

Ontario Normal College Monthly.

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Ontario Normal College Monthly

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The editor-in-chief of this Monthly had no intention whatever of being a competitor in the recent oratorical contest until about a week before the evening of May 2nd, 1902. Upon the urgent solicitations of several members of the present class, the writer consented to enter the arena. The time was then so short that the main ideas of the editorial intended for this issue of the Monthly had to serve as a basis for the elaboration of a suitable subject. This oration, entitled "The Significance of Experience," must do duty as the leading editorial of the last number of the Monthly for this academic year. It is intended to summarize and conclude a series of discussions originating in the preceding numbers.

The annual oratorical concert of the O.N.C. was held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of May 2nd, 1902. The following program was rendered to a large and appreciative audience:

- 1—Chairman's Address.....
J. T. Crawford, B. A.
- 2—"Away in the Meadows"Root
Glee Club.
- 3—Oration....."The Empire"
Mr Downey.
- 4—Quartet.....Selected.....
O. N. C. Quartet.
- 5—Oration.. "Flash Lights on Ruskin"
Miss Moore.
- 6—Violin Solo.....Selected
Mr. Andrews.
- 7—First Prize Poem.... "Springtime"
Miss Baird.

- 8—"Come Fairies All"Pelton
Glee Club.
Intermission.
- 9—"The Oars are Plashing"Geibel
Glee Club.
- 10—Oration, "The Significance of Experience"
G. M. James, B. A., LL. B.
- 11—Duet, from Opera 1492. Carl Pfeleger
Miss Kinrade and Mr. Mott.
- 12—Oration.... "Good and Bad Novels"
J. Loucks, B. A.
- 13—Violin Solo.... Selected.....
Mr. Andrews
- 14—First Prize Essay.....
- 15—"The Moon is Up"Stillman
Glee Club.
God Save the King.

The musical portion of the program was under the direction of Mr. James Johnson and the results of this department reflected great credit on all concerned. The essays and poems had been handed in to the judges a week previously. The prize winners were announced as the program proceeded. The following are the prize winners for this year:

- First Prize Oration—Mr. G. M. James, B.A., LL.B., Galt, Ont.
 Second Prize Oration. — Mr. J. E. Loucks, B.A., Frankville, Ont.
 First Prize Poem.—Miss M. M. J. Baird, B.A., Toronto Junction, Ont.
 Second Prize Poem.—Mr. R. J. Hornung, Hamilton, Ont.
 First Prize Essay.—Miss E. M. Fleming, B.A., Brockville, Ont.
 Second Prize Essay. — Miss C. C. Grainger, B.A., Orillia, Ont.

The Significance of Experience.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION.

We are living in an age of enormous expansion in every possible sphere of human activity. Never before was there such a feverish, nervous rush toward the goals of human desires. How few there

are, who do not become weary and exhausted and with a feeling of desparation, exclaim, "Why was I born! Why do I exist! Is it better to live or to die?" There are few mortals who have ever lived, who have not had some such thoughts. A few half crazed from nervous exhaustion and disappointment drink the fatal draught, fire the deadly shot or in some other way declare that it were better to die.

The question "Why do I exist?" is great and important. It has been considered by men and women of all ages and has been variously answered. The ancients sought diligently to discover the secret of life or the highest good of life. Human nature is ever the same. There are many in existence to-day who desire an answer to the question. The problem is important for other reasons. On its solution depends true success in this life and a guarantee of the best in the world to come. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall now present to you the solution of this problem.

In the first place I assert that we are born to have experiences. In support of that assertion I call attention to the fact that we are peculiarly constituted physically, mentally and morally. Every part of our being is constructed for the express purpose of receiving experiences. It is as easy to decide the main purposes of my constitution as it is to discover the use of a watch or a steam engine by examining their respective structures. Someone will perhaps say: "True, we grant you this, but the lower animals are similarly constituted. In fact they are superior to us in the matter of physical sensations because they possess more acute sense organs." This is all very true, but man has a compensating advantage which more than off-sets all this. Man is not only constituted so as to receive experiences but he has been given a soul, an intelligence, by means of which he may interpret the significance of those experiences. The man or the woman who is the passive victim of experiences is an animal pure and simple. God has created every man

and woman a king or queen by endowing each with the rational faculty. It is through that instrumentality that all creation bows at man's feet in humble subjection.

We cannot escape experiences but we may fail to note the significance of our experiences or we may interpret those experiences incorrectly and in either case life will be more or less a failure. The busy careers of to-day are not generally conducive to a full and correct interpretation of experience. We must have leisure periodically in order to think our experiences into harmony and relation. Conditions that existed fifty years ago may have been more favorable in this respect. With all our advancement and civilization of which we are justly proud, we may nevertheless lose sight of the main purpose of our existence.

For present purposes the totality of a life's experience may be classified as follows: home, school and society, or the world. The experiences of one period prepares for the next and under normal conditions the experiences of a succeeding stage aid in the interpretation of the significance of the preceding stage or stages. It is not necessary for my present subject that I should review the main features of the experiences of the home, their origin and development, leading up to school life and subsequently to society in the broadest sense.

I shall now illustrate what I mean by an experience and then explain its significance keeping in mind the problem which we may have before us, namely: "Why do I exist?" In dealing with a subject of this kind it is absolutely necessary to use the first personal pronoun very frequently. The experience that I am about to relate connects to some extent home and school life. It was a bright November afternoon. My comrade and myself, mere lads, were in our places at the public school on this particular day. The school work had proceeded much as usual. At four o'clock we decided to go to the woods near by for two reasons, mainly to have a confidential conversation about certain

juvenile matters and incidentally to gather some beech nuts. We entered the woods, or rather forest, for it was large, and enjoyed ourselves to the fullest extent in all the particulars for which we had set forth. So deeply interested were we in our chat and rambles that we became oblivious to time or space. The twilight in November is brief. We were at length startled by the sense of darkness and at once endeavored to retrace our steps. After wandering on and on, we at last admitted in dreadful whispers that we were lost. We were becoming momentarily more cold and hungry, and putting our arms around each other we cried bitterly. Then we had another impulse to action. "Shout! Someone may hear us." This we did but our voices so frightened us under these dismal circumstances that we trembled from fear. We were hopelessly lost, never to see home and loved ones again. Having seated ourselves upon a log, we remained very silent for a long time, suffering intensely from a sense of cold, hunger and exhaustion. At last my comrade said he was sleepy and would lie down in the leaves but would try not to go asleep. He failed to defy the hand of death that was upon him for in a very short time he was in an unconscious condition. To add to my horrors, those dreadful noises of the midnight forest began to be heard. My imagination gave these unearthly voices visible bodies for I saw ravenous monsters gliding in the darkness in all directions. O God! That was a dreadful night. It nearly drove me mad. At our respective homes we had been missed at tea-time. Inquiries revealed the fact that we had been seen going towards the great woods after school. The alarm was promptly given. "Two boys were lost, perhaps already dead, as the result of some mischance." Fathers and friends gathered together and with torches and lanterns began the search. It was about one in the morning when the boy on the log had his attentions diverted from phantoms and sprites to realities. He saw a peculiar glare in

the far distance. "Was the sun rising?" The light wavered and glimmered and gleamed. Individual lights appeared. They seemed to be marching. The forms of men became discernable. "Here we are, this way," and then as far as that boy was concerned all lights went out, all noises ceased and two boys lay in the leaves as unconscious as in death. Our fathers and friends heard the call and at last found us. Oh the joy of my home that night! The loving caresses, the words of pity and welcome, the bright room, the warm fire and latter the very acceptable meal are experiences that I shall never forget. I never knew what Heaven meant until then. I never knew the love and devotion of my parents until that night. This ecstasy of joy is too deep for language to express.

Now here is a real experience. What is its significance? It was a great turning point in my life. A great part of my knowledge of God, salvation and heaven grew definitely out of that experience. The song of the ninety and nine and the parable of the lost sheep had a new meaning for me now. I saw that God could be my loving Father also and that He was willing to bring me back to the joy and glory of His presence. He was seeking for me by His various providences and was willing to assist me if I was only willing to return. Moreover, that experience removed an obstacle which otherwise would have left me an atheist. I was always inclined to be rebellious when I was whipped by my parents or when I saw calamity fall upon myself or others for any cause or even for apparently no cause. I could not understand how a loving parent could under any circumstances whatever appear to be unkind, nor why God, if all-loving, could permit any mortal to wander into sin and to suffer as an inevitable result. I wandered to the woods and was lost from my own free will but it afforded an opportunity for revealing the full joy and love of my home. God permits his creatures to wander and suffer, but the joy of the redeemed is

unspeakable. It is only the redeemed who know the fulness of the love of God. "Oh let the ransomed ones His great love proclaim." That song will resound through earth and heaven. It will be the grandest chorus of the ages and will last forever.

Many will say, "I would not have that experience in the forest for all the world." Men and women are saying the same about the vicissitudes of their every day life. They do not note the significance of their experiences, namely, that God is a Father and that though the night be dark and the way be long and weary, yet a great joy and everlasting fulness of glory awaits the redeemed. The darkness and sorrow of night will be more than compensated by the joy of heaven.

I now summarize this eventful experience by stating that it crystallized the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity or Love. These virtues had been cultivated in my heart from infancy towards my parents. Later they were broadened in reference to my teachers and now they were centered and perfected toward God Himself. Moreover, I obtained a very real conception of the Fatherhood of God.

For the purpose of illustrating I mention now one of the most important experiences of my University College days. That experience consisted merely in becoming intimately acquainted with the late Mr. J. H. Brown, of the class of 94. Mr. Brown was one of the most brilliant students who ever attended Toronto University. I often visited Mr. Brown in his room when I had intellectual difficulties and the ultimate experience for me was only second in importance to the thrilling experience already outlined. Mr. Brown was the first one who ever impressed me with the idea of the altruistic spirit, the brotherhood of man. He was not paid for the assistance he rendered and moreover, we were comparative strangers. I would think it the duty of a relative or a teacher or an intimate friend to give the assistance required. But

this is not all. Mr. Brown's noble life at college and the circumstances of his death accomplished something more. Mr. Brown had nearly completed his theological course at Knox College. He sought an appointment in the home mission field for the six months' vacation prior to his final year. He was given a very desirable station in Ontario. In order to secure a field requiring more exertion and self-denial, he exchanged his appointment with another student who was appointed to a new settlement in south-western Manitoba. Mr. Brown had to drive many miles weekly in order to reach the people of this scattered settlement. He was often drenched by the rain and compelled to remain in his wet clothing for long intervals. This exposure brought on a sudden attack of hemorrhage from which he died after a week's illness, and after laboring among the people of this settlement for about three months. Mr. Brown's mother was notified promptly at Toronto but was unable to reach her son before his death. Upon her arrival she was informed that deceased had died very peacefully but had been anxious to say good-bye to his mother. A small memorandum book was found in his vest pocket which contained a brief but significant entry. On leaving the station at Toronto for the west Mr. Brown had inscribed the following prayer: "I desire that I shall be the means of converting ten souls to Christ during my labors in Manitoba." Scores of the settlers drove long distances to pay their last tribute of respect to their departed missionary before the body was sent to Markdale, Ont. for burial. Every man, woman and child was convulsed with sobs as each stood by the open casket. Mr. Brown's prayer was liberally answered but by his death. My personal knowledge of Mr. Brown, coupled with his noble death, became an experience of no small importance. It was thus that I learned to know Christ as a Savior and Redeemer, being better able to appreciate His motive of love and self-sacrifice.

The experiences dealt with are merely typical and illustrative. Every experience of life properly and fully interpreted should tend more or less to the same results. I leave my teachers and comrades of the O.N.C. to judge how much I have appreciated the work of the year and how much of their worth has taken possession of my soul, to live in and through me forever.

In conclusion we can now state the complete solution to the problem "Why do I exist?"

(1) To have experiences.

(2) By noting the significance of these experiences:

(a) To obtain a gradual and conscious development of the cardinal virtues, Faith, Hope and Love, towards God and man.

(b) To secure a full and ever-broadening conception of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the reality that Christ is our Saviour and Redeemer.

Springtime.

FIRST PRIZE POEM, BY MISS M. M. J. BAIRD, B. A.

The snow was gone from mountain and plain,
Full early it disappeared;
And the blue sky smiled twixt sun and rain,
And the birds sang blithely once again,
The cuckoo, the lark, the robin, the wren;
And Nature joined in the chorus.

From shadowy nooks in the soft green dales
Peeped the wild flowers' bashful eyes:
And the brooks ran merrily through the vales
Amid the sweet sound of the soft zephyr breeze
As she murmured her notes through budding trees;
And Nature joined in the chorus.

Nor was nature alone in a gladsome mood,
For all living mortals rejoiced.
The poor starving waifs begging sadly for food
And shelter from storm mid the bleak winter blast
Now sang out their praises to God, who at last
Made Nature join in the chorus.

And the rich in their mansions, from emu released
Of Hiems' dull drear days,
Felt the heart pulse light, and never ceased
To praise the "Giver of all good gifts,"
Whose bounteous goodness in Springtime lifts
Nature's voices in joyful chorus.

The Home as a Social Institution.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY MISS E. M. FLEMING, B. A.

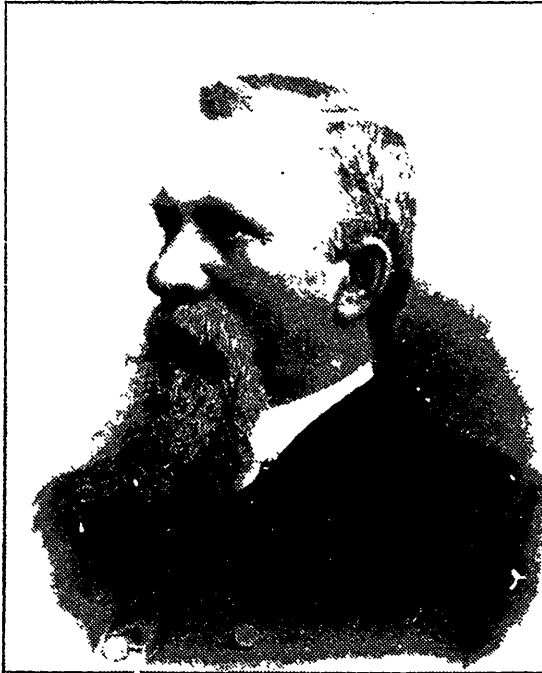
From time immemorial sages have spoken and bards sung of the joys and sorrows of the home. Philosophers have dwelt upon the powers and privileges it confers. "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that moves the world" has become a household phrase, trite and hackneyed. Social reformers of every age have pointed out the intimate relationship existing between the home and society. If the home is pure, society is without taint; if corrupt, society too is foul and putrid. For the home is not merely one factor in the many that constitute the social whole: it is the essential factor.

Society is sometimes likened to an organism possessing many organs. Just as the various organs contribute to the life of the organism, by which, in turn, they are themselves affected, so the various social institutions contribute to the development of society and, at the same time, share in that development. The legislature, the church, the school, the factory, the asylums for the unfortunate are all of undoubted importance in the onward march of humanity. But none of them can aspire to the high position in the complex constitution of society that must be accorded to the home. For, if not the basis of all the other social organizations, if not absolutely essential to their origin, the home is undeniably a powerful factor in their growth and it is undoubtedly prior in order of development. I speak of the home not merely as it exists at the present time, but as it was in the beginning, and as it has been from its earliest inception onwards. It is a widely recognized fact that all social institutions share in the social advance which they make possible. The present forms of government in all their complexity and multiplicity have developed from primitive organizations the reverse of manifold and complex. The machinery

of education in the days of our remote ancestors was far simpler than at present. In natural science this principle of evolution is almost a truism. "The best apple in the world has been cultivated from the thorny crab." Anthropology teaches us that the home was not always such as we see it now, that it has reached its present high standard of purity and refinement only as the race has advanced from savagery through

also. Sometimes four generations are found in one "home." But, though different in character, the primitive home and the civilized home of the twentieth century are similar in essence, performing similar functions in the service of humanity.

Like every social institution the home has two sides, the corporate and the individual. The former has reference to its organization as a whole, as a form



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barbarism to the present height of civilization. Nor was it always the abode of one family, as we interpret that word. When polygamy was practised, the several wives with their children lived sometimes all together and sometimes separately. The Huron and the Iroquois Indians of North America often lived in large bark houses occupied by several families. In China to-day the sons bring their wives to the shelter of the parental roof and the sons' sons bring theirs

of associated life; the latter, to the way in which the organized life modifies the life of the various individuals who contribute to its maintenance. In other words, every organization must be dealt with from the two standpoints of differentiation and inter-relation. The biologist who has completed the study of a plant or animal, has recognized not only the various organs and functions, or divisions of labor, by which the life of the whole is maintained, but also the

mutual adaptations of the different organs to one another. The home, comprising the several members of the family—father, mother, sisters, brothers—is the natural social unit, each part of which shares in the work of the whole. This is the corporate side. The characters and functions of the various members, as well as their relations to one another, lead us to the consideration of the individual side.

Inasmuch as the home is a social institution and social institutions are but differentiated phases of the social whole, having originated in order to contribute to the realization of the aim of society, the work of the home consists in the attempt to secure the attainment of this aim.

The problem that confronts society today, the problem of how it may best further the free and full development of the individual, is the same that it has had to face from the beginning of the ages. It is one with the problem of education, which seeks to socialize the individual by enabling him to attain increased individual efficiency. This is to be attained not only through the formal education of the school and college but through the informal education gained in other social institutions, notably in the home. Education, formal and informal, is acquired by the reconstruction of experience. Indeed, education may be said to be the re-making of experience. Before experience can be re-made, it must be made. It is in the home that the child gets his first experiences to be used in the reconstructing process. Here he first comes into actual contact with life. His parents, brothers, and sisters are the impersonation of the social whole, occupying an intermediate position between the great life of the state and the child. The child becomes conscious of his individuality, of his distinct and separate existence, and, at the same time, of his relation to, and dependence upon, things and persons outside of himself. It is through the home that the child first shares in the social life of the race. Not only so, but it is

through the home also that he first learns to act socially. He learns to give out as well as take in. He makes certain demands upon society—upon the home-circle, which represents society,—and in return he has to respond to counter demands. He acquires the power of speech as well as ability to interpret the language of others. Through the various processes of direct stimulus and response, of injunction and prohibition, of imitation, of suggestion, and of communication, he comes to the knowledge, unconscious though it is, that he is not merely a separate individual with aims and interests peculiar to himself, but that he is also an agent in the social whole. His interests are indissolubly bound up with the interests of all mankind. The unity of aim and sympathetic feeling essential to the promotion of the best interests of society, are thus developed and fostered in the home.

In formal no less than in informal education, the home is a potent factor. Education in the home forms the basis for education in the school. The home affords material for psychological investigation as to the best ways and means of carrying on the socializing process. In many respects the school may be considered as the expansion and development of the family. The teacher, taking the place of the parents, interprets the problems of social life, past, present and future, and works them over into the child's experience.

The importance of the home in the social commonwealth rests not alone upon the extent of its work but upon its enduring character. "The child is father of the man." If the surroundings of the child are such as to promote industry, promptness, intelligent inquiry and habits of reflection, the man can hardly fail to be thoughtful, intelligent and industrious. History furnishes abundant material in support of this statement. Moses is a striking example of the lasting nature of early influences. The impressions he received as a child at his mother's side were not effaced by the splendors of Pharaoh's court. The

principles he imbibed there, remained with him, strengthening him to withstand the temptations of a life of luxury and learning, and forming the basis for that development that enabled him to become, under God, the leader and the law-giver of his people. The moral influence of that poor Jewish home has lived in the history not only of the Jews but of all the enlightened nations of the earth. Christianity and civilization today are deeply indebted not alone to Pharaoh's daughter, but to the mother of the child Moses, the woman inured to toil and hardship, making daily her tale of bricks at the bidding of the Egyptian tastmaster.

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, well-known to students of Roman history, placed on record his appreciation of the training he received in the home. "From my grandfather Verus," he wrote, "(I learned) good morals and the government of my temper. From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character. From my mother, piety and beneficence and abstinence, not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts, and further, simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich."

The Greek and Roman philosophers lay stress upon the overwhelming importance of child life and the magnitude of the responsibility of those who have to do with the training of youth. Plutarch, in his discourse on the training of children, writes: "For childhood is a tender thing and easily wrought into any shape. Yea, and the very souls of children readily receive the impressions of those things that are dropped into them while they are yet but soft; but when they grow older, they will, as all hard things are, be more difficult to be wrought upon." The "Republic" of Plato and the "Politics" of Aristotle also emphasize the lasting influence of early associations. Quintilian expresses similar ideas when he says: "We are by nature most tenacious of what we have imbibed in our infant years; as the flavor with which you scent vessels,

when new, remains in them."

As the bent and twisted twig will not grow up into the straight and perfect tree, the child that is placed in the midst of pernicious or unfavorable surroundings will not attain to his rightful development. But the straight twig in the midst of others that are bent and misshapen need not necessarily grow up otherwise than straight. In this case the analogy does not hold true. Through the mere proximity of corrupt natures, the moral fibre of the child will be inevitably warped and perverted. And this because the desire to imitate is inherent in the child's nature and essential to his growth. At first he imitates, blindly and slavishly, the actions and speech of those about him. As he grows, his imitation becomes freer and more individualistic. He chooses some part of another's experience as a starting point, a suggestion from which to develop his own experience. Wordsworth has noticed this universal trait in his great Ode:

"Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;

* * * * *

As if his whole vacation
Were endless imitation."

Hence the necessity for the parents themselves to possess, or strive to possess, all the qualities they desire in the child. Quintilian illustrates the value of learning in the parents, the mother as well as the father, by a reference to Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who "contributed greatly to their eloquence." "A great part of our education," says Emerson, "is sympathetic and social. Boys and girls who have been brought up with superior people, show in their manners an inestimable grace."

The formation and development of character in the child alone is thus not the sole function of the home. The attainment of self-control on the part of the child pre-supposes similar self-con-

trol in those in attendance upon him. Moreover, parents who realize even in a slight degree, the vast influence exerted by their example, will think twice before committing any action detrimental to the highest development not only of themselves but of their children. Juvenal remonstrates thus: "The greatest reverence is due to a child. If you are contemplating a disgraceful act, despise not your child's tender years, but let your infant son act as a check upon your purpose of sinning."

Love for home and family is one of the most powerful motives in the uplifting of mankind. It is not indeed confined to humanity, for it is seen in many dumb animals. In man, however, it may be assumed to be of a higher and more lasting character. It can stir even the coward to acts of courage and the selfish to the sacrifice of self. It has been the inspiration for many an act of sublime devotion and self-abnegation, recorded not on the world's tablets of honor but in the great Book of Life. When we think of what mothers have dared and suffered for their sons and daughters—what they are daring and suffering now, the world over, we are constrained to bow in reverence before the great love thus made manifest. Truly the home is more than a social institution: it is divine. But the love inspired by home and kindred does not end with these. It is the basis of that true patriotism that has inspired many a brave man to lay down his life willingly and cheerfully in his country's cause. Upon it, too, as upon a firm foundation, is built the noble structure of love of man for man and of man for God. For "he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, cannot love God, whom he hath not seen."

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Struck the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

The nature and extent of home influence is a variable quantity, varying according to the character of the home whence it emanates. A loveless home—

if an abode may be called "home," whose existence does not depend on love as its fundamental principle—is a spectacle to make men and angels weep. Its presence is a menace to the state; it is a monstrosity in the social world, a blot upon society's escutcheon. Far different is the abode of those whose every action proceeds from a heart purified and ennobled by the love of kindred, of humanity, and of God. Such is the true home. Its influence does not hinge upon the number of its material possessions. The strongest characters have come from homes of poverty and toil. Carlyle's parents were poor farmers. Wordsworth's Wanderer, a man

"Endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine,"

was poor in worldly wealth, but

"in our best experience he was rich
And in the wisdom of our daily life."

And why? Not only because he was taught of Nature, but because of the character of his home, where he was

"Strengthened and braced by breathing in content

The keen, the wholesome air of poverty."

It is thus described by the poet:

"A virtuous household, though exceeding poor!
Pure lives were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God: the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word
And an habitual piety"

Yet it cannot be gainsaid that extreme poverty such as exists in the slums of our cities, militates against the development of the individual and the consequent advance of society. The desire of the social reformer is to better the race through the betterment of the individual, and this can be best accomplished through the medium of the home. The child's surroundings should be characterized by such a measure of material prosperity as to remove all necessity for his contact with the outside world as a wage-earner.

In the ideal home, the parent is wise enough to understand what is best for the child, and is able to supply what is needed. The child's physical, mental,

and spiritual powers are trained and developed consciously and unconsciously. From the conversation of those about him he obtains ideas on many topics. These are worked over into his own experience. He acquires the power to express in words his ideas and thus his misconceptions are corrected. Through participation in household occupations, he gets control of his powers, cultivates habits of neatness and industry and develops a due regard for the rights

beautiful. In this way was laid the basis of Ruskin's love for art and his consequent labors as an art critic. The child should have access to the beautiful in Nature as well as Art. The garden, the field, the forest, the stream should be the scene of his daily walks and excursions. Wordsworth characterizes the formative power of Nature in these noble lines:

art and literature, he will inevitably acquire a taste for all that is good and



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and ideas of others. In these days of specialization, when the industries that were wont to form part of the household tasks, have been relegated to the manufacturer's, an essential attribute of the ideal home is a workshop where the child's constructive abilities will have ample scope for development. A miniature laboratory in which his inquiries might be profitably directed, would not be amiss. The child should be surrounded with the evidences of culture and true refinement. If he is accustomed to look only upon the beautiful and the pure in

“For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor
All the dreary intercourse of daily life
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.”

All the foregoing conditions may be complied with and still the home may not be ideal. The one great essential of the true home is that every part of it be permeated by the all-powerful, pervading

influence of love. In the child, as in the adult, life is the main thing. Life without love is but a semblance of life.

"For life with all its yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear * * * *
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

"The peace and the dear privacy" ascribed to the home by the poet, is dwelt upon in Ruskin's beautiful characterization :

"This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; * * * But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of home."

Kipling.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETY BY MR. L. E. JONES. B.A.

It is long since a morsel of verse has constituted an historical event of importance for two hemispheres; but, portance for two hemispheres; but, without exaggeration, is what certain short poems of Kipling's have been. To have something to say no doubt helps a voice to carry far and to attract people's attention, and Rudyard Kipling certainly has something to say and says it in no halting and hesitating manner but as he himself says "after the use of the English in straight-flung words and few." It is true that he sometimes twangs the banjo and beats the drum, and with these he has not done ignobly yet in such poems as "The Recessional" and the "Hymn before Action" has

touched the solemn organ stops and appealed to the deepest feelings of our race.

What has been described as the newness of Kipling's work is probably due to the fact that he deals in no half truths. He deals with humanity as it is and in firm dark unmistakable outline draws the "Thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are." His heroes are no idle vacuities in the shapes of men, but men of bone, blood and muscle who stand to their work and are strong. The soldier he depicts as he is, reckless defiant, bullying, swearing, heartless, brutal—but then comes the master-stroke, for how much more is the soldier than this when he responds to the call of duty, and at a word steps forward and faces death. So he draws all his characters in their ugliness, deformity and baseness and then champions them by revealing any redeeming features they may possess.

In his imperial poems Kipling has had the great good fortune to divine the moment at which some public sentiment of Imperial power is about to announce or disclose itself and then by one hour to anticipate that moment in his song. The sense of of brotherhood of the blood was stirring in many English hearts before he wrote but it was one of the native born who gave it resonant utterance. His feeling for Empire is characterized by two chief features: first, it is based securely upon concrete fact: and secondly it rises at the summit to a solemn and even religious sense of duty. It is not a flourish of rhetoric nor intoxication with a vague theory but it is rather a gathering up of his myriad observations into an ideal unity. It has its origin in "the little things a fellow cares about"; it clings much to kinship and comradeship:

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine."

it rises to civic loyalty and pride:

Surely, in toil or fray
 Under an alien sky,
 Comfort it is to say,
 "Of no mean city am I."

It passes from the city to the birth-land that by closest ties of sonship to the mother country: it includes the shepherd on his hill, the ploughman drawing his furrow, the miner delving his ore, the white sails and long smoke trails on all the seas, where the swift shuttles of the great loom ply backward and forward; it embraces finally the whole congeries of thought and dream and deed which below the Northern Star and the Southern Cross make up the majestic unity of Empire of which unity the flag serves as emblem; and at every stage of development the emotions are fed by rights, by sounds, by the very scents of the East and West of land breeze and sea breeze, by all brave memories and tender associations. But Kipling's feeling of Empire is solemnized by the weight of real things and by a knowledge of the cost of Empire. The Song of the English includes, as part of the cantata the "Song of the Dead." The sea wife by the Northern Gate, who breeds her roving sons and sends them over the sea in no mood of shallow emotion; only in the depth of her own heart she is proud that her sons have indeed been men. There is a wail in Tommy's chorus as he tumbles in to the troopship and sees in imagination the large birds of prey on the far horizon, keen scented and expectant, but nevertheless Tommy falls in on the troop deck. The widow at Windsor's party is not all cakes and jam but you can't refuse the card when the widow gives the party and the end of the show is satisfactory to the Colonel:

"We broke a king, we built a road,
 A courthouse stands where the regiment
 went,
 And the river's clean where the raw
 blood flowed
 When the widow gave the party."

The price of admiralty is blood and
 "Lord God we ha' paid it in full." But

the dreamers whose dreams were a prophecy to go forth, and leave their homes on the sanddrift, on the veldt side, in the fern-scrub still summons our gentlemen adventurers and the dead cry to us:

"Follow after, follow after, we have
 watered the root
 And the bud has come to blossom that
 ripens for fruit."

It is no lust of territory or empty pride that can help us to sustain the white man's burden; we hear it because this also is the day's work appointed for us by the Master of All Workmen.

"Keep ye the law—be swift in all
 obedience,
 Clear the land of evil, drive the road,
 and bridge the ford,
 Make ye sure to each his own,
 That he reap where he hath sown,
 By the peace among our peoples let men
 know we serve the Lord."

Such is the religious feeling for Empire. Even in his earlier work, Departmental Ditties, the solemn note is struck at least once in the finest poem of the collection "The Galley Slave."

"Our women and our children toiled be-
 side us in the dark—
 They died, we filed their letters and we
 heaved them to the shark—
 We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast
 the galley sped
 We had only time for envy for we could
 not mourn our dead."

It may be doubted whether the Society of Imperial Federation has accomplished as much for its purpose as these poems of Kipling. From the first he labored on this theme in "The Widow at Windsor" in the Atkin's dialect and he made a more express contribution to it in the "English Flag." Of the Seven Seas more than half the contents are devoted to it, for "The Merchantmen," "The Liner She's a Lady," "The Flowers" and "The Song of the Banjo," are as much poems of the British Empire as "The Song of the English" and "The Native Born." Indeed the ending of

"The Flowers" is as distinct an appeal for Imperial Federation as the volume contains :

"Far and far our homes are set round
the seven seas,
Woe for us it we forget, we that held
by these
Unto each his mother beach, bloom,
and bird, and 'and,
Masters of the seven seas, oh love and
understand.

The Song of the English begins with an invocation of the same kind; a prologue of the swelling act of Imperialism.

"Hear now a song—a song of broken
interludes,
A song of little cunning; of a singer
nothing
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between,
As the singer knew and touched it in the
end of all the earth."

The broken interludes in truth celebrations of the objects that denote Britannia's rule of the waves, the "Coastwise Lights," "The Deep Sea Cables," "The Song of the Dead," "The Song of the Sons" and the "Song of the Cities" that ring round the world from Bombay to Halifax. Moreover, this Imperialism is of a practical nature. He disapproves the insular patriotism of the English.

"What should they know of England who
only England knew."

And presents the island as the ganglionic centre of the system.

To the hearth of our people's people,
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our own dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us bow,
To the grist of the slow ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine,
To the Bank of our Open Credit,
To the Powerhouse of the Line.

And the colonies as self-governing kingdoms who stand like full-grown sons ready to defend their mother country.

Draw now the three fold knot firm
on the nine fold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law
after the rule of your lands,
This for the waxen Heath, and that
for the Wattle-bloom,
This for the Maple leaf and that for
the Southern Broom,
The law that ye make shall be law and
I do not press my will
Because ye are sons of the blood and
call me mother still."

Then he presents the ships of England as the shuttles that weave the web of Empire.

"Come up, come in from Eastward,
from the guard ports of the morn,
Beat up, beat in from the Southerly, O
gipsies of the horn,
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that
weave us main to main,
The Coastwise lights of England give
you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-channel with the sea-
crust on your plates,
Go, get you up to London with the sea-
crust on your plates,
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and
say it any seek
The lights of England sent you and by
silence shall ye speak."

Truly the writer of these poems is the unchallenged Laureate of Greater Britain.

In regard to his Barrack Room Ballads we must take exception to the statement that he takes the music hall ballads as a model. Rather we would say that he uses them as a point of departure. He might apply to his own work in the form of the songs of the people what he assigns to the banjo "The war drum of the white man round the world."

"And the tunes that mean so much to
you alone,
Common tunes that make you choke and
blow your nose,
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh and
bring the groan,
I can rip your very heart strings out
with those."

The ballads and sea chanteys are the real songs of the army and the sea distilled and poetized. They are what the inept singers would like to sing. Whether Mr. Kipling appreciated the soldier or sailor more it would be difficult to determine. He gives us chiefly the rollicking and the gay side of the soldier's life but the grave and noble side of the mariner's life. To him the sailor is the busiest of heroes to whom danger is the common place of daily life. Not so the red coat. He has his periods of revelry, has hours of ease, his outbursts of riot, his play time and singing time, his jolly marches and imposing parades. He is the merry devil-may-care fellow up to the very moment that the bugle sounds for battle, and he then pulls himself together with grim determination to fight till the last drop of blood has run out of his veins. There are many beautiful things among these poems such as "Mandalay," the "L'Envoi" to *Many Inventions* and "For to Admire," but now and then comes a verse of awful pathos as "Mary Pity Women," and "Gentlemen Rankers."

Kipling's view of the world is essentially a religious view. With his keen and well perception he sees a world that is "wondrous large," one that holds "a vast of various kinds of men," sinners, male and female, the coward, the bully, the cheat, the brave, the strong, the weak, the cas, the gentleman, the vain pretender, the simple hero, all seem to have a place in this large world where passion clashes with passion, and deed wrestles with deed. Possessing an unwearied curiosity, he views this changeful spectacle infinitely pleased to observe "the different ways that different things are done" of which things some are odd, "most awful odd," yet upon the whole this world is highly interesting to the intelligent spectator.

"Gawd bless this world! What ever she
hath done

Except when awful long, I've found it
good,

So write before I die, "E liked it all."

In general his feeling is the devout one that it is his task to "draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as they are," are as he says with greater dignity in presenting to the master a completed volume of his tales.

"One stone the more swings to her place,
In the dread Temple of Thy worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

Naught common however much is unclean. b

But above this turmoil of passions, above this scene of shames and heroisms, of evil doing, weak doing, mean doing, brave doing rises the immutable law; and that is best in life whether it be toil or suffering or sorrow which brings men into obedience to this law or rather into active co-operation with it. Even the goose-step is a stage in the evolution of order, for the young recruit is silly keeping himself awful, much as he does his sidearms, and it is well for him that he should be hammered; it is well that he should be put in the way of

"Gettin' clear of dirtiness, gettin' done
with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather more-
or-less."

Not Carlyle himself could have more sternly condemned the folly of doing things rather-more-or-less than does Kipling; and in the building of a man he especially honors pukka workmanship. On that awful day when Tommy ran squealing for quarter, and the Major cursed his maker, and the Colonel broke his sword, the root of evil lay in the fact that "we was never disciplined." And in the true beat and full power of his engine, with faithfulness in every crank and rod, M'Andrews reads its lesson and his own "Law, Order, Duty and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline."

The law and order of the world again is presided over by the Law Giver, the Maker of men, who knows the value of an honest workman, of a strong man, who has ever walked "in simpleness and

gentleness and honor and clean mirth." For us laborers on His earth He is the Great Overseer who insists on faithful work, giving at the same time strength to the workman which shall enable him even among hunger and drought and hardship, to accomplish the task assigned.

"If there be good in what I wrought
Thy hand compelled it Master, Thine
Where I have failed to meet thy thought
I know through Thee the blame is
mine."

Kipling is a poet, not of contemplation, but of action, of the emotions arising from or held in check by action and of the dreams which result in deed, but with him the dream is essentially a prophecy of the act. So the reigning personage of Mr. Kipling's creations is the man who has done something of his own initiative, if he be a man of genius; and if he be not a man of genius then something which he finds like a brave McAndrew—and he is almost a man of genius—allotted or assigned to him as a duty; and on his doing that something faithfully depends his salvation.

And I ha' lived and I ha' worked, be
thanks to Thee most High,
And I ha' done what I ha' done, judge
Thou if ill or well.

Surely the Master cannot wholly condemn men who have followed the advice.

"Go to your work and be strong; halting
not in your ways,
Baulking the end half won, for an instant
dole of praise,
Stand to your work and be wise, certain
of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but
men in a world of men."

Tomlinson of Berkeley Square is spurned by Peter from Heaven's gate answer to one straight question

"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have
thought, he said, and the tale is yet
to run,
By the worth of the body that once ye
had, give answer, what ha' ye done?"

The devil in hell knows too accurately the price of good pit coal to waste it on such a whimpering spirit, that had not virtue enough to possess one genuine native vice. Off with him then once more to Berkeley Square! And in truth compared with Tomlinson one of the legion of the lost, a gentleman ranker damned from here to eternity, who has gone the pace and gone it blind is in an enviable position. His lot is piteous but not contemptible. Only once or twice his man of action is in the contemplative mood; he leans over the ship side and looks across the sea, remembering all the past, or sits in clink without his boots "admirin' 'ow the world was made."

"For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me
But I can't drop it if I tried."

Far more often what Mr. Kipling portrays and portrays with power are those hasty escapes of emotion which action cannot wholly suppress; the swift hiss of steam in its jet from the safety valve expresses better than any rhetoric the pressure within. Danny Decnan must hang, for is he not the disgrace of the nine hundred of his country? And yet, Files on Parade cannot forget that he drank Danny's beer a score of times. is a tenderly passionate reminiscence. Three rounds blank are all the honors that remain for the dead comrade and before starting it is well to finish off the swipes but—bitter memory—it was only last week the comrades fought about a dog.

"An' I strook him cruel 'ard, an' I wish
I 'adn't now,
Which is just what a man can't do."

Perhaps there is not much pathos in this as in any eloquent; "He who hath bent him over the dead." The driver as he whips the lumber across his wounded brother's body to put him out of pain does not wail or beat the breast; he gives a little coughing grunt and

swings his horses handsome when the command forward is given, knowing that if you want to win your battles you must work your guns. But the driver's grunt holds within it all Malcolm's heartening words "Dispute it like a man," and McDuff's apology "I shall do so; but I must also feel it like a man."

Kipling's view of "Romance" is as wide and far reaching as his view of the world. He sees the romance in all the varied forms of life he pictures. It did not die with the cave-men or lake-folk. It is romance which brings up the nine fifteen train.

"His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil can soothed the worrying crank,
His whistle waked the snow bound grade,
His fog horn cut the reeking banks,
By dock and deep and mine and mill,
The boy God reckless labored still."

The Vicount Loon who questioned McAndrew as to whether steam spoiled romance at sea is very summarily dismissed and the dour Scots engineer, who counts with all his runs one million miles of sea sets forth his views in no hesitating manner. He sees the poetry of the universe exemplified in his engines, and it is feebleness of the imagination which has no sense of the world-lifting joy that still comes to man, the artifer, and a dream, not of high-bound coracles or beaked triremes, but of the perfect ship still lures him on.

Again our miracles are those which subdue the waves and fill with messages of fate the deep-sea levels and read the storms before they thunder on our coast and toss aside the miles with crank-throw and tail-rod. "Gross modern materialism" sighs the votary romance feminine; and such it maybe for him but such it is not for those who, with masculine imagination and passion, can perceive that it is the dream of the artifer which subdues and organizes and animates the iron and the steel. It is well to nourish our imagination with tales of ancient gods and heroes but the true romance still lives in the souls to

be, who plan and toil and incarnate the dream in the deed, in fact his true romance is essentially that spirit in man which makes him strive after the ideal in all branches of life.

"Since spoken word man's spirit stirred
Beyond his belly-need
What is, is Thine, of fair design,
In thought and craft and deed,
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,
That was and that shall be,
And hope too high, wherefore we die,
Hath birth and worth in Thee."

There is yet another form of the true romance with which Kipling deals successfully—the discovery of some one hidden green oasis in a soul turned into desert by the drifted sand and parching winds of a worldly life. Sir Anthony Gloster in his death-bed wanderings mingles together piteously carnal pride and sensuality with the relics of an iron will; yet he is not wholly lost for a spot. "Hundred and eighteen East and South just three" by the Little Pater-nosters is still sacred to him and it is there where he dropped the body of the wife of his youth in fourteen fathoms that his own body must seek the depths. Perhaps the poor romance of the oasis is better than any splendid romance of the mirage. Even old McAndrew with his many other noble qualities has been touched by it also, for as he nears port after a long voyage he cannot help thinking that

"There's none at any port for me by
drivin' fast or slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee Lord,
thirty years ago."

We are indebted to the kindness of The Spectator for the cut of the "Wise men of the East."

The judges in the oratorical contest announced that Mr. Downey and Miss Moore were separated by but one point although both were considerably below the winner of the second prize oration.

Browning Lectures.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

From a consideration of the shorter of Browning's poems, Prof. Alexander passed to what he described as certainly the most ambitious and wonderful, if not the most perfect of the poet's productions. The Ring and the Book, generally considered the culminating point in Browning's work, was published in 1868. He had begun to write in 1833. In 1837 he had begun the play of Stratford, which, though it displayed to the full his powers of subtle character delineation, had not proved, and could not prove, a stage success from the lack of anything attractive on the external side. The year 1842 was marked by the publication of shorter dramatic poems. The collection "Bells and Pomegranates" had appeared at that time, while "Cavalier Tunes" and other poems followed shortly after. From 1855 to 1864, in his prime he had done much of his best work. "Men and Women" dates from this period. In 1866 "Dramatis Personae" appeared, and in 1868, with the publication of "The Ring and the Book" the work was brought to a climax.

In its general style "The Ring and the Book" was not greatly different from the preceding works. It exhibited the same sort of power but on a simply gigantic scale. The use of the monologue was again resorted to, but a long series of these was given the reader, various persons were introduced, and, through the attitude they assumed towards a single objective fact, the hidden depths of the soul were revealed. Through the combination of a number of these monologues, the poem, as has been pointed out became one of great length. The Iliad, The Aeneid and Paradise Lost were short in comparison. In general character "The Ring and the Book" was essentially similar to such shorter pieces as "Fra Lippi Lippi" and "Andrea del Sarto." Its scale, however, was infinitely vaster.

There were twelve books in the whole

poem. In two of them, "The Prologue" and "The Epilogue," Browning himself spoke to the reader. The other ten were often the style of the ordinary dramatic monologue. In the prologue the title was explained and a general introduction to the work was given. Browning's theory of art was suggested. "When a Roman jeweller makes a ring, he mingles his pure gold with a certain amount of alloy, so as to enable it to bear file and hammer; but the ring having been fashioned, the alloy is dissolved out with acid, and the ring, in all its purity and beauty of pure gold, remains perfect." The pure gold of the ring was the crude fact at the poet's disposal, the alloy was his own poetic imagination by which he put new life into this fact. It was from "The Book" that the raw material of his story had been obtained. Walking about the Piazzodi San Lorenzo in Florence, he had picked up, in one of the little booths, an old, square, yellow book, part in print, part in manuscript. The volume contained an account of the trial of the Count Guido Franceschini for the murder of his wife. Opening the book on the spot the poet became interested in its contents. He read them for himself and then, mingling his poetic fancy with the simple legal evidence, he adapted the work to the popular taste. So we have "The Ring and the Book."

It was not easy to tell definitely the story. Browning had not related it himself, but had let the several persons speak for themselves, and then left the reader to put it together as best he could. The leading facts of the case were these. Towards the end of the seventeenth century there lived at Arezzo the family of the Franceschini, fallen in fortunes, but with a haughty pride in an aristocratic position. At the time in question the heads of the house were three brothers. Of these, the two younger had gone to Rome, and, looking on the church as a calling which would at once benefit their dignity and relieve their financial embarrassment, had taken minor orders. Paolo, in particular, has achieved success. Though unscrupulous,

he was a man of tact. He was versed in the arts of a hanger on, and clinging to the skirts of the great, had come to occupy a position of eminence.

Guido, the elder of the brothers, thought to follow this example but he had not the adroitness or resource of his brother. He was a clumsy manager. In appearance and manners he was alike repellent. At the age of fifty he realized that he had been a failure and resolved to return to Arezzo.

But one resource remained. He decided to marry money. Through the brother, Guido fell in with the family of the Comparini. Pietro Comparini and his wife Violante, were of the modest middle class of Rome. They were possessed of house and land and had a suburban villa. Their family consisted of a single daughter, Pompilia, who was now in her thirteenth year. It was this daughter whom Paolo had chosen as a match for his unsuccessful brother. To the mother, Violante, the match appeared most desirable. A husband of noble position, a rank in society, a palace, were strong attractions in her eyes. But to the father, with his characteristically bourgeois tastes, rank was merely secondary importance. He would have preferred a man of lower rank and greater material wealth. However, his objections counted for nothing. Without his knowledge the marriage took place and although he objected at first, he gradually came to view the situation with more or less complacency.

But, in arranging the match, Violante had been influenced by a deeper motive than that of her daughter's mere material advancement. Thirteen years before, the Comparini had found themselves in some financial difficulty. Their affairs were the more complicated from the fact that they had only a life interest in property which, on their death, must pass to distant relations. To avoid this, Violante cherished the hope of an heir, and finally devised the scheme of passing off another's child as her own. Pompilia had been picked up in the slums

of Rome, and had been presented to the unsuspecting Comparini as their own daughter. In that way the succession to the estate had been secured. The girl, too, seemed to have brought a degree of happiness to her foster parents. Their affairs were better managed. In their home a deeper love prevailed, and a generally more elevated tone. But the mother saw that the child's position must be made secure. Her marriage with Guido was the device adopted.

That marriage was an unhappy one. Naturally of a cruel and harsh disposition, Count Guido was little calculated to prove an attractive husband to the young and tender Pompilia. Then, too, the Count had married for money, and he now found the girl's dowry to be far less than he had originally supposed. A third and greater cause of discontent was to arise. Shortly after the marriage, the Comparini, led on by the Franceschini, had left Rome and gone to Arezzo. But here, the mother's hopes of a palace, of a commanding position, and a gay life in society, were disappointed. From the very first quarrels arose, until finally the Comparini had to flee to Rome. This was in the year of the Pope's jubilee, when absolution might be obtained for unusual sins. The mother, taking advantage of the opportunity, confessed before his Holiness, her sin in passing Pompilia off as her own child. Imagine the effect on the Franceschini. The head of their house had been married to a girl of the slums. But it was not to end here, for the Comparini now took to the courts the question of the legality of Guido's retaining Pompilia's dowry. Harsh at the very best, Guido's conduct now became absolutely brutal. Pompilia suffered even from bodily ill-treatment.

To escape this, numerous appeals were made to her parents, to the Bishop, and others, but all proved vain. Finally, through a means of punishment devised by Guido himself, she saw a chance of escape. Hoping to lead his unfortunate wife to compromise herself, Guido had

sent her forged letters from men of Arezzo. But up to the present, they had had no result. In the town, however, dwelt a canon of the church. He was a young man of handsome appearance, of aristocratic position, and of brilliant parts. But as yet he had done little in the world. He had not been disposed to take life seriously. His powers, which were of a high kind, had been frittered away. Like one of Jane Austen's clergymen, he passed his time in leading society and thoroughly enjoying life, but in doing very little permanent good in the world around him. It chanced, one evening, that this Canon Caponsacchi and Pompilia met at the theatre. The canon was at once struck not only by the extreme beauty of the girl, but by her characteristic expression of pathos. Pompilia, too, had been favorably impressed. Here was a chance for Count Guido. More of the forged letters were sent, and with better results. The girl, now most anxious to be freed from the unbearable life at Arezzo, and feeling that Caponsacchi could be trusted, allowed a knave in Guido's pay to arrange an interview between the canon and herself. Here the details of the flight were arranged.

These, of course, were reported to Guido, and the count made his plans to meet them. Caponsacchi and Pompilia were to leave in a carriage by night and proceed straight to Rome. Guido resolved to follow on horseback. Within a short distance of Rome, Pompilia became exhausted and had to stop at an inn for rest. In the meantime Count Guido overtook them. When he arrived Caponsacchi was in the inn-yard and prepared to defend himself. So the count's plan of vengeance was foiled.

But he set about his object in another way. In the courts, he instituted proceedings for divorce against his wife. As a result, however, Caponsacchi and Pompilia underwent merely nominal punishment and Guido's rage was increased.

Violence alone was left him. After a temporary confinement in a convent

Pompilia had gone to Rome to live with the aged Comparini, and Guido took this opportunity of wreaking vengeance. Collecting four desperadoes, he repaired to the house of the Comparini, murdered the old people, and left Pompilia in a dying condition. The murderers, however, were seized, tried, and condemned, and, although the lawyers advanced Guido's position in the church as a reason for leniency the Pope upheld the original judgment and the death penalty was inflicted.

Such is the story of "The Ring and the Book." Browning had not told it in so many words but, from the evidence advanced at the trial, had left the reader to place it together for himself. At the trial, the account had been given from several standpoints and all we can do is to accept what seems the most probable to ourselves. In the second book One Half Rome had spoken and expressed views favorable to the count's case. In the third book, the Other Half Rome, favoring Pompilia, had told the story. The fourth book was given up to the version of a third and supposedly impartial party. Count Guido defended himself in the fifth book and in the sixth Guiseppe Capensacchi gave his explanation. In the seventh, we have Pompilia's story, as told the nuns on her deathbed. In the eighth, the counsel for the defence, and in the ninth, the public prosecutor had spoken. The Pope reviewed the tenth. In the eleventh, Count Guido, utterly hopeless, in an agony of fear, like a wild beast brought to bay, a complete contrast to his former self, holds his last interview with his spiritual advisers. From all these, aided by Browning's subtle touches the reader might build up the story for himself.

The crude material had been obtained from the little yellow volume of the Piazzodi San Lorenzo. Browning's poetic imagination had been brought to bear on this. From mere legal documents, from a mass of crude fact, from this dead material, had grown "The

Ring and the Book." The poet had made the characters speak for themselves, he himself was withdrawn from the narrative, the work had a life of its own.

SHORTER POEMS.

The concluding lecture of the course was given up to a consideration of several of Browning's later productions. "The Ring and the Book," published in 1868, had been the culminating point in the poet's work. Nothing written after this had equalled his previous efforts and, though his later works had been extremely interesting and thought-suggestive, it was extremely doubtful that they would survive. They might best be described as timed philosophy.

"CONFESSIONS."

This poem, from the collection "Dramatis Personae," had been published in 1864. It bore several indications of Browning's work. It showed his delight in introducing a whim or oddity and in attacking existing prejudice. As a short dramatic poem it was a masterpiece.

A man lies dying and by his bed sits a clergyman of the conventional type, to whose question the dying man thus speaks.

"Now that I come to die
Do I view the world as a vale of tears,
Ah, reverend sir, not I."

And then, recalling the past, the man speaks, as he remembers, in rambling snatches. The row of physic bottles suggests the country lane. At the farther bottle, labelled "Ether" stands the girl awaiting him.

We loved, sir used to meet,
How sad and bad and mad it was,
But then, how it was sweet.

"TEARS AND SCRUPLES"

This poem, again of the dramatic type, was published in 1876. The speaker is a man of religious instinct but of weak character. He doubts. "Why does God never speak?" The Divine Being is likened to a friend who writes many letters but keeps aloof from the one who loves him. The latter's friends

suggest that the letters may be forgeries. The friend's actions, too, have not been proved. To this, however, comes the answer:

Never mind! Though foolishness may
flout me

One thing's sure enough, 'tis neither frost
No, nor fire shall freeze or burn from out
me,

Thanks for truth, though falsehood gained
- though lost.

Then a worse suggestion is made. Is the friend acting the spy. Does he see and know all that is done and only wait to punish.

Why, that makes your friend a monster,
say you:

Had his house no window? At first no!
Would you not have hated him?"

Hush, I pray you!

What if this kind friend happen to be
God?"

"EPILOGUE."

This affords another example of a poem in which we cannot be sure of the author's intended meaning. The whole thing seems more or less obscure and merely an approximate interpretation can be given. Roughly, three different attitudes of men towards Christianity are hinted at. In the first part, the speaker is supposedly King David. He tells of the miracle that happened on the Dedication Day of King Solomon's Temple. The priests and Levites are at the altar, in song and with the trumpet the people join in praising God. "In God rejoice, in Him rejoice whose mercy endureth forever."

Then the temple filled with a cloud,

Even the House of the Lord;

Porch bent and pillar bowed,

For the presence of the Lord

In the glory of his cloud,

Had filled the House of the Lord.

In this we have the attitude of the Hebrew people towards Christianity. They saw a Divine Being in supernatura manifestations. That was the highest point their Theism reached.

In a second part of the poem, the

speaker is supposedly Renan. He represents that nineteenth century school of scepticism which, though it may have full sympathy with Christianity and so forms a marked contrast to eighteenth century scepticism, yet refuses to accept the supernatural element in our belief.

The attitude of the modern world towards what is apparently the vanishing of the Christian faith seems hall of sadness, hall of terror.

Gone now! All gone across the dark so far,
Sharpening fast, shuddering ever, shuddering ever, shuttering still,
Dwindling into the distance, dies that star.

The star had been the revelation of God but the Christian conception had been gradually vanishing through the destructive agency of criticism.

In the light of this, have we advanced? We shall not look up and see a spirit corresponding to our own; in the universe we shall see ourselves merely. By man himself shall we be most cursed, for he, through the dethronement of the divine, becomes sovereign.

The answer to it all is given by Browning himself in the third part of the poem. Here he shows how each man, though differing widely from his neighbor, becomes, for a time, the centre of his universe. Then, when his part is played, Nature retires, as it were, and centers round another. But we have no need now for particular manifestations of the Divine. Wordsworth, in "Tintern Abbey," had expressed his idea of the one spirit that is present and visible in all things; Shelley had echoed the thought in the "Adonais," and with the same idea, Tennyson brought the "In Memoriam," to a noble close. To these, Browning now joins himself.

"Why! where's the need of Temple,
when the walls
Of the world are that? What use of
swells and lalls,
From Levite's choir, priests' cries and
trumpet calls?

That one face, far from vanish, rather
grows,
Or decomposes but recompose
Before my universe that feels and knew.

"IN A YEAR."

"In this poem, simple, pathetic, beautiful, we have but a little observation of Nature." It was the story of a maiden who had offered all, wealth, rank, self for a man's love. His love would more than repay. But that love had lasted but a year and, in the poem, we have brought out the girl's feeling of complete desolation. She cannot understand. She sees no purpose in it all. Then in the last and peculiarly Browningesque stanza, we have vaguely suggested a favorite idea of the poet's, that this passion serves only to lead to some higher love.

Dear, the pang is brief,
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure! How perplexed
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay cloud
Was man's heart,
Crumble it, and what comes next?
Is it God?

"A WOMAN'S LAST WORD."

"Let's content no more, love
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, love
Only sleep:
What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are
Hawk on bough."

Words are superfluous, wild, hurtful in the presence of love. Debate, contention, striving are their only results. Cold knowledge itself turns false.

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
Shun the tree—
Where the apple reddens,
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Then, in the later stanzas, we have ex-



WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

pressed what should be the only knowledge, the only language, the only thought of love.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm !
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm !
Teach me only love
As I ought,
I will speak thy speech love,
Think thy thought.

The whole poem is a pathetic expression of the struggle of intellectual independence with love.

Coming now to a consideration of Browning's work as a whole we may ask what are the chances that the work will survive. It is extremely doubtful that it will all do so. Browning will not prove immortal in virtue of his whole work. It must be recognized that form and not thought gives permanence to literature. The abstract thought of one age must be superseded by that of another. We do not at all accept Plato's theories at the present day. Plato lived by virtue of his literary character. When

the sentiment, however, is founded on the permanent in human nature it is in every degree probable that a work will survive.

To us the description of the parting of Hector and Andromache is as affecting as it could possibly have been to the ancients. As a whole, then, it may be said that Browning's work rests on an insecure foundation. But in many poems we have the truest and most subtle representation of human nature ; in many again we have a wonderful perfection of form. Above all, the generally stimulating effect of Browning's work must be noted. His ideas need not be necessarily accepted but he sets you thinking, he kindles energy, he leads to action. He urges you to "strive and thrive—fight on."

Just Among Ourselves.

The judges for the oratorical contest were Rev. W. F. Wilson, D.D., Inspector Ballard and Mr. H. F. Gardner.

Mr. J. C. Lyons, brother-in-law of Mr. Stockdale, died at Magnetawan on April 20th last after a few months' illness.

The judges for the essays were Dr. Morgan and Mr. Asman. The following three were very close in point of merit for the second prize, namely, Miss Grant, Miss Ward and Miss Moore.

Mr. J. A. C. Morrow of this city is an artist of very superior ability and courtesy. The students of the O.N.C. have been highly pleased with the various groups and cabinets which they have received from Mr. Morrow.

Gentlemen of the O.N.C., be advised by the experienced. You will never meet a more refined and intelligent aggregation of young ladies than these with whom you have been recently associating. Make speedy arrangements for domestic felicity if possible even though the realization must be indefinitely postponed. Expression crowns impression.

A Century of Biology.

BY PROF. RAMSAY WRIGHT.

An eager reporter once asked me to impart to him the science of Biology in a nutshell. It is a more modest demand that I should furnish an account of its development in the 19th century within the space of a column of *The Varsity*, and yet one to which I feel myself inadequate. Still, something may be said about it, and a form occurs to me in which I may say that something.

There stands in the vestibule of the Biological Museum a polished section of Douglas pine, nearly eight feet in diameter. On the assumption that its "annual" rings are in reality annual, it may be calculated to have lived for upwards of five centuries, and had already attained a thickness of two feet when the Cabots sailed up the St. Lawrence. It occurred to me to use its surface for an illustration of the chronology of Biology, and accordingly some interesting names and dates have been inscribed on the corresponding annual rings. During the nineteenth century the rings are much crowded, and it has therefore been necessary to select with care the representative names, so if I justify my selection I shall incidentally indicate some of the more important lines of biological progress.

By a happy coincidence the term Biology is about to celebrate its centenary. It was first used in 1808 by Treviranus in his "Biology, or the Philosophy of Living Nature," a book inspired by dissatisfaction with the dry—but necessary—systematic labours of the followers of Linnaeus, and an eager desire to penetrate the secrets of life, and to arrange in a harmonious system what was known of its phenomena and laws. We need not enquire how far he was successful. He himself allows that new discoveries will certainly invalidate some of his conclusions, but comforts himself with the reflection that it is better to be shipwrecked in a noble undertaking than to be successful in a mean one. He might

have been consoled by the quotation:

"In magnis voluisse sat est."

His contemporary, Lamarck, must also have been stimulated by the advent of the new century to ponder the common properites of plants and animals, for in the same year he employs independently the same term with the same meaning. The French biologist undoubtedly gained a better point of view into the relations of living things than his German colleague, yet his "Philosophie Zoologique," published in 1809, has exercised more influence on the scientific thought of the last quarter of the century than it did on that of the first half. In it the doctrine is first clearly enunciated that the species of the plants and animals living on the surface of the earth are modified descendants of those living on it in past geological times, and the causes of such modification are sought in the influences of the environment, and in the transmission of the offspring of the effects of use and disuse.

But the doctrine of Decent with Modification only became an important factor in scientific thought after the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, in which Lamarck's explanation is scouted, and that of the variation of offspring in all directions, and the survival of the most adaptive variations substituted. The influence exercised by Darwin's book was due not only to the exhaustive treatment by a judicial mind of the available evidence on the subject, but largely to the propagandism—often very militant in its tone—of Huxley in England and Haeckel in Germany. As a result the doctrine of evolution quickly penetrated scientific thought, and, passing almost from the hypothetical to the axiomatic stage, became indeed its "leit-motif." The point of view sighed for by Treviranus was gained.

Not that the world was standing still between Lamarck's time and Darwin's. Evidence has been accumulating from various sources which converged to favor the acceptance of the revived doctrine. The comparative morphology of organ-

isms, for example, developed by the researches of Cuvier, Owen, Robert Brown and others, furnished evidence of a unity underlying diversity—apprehended by the keen eye of Goethe, morphologist as well as poet, when he sang

“Und es ist das Ewig Eine das sich vielfach
offenbart.”—

which now for the first time, under the conception of blood-relationship, was provided with the interpretation satisfying to the mind.

Embryological data furnished by von Baer and Rathke, palaeontological data accumulated in the investigation of the earth's crust, all now seem to fall into a harmonious system. But it is to microscopic researches that we owe the most striking manifestation of the “Ewig Eine” of the organic world, because these demonstrated a fundamental agreement in structure between plants and animals which was not dreamt of at the beginning of the century.

Although the microscope had been applied during the two preceding centuries to the study of the minute structure of plants and animals, and although Bichat at the beginning of the century made such notable progress that he has been named the father of modern histology, yet Schleiden and Schwann may be said to have inaugurated in the early forties a series of researches into the “cellular” structure of organisms which has culminated within recent years in the most far-reaching discoveries regarding the most secret internal movements of their elements, disclosing the most surprising agreement between plants and animals, both in the origin of new constituent cells and the early history of their eggs. Truly, Treviranus would be at a loss for a point of view to-day.

Not only was the structure of organisms living and extinct questioned as to the applicability of the doctrine of evolution, but also their distribution on the surface of the earth, and thus was initiated a new line of geographical researches, already pioneered by Humboldt. What has been established as to

the wonders of the life of the ocean by the earlier investigators of the century such as Chamisso—for Goethe is not the only poet-naturalist worthy of mention here—merely stimulated fresh enquiry, with the result that expeditions like those of the Challenger have much extended our knowledge in this direction.

Perhaps the most interesting among the results recently obtained is that which has explained to us the cycle of organic life in the ocean. On land the forests and plains furnish the food for hosts of phytophagous animals which again are preyed upon by carnivorous forms. In the sea carnivorous creatures, great and small, seem to predominate. Whence comes the initial food-supply for them? “Plankton” studies have shown that even the icy seas of the polar regions the vegetation of the ocean is amply adequate for the support of its teeming animal life, but it is embodied in organisms of the humblest structure, which make up in numbers for their microscopic size, while the herbivorous animals which feed upon these are also numerous and inconspicuous.

If we owe to the improved microscope of the 19th century the sharper insight into life-processes referred to in the preceding paragraphs, it is no less true that it has opened to us an entirely new world of infinitely minute plants and animals, the investigation of which has yielded results which will be remembered as the chief achievements of the biology of the 19th century. Beginning with Pasteur's study of the silk-worm disease his investigations on the organisms involved in fermentation and putrefaction, his refutation of “spontaneous generation,” and continuing with the resultant improvements introduced by Lister in the treatment of wounds, the establishment by Koch of the parasitic origin of the infectious diseases, the economic applications of bacteriology, the revelation of the role played by “nitro-bacteria” in the soil, down to the discovery of anti-toxins and the complicity of the mosquito in distributing malaria, we (of what rank it would be presumption

have in the latter part of the 19th century a series of brilliant researches of the widest theoretical interest and of far greater practical importance than those referred to at the beginning of the article.

Returning, in conclusion, to the speculative aspect of modern biology, we may detect as *fin de siècle* characteristic the tendency to leave aside for the time being the discussion of Darwinian and Lamarckian factors, and to interrogate Nature directly as to the causes of evolution. Such is the attitude of students of the "mechanics of development," but years of patient experiment must precede any attempt to estimate their results. Perhaps my successor, who will sum up for the Varsity of January, 2001 the achievements of biology in the 20th century, will be able to dispose of these in a few words, but we may confidently anticipate that experiment will yield more lasting contributions to knowledge than much of the speculation which has hitherto prevailed.

English Literature in the Nineteenth Century.

I.

The Nineteenth Century has produced, there seems little room to doubt, not only a much larger body of literature, but a much larger body of literature of a high order than any previous era in the history of English letters. Indeed, for literary excellence, we might well assign it the first place, were it not for the objection, in all probability justly taken, that one work of a higher order in art outweighs any number of productions of an inferior grade. For example, it might be argued that no number of poems of the character written by our present laureate could be held as compensating for the loss of a single great poem by either of his great predecessors in office. In like manner, from the purely aesthetic point of view, the dramas of Shakespeare may outvalue the whole poetical

product of the 19th century; not because we have lacked writers of lofty genius, but because none have written works which in breadth, profundity, and beauty can be ranked beside his.

Be this as it may, however, the nineteenth century stands conspicuous for the extraordinary variety, power and beauty of its literary achievement. Yet, at its opening it may be doubted whether, to a contemporary, the prospects of literature seemed much more brilliant than they do at the present time to those who are lamenting both the absence of works and genius, and the trivality, the lack of inspiration and ideas in current literature. The average observer in the year 1801 would not have been aware of the existence of a single writer of great power. It is true that there were an unusual number of men of genius alive, but most of them, as yet immature, had given no clear proof of their powers; two of them, indeed, Wordsworth and Coleridge, had in the volume of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), established their claims beyond a doubt; but few readers were aware of the existence of that volume; fewer, if any, of its merits and of its significance.

Though the orthodox critic of that date could see but little promise of the brilliant era which was dawning, we, in the light of subsequent developments, can see much. Not only have we apprehended the wonderful novelty and power of the poetry entertained in the *Lyrical Ballads*, and the significance of the volumes by Burns, which by a few years had anticipated it; but we also perceive that, mediocre and ineffective as was the great mass of books appearing in those years, this literature was not merely imitative; there was a reaching out in various directions, a seeking after novel themes and methods, a spirit of experiment and expansion such as inevitably precedes a great creative epoch. In this we have the outcome of a great wave of emotionalism (evidenced, for example, by the works of

Rosseau, and the "Sorrows of Werther") which had been permeating Europe for a quarter of a century past—a reaction, in part, against the pure intellectualism, the hard common sense, the preference for cold abstractions of the generations immediately preceding. This accession of feeling lent, as emotion always does, a new atmosphere to the world, a new light and a new interest to things,—an essential condition of novel and vigorous imaginative development; for the power of imagination consists in reproducing the concrete world, in literature or art, so that it shall have a fresh significance and a fresh beauty to the beholder. The most general formula for the intellectual change produced by this crisis, is that the dominant tendency to regard things as mechanical and arbitrary, was replaced by the tendency to regard them as organic and vital. Hume's conception of the mind as merely passive, a bundle of sensations and ideas imprinted by experience, with out relation to one another apart from accidental succession in time, is replaced by the Kantian conception of the mind as an entity which transforms all experience in accordance with the laws of its own nature. The universe ceases to be regarded as a machine ingeniously put together by the great Designer, but in itself dead and remote from human sympathy, and assumes the guise of an organism shaped by the indwelling vital spirit, and akin in its constitution to man himself. Political and social institutions cease to be explained either as the arbitrary impositions of tyrants or as the result of specific agreement on the part of the governed, but are acknowledged (as they were by Burke) to be the gradual product of national growth, the expression of the indwelling national genius.

Now, though this new world of emotion and insight had already been more or less vaguely apprehended by Englishmen, and had found some expression, for the most part inadequate and incomplete, it was reserved for the generation which reached full maturity about the

year 1800 to feel the full inspiration of the new spirit and to embody in it great imaginative works. The first evidence within the limits of the new century of the presence of great and original literary power was afforded by the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805). It was Scott's distinctive office to reveal the historic past (brought close to his sympathies by ties of kinship and race and patriotic feeling) as no longer a bare series of names and events, but as picturesque and alive, and akin to the actual world through the presence of the permanent traits of human nature. Wordsworth, in the *Poems* of 1807, and subsequent volumes, following the lines laid down in the *Lyrical Ballads*, revealed the new aspects of material nature, and the poetic worth and beauty of the ordinary life of the peasantry, hitherto regarded as outside the realms of art. His work is probably the most original and substantial contribution made to the stock of English poetry by any single writer during the whole century. In 1812 Byron became the conspicuous figure on the poetic stage and held public attention by a series of poems, many of which, different as they were in tone and manner, followed the style introduced by Scott. Scott, accordingly, sought a fresh and more congenial field in prose, and produced a series of novels unparalleled in any age or country. At the same time a much shorter series, but, in some respects not less remarkable, was being published by Jane Austen. Another prose writer of genius, whose work also belongs to the imaginative side, is Charles Lamb. As we approach the twenties, to the elder group of poets is added two men of extraordinary endowments, belonging to a somewhat later generation, Shelley and Keats; so that we have, about 1820, an epoch of extraordinary brilliancy in imaginative literature, embracing a larger number of great writers than does any other equally brief period in our history.

The poetry of the time was a revolt against the canons of the eighteenth

century; such a revolt was neither so natural nor so necessary in prose. The eighteenth century, unpropitious as it was to the higher imaginative literature, favored the production of an effective prose style. Dignity, clearness, correctness had been the chief characteristics of the later form of eighteenth century prose, and in the hands of great masters like Samuel Johnson, it was also eminently virile and forcible. The sense of dignity and propriety, however, kept it too far aloof from the living colloquial speech; in weaker hands; it became stiff, cold, and abstract, and failed to accommodate itself to varying tone and thought. These weaknesses are very apparent in the prose of the first third of the following century when the traditions of the previous age still held sway; and there is no marked development in style to attract the notice of the literary historian.

II.

This first literary movement of the century may be considered as closing with the era of the Reform Bill, and therefore as covering one-third of the whole period. By the year 1833 the great spirits whom we have named had either passed away or practically finished their work; but the intellectual stimulus had by no means exhausted itself. It was strong enough to inspire another group of literary men, whose works made the second third of the century almost equal in brilliancy to the first. The force of inspiration, however, in the domain of poetry at least, is evidently on the wane. This is to show not merely by the general inferiority of the later group, but by the special characteristics of their work. In Tennyson we find the effective combination of limits, devices, phrases and ideas borrowed from predecessors, immediate and remote:—the work of genius, not, however, of genius working under a strong impulse and conviction, but laboriously elaborating, with taste and judgment and the finest technical skill, a wealth of material handed down from the past. In Browning, on the

of his immediate predecessors in originality and force, the intellectual and critical impulse is apt to be stronger than the imaginative and creative, so that there is an imperfect fusion of thought and form. In their contemporaries the marks of exhaustion are clearer. Matthew Arnold is more manifestly imitative (his masters are Wordsworth and Goethe) than the poets of the earlier period. In both Arnold and Clough, one is conscious of the tenuity and uncertainty of the poetic afflatus; and in fact with Arnold, the inspiration gave out, and his ripper years were given to critical prose.

But if, on the whole, then the poetical product of the second third of the century, choice as it is, is inferior to that of the earlier, the converse holds, in the case of prose. There is in the first place a marked development of style—quite parallel to the earlier change wrought in poetry. The conventional propriety and regularity of the eighteenth century is abandoned and the reins are given to individual idiosyncrasies or even to caprice; hence the prose of this age becomes as varied as were the poetic styles of Wordsworth's contemporaries. Prose ceases to be abstract and academic, and draws closer to the language of ordinary life. It becomes more colloquial both in vocabulary and sentence-forms; its diction grows more concrete and imaginative, and is often impassioned or poetical. Carlyle and Macaulay (the two most influential prose writers of the period), and the later Ruskin, sufficiently illustrate this; the same tendencies, though less conspicuous, are discoverable in the writings of Newman, the greatest master of English prose in the century. All these men were not merely great stylists, but producers of great works. To emphasize further the greatness of the period in prose, one may add to the names already mentioned those of J. S. Mill, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and later, George Eliot, whose best works were all published in 1866. This second period culminated about 1850, when with the

exception of the last-mentioned, all these writers were successfully exercising their literary gifts.

The earlier period had been a time when novel ideas and methods were struggling for admission, and were opposed by authority and tradition. It was an era of bitter conflict; this is true not merely of literature and of the intellectual world in general, but in the practical sphere of society and politics. But at the opening of the second division of the century the chief obstacles had already been surmounted. Hence a sense of progress, of hopefulness, of room for 'diffusive thought to work and spread.' It was a time for optimism, for broad generalizations and sanguine projects; the germinal ideas of which we have spoken were energetically developed, and applied in every department. The prevailing tendency, already mentioned, to explain things as organic involved the idea of growth, of the influence of surroundings, and of the importance of following the successive stages of change. Hence the conception of development, of evolution, and of the historical method. These ideas received impressive illustration in such works as Lyell's *Principles of Geology* at the opening of the era, and Darwin's *Origin of species* towards its close; under their influence, not merely natural science, but every branch of thought was by degrees revolutionized.

III.

In time, however, as the wider and more striking applications were exhausted, the ideas themselves began to lose their freshness and stimulus. They seemed less positive than had been expected. Often they appeared to lead to mere scepticism, to be little else than destructive. The sources of faith and action were sapped. So, in the closing third of the century, the great wave of inspiration of whose beginnings we spoke of the middle years of the century have spent itself. The hopefulness and energy of the middle years of the century have departed. There is an awakening from

many bright dreams. The age of universal peace looked forward to in the early fifties had not arrived. The great program of political reforms which had been earlier sketched, was with some completeness realized, yet the Golden Age was as remote as ever. And so in the world of literature, there are manifest indications of decadence or, at least, of exhaustion. To be sure the change is gradual; the dividing line is not as distinct as at 1833. Several of the great men of the preceding period continue to live and to write after 1866, but generally speaking their best and most significant work had been done. No genius of the same rank as the leaders of the preceding sixty-six years, appears. Genius of any order is rare, although good writers are not uncommon. Decline is specially evident in the sphere of imaginative literature. Dante Rossetti is the one poet of unmistakable power, but his work is reminiscent of Coleridge and Keats. Even valuing very liberally the novels of Hardy, George Meredith, and others, the fiction of later years is not equal to that of the middle of the century. It is notable that writers of critical and scholarly, rather than of creative, works become more prominent than in the earlier periods. Authors like M. Arnold (as writer of prose), Walter Bagehot, John Morley, Goldwin Smith, J. R. Seeley, Leslie Stephen are conspicuous figures in our later literature; as are also writers of exquisite but somewhat trivial verse, like Austin Dobson and Frederick Locker. Among younger and later writers, the common phenomena of literary exhaustion display themselves—supreme importance of technique, attention both in poetry and prose to style at the expense of thought, literary ambition and skill with but little or nothing to utter. Writers hit upon a happy vein, but it quickly gives out. With many clever men of letters, prose becomes affected; ostentatiously select diction and epigrammatic expression serve only to veil vacuity or triteness of thought. On the other hand it may be conceded that two writers of real genius

to attempt to determine) have appeared in the old age of the century, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. The works of the former have all the marks of the close, not the beginning of a literary epoch,—of the aftermath, not of the springtime of a literary movement. Perhaps the contrary may be true of Kipling.

Extreme lamentation and pessimistic vaticination over the state of literature in these latest days, are scarcely justifiable. There has been a period of comparative barrenness, and the past shows us that this is inevitable after one of extraordinary fertility. There is nothing strange or ominous in the mediocrity of the later production of the century as compared with the earlier. The past does not justify us in looking for an uninterrupted series of masterpieces. Great works are more sparsely scattered, even in the richest epochs, than we are wont to think; the perspective deceives us; they seem massed together as does a group of trees through the effects of distance. Works of genius are by their nature rare; were they common, we would forthwith reduce the number by raising the standard. Again, fears for literature based upon the growth of science are scarcely well grounded. Scientific men, it is true, are not likely to produce imaginative literature. But the knowledge of science does not prevent the enjoyment of literature; and men will continue to be born in the future as they were born in the past, with the desire and power to produce the beautiful,—not to follow abstract truth. Literature is simply the most beautiful expression of language in our experiences and ideas:—the expression of life and thought so that they will seem pleasurable, and come home to us with some of the vivacity of the actual. What has been lacking of late is not the demand for this sort of thing, or the power to appreciate it, or the mere technical skill to embody it, but ideas and experiences which are at once sufficiently fresh and inspiring and important to constitute the substance of great literature.

Boarding House Geometry.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

1. All boarding houses are the same boarding house.
2. Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another.
3. A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
4. A landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram. That is, an oblong and angular figure, which is equal to anything and cannot be described.
5. A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other, that meet together but are not on the same flat.
6. All the other rooms being taken a single is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

1. A pie may be produced any number of times.
2. A landlady may be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.
3. A bee-line can be made from one boarding house to any other boarding house.
4. The clothes of a boarding house bed being produced even so far both ways do not meet.
5. Any two meals are together less than one square meal.
6. If from the opposite ends of a boarding house a bee-line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn then the stove pipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.
7. On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges of the same thing.
8. If there be two boarders on the same flat and the amount of side of one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal each to each. For it not let one bill be the greater then the other bill is less than it might have been which is absurd.

Life's Sorrow.

Know ye Life's sorrow? Have ye ever loved
And not been loved again?
Praised, blest the woman's heart that scorned
thee,
Worshipped all in vain?
Know ye Life's sorrow?

But know ye Life's sorrow? Have ye ever striven
And pressed a *hopeless* end?
Sought Love from a heart that gave thee kind-
ness
Only! Found—a *friend*?
Know ye Life's sorrow?

A. H. ROLPH.

Locals.

The Junior Leaving basket ball team, champions of the O.N.C. and H.C.I., have had their pictures taken at Harper Bros.

Field Day passed off quietly with most of the students. Here and there cases of direct insubordination were encountered but no casualties were reported however. On the whole the day was a success though few regretted the arrival of four o'clock.

A number of our boys are helping Hamilton football team to win the intermediate championship—Downey, McPherson, Stockdale, Bairs and Woodward (captain). At the time of writing their prospects of winning out are quite bright.

The Year Book Committee deserve praise for the neat edition which they have got out. The purple and gold cover is very "natty" in appearance while inside the cover is to be found half-tone engravings of Dr. McLellan and Mr. Thompson.

The class picture has been finished at Morrow's studio and is now on exhibition in his window. He is to be congratulated on his success as he has turned out a group which it would be difficult to better.

Mr. Hogarth of the Collegiate gave a very pleasant evening to a few of the students of the College on the 16th. Those who were there report a good

time and have nothing but kind words to say of their genial host.

Our base ball team has been meeting with good success this year having won three of the four games already played. Much praise is due to Manager Jones for the energetic manner in which he has handled the team, he, Morris and McPherson forming a trio hard to beat.

A business meeting of the Literary Society was held in the Amphitheatre, Friday, May 9th, with the president in the chair. The report of the Glee Club was read and \$25.10 was voted in to cover the deficit of the year. After a motion, an amendment and an amendment to the amendment had been made and much discussion followed it was decided to grant the Athletic Association \$20.

A life size portrait of the late J. M. Buchan, M.A. was presented to the trustees of the Collegiate by the old boys of his class. At the unveiling of the picture, which took place April 25th at 8 o'clock, speeches were made by Messrs. J. M. Gibson, E. D. Smith, Mayor Hendrie and others. A musical program was rendered, Miss Gayfer, soprano, and Mr. Arthur Ostler, violinist, adding much to the evening's entertainment.

Mr. R. F. Downey treated a number of his O.N.C. friends to a very pleasant evening on Friday, May 16th. After the time had been spent in a manner agreeable to all the boys sat down to lunch after which each was obliged to tell a story or make a speech. "Billy" Baird favored us with the Highland Fling and the party broke up about twelve, all agreeing that a jollier fellow than the genial host never was. Those who enjoyed his hospitality were W. E. Hopkings, J. H. Colvin, G. A. McPherson, A. H. Fairchild, C. L. Barnes, T. N. Stockdale, J. A. Woodward, P. C. McLaurin, W. H. Augustine, W. J. Wilson, M. E. Conron, W. Baird, G. E. Ellis, H. G. Martyn, C. B. Sissons, G. H. Steer and R. Dan Keefe.



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Education Department Calendar, 1902.

MAY.

30.—Close of session of Ontario Normal College.

31.—Assessors to settle basis of taxation in union school sections. Public and Separate School Boards to appoint representatives on the high school entrance Board of Examiners. By-law to alter school boundaries—last day of passing.

JUNE.

11.—Senior Matriculation examinations in Arts, University of Toronto, begin. Written examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin.

Practical examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin.

13.—University Commencement.

14.—Provincial Normal Schools close.

19.—Kindergarten examinations at Hamilton, London and Toronto begin.

JUNE

25.—High School Entrance Examinations begin.

JUNE

30.—High, Public and Separate Schools close.

Protestant Separate Schools to transmit to County Inspectors names and attendance during the last preceding six months.

Trustee's reports to Truant Officer due.

JULY

July 1.—Dominion Day.

Last day for establishing new High Schools by County Councils.

Legislative grant payable to Treasurers. Trustees to report to Inspector regarding continuation classes.

2.—Public School Leaving, High School Leaving, University Matriculation and Domestic Science Examinations begin.

Departmental examination papers for the various examinations for past years, can be obtained from the Carwood Co., 60 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

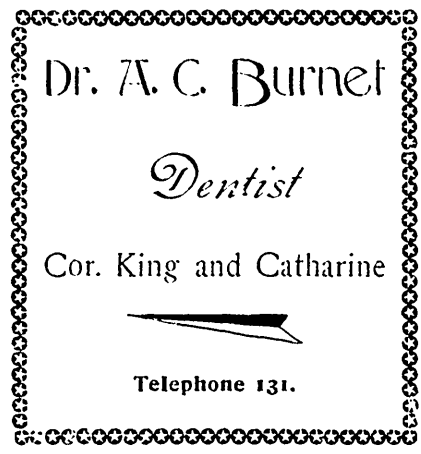
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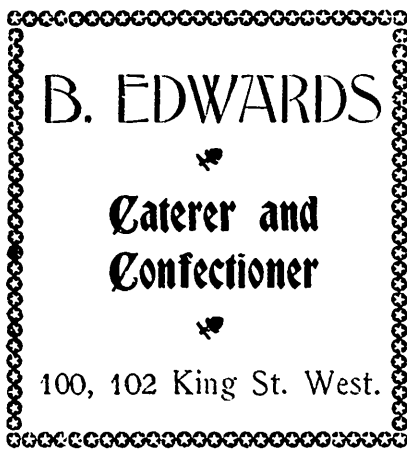
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