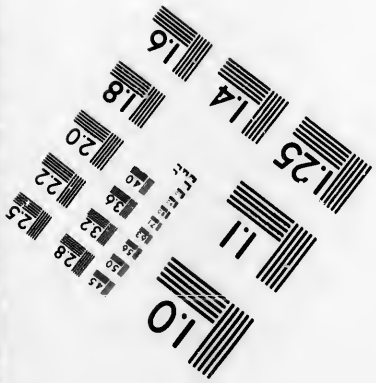

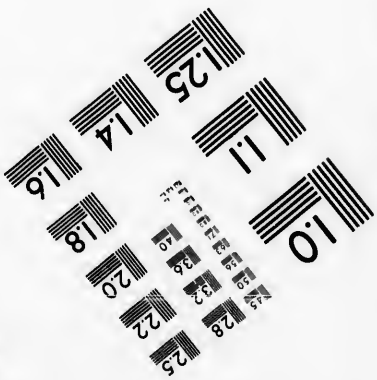

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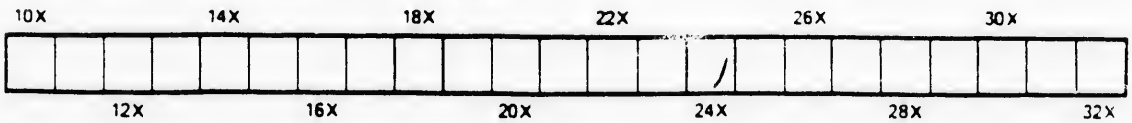

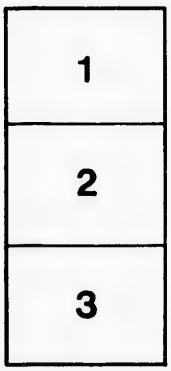

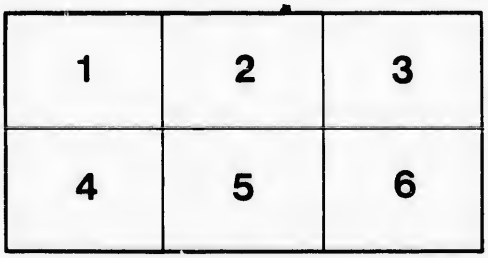

O. N. C. Christmas Magazine.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1897.

J. A. McLellan, M. A., LL. D.
Principal.

R. A. Thompson, B. A.
Vice-Principal.

FACULTY.

J. A. McLELLAN, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Psychology and History of Education.
R. A. THOMPSON, B. A., Lecturer on School Management.
J. T. CRAWFORD, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Mathematics.
W. M. LOGAN, M. A., Lecturer on Methods in Classics.
F. F. McPHERSON, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Literature, Composition, Reading and Elocution.
S. A. MORGAN, B. A., B. Pæd., Lecturer on Methods in English Grammar and Rhetoric.
A. PATERSON, M. A., Lecturer on Methods in History and Geography.
E. S. HOGARTH, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Modern Languages.
J. B. TURNER, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Chemistry and Biology.
J. GILL, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Physics.
G. L. JOHNSTON, B. A., Lecturer on Methods in Drawing.
C. S. ATHAWES, Drill Instructor.
DR. McCABE, Lecturer on School Hygiene and Sanitation.

O. N. C Christmas Magazine.

PERHAPS a word should be said to introduce this paper to its readers, seeing that it is the first of the kind to appear in connection with the Ontario Normal College.

Contrary to the general rule in all College Literary Societies, no provision was made, when ours was organized, for a weekly sheet in which articles of general interest to the student body could be inserted. Notice of this oversight was quickly taken and a motion promptly made that the Literary Society elect two of its members to edit such a paper. Out of this grew the "O. N. C. Jottings," of whose usefulness we shall leave those to judge who have listened to the reading of its contents from week to week. Subsequently it was moved that four others be elected, two ladies and two gentlemen, to unite with the two editors of the "Jottings" to manage the work connected with the printing of a Christmas Souvenir Magazine. This motion met with almost unanimous favor and has resulted in a production which we trust will be appreciated by all into whose hands it may fall.

We, the editors, have done what we could to make the undertaking a success and hope that the outcome of our efforts may be worthy of the desired end and serve to remind all interested of a pleasant and profitable year spent in "The Ambitious City" at the Ontario Normal College. We beg to thank those who have assisted us in the work by contributions and otherwise, and especially to thank Mr. Stewart, the Architect of the College building, who was so kind as to furnish us with the cut for the front page.

***

THE removal of the School of Pedagogy from Toronto to the Ontario Normal College in Hamilton, setting quite aside the discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of the change, presents some rather unique features. It is as though a meteor just thrown off from a great cluster of luminous bodies, had come to rest in a comparatively unexplored part of the firmament, there standing alone, but twinkling confidently back at its fellows.

New as is the situation for the school, it is just as new for the students in attendance. Many of them have just left the Collegiate Institutes of their native towns, with all their familiar surroundings, and come here as total strangers to the place and people; others have reluctantly departed from the presence of their Alma Mater, with all her inspiring associations and refining influences. But the people of Hamilton seem to have realized the circumstances, and every one of us has been made feel the pressure of a glad hand prompted by a warm heart.

Especially worthy of mention and gratitude are the various churches which tendered us such cordial and enjoyable receptions while we were yet strangers to one another. There we made friends who are not only so collectively, but individually and personally. We have every reason to believe that these friendly relations will continue and grow stronger as we remain longer in the city, and at

the end of the year when we scatter throughout the province, we will carry with us pleasant memories and glowing reports of the friendship of the people of Hamilton.

***

THREE months age upon the occasion of the opening of the beautiful structure wherein is situated the Normal College, there came to Hamilton students from all quarters of the Province, in most cases entire strangers to each other—a hetrogenous company of human souls, panting for the intellectual passport to lead them into the world of thought and action where each man and woman of us has his or her particular duty to perform in shaping the course of the world's history. In this connection the lines of James Russell Lowell will appropriately stand serious and thoughtful perusal:

"No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him: there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside.
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds."

Thus the great problem that confronts us all most particularly at the present time is to find out that sphere of life where each of us can to the greatest advantage show forth the true manhood with which our Creator has endowed us. Life is manifestly a serious question, and more so is it the case with the men and women who are being trained in the Normal College with a view to instil into the young those principles which go to create good manhood and womanhood, for on them to no small degree depends the future of nations morally and intellectually. Then let us nobly acquit us for the work we shall be called upon to do in whatever position we shall be placed, whether it be in the school room or in the more public affairs among men.

With the commencement of the term we were a vague whole and unknown to each other except in a few instances. But man above all creatures is eminently a social being, desiring converse with his fellows, and thus, before we had sat many hours in the now familiar ampitheatre, listening to the inspiring thoughts of our esteemed principal, Dr. McLellan, all began a practical illustration of the discriminiting analytic process which we were soon to learn was one of the essential and fundamental steps in the process of education and, as the days glided by, this process continued till instead of being isolated human beings with scarcely any interests in common, there soon began the combining and synthetic process, welding the indefinite whole into a homogenous unity—one in thought, action and sympathy.

But there is one small and stalwart band to whom our thought and sympathy go out upon this occasion. They are the so-called "December Men," who are to go up against the Philistines, and for each man and woman of them deep down in our hearts we entertain a fellow feeling that they may come out of the fray successful and receive the crown of the victors which shall admit them to the serious conflict of life in the Educational arena.

It is the sincere desire of the students of the Ontario Normal College,

expressed through the editors of their Christmas Magazine, that our good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year may follow them on their departure and that their lives may be attended with success, so that in after years they may look back at the pleasant associations contracted here and with the poet exclaim:

"Now wiser grown in years,
I find youth's dreams are but the flitterings
Of those strong wings whereon the soul shall soar
In after time to win a starry throne."

***

ON the evening of the first of October the formal opening of the Ontario Normal College took place. Dr. Ross, Minister of Education, in a most happy speech referred to the ceremony as the celebration of the marriage of the School of Pedagogy and the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. As it is the custom for the bride to change her name at the day of the wedding, we no longer speak of the "School of Pedagogy," but use the nuptial designation "Normal College."

That there should be a professional training for the teachers of our primary schools has been a settled question for some fifty years, and we have no hesitation in saying that after the Ontario Normal College has been fairly tested the people of our province will unite in declaring that professional training for teachers of the secondary schools cannot be over-estimated. In order that any training school may be efficient it must deal with education from a practical as well as from a theoretical point of view. These two features receive due attention in our Normal College.

It must be gratifying to those who have been instrumental in framing the curriculum for this College to read the comments on it by eminent educationists of other countries. For example, Dr. Dewey, Head Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago, says: "I do not think there is an institution in this country where the principle of instruction in the values and methods of the various subjects of the curriculum, carried on by experts, is so well organized as in that plan. The Province of Ontario is very fortunate in having provision of such a high order made for professional study." Also Dr. Laurie, Professor of the Institutes and History of Education in the University of Edinburgh, a recognized authority on educational topics, has expressed himself concerning it in similar glowing terms.

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FOR a long time there has been a felt need in the Public Schools for a text-book to treat the subject of Arithmetic in a strict line with the true idea of number, viz.: as *measurement*—a process, that is, by which the mind makes a vague whole of quantity definite. We are pleased to be able to ascribe to our worthy Principal, Dr. McLellan, the honor of supplying this great need. His "Public School Arithmetic" has been reviewed by Dr. Dewey as follows: "I have looked over the 'Public School Arithmetic' with great pleasure. Naturally I am pleased with the extent to which it bases the treatment of fundamental operations of fractions and ratio upon the idea of measure, and of numbers as units of measurement. In addition I may say that I am particularly struck with the fact that the pupils' attention is definitely called to some special

quantity or whole which furnishes the object of attention, and within which, so to speak, the numerical processes take place; also with the clearness and conciseness of the method of treatment; the logical order of the selection of topics; and the exclusion of useless and irrelevant matter. The simplification of treatment due to sticking close to fundamental principles, must recommend the book to teachers and pupils who have been bewildered by the great number of topics treated in the ordinary Arithmetic—topics which do not differ at all in their logical or arithmetical basis, but are simply different practical expressions of the same principle. I wish the book the success it deserves."

***

Our Societies

Nowadays, in almost every educational institution, an important part is played by the Students' Societies. It is recognized that, apart from their intellectual, social or religious value, they offer a training in public speaking or in executive work, which is exceedingly useful in after life. The Ontario Normal College has its full complement of live up-to-date societies. Owing to lack of space we are unable to do more than give the names of the officers of the different organizations.

The Literary and Scientific Society.

Hon. Presidents, J. A. McLellan, M.A., L.L.D., and R. A. Thompson, B.A.; Patron, J. J. Mason, Esq.; President, C. E. Race, B. A.; 1st Vice-President, Miss E. R. McMichael, B.A.; 2nd Vice-President, G. S. Bale, B.A.; Treasurer, G. F. Colling. B.A.; Recording Secretary, J. T. Luton, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss J. P. Brown, B.A.; Councillors, R. B Page, B.A , R. W. Anglin, M.A., W. J. Stevenson, Miss N. Langford, B.A., Miss C. B. Spence, Miss E. J. Tolton; Editors of weekly college paper, Editor-in-chief, F. Sine; Assistant Editor, W. H. T. Megill, B.A.

The Athletic Association.

Hon. President, Hon. G. W. Ross; President, J. T. Crawford, B.A.; 1st Vice-President, B. French, B. A.; 2nd Vice-President, M.G.Hunt, (Collegiate Institute); Secretary-Treasurer, F. C. Shaw, B.A.; Foot Ball Committee, J. R. Bulmer, W. J. Scott, F. Eastman, (Collegiate Institute); Basket Ball Committee, W. A. Wilson, B.A., R. O. Joliffe, B. A., H. T. Wallace, (Collegiate Institute); Gymnasium Committee, G. W. Keith, B.A., J. R. Philp, F. Clappison, (Collegiate Institute); General Committee Management, M. Garvin, (Collegiate Institute).

The Glee Club

Hon. President, W. M. Logan, M. A.; President, J. S. Martin, B.A.; Secretary, L. H. Graham, B. A; Treasurer, W. B. Beer; Accompanist, Miss E. M. Graham, F A.; Librarian, T. M. Wilson, B.A.; Committee, Miss J. I. Wood, J. H. Hancock, B.A.; Conductor, J. E. P. Aldous of the Hamilton School of Music.

Religious Societies—The Y. W. C. A.

President, Miss A. R. Riddell, M. A.; Vice-President, Miss E. K. Dickson; Corresponding Secretary, E. M. McArthur; Recording Secretary, Miss E. M. McDermid, B.A.; Treasurer, C. E. Peacock; Con. Miss. Com., Miss M. Hills, B. A.; Con. Mem. Com., Miss E. J. McPhail, B. A.; Con. Music Com., Miss J. I. Wood; Councillors, Misses J. C. Cameron, B.A., G. Grant, I. Palen, B.A., E. H. Ward.

The Y. M. C. A.

President, W. A. Hamilton; Vice-President, R. W. Anglin, M. A.; Secretary, W. D. Dixon Craig, B.A.; Treasurer, J. R. Philp; Com. on

Religious Meetings, G. E. Pentland, W. B. Beer, W. H. T. Megill B.A., A. J. Madill, J. S. Martin, B.A.; Mem. Com., N. Black, T. M. Wilson, B.A., C. E. Race, B.A.; Com. on Bible Study, J. T. Luton, B.A., M. R. Reid, B.A., M. N. Clark, B.A.; Fin. Com., A. H. Brown, G. A. Lucas, B.A., J. H. Hancock, B.A.; Miss. Com., J. A. Bannister, J. H. Dolan, B.A., R. B. Page, B.A.

Ethical Value of Literature.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE O. N. C. LITERARY SOCIETY, BY J. A. M'LELLAN, M. A., LL.D.

WITHOUT attempting to decide at what point in the school courses the formal teaching of ethics should begin, I am convinced that there should be "regular lessons" in morals; and especially that the ethical spirit should quicken the whole life of the school—that the ethical aim should be *paramount and kept consciously in view;* and that therefore all methods of instruction and all subjects of instruction, pre-eminently History and Literature, should make for this supreme end. I still cling to the doctrine of formal discipline though not perhaps in its extreme form. Every subject has its value even for moral discipline. I mean that every subject when *rationally* taught and learned has a distinctly ethical effect. On the other hand, every subject badly taught—taught so as to thwart the normal action of the mind—is, I will not say *immoral*, but certainly *unmoral* in its effect. Such teaching tends at once to benumb the intellect and to arrest moral development. I believe that different subjects, according to the character and complexity of the relations with which they deal, have different values as instruments of training, and especially as means of moral training. I see, for instance, that mathematics, a process of extreme simplification dealing only with space and time relations, is simpler than physics, physics than chemistry, chemistry than physiology physiology than sociology, sociology than philosophy; and I cannot convince myself that each of these departments has precisely the same effect in intellectual and moral discipline.

Many evangelists of the newest education preach the doctrine that all subjects are of equal value as instruments of both moral and intellectual education. A noted college president declared not long ago that there is as much ethical value in the study of an oak plant as in the study of the life of Washington. This is one more instance of how a half-truth may become a mischievous falsity in the hands of an injudicious enthusiast. The assertion ignores the nature of ethics and contradicts plain common sense. Moral ideas, moral relations, moral character and conduct have to do with the actions of self-conscious beings. I don't believe that an oak has any moral character. When with its great trunk and wide spreading branches, it "robs" a little plant beneath it of its sunlight and food-elements till it dies away, can we charge it with any crime, or say that it utterly lacks "the quality of mercy"? We shall leave the distinguished professor, to whom reference has been made, to bring an indictment against the forest king, to provide the tribunal, to quote the law of evidence, to cite precedents in the case, and to execute the penalty if the accused be found guilty.

I cannot for my part believe that all subjects are alike for purposes of moral culture. The solution of a differential equation, or a difficult chemical analysis, or a delicate physical experiment, while sharpening and strengthening the intellect, leaves no increase of humanism in the heart. These subjects have no *direct* bearing upon human relations. But the study of some heroic deed as recorded in literature, or of a profound analysis of some universal human passion, or

of some great moral problem that knocks for answer at the human heart, touches the moral element within me and reveals my kinship with the race. In the one case there is mere intellectual identification with the physical world; in the other there is both intellectual and sympathetic identification with the world of humanity.

Contrary to the opinion usually held, I believe that literature develops the *Intellectual* factor, though, of course, pre-eminently the *Emotional* factor of the Will. Every subject that demands the exercise of the *fundamental* activities of the intellect, contributes to the training of the will, and so far aids in the development of character. Voluntary attention depends upon the will—is the will controlling the movement of ideas by the conception of some definite end. It follows that every realization of a conceived end is but a series of external acts unified and controlled by the will, and therefore paralleled by an antecedent movement of ideas. The power to drive one idea or series of ideas from the field of consciousness, thereby arresting the action towards which they tend, and to put another idea or series of ideas in full possession, is the essential phenomenon of *Will*, and an indispensable requisite in the growth of character. For the development of this essential factor, literature in all its forms is a powerful means. No one study, it may be admitted, is capable of producing the best possible all-sided culture, the best possible energy of intelligence, the best possible tenderness of conscience, the best possible strength of will; but if compelled to confine myself to one subject, I should without hesitation give the preference to literature. More thoroughly than any other department of study it trains memory, imagination, thought, and last but not least, *expression*, the necessary complement and co-ordinate of all these, and therefore secures a more extensive as well as more intensive culture of mind. Literature deals with something higher than mathematical relations and material phenomena. Its subject matter is the complex moral and spiritual phenomena which make up human life and human history, and which even give meaning to the physical world. Plainly then the intellectual and artistic analysis of a noble piece of literature affords as good an exercise of mind as a mathematical demonstration or a physical experiment, while it far surpasses both in culture of the æsthetic and moral sensibilities.

Rest.

BY S. A. MORGAN, B. A., B. PED.

THE day was long, and weary was the way;
The hours drew slowly on:
Each growing burden heavy on us lay,
Strength almost gone.
But now, in downward course, the ling'ring sun
Sinks in the distant west;
Tired nature droops, her heavy labors done;
It is the hour of rest.

The shrouded years are dragging slowly by
With toil and grief o'ercast;
Earth's burdened mortals struggle on, and sigh
For rest at last.
But now appear the shades of welcome night,
Care's long-awaited guest;
And the worn spirit homeward takes its flight;
It is the day of rest.

Christmas in Westminster Abbey.

GEORGE E. MERKLEY, B. A. (OXON), PH. D.

THERE is no more fitting place in London to spend Christmas day than in the grand old Abbey of Westminster. In England at this time of the year the mind turns with a singular reverence to the past, and the services of Christmas day take a peculiar interest from this venerable and august building around which cluster the traditions

and associations of so many centuries. As you move about amid the tombs in the gray, old chapels and the long, dim aisles which seem to converge in the distance, you are at one time in Saxon England, and again in the England of the Normans. You pass in a few steps from the tomb of King Sebert, who was buried here nearly a thousand years ago, to that of Tennyson, the last of that long line of poets whose ashes mingle with the dust of England's noblest dead. Men have come and gone, but the old Abbey stands as a connecting link between the England of to-day and the England of by-gone centuries; and thus it is that at Christmas when the mind naturally turns to the past, there is a peculiar fitness in wandering amid this wilderness of tombs.

The music in the Abbey on Christmas day is always one of the chief attractions of the British metropolis. Perhaps there is something in this stately and venerable building that gives a special charm to the services. The resonant echoes of the mighty organ as they reverbrate among the tombs seem not of this world, but rather like those wandering melodies of heaven which the fervid fancy of saints has told us of in song and allegory. The full-voiced choir reminds one of a chorus of angels singing an anthem over the mournful remains of departed grandeur which appeal to the eye from the sculptured marble on all sides.

Christmas of last year was celebrated in Westminster Abbey by the usual choral services in the morning and the more elaborate cathedral services in the afternoon. All parts of the Abbey were open to the public during the day, and were thronged with visitors. Just before three o'clock the vergers in their long, black robes went flitting about from chapel to chapel to gather the visitors into the transepts of the Abbey for the evening service.. At least two thousand people were soon brought together. Poets' Corner was crowded, and men and women were sitting above the graves of the hundred poets from Chaucer down to Tennyson.

The sweet-toned bell of the Abbey struck *three*. Then the confused bustle which pervades a vast audience was hushed. A distant "Amen" arose from the chorister-rooms. It echoed amid the tombs and died away in the distant recesses and chapels of the nave. Then the organist struck the keys of that peerless instrument and played a soft voluntary—so soft that the distant foot-fall of the choir boys and men could be heard on the stone floor. The audience knelt in silence as the choristers, followed by the officiating clergy, marched up the aisle with a flutter of white surplices and flowing robes. They filed into the rows of stalls which run along both sides of the centre aisle of the nave. Then a few moments of that "eloquent silence" followed, as all were bowed in prayer. Soon the organ burst into a full, strong tone, and choir and audience arose. Then followed the complete choral service. In the singing of the psalms the two full choirs responding and chanting in turn kept the vast edifice filled with the sacred melody. After the third collect came the Christmas Anthem—this was the crowning glory of the service. It was one of Handel's masterpieces, "And there were Shepherds." In no European cathedral is music rendered more accurately than in Westminster Abbey—the perfect blending of the voices with the sweet tones of the organ, words and melody wafting away through the dim corridors and sculptured aisles. Now a sweet clear voice breaks upon the ear in the beautiful strains of "And the angel said unto them, fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." Now high, now low, the voice follows the intricate windings of the sweet melody in perfect harmony till one is borne away to the wintry hills of Palestine. You forget time and space, and see only the shepherds wrapt in sacred

awe, while the angel of the Lord bids them "Fear not." The entire scene of the sublime mystery presents itself, while, with a sudden burst of "Glory to God in the highest," a whole host of angels appear, and the earthly scenes are lost in the magnificent anthem of the heavenly choir. With panoramic swiftness and ease the scene changes again to earth. The shepherd's chorus, "For unto us a child is born," commences soft, and, blending with the subdued tones of the organ, gradually rises to a most magnificent crescendo, terminating with "His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." In the climax the very arches of the mighty building shook with the tremendous volume of sound. It seemed almost as though the walls must burst to let it escape. Yet in this grand crescendo in the entire service there was nothing harsh. There was volume of sound, but it was sweet; from the beginning to the end of the service there was not the slightest jar, not a discordant note—everything was perfect.

Perhaps, as has been suggested, the venerable building may lend a charm to these services. Yonder in Poets' Corner is Handel's tomb. There he lies buried. One might be pardoned for fancying that the soul of the great musician came back to earth and entered into the spirit of his sublime anthem. The pale light of the wintry sun streaming through the windows fell upon the statue of the musician, and as the service closed, seemed to animate the features in the distance until they glowed with more than earthly light.

The Heavenly Music*

BY NORMAN FERGUS BLACK.

In the dim golden ages forever gone by,
When the angels flew down from their home in the sky,
And so joyously joined with the children at play,
And the Portals of Heaven stood wide night and day,
Then of beautiful things, the most beautiful there,
Was the heavenly music that throbbed in the air.

For that music the dear God himself did conceive,
And its echoes the arches of heaven would cleave,
To be heard of mankind when the minstrelsy sung
While the silence of ecstacy o'er the world hung:
For of beautiful things, the most beautiful there
Was that music whose murmurs enraptured the air.

Yes, O thus was it once! but men grieved Him on high,
And the Portals of Heaven swung shut in the sky,
And the sad, silent singers the music sheets tore,
And their fragments the breezes o'er all the earth bore:
Then of beautiful things, the most beautiful passed
When the heavenly music was listened to last.

Soon the children of men each a fragment possessed
Of this music that fell from the realms of the blest,
But alas! each one thought that his clipping was all,
And the harmony vanished in discord and brawl,
Though of beautiful things, the most beautiful there
Once had been that same music inspired in the air.

Aye and thus is it yet! but the morn shall arise
When for judgment mankind shall gaze up to the skies,
And shall thence see the angel-choir coming to find
Those old bits of torn music they strewed to the wind:
For of beautiful things, the most beautiful there
Will not match with that music once heard in the air.

And they'll gather them all; and the flats and the sharps
Shall be all put in order; and heavenly harps
Shall sound forth the old strains as they used to of yore,
As the Portals of Heaven shall swing wide once more:
And of beautiful things the most beautiful there
Will yet be that old music anew in the air.

*Based on Leander's Traumerei, Del Himmlische Musik.

Flowers.

BY MISS B. RAYCROFT.

EMERSON, in his Essay on Nature, makes the statement that were the stars to shine but once in a thousand years, men would preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. He might have said the same thing of the flowers, which are the "stars which in earth's firmament do shine." If the flowers bloomed but once in a thousand years, the memory of that one year would be cherished by generation after generation down through the ages. With what delight, what awe, would man regard each flower in meadow, moor or glade, as for the first time it stood before him, like Ruth amid the golden corn, to charm with its fresh beauty his soul, aweary with the dull things of life! His idea of the Creator, his whole soul, would expand with each unfolding bud, his hopes would be brightened, and his fears assuaged by the radiant loveliness of the new creation, and his life would be made redolent with the delicate and ravishing odors for the first time floating upon the tremulous breeze.

But the stars keep their appointed vigils every night, and by day the flowers unfold their blossoms in the sunny wilds. From one end of this vast continent to the other the earth is carpeted with multitudinous flowers, each coming in its due season, living its pure life and passing away. From the stunted pine bending beneath its burden of almost perennial snows, to the graceful palmetto, flourishing beneath an almost vertical sun; from the slender poppy, which braves the boreal climate of bleak coasts and dreary barrens, trodden only by the Esquimaux, to the delicate southern orchid daintily clinging to oak or cypress, the continent of North America affords such a variety of plants, that not even one who makes them a life study, can hope to know them all.

It is in some respects surprising, but none the less true, that while man is thus surrounded in this favored land by such a variety of flowers, he is, in many instances, like the idols mentioned in Scripture, which "have eyes yet see not." The cultivated flowers of gardens and hot houses are known to some whose tastes and wealth enable them to make a hobby of this branch of floriculture, but those whose duties are too exacting to allow them such pleasures, do not sufficiently realize that nature has planted for them myriads of wild flowers, as beautiful and interesting as their pampered cousins, and Nature asks in return for all her work nothing but that we should keep our eyes open.

The dome of her conservatory is the boundless azure, and the sun itself supplies the necessary warmth and light. A hundred centuries are not too long for her to devote to the development of a single plant, yet she will bend her whole energies to the perfection of a blossom which fades an hour after maturity. No bolt, no bar shuts out even the poorest from the enjoyment of Nature's floral creations. Surely so generous a giver is entitled to man's appreciation of her bounty.

One requires no special education to enjoy the beauty of flowers. As we stand in our Canadian forests, which are literally carpeted with beautiful wild flowers, or as we gaze on rare productions in hot houses or gardens, what lofty, unspeakable thoughts thrill our souls, and in our intercourse with flowers we learn not less our greatness than our littleness. A deep study of nature hushes the voice of flattery and censure, and causes us to realize better our true place in the universe.

But though the beauty of flowers influences the most heedless soul to some extent, one must be a lover and a student of flowers to enjoy them to

the full. As the ardent lover of music is charmed by harmonies which escape the ear of one uninterested or uninformed, so the student and friend of flowers finds grand harmony and marvellous beauty where the ignorant or indifferent observer sees nothing of interest.

We should not then rest satisfied with a mere nodding acquaintance with the gems studding our forest, fields and shores.

A knowledge of flowers will bring its own sweet reward. Every glimpse of country brings one among a ho.. of friends; in every drive along t.. road, hosts of flowers nod a kind greeting. The mosses and ferns, once in bygone ages, giants in the land, inspire us with keener interest, while the humble marestail lifting its sharp spear reminds us of its noble ancestry, whose huge bulk swayed in the moist warm air of the carboniferous period, when enormous plants sprang up and died, forest after forest, leaving to man the fossil sunbeams, which to-day as coal drive the loom, the ocean greyhound and the locomotive. The summit of some cloud-piercing mountain, where plants are to be found that bloom nowhere but in the frozen north, speaks to us of an age when the continent was over-run with rivers of ice, and harbored none but boreal flowers Cut off long since from retreat, by the warmth of the valleys, these remnants of a once glorious army now stand at bay on inaccessible heights, amid the clouds and crags. Many less hardy plants may try to reach up to this distinguished height, only to be flung back again dwarfed and vanquished, while over silent abysses to whose summit the murmur of the rushing torrents below, scarcely ascends, hangs many a dainty yet stubborn plant, to lure on the seeker of the strange and beautiful, into whose wondering ears it could pour a tale more strange than any of fairy land.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God, and many a person has been brought to a belief in Nature's God through the study of Nature. Tennyson says:

"Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck you
out of the cranny,
Hold you there, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower! but if I could understand
What thou art, root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

An old lady was one day admiring a large and beautiful Calla Lily. She gazed on its snowy whiteness for a few moments fairly drinking in its beauty, and then exclaimed, "And then to think that some people will persist in thinking there is no God."

As Wordsworth says, "The world is too much with us," and man is made old before his time by the wear and tear of life, the baffled ambitions, the sorrow of ideals unrealized, and idols proved unworthy of respect, and for this there is no earthly physician's balm. But on every hand the Great Physician offers a cure for the mind diseased in the myriads of beauties and wonders to be met with in the flower world. There is not a flower that grows which has not its lesson of faith and hope to teach. There is not one which does not present to us a view of the Creator and His creatures, that will lead to spiritual exultation, humility and brotherly love.

And then how often we can make use of flowers to cheer and comfort the sick and lonely. There is a world of comfort and consolation in flowers, and many a dark cheerless room and perhaps darker more cheerless heart has been brightened and cheered by gifts of flowers. We strew blossoms in the pathway of the bride, we scatter garlands over the last resting place of the loved one; we decorate the May-pole with garlands gay to express our joy and gladness; we cheer the sad lonely places of earth with the same flowers, to express our sympathy and love. Thus the messages of the flowers may be varied but are all full of love to God and man.

The Ocean.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

THE ocean wide before me lay,
I watched its moods for many a day,
Till at last I knew its wayward grace
As a lover knows his lady's face.
When darkening clouds o'erhung the sky,
Sullen, grey, with many a sigh,
The waters moaned and restless cried
Like a creature in pain, whose hope has
died.
But when the Storm King held his sway,
And peace, and order fled away,
The darkness fell o'er the soul of the sea
And the voices died that whispered to me;
And in their place, fierce demons came,
Who strove in their might, and died at
their game.
The billows, tossed, the waters rose,
The storm-fiends shrieked at unseen foes,
The fierce blast smote the Ocean's face,
And the wild waves left their appointed
place,
And did upwards fly, till mountain-high
They broke, and fell with baffled cry,
And dark as Hell the waters shone,
Save where the flecks of yellow foam
Showed like the teeth of a lion caged,
When the thirst for freedom within him
raged.
But the storm died out with a fitful moan,
When the morrow came the mood was gone.
The dimpling waters smiled at the sun,
And asked sweet pardon for the wrong
they had done.
And the ocean now, did softly move
And showed in its depths, the Spirit of
Love.
Then silent it lay, like the quiet land,
Calmed by the touch of its Maker's hand;
And peace did rest, like a brooding dove,
On the waters that mirrored the blue above;
And only a murmur, soft and low
As the tale the winds to the pine trees blow,
Told how the heart of the sea was at rest,
And its troubled waters, by soft hands
caressed.
The sunlight lay, a glorious way,
Like the footsteps of Christ Himself, on
the wave,
Then up towards Heaven, did seem to leave,
Like the ladder Jacob saw in his dream.
Methought how, like the restless sea,
Swelling and surging, angry, unfree,
The soul of man must ever be
Save when it mirrors the Heaven above,
And holds in its depths, the Spirit of Love.

Father (who has been helping his son in his school work)—What did the teacher remark when you showed him the translation? John—He said I was getting more stupid every day.

The Student's Dilemma

BY BESSIE H. NICHOLS.

THE student, like most other people I know, is between the horns of a dilemma. The lives of the whole human race always have been, still are, and ever will be the products of a perpetual balancing of motives, as the universe is the result of a perpetual balancing of forces. In the Battle of Life, man does not fight against man, but man is the field wherein duty strives against inclination, love against hate, wherein the noble wrestles to overthrow the ignoble, and the practical lays violent hands on the domain of the ideal.

"Oh!" you say in disdainful tones, "are we back on the old treadmill again? The Practical versus the Ideal, forsooth! We thought their restless ghosts were securely laid by our lectures a month ago!" Well, I suppose they were, in a theoretical way, yet every single student of us has to make a definite, particular problem of it for himself, and solve it as well.

All of us, as students, have taken, as a recent writer on Oxford puts it, "a dose of idealism which will last us all through life." For those of us who have lived four years in a University surrounded by "a world of studied simplicity and beauty, a hand-made universe," breathing in all that was best and highest in the thought of past ages, the dose has been somewhat larger. But our time for gathering the sweets of knowledge is now past; we tread the threshold of the actual. We are henceforth to spend a great portion of our days in the routine work of the school-room, in practical bread and butter gaining, downright hard work.

The prospect is probably not distasteful. Shut in, as we have been, from the storm and stress of the outside world, from the "actual struggle with actual things which so tempers, and toughens, and strengthens the

character of us mortals," we share in the longing of the boy who sees the lights of London gleaming in the distance "and his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

Men, my brothers; men, the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

The force of enthusiasm acts in the direction of the practical. There is a second and stronger force that comes to its aid. The bread and butter question must be solved before Idealism of any kind is possible in any degree. And above and beyond these, is the third great force of the spirit of the age, of this hard-fisted, buying and selling nineteenth century, which demands something that is of market value, that can be turned into dollars and cents.

The only counteracting force is that dose of idealism our student life has given us. Which is to prove the stronger, motor impulse, plus necessity, plus the spirit of the age, or the mustard seed of faith in ideals? How far are we to be one of the "Men, my brothers, men, the workers"? How far to espouse the life of contemplation, and hug to us Wordsworth's lines:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

Says Olive Schremer: "It is a question whether it were not better to be the shabbiest of fools and know the way up the stair of imagination to the land of dreams, than the wisest of men who see nothing that the eyes do not show, and feel nothing that the hands do not touch." We answered that question long ago. Our problem is not whether the student is not happier to have the back stair, but how much time ought he to spend in climbing it, when there is dinner to get in the kitchen, or kindling waiting for the splitting out in the woodshed.

M. Taine sneers at the practical Englishman "who wants the newspaper to suggest a resolution." I take refuge in the implication contained in the sneer, and infer that M. Taine who is a great critic, and whose judgment may therefore be relied upon in such matters, would not consider it necessar, for an article in the *O. N.C. Christmas Magazine* to suggest a resolution—wherefore mine does not.

The December Men.

BY A. C. BERNATH.

A RATHER unique feature of the O. N. C. class of 97-98, and one which according to recently adopted regulations will not be repeated, is the presence of a body of students known as "The December Men," who, on account of previous attendance at The Normal School, are eligible for the final examination at the end of the present session. They number in all about twenty, and by the time this appears from the press will have made their attempt "to go up and possess the land." Those of them who are impressed with the shortness of life, and delight in the motto—"veni vidi vici"—will hail success with open arms; those who appreciate the value of intellectual training and culture, and despise the utilitarian maxim which says that "time is money to the poor," may solace themselves in the day of adversity, and if unable to greet defeat with a smile of welcome, at least do so without bitterness. And no doubt all, whether victors or vanquished, will retain pleasant memories of their intercourse with the people of Hamilton, and from their college work carry away much that is inspiring and beneficial.

Added to these considerations which have aided in making the stay of these students enjoyable to them, it is fitting to refer to a kindred

subject, which, it may be stated, furnished the motive for this brief article. In the matter of accomodation, of special instruction, and of privileges consistent with school economy, everything has been done that could in any way facilitate the progress of the candidates in question. They are neither ignorant of nor indifferent to this fact—and beg to assure the Principal, the Vice-Principal, and the teaching staff of their hearty appreciation of these endeavors; and also that in the event of Goliath being victorious, they will cast no imputation upon the character of the educational missiles supplied them for the encounter, but will attribute defeat to the weakness of David's arm, or else to the guile of the Philistines.

Since not all defeats are so disastrous as that by "Trasimenus Lake," it may be assumed that a few scarmarked veterans will return from this December encounter in the jubilation of triumph, and that therefore the main body of students may find the unity of the class broken by the disappearance of these birds of passage. Should they regret these departures —as it is hoped they may in some degree—upon grounds of sentiment, they will doubtless from a sanitary point of view be led to regard the matter of a few "vacant chairs" with at least partial equanimity.

And so, donning the habiliments of battle, we join hands in saying, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together, and may success be with us."

An Oration on a Distant Prospect of The Normal College.

BY L. A. G.

HAMILTON is a mountain with a city and a Normal College in connection with it (groans). One day as I stood on the mountain (order please), and beheld the modern towers of the O. N. C. rearing themselves aloft through fog and sunshine, a flood of memories o'erwhelmed me, but the tear-drops that I longed for never came. (Cheers). I recalled the dear student friend who died of a surfeit of psychoses and the consequent neuroses. (Sighs). The doctors called it psychology on the brain and the post-mortem revealed the fact that that organ was completely dried up. This was the only respect in which the disease differed from water on the brain. (Laughter). I recalled the amphitheatre with its seething sea of faces—an interesting sight—graduates strutting forth from College with a bacchelaureate halo around their heads, sniffing the air as they went, and raising aloft their heads, full of mighty intellect and cheek. And the mighty deeds they have done, and the noble words they have spoken, and the great thoughts they had evolved, behold, are they not written in a book, yea, on a blank page thereof. (Hear, hear).

I see First C's fresh from the 8 x 10 schoolhouse and the back section, where they were lords of all creation, and where no one dared question their opinion as to the number of square rods in an acre, with the "please master" still in their ears, and the metaphorical hayseeds still in their hair, strong in the might of the first reader and the multiplication table. (Applause).

Again the spring of memory gushes up in my heart like a mineral spring, and I see, as in a vision, a piece of paper with an inscription, and in a fit of abstraction and generalization murmur: "When will the girls be aweary of saying, 'please pass the pole.'" (Great applause). I see the galaxy of youth and beauty on the left and their long drawn faces whenever love or kisses are mentioned, though down in their hearts they murmur "Oh what must it be to be there." I see the "pomes" on the board and faintly hear the morphine—rivalling expositions of the same. I see vague wholes to the right of me, vague wholes to the left of me, vague wholes

in front of me, and vainly sigh for a definite hole to crawl into and pull in after me.

In fancy I tremble, awaiting to hear my name called, to hold forth on some psychologic problem, about which, what I didn't know, could not have been contained in all the books that ever were written. I wander along the corridor and read the same notice for the hundredth time. I go to the gymnasium and mark time with both my feet and watch, and when the command to turn comes regret that I have not got the directions right in Hamilton.

Suddenly the dread spectre, Exam., thrusts himself unbidden on my sight, and affrighted I fall over the south side of the mountain. (Cheers). I picked myself up, arriving at the conclusion by the analytic-synthetic, discriminatory-unificatory, interpretatory-assimilatory, particular-universal process that man indeed was made to mourn. (Great cheers).

The Importance of a Lofty Ideal in Education.

BY AGNES R. RIDDELL.

LONG, long ago, it is said, there lived a boy called Ulric, who could play so sweetly upon the harp that even the beasts and birds were enchanted by his strains. One day as he wandered, playing by the river side, a large white swan came towards him on the water. Seized by a sudden impulse, he stepped upon its back and was borne down the stream to another country. There he was welcomed by two strangers, who conversed with him about the power of music. All at once, as they talked, the horizon was flooded with a glorious light, and in the midst of the radiance there appeared a golden harp. Ulric gazed in wonderment at the sight, and as he looked and listened a white hand came forth from the brightness and swept the harp once and yet again, so that the sound was like the music of the heavenly city. "Thou hast heard the highest," said one of the strangers to Ulric; "aim at that!" Then the boy took up his harp once more and was wafted back to his native village. His companions came out to meet him, but would not believe at first that it was he, so matchless were the chords that fell from his fingers. He seemed like one inspired, and from that time forward, played as no one in all the world could play, because he had heard the music of the angels.

This story is a parable of the power of the Ideal—a power which is so generally recognized in many departments of life, that there is, perhaps, no need to dwell upon it here. Yet, although most people allow the general principle of the potency of Ideals, they are slow sometimes to apply it to the matter of education. The teacher too often makes his profession merely a stepping stone to some other calling, while the parent insists upon it, that his child shall learn nothing that cannot be turned into dollars and cents. Such a spirit is death to true education, which should have as its object the symmetrical development of all the various powers and faculties of our many-sided nature, in all its individual and social relations, so that not one shall be wanting when we are weighed in the balances. Surely, if the teacher but realizes that he is moulding men and women for time and for eternity, he will set before himself the very highest standard of which he can conceive.

Now, in order to form a standard which shall spur us on to a corresponding degree of attainment, several things are necessary. The teacher must, first of all, have a firm belief in the possibilities of human nature and must be ever on the lookout for those germs of good which may be discovered even in the most unpromising pupil. He must have a love for his work, and must seek to put himself in the place of his pupils, in order that

he may bring to them the best and the truest kind of help. He must also follow a lofty ideal in his personal character and conduct, for as a man cannot rise higher than his own ideals, neither can he lead others where he cannot climb himself. The influence of the teacher over the pupil, especially in the case of younger children, cannot be too often nor too strongly emphasized. Would it not be terrible if this influence should make for evil instead of for good?

It is not the pupil alone, however, who will profit by a lofty conception of education. The teacher, too, will derive benefit from it. It will save him from the deadening influence of routine, by shewing him always something ahead to strive after. It will encourage him amid the thorns and briars of the work-a-day world of teaching, by reminding him that "'tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." Above all, it will animate him with the hope that, if he earnestly tries to do his best, he may hear some day the voice of the Great Teacher Himself, saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Things.

"And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came."

THERE be funny things in school. Also there be funny boys. Also girls. It is of these I would speak—reverently, if need be, but withal firmly, and with a keen eye to manifest defects and not so evident excellences. Nor yet, peradventure, is it unseemly that I should declaim in crude unpolished words the doings of the embryotic man and woman; for are they not we? Were we not they? And why should years and the corroding touch of Time blunt our sympathies for future men. Also women.

Boys have I seen with skulls so dense that Roentgen's ray was baffled in attempt to pierce its way into the tiny nook where lingered traces of fatty matter—remnants of erstwhile brain. No tinge of grey was there.

Girls have I known—yea, talked to—whose only claim on man's attention lay in the vacant laugh that speaks the cheerful idiot. Oft have I sworn when upon my tender tympanum smote that sound of vocal chords stirred by the rushing breath through trachea of sweet sixteen—oft have I sworn, I say, that—but why particularize? Oft have I sworn.

And yet there is a place for each From the school the paths lead all ways. To home life and roam-life, to business and pleasure, some one road, some another, and the lad groweth up and droppeth into his hole, though it be square and he so round and pudgy. And the girls grow up and mature and marry—all bar one. The giggling girl she marrieth not. Her days are, "long and lank and lean."

And yet, methinks, that in the sweet hereafter as we pass, you and I, adown the fields of asphodel, we shall see the stupid lad and bubbling lass, hand in hand, amid the everlasting flowers, thinking in sweet dual communion of—nothing. What matter to him now that in the days of yore he turned the *bonae leges Caesaris* into *Caesar's bony legs*, and saw in *cornucopia* nought but *plenty of corn*. He stands again, as he would say, on *terra cotta*, nor thinks of all the shattered wrecks behind. And hark! I hear that artless laugh. O angels, let me swear again.

And as I muse the eye of mental vision travels back along the ways that I have trod and once again I see the man grown young, plodding along with step reluctant and despondent heart, wishing the weary years were by when he might be a man and achieve fruition of his heart's desires. Oh, stupid lad! And when he's grown old he wishes him a boy again. Oh, stupid man! The fruit

beyond our touch is ever sweetest. The distant forest looks so fair and pleasant, and when he enters it, the path is gone, brier and bramble hold him back and all is trouble, till his heart grows sick.

And still again I hear the merry ha! ha! of that dimpled maid wearying the ears of men and gods, till one day Jove, impatient, lifts and hurls his bolt and cracks that laugh, nor is the maiden any longer young. And so from off her tree of life the leaves fall one by one till few are left. For leaves must fall and life must fail.

How soft the moonlight falls on yonder Bank! And on its steps how softly sleeps the hobo! How softly falls the policeman on the beat from whose awakened lips the curses softly fall. And once he was a boy, and loved a girl—the girl with chronic cachinnation.

And as I mused I slept. And eke I dreamed, and looked and saw the maiden and the hobo young again. It was my stupid boy and giddy girl, and arm in arm they prattled down the walk and dropped huge chunks of adolescent converse into the midnight air.

But to me watching strange the sight that came.

For as I gazed upon that female form, the figure seemed to change, and shift and take such shapes, that looked to break and blend till none could tell their number. And were there three or two or two and three and one? And as with mind distraught I puzzled, all at once the light broke clear upon my thought. I knew that figure now. It was the figure FIVE. How had I hoped to comprehend her?

And while her figurative beauty held my eyes my boy had gone, and in his place wavered about a misty shape that I could not define. It seemed a something that was there, and yet what was that something which, intangible, yet seemed to fill the field of sight? But while I watched, the nebule from its midst began to break, and through the mist I looked on such a chasm as might hold a world, the depths of which my vision could not reach. And could it be? At last! At last! Dream of my youth! At last the VAGUE HOLE yawned before me.

And then again I heard that curdling laugh. But oh, the horror of that sight! For as I glared with staring eyes that could not shut, She with taloned fingers bunched in squads of five, with convulsive effort and infernal hate thrust her hands down, down into Its murky depths, and with a demon's laughing scream that sent a shiver through the stars she tore It inside out.

I can no more.

To Keats

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

I PAUSED, at midnight, on the shore,
Upwards gazing to the sky;
And, in the dark of Heaven's floor,
One star shone bright and clear,
But, as I watched, the dark clouds rolled
And hid the light, so pure, serene;
And night down-dropped her curtain-fold,
And blotted out the star of light.
On I went, but, in my heart,
A radiance had entered there—
A light that would no more depart
Had come from that lone star.

O gentle Poet! thou whose life so brief
Was filled with love divine,
Whose human pain, and human grief,
Were borne with faith sublime;
O thou, whose every word breathed love,
Whose every thought took beauty's form,
Who shone as that fair star above,
And, as it vanished evermore;
You felt the dark clouds sweep between—
The words of coward, inhuman men.
Thy inmost heart they had not seen,
Nor felt the burning of thy pen.
Their words were swords in brutal hands,
They pierced thy noble heart,
They bound thy soul in iron bands,
Well played, their treacherous part.
But, Gentle Spirit, think not thou
Thy life was lived in vain,
From one tired heart, thy music now
Has lulled away the pain.
Death came, but your short life has left
A ray of warmth, of love, of peace.
The source is gone, the star away is swept,
But Oh the light! it ne'er will cease.
When this great earth does no more roll,
When ends the race of men,
When God's great glory fills the soul,
Immortal Star! thy message ended then.

Individuality and Authority.

BY F. F. MACPHERSON, B.A.

THERE is no more important question to an earnest student than how far it is necessary to submit to authority in knowledge and how much he should trust to his own individuality. I choose this, therefore, as the subject of an article for the *O. N. C. Christmas Magazine*, in the hope that I may draw the attention of its student readers to a consideration of the question and perhaps aid them in seeing it in a clearer light.

There have always been, and most certainly always will be, a great many in the world who insist on limiting the beliefs of men in all branches of knowledge to what has been formulated by earlier men of genius. We find also others who reject all authority and wish that every man should strike out a new path for himself. Parties so opposed as these can never, of course, be reconciled, nor can they both be right, and as is usually the case the safe, and I believe the true, course lies between these extremes.

To accept without enquiry the dogmas and decrees of earlier generations is to destroy, at once and completely, all hope of advance in any direction; to reject and deny all the fruits of our ancestors' labor and to go over the whole ground again would just as surely leave us stranded on the shores of time, for men no longer live to the age of Methusaleh. Yet it is one of the most encouraging signs in this era of progress that slavish trust in accepted beliefs is giving place to a bold originality which "proves all things" and "holds fast that which is good!"

There is still a great deal of dishonesty in education, though the present aim is far higher than formerly. How often does it happen that some brilliant student, for whom a high career of success was predicted, has in a few years fallen into as deep obscurity, and left us wondering why! How often again are those who have lived comparatively unknown in their student days, the ones who rise to high places of trust and show more than ordinary ability where only mediocrity was suspected! The reason is plain to one who has known both well: the first was a dishonest student, "reaping where he had not sowed," building his knowledge on the unsafe foundation of *authority;* the second did not reap at all in student days, being busy with sowing; they built their house of knowledge on the solid rock of *personal conviction*, and when life's duties were begun, the revolutions of opinion could not sway them, because they had learned to be true to themselves.

As things go now, a few such men as these supply the world with ideas, which the many appropriate without a shadow of intellectual claim. What the world calls a man of original ideas is simply one of individual honesty, and rare enough such a one is, although all men should be original, even in universally accepted truths, by having personal conviction of them. But alas! the God of fashion rules everywhere. In education he goes by the name of text book; in religion, of orthodoxy; in law, of precedent; in dress and manners, undisguised; in commerce —but there is one place he never comes. Why, our present status in all these things is reached by some bold, honest one saying or doing his own thought; and only by men who will break through the accepted beliefs of to-day will the world advance to a higher plane. Once it was the fashion to believe that the sun revolved about our earth, till there came a Galileo bold enough to affirm the contrary, and even before his fingers let go the pen that had signed a recantation which was to save him from a worse fate, to exclaim, "*E pur si muove*,"—nevetheless it moves.

The root of this dishonesty is the

insane desire to appear to have *knowledge*. Education should never aim to give facts for their own sake, but, by showing how the generally accepted truths are reached, to train the mind in the way of searching for truths. This aiming at appearance of knowing ruins the faculties which give knowledge. As George MacDonald so neatly puts it: "When a man spends his energy on appearing to have, he is all the time destroying what he has, and therein the very means of becoming what he desires to seem."

This phase of the question cannot be better emphasized than by quoting the words of Dr. Handifield Jones, who defines genius as the highest product of individualism, and thinks that "while few human beings reach genius, no human being is without his share of individualism and he only need be true to himself to develop it. Every man can either simply store the raw materials of facts and ideas as they are presented to him by others, or he can digest and reproduce them, stamped with the seal of his own individuality. A man has made a tremendous stride when he has learned to have the courage of his own convictions, and though he may have all due respect and reverence for great names, still he has not reached the first stage of progress until he has subordinated that reverence to a profound respect for his own individual opinion. Think, weigh, analyse, rather than repeat, parrot-like, the unsupported assertions of others."

A word here as to the real value of books. There is no essential need for books, provided one can always find material enough around him to supply the proper food for his mind. This not being possible, on account of the narrow range of the average experience, books are necessary to supply the lack, and only as such should they be treated. Books are only the written thoughts, acquisitions and experience of so many individuals whom every one cannot know personally. Could we but know the man we might possibly dispense with the book, though usually we can gather a man's thoughts better from his writing than from his words. If books come to be considered anything beyond this, if what they contain is taken for truth because found in them, if the thoughts they express are not brought to the bar of our own intellect and feelings—that moment, books, even the best, become injurious. And in thus bringing his book before the bar of our own judgment, we are by no means claiming superiority to a writer, because if we do blindly accept a higher and greater truth than we can reach to, what does it profit us? There are always three verdicts we can pass upon a book—true, not true, and not yet understandable. They, therefore, are not the best students who are most dependent on books; hence, too, the common saying that the man who knows one book thoroughly is better educated than he who knows a dozen superficially. What can be got out of books is at best only material; a man must build his house for himself. Some can build faster or build larger houses than others—so need more material; or, to change the figure, some plants need more nourishment than others because of larger and quicker growth, but every one, to use a Scotch phrase, "should be a growin' stalk, not a win'le strae."

These remarks may fairly be summed up by saying, "we should have so much faith in authority as shall make us repeatedly observe and attend to that which is said to be right, even though at present we may not feel it to be so, and in the right mingling of this faith with the openness of heart which proves all things, lies the great difficulty in the cultivation of the taste." The right temper is one which dwells on all submitted to us; distrustful of itself so as to be ready to believe and try all things, and yet so trustful of itself that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without try-

ing. It cannot long be held by what is unworthy, for "it clasps all that it loves so hard that it crushes it if it be hollow."

College Life in the Eastern States.

BY E. MAUD GRAHAM, B.A.

CERTAIN things seem to be characteristic of college life everywhere, and make the graduate feel at home in American college halls whether of the West or of the East. In all there is the same jolly good-fellowship which makes the whole college world kin. There is the same round of organizations, with local variations; the same old jokes with new faces; the same slangy vernacular, unintelligible to the Philistine; underneath, the same endless, futile philosophizing about the problems of the universe.

Down East there are various differences that stand out from the general similarities with more or less distinctness. Some appear to the stranger at once. Some impress themselves gradually, and, though more fundamental, are so intangible that it is almost an impossibility to make them clear to an outsider.

Of the former class, the first difference to be noticed by most of us is in the yearly expense. It is no exaggeration to say that in any of the leading Eastern colleges it costs a student just double what it does here for any given standard of comfort or pleasure; in many cases the ratio being greater. Of course this is partly caused by the higher cost of living and the large fees, but another great influence is the extravagant example set by the sons and daughters of wealthy people, who are given allowances far beyond what Canadians deem wise.

The next point to interest a newcomer is naturally the system of study. In deciding on his course, a student going from a university with the Honour System to one with Electives, either free or in groups, will find the Calendar a veritable Chinese puzzle. The Elective System seems to be still in the experimental stage. Free Electives, as found in Harvard, allows absolute freedom in the choice of subjects, requiring from the student only a specified number of hours of lecture work in the week. This has bitter opponents who claim that Freshmen are utterly incapable of knowing what is best for them, and will develop in a very one-sided fashion if left to their own devices. Johns Hopkins, representing this opinion amongst the men, and Bryn Maur amongst the women, have adopted the system of Electives in Groups. That is, if certain subjects are chosen, certain others are compulsory with them. It is practically an up-to-date form of the old Honour System with options; more of original research, however, being done by under-graduates in the seminar classes.

These seminars bring the students and professors into closer individual relations than the lecture room possibly can. Yet, for some reason or other, the Faculties are much more autocratic than here, and the students submit quietly to regulations that Canadians would not tolerate. Imagine, for instance, what a spectacle it would be to see all Toronto University hastening to chapel at eight o'clock every morning as the Yale men are compelled to do. There is not the same consideration shown in the matter of examinations as we are accustomed to. Aegrotat certificates seem to be wholly unknown. Sometimes, however, special examinations are allowed.

It is pretty generally known how the professional element rules athletics on the other side. The rank and file of the students are loosing all personal ambition in athletics, and are content to watch their rather expensive substitutes perform. Superfluous energy is worked off in shouting.

Among the intangible differences

the first to be felt will probably be the coolness of the public towards the students as a class. In most cases they are looked upon as a necessary evil, a nuisance, a little better than tramps. One does not find special rates for students, students tickets, or similar concessions.

Materialistic skepticism is much more rampant down east than here. This should scarcely be noted perhaps as a student characteristic, being rather the natural outcome of the mental attitude of society.

In spite of all differences of surrounding and training, the American students at heart seem to be of the same flesh and blood as the rest of us. We find amongst them the same division into hard thinkers, sports, plugs, good-for-nothings, and lastly, but not least, the gay, clever, versatile people who keep the wheels of college life running smoothly, and form after all the typical college men and women.

A Liberal Education.

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind, whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."—*Huxley.*

A Study in Moods.

THE great actress reclined on scented piles of precious cushions and listened, half-sleepily, to the golden flattery her maid read to her from *La Figaro's* coveted press notices. Early afternoon it was: "La Belle Sylvia" had just finished a hearty meal that took the place of breakfast and luncheon.

"So old La Vere liked me in that beastly role did he—the old fool—he might have known I hated it! Berton will make me keep it now I suppose and there's another year in horrid sentimental drama! and oh! I want to be Joan the Maid—I wish that fool La Vere were dead," and the language of the beauteous Sylvia dropped into slang and several other things.

"Jean dear," she said after a while, and in a sweet and gentle voice the very opposite of what it had been: "Jean dear, has Mancy called to-day and Bertilon and—oh, the others, and did they all leave cards and fill your faithful head with long love-messages for me, my pretty one—but no, don't tell me—I know how you hate it all and how you wish we were baek in sea-swept Brittany again and listening in homely purity to the music of the woods instead of silver bugles and the opera orchestra, and how you long to hold your owu sister Sylvia again in your arms, my baby sister—but no, don't cry darling—soon we shall go back - oh, plague it—there's another! Run child and see who comes so late to lay his homage at my feet." and the primadonna laughed and in her soul was shame and scorn of self.

"Only Ruby Lawson, dearest, and he brought you this," and Jean—"la petite" as her sister's worshippers were wont to call her—laid a little box in her sister's hands, a box most carefully tied with dead black ribbon and sealed with dusky wax. "What, the porter too! Must all the world bow down before La Sylvia!—but open it sister." The lid fell off and

nothing was inside. "Who has sent me this? Who trifles with a woman's vanity? Find me the fool that with my eyes I may craze him, that with my charms I may enslave him, that with my heart I may lure him to destruction, that, in the end, my lips shall drive him to the grave" and the hot Breton nature, stung by fancied slur, lifted this queen of women in passion to her feet. "Ah! what is this—the lid—why poetry!" —a laugh—so full of scorn that muses well might weep the slur on muses' language—and she held it at arm's length and read; and, as she read, her voice lost its scorn, her eyes their mocking smile, her lips their burning sneer:—

"The love that once thou gavest me
I send it back to thee!
Thy voice that once did breathe on me,
To me must ever silent be!

Thy smiles that once like waking day,
Have chased for me the gloom away,
Thy kisses of that long-dead day,
Have passed like rainbow in the spray!

This hollow space, this empty space,
Contains the ashes of the grace,
Weep! for my soul this silent space!
Is winging to its resting place!"

"Oh Robert, tender Robert, Robert my own, come back, come back to me"—the white arms reached appealingly toward the door as if a vision stood before her, and the perfect eyes gazed beseechingly as if the vision faded from their sight, and the sweet voice dropped pleadingly till it scarce passed the snowy lips in accents soft and coaxing, and, in her grandest mood, La Sylvia, of many moods, sank fainting in her sister's arms.

C. H. N.

Nine-seven—'Varsity.

Tales of a Schoolroom.

There are few public school teachers who cannot tell some amusing stories about what they have seen or heard in the schoolroom. Here are two or three of these stories which are fair samples of those we frequently hear.

One teacher in taking up a lesson on the character and life of James I, told the pupils that Green's History states that James was "the wisest fool in christendom." Some days after this the class were given an examination on history, one of the questions being about the character of James I. In answering this question one boy started out with the wonderful statement that James was "as wise as the fool that christened him."

* * *

A teacher of a primary class was drilling on the word "cat" which she had placed on the blackboard, and she took particular pains to have the pupils see that that which was on the board was not a real cat but merely the written word "cat." Next day in review lesson the teacher placed the same word on the board, and then asked an innocent looking little girl at the foot of the class to tell what it was. Hesitatingly the answer came: "That is the writings of a cat."

Sonnet: Alive.

BY NORMAN FERGUS BLACK.

To be alive, O Living God! alive!
To know the ecstacy of manly might
The joy of all sweet sound, each glorious sight,
'Tis this, O Living God, to be alive!

O Living God! to be alive! alive!
To feel the pulsings of exultant Pride,
Of Hope, of Faith, all hindrance to deride:
O Living God! 'Tis this to be alive!

Alive! alive! O Living God! alive!
To tremble at the soul's immensity;
To rest in action midst eternity:
Alive! O Living God! Alive, alive!

To Love and Live, O God! To Live and Love!
What state more high in Earth or Heaven above?