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## CANADIAN LITERATURE.

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A VERY few years ago there was scarcely a single person bold enough to utter above a whisper the words which stand at the head of this article. But times have changed, and now there are many who fume and fret if the name of a single rhymer be omitted, be the quantity or quality of the work never so small. There are, however, still some left who smile rather incredulously at the mention of the term, and a few even ask for a show of cause. Let us see just how the matter

stands, and perhaps in the end we may all agree.

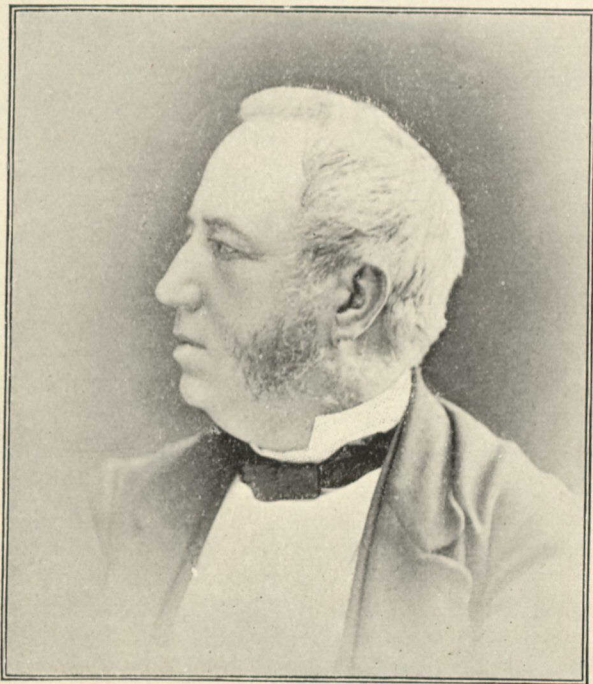
In his sketch of American literature, Richardson remarks that the English is the only world literature that has sent out an offshoot such as the American literature. He forgot, however, as is quite customary with our friends to the south of us, that there are two offshoots rather than one, namely, American and Canadian; indeed, it is not yet decided which of the two gives more promise of ripe fruition. If, then, any person protest that Canadian literature have no independent existence apart from the English, it is quite possible to use many of the self-same arguments against the existence of a true American literature. But Richardson forgot still another fact, the existence of the French in Canada; and in the literature of French Canada we

have the second example of a world literature sending out a vigorous offshoot ; for just as Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, and other English writers have been, and will be, models for the English-Canadian writer, so have Hugo, Lamartine, Beranger and other French authors been the schoolmasters of the authors in the neighboring province of Quebec.

In an article of this nature, it will be impossible to give a full history of Canadian literature, nor will there be any attempt made to do this. Many names will be omitted as a matter of course, but it is hoped that the general outline here made of both the English and the French-Canadian literature will be serviceable as a guide to further reading on the subject. It is only too true that ninety-nine out of every hundred Canadians are wofully ignorant of the work of Canadian authors, although it is to be hoped that the events of this Jubilee year have conduced to the enlightening of all true citizens as to the possibilities of Canada along all lines of development.

Turning to the French-Canadian literature, we find but little activity before the rebellion, and what literature we have is mostly, if not entirely, in the form of ballads. Up to 1837—indeed, we may say up to 1850, after which date the heated discussions of political questions died out for the most part—the energy and spare time of the French seem to have been used up in political discussion, in which it is curious to find political loyalty to England combined with an idolatry of France in matters of character, taste and literature. Indeed, this may still be said to be a distinguishing characteristic of our fellow-citizens of Quebec, so that there is absolutely no ground for idle talk of disloyalty or of growth of an annexation spirit. Among the numerous followers of the Muses in the Eastern Province—and their name is almost legion—there are a few names which stand out very prominently. Of these, but a very few were at work in the Union period (1841-1867). Octave Crémazie (1830-1878) has been called by his admirers the Canadian Hugo, and in many respects there is a great likeness. The gift of *inspiration* is strong in the Canadian ; he has a great command of language, wide range of thought, is brilliant in coloring and makes astonishing uses of words and phrases, so that his work, though at times uneven, shows flights of poetry not unworthy of the great poets. *Le Drapeau de Carillon* is known to all through the University song-book, and others of his ballads are just as good poetry. A comparison of his ode *Les Morts* with Lamartine's *Pensée des Morts* is favorable to our author, while his unfinished *La*

*Promenade de trois Morts* is a work of poetic genius. The second greater French-Canadian poet is Léon Pamphile LeMay (1837—), who, in his first volume, *Essais poétiques*, introduced his countrymen to Longfellow's Evangeline. Other works of his are *La Découverte du Canada* and *Le Dêbâcle du St. Laurent* (1867), *Les Vengeances*, *Fables* and *Une Gerbe*. His verse is easy, smooth, musical, simple and well-finished, his language flowery. Like his master Lamartine,



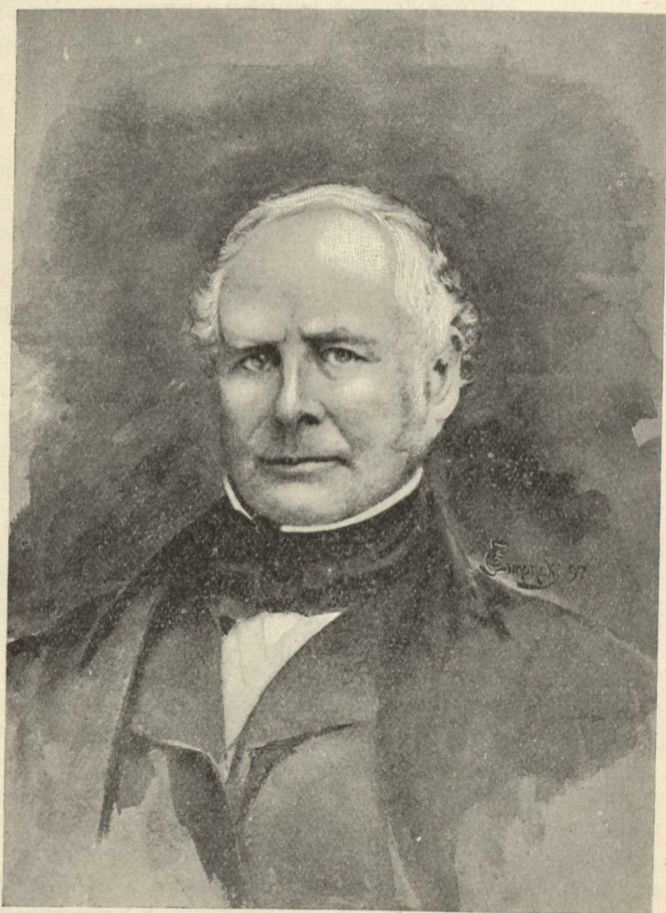
THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

he is peaceful and sweet, too much so indeed, for it sometimes cloys. The third greater poet is the greatest of them all. Louis H. Fréchette (1839—) has been very fruitful, and has won the distinction of being thrice crowned by the French Academy. His first venture was *Mes Loisirs* (1863), then followed *La Voix d'un Exilé* (1869), written while in Chicago (1866-70), *Pêle Mêle* (1877), *Les Fleurs Boréales*, *Les Oiseaux de Neige* and *Le Légende d'un Peuple*, a long poem in three parts tracing the development of Canada. Fréchette's mastery

of verse is complete, his language virile, his imaginative powers of a very high order and his love of country and sympathy for the scenes he describes complete, so that it is a matter of course that he should stand at the head of the French-Canadian poets.

In fiction the French writers are not strong. The first volume of poetry made its appearance about 1830, but it was not until 1856 that there appeared a volume by a very old man which has often been dignified by the name of *novel*, but is in reality a set of memoirs. Philippe A. de Gaspé was born in 1786, and was consequently about seventy years of age when he made his *début* as an author in *Les anciens Canadiens*. The work gives an excellent idea of the manners, amusements and occupations of the colonists before the conquest, and is a valuable addition to our *Kulturgeschichte*. It has been translated several times, among others by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts. In 1866 the author followed up the first work by the *Mémoires*. Another writer of simple, unaffected prose is Gérin Lajoie (1825-1882), principally known as the author of *Jean Rivard*. The first part of this work deals with the trials and hardships of an early settler, the second part describes the homely pleasures of the farmer, who, having cleared his farm, is able to enter into the enjoyment of the fruits of his labors. Another story of great merit as a description of manners and *habitant* life, is the work of the late Sheriff Chauveau, called *Charles Guérin* (1853). But like almost all the fiction of the earlier Canadian writers, whether French or English, it is very deficient in character drawing, and the language is affected though brilliant. More in the natural, unaffected style of Lajoie is the story of *Jacques et Marie* by Nap. Bourassa. Both of these writers are in love with the world of nature and this love is reflected in their works. Bourassa's work is a story of the exiled Acadians, a prose *Evangeline*. Two other authors who have their admirers are Joseph Marmette, author of *Francois de Bienville* (1870), a story of 1690, and of *L'Intendant Bigot*; and Jean Charles Taché, whose *Forestiers et Voyageurs* is a fine description of the habits and life of two very interesting classes of people.

From what has already been said in the preceding paragraph it will be seen that the fiction of the French Canadians has not as yet developed like that of some of our later English-Canadian authors, but they have been bolder in another form of literature, viz., the drama, though the results have been rather meagre. Mons. F. G. Marchand, at present Premier of Quebec, has written several bright comedies which have been acted. LeMay has also essayed his hand, and Frechette's *Papineau* was quite popular, apotheosizing as it does the popular hero of 1837.



Thobaldus

Before taking leave of French-Canadian literature, brief mention must be made of the ballads, so many of which have been set to charming music. We have nothing in English-Canadian literature to equal the songs and ballads found in *Recueil des Chansons populaires Canadiennes et françaises* (1859) and *Chansons populaires du Canada*, edited by Gagnon (1865), of which latter collection there is a most excellent translation by W. McLennan under the title *Songs of Old Canada* (Montreal, 1886).

Were it the province of the historian of literature to make mention of works of history, many noble names might be added, such as those of Garneau, Ferland and Benj. Sulte; and if of books of travel and descriptive works which have a good deal of history scattered through them, then there would be no worthier name than that of Sir Jas. M. LeMoine who has averaged a book a year for the last twenty years. But all such and the hosts of sonnetteers must be passed over. The interested may be referred to *Les Soirées Canadiennes* (founded 1860), *Le Foyer Canadien* (1863), *La Revue Canadienne* (1864), *Le Canadien*, *Ruche Littéraire* and other magazines and journals of those days for the body of the earlier French-Canadian literature.

We shall glance now at the development of literature among the English-speaking Canadians. It is not very easy to make out periods of development in the French-Canadian literature, as it has all grown up since 1850, but there are rather more clearly marked lines of demarcation when we look at the English, and here we may follow political events. In each of these periods the work of the authors noted overlaps the political, because the influence of the change in governmental forms was not felt immediately. We may, then, speak of a *Provincial period* continuing to about 1850, a *Union period* running to about 1880, while the *Dominion period* is now upon us.

In the first, or Provincial period, the interest centers about two writers, Judge Haliburton, the celebrated Bluenose, and Major John Richardson. There has lately been a revival of interest in Haliburton, better known by the name of his favorite character *Sam Slick*, and I have written elsewhere concerning his work and influence. His first work, historical, was done in 1829, but his literary efforts date from 1835, when the letters from Clockmaker Sam were published in Joseph Howe's *Nova Scotian*. Major John Richardson, of Upper Canada, an officer born in the camp, was a few years his senior in literary work, and was to become the Fenimore Cooper of Canadian literature. His first and best work was *Wacousta*, an

historical novel of the time of Pontiac, the scene of which is Detroit and Michillimackinac. The sequel to this, entitled *The Canadian Brothers* was published in 1840 and takes up the history of the next generation of the actors in *Wacousta* and follows it through the war of 1812, ending with the battle of Queenston Heights. Richardson



SANGSTER IN HIS OLD AGE.

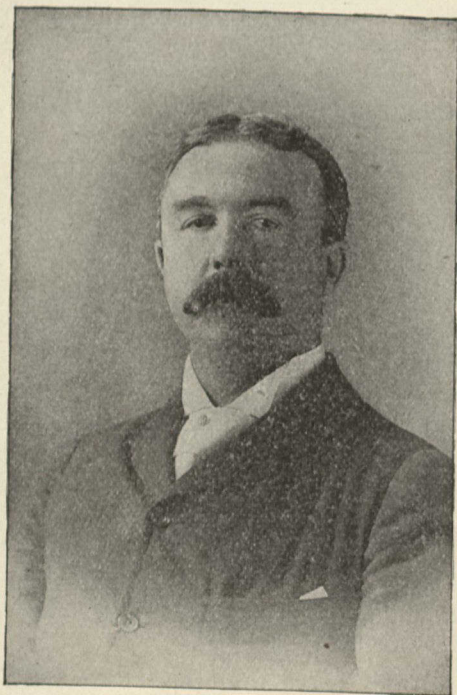
also wrote a poem in four cantos which treats of the fortunes and death of *Tecumseh*, the great Indian ally of the British, and he was the author of several other works of more or less merit, as well as of some historical memoirs.

The *Literary Garland*, of Montreal, founded 1841, also contains a good deal of the prose of this period such as the work of Miss Louise Murray, Mrs. Moodie, Mrs. Traill, Mrs. Leprohon and many others,



but the richness of this mine and that of some of the other English journals still lies undeveloped.

As a guide to the poetic creations of the *Union period* Dr. Dewart's anthology is quite indispensable. Three names stand out very prominently. The first is that of Charles Heavyside, the author of the religious epic *Saul*. Canadian only by adoption, he struggled with poverty during all his years, but yet found time to write on Old Testament themes. In his works there are to be found

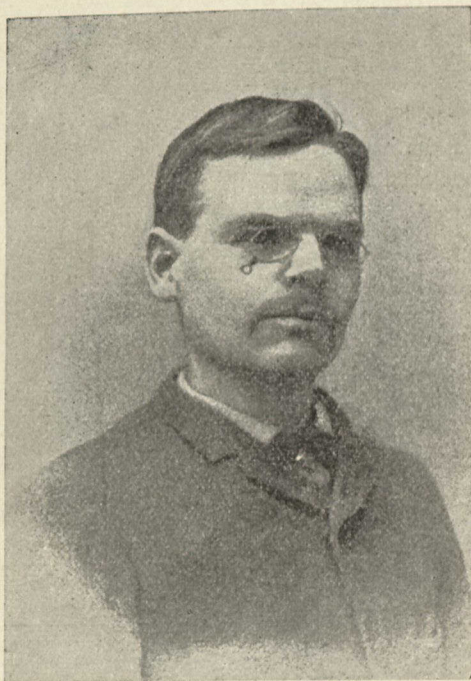


EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON.

many lines having the true poetic ring, but his one attempt in prose, *The Advocate*, was no great success. From the land of the heather came Alexander McLachlan, the second prominent name of this period. Genuine love of nature, together with the ability to shadow forth that love in ringing verse, characterizes this poet, and few there are who have sung so well the glory of the Canadian forests in their autumn tints. His gift is decidedly lyric, as was also that of Charles Sangster, the third name to claim our attention, and the only one of the trio who is Canadian born. Probably he is better known than

either of the other two, for there are few of the school children of the last generation who did not read and feel the excitement of such poems as *The Rapids*, which were to be found in the Readers of twenty and thirty years ago.

Of the work of John Reade, *The Prophecy of Merlin and other poems* (1870), we do not now hear much, but this follower of Tennyson is well worth reading. Just here it is but right to mention the work



WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

of one or two authors whose work is partly of this period and partly of the early years of the third. William Kirby, late collector of customs at Niagara-on-the-Lake, is the author of a poem, *The U. E., a Tale of Upper Canada* (1859) and of *Canadian Idylls*, a second edition of which appeared in 1894. But he is better known by his historical novel *Le Chien d'Or* (The Golden Dog), a long story of the days of the notorious Intendant Bigot. The rascality and licentiousness of the court and society of 1748, as well as the intrigues and

peculations of this man and his minions, are very clearly set forth. The historic background is very well veiled by the interest aroused by the characters themselves. The same can scarcely be said of *The Bastonnais*, by John Lesperance. This is a story of Montgomery's expedition against Quebec in 1775-76, and shows that the fidelity of the French to the cause of England was the reason of the repulse of the Americans.

Before passing on to the third period mention must be made of a very prolific author from Nova Scotia, James Demille. Altogether he



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

wrote some forty works in prose, twenty-nine of which were published and most of which were in the style of Jules Verne, Rider Haggard and others of that ilk. In the *Dodge Club* he opened the vein of *The Tramp Abroad*, and in *Helena's Household* there is a foreshadowing of *Ben Hur*. Besides his many clever but carelessly written prose works, he left an unfinished poem of some length, *Behind the Veil*, which is based on Jean Paul's prose vision of Immortality. It has been edited by Prof. MacMechan in a very sumptuous edition.

By the inauguration of the Dominion, in 1867, was fulfilled the prophecy of Haliburton, that one day the Canadian Provinces

would be bound together into one whole. The building of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial railways had contributed to the wiping out of provincial distinctions and animosities, the yearly meeting of the legislators in Parliament at Ottawa made each better acquainted with his brethren from the other Provinces, and gradually the horizon became enlarged until when the great iron band, the Canadian Pacific,



PAULINE JOHNSON.

bound all the Provinces together, there was in all minds some tangible idea of the glorious inheritance which is open to Canada's sons and daughters. Characteristic of this period is the fertility of the authors of whom some of the best known are women.

It was in the last decade that the youngest generation of poets began to bestir themselves. One of the earliest was Charles Mair,

whose *Tecumseh* is a poem worthy of the heroic figure whose fortunes form its subject. Somewhat later the name of Charles G. D. Roberts attracted attention and from 1881, the date of his first volume, *Orion*, to the present, Roberts has been a great favorite with the poesy-loving public. His popularity has not been lessened by the short stories he has published, nor by his first attempt at the historical novel, *The Forge in the Forest*, which was published early this spring. Bliss Carman, a cousin of Roberts, is one of the promising authors whom we are in great danger of losing as we have lost Sara Duncan, Louise Dougall, Robert Barr and Gilbert Parker. Carman, however, like Parker and Miss Dougall, has not yet forgotten the spell under the influence of which not only he but other maritime singers, such as Roberts and Rand, were impelled to create. Some of his best work is Canadian in subject, and for all Bluenoses there seems to be something weird, enchanting and inspiring about the tides of Tantramar and the peak of Blomidon. Carman possesses a soul for rhythm unapproached by any other Canadian poet, and a weakness for the things of Bohemia which finds very poetic expression in the *Songs from Vagabondia*, and *More Songs from Vagabondia*, written in collaboration with the gifted young American poet, Richard N. Hovey. A gifted poet, inspired by high ideals, is the author of *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, *Lake Lyrics*, *The Dread Voyage and Other Poems*—William Wilfred Campbell. The powerful in nature and the gloomy appeal to him, but he can also express in beautiful verse the witching elements in folklore, as in *The Mother*. He is about our only English poet who has made an earnest attempt in tragedy, and there is great beauty and good promise in his *Mordred*. He is working hard in this direction, and we may all wish him well and hope for better things to come—for his ambitions are rather rare in this age of gold. Many readers will enjoy the delightful work of Lampman, who has given us two volumes which contain many gems. D. C. Scott and Frederic George Scott are honest workmen, and among the still more recent poets, Dr. Rand has given us good work as also Walter A. Ratcliffe, a blind singer, whose *Morning Songs in the Night* are among the most notable contributions to Canadian literature of late years. Death took off too early the very gifted singers, George Frederick Cameron and Isabella Valency Crawford. Among women the best known are Machar (*Fidelis*), Mrs. Harrison (*Seranus*), Mrs. Curzon, Miss Wetherald, and that interesting authoress, Miss Pauline Johnson, whose Indian songs are very vivid and full of spirit. Last, but not least, is Jean Blewett, a very facile writer whose *Heart-songs* have received a hearty welcome.

Among the more recent writers of Canadian birth, who are known as capable novel writers are, first of all, Gilbert Parker, whose subjects are nearly all Canadian, even though his residence is no longer amongst us. In this he sets a very pointed example to other authors. Parker has by no means exhausted the supply of subjects which might be found in Canadian romance and history, and it is earnestly to be hoped that other ambitious writers will follow in his footsteps in this



D. C. SCOTT.

regard. *When Valmond came to Pontiac*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, and *The Pomp of the Lavoilettes* are some of his best work, and they are well worth reading. Another author animated by much the same ambition is Professor Roberts who, though till lately best known as a poet, has made a very creditable beginning in the historical novel, and every Canadian will wish him success in further work along this line. *The Forge in the Forest* is the first of a series of three which in it has had a splendid commencement. The

works of Lighthall, F. G. Scott, and the stories of D. C. Scott are readable, but the quantity is not sufficient to allow of a safe judgment being passed upon them. J. Macdonald Oxley is winning great popularity as a writer of boy stories with Canadian settings, so that we are not surprised to hear him called the Canadian Henty or Kingston.

The most popular and best known of our lady novelists whose subjects are Canadian is Miss Dougall, though she, like Parker and some others, no longer has her home among us. *What Necessity Knows*, a story of 1845, in which the Millerites play a part, is perhaps her best up to the present, for while there are passages of great strength in *Zeitgeist*, yet as a whole it cannot be said to be so perfect as the first mentioned. Practically lost to us for good and all is Miss Duncan, for, Canadian by birth though she is, her subjects are not of the soil, and now in far-away India she seems to have forgotten us entirely.

In spite of the good attempts which have been made by some half-dozen authors, it cannot be said that the novel is the best example of our imaginative prose. For such we have to look to the short story, which, in the last ten or fifteen years, has had such a wonderful development the whole world over. I doubt not but that Parker and Roberts are better known for their fine work in this direction than by their novels. Parker's *Pierre and His People* contains some exquisite gems, which may also be said of the continuation, *An Adventurer of the North*. Roberts' short stories, some of which have been published under the title *Earth's Enigmas*, abound in love of nature, and the character sketches are fine. Especially in his treatment of animal life he is unapproached by any of our writers, as I believe will be granted by every one who has read his *They Do Seek Their Meat from God*, *Strayed*, or *The Rivals*. Another writer, now an *émigré*, who has proved successful in the short story, is E. W. Thomson, formerly of the *Globe*, who has, however, not risen as high as Roberts or Parker. D. C. Scott has also written some charming stories, and among the lady writers Mrs. Harrison takes high rank.

In this sketch the term literature has been limited to the resultant efforts of imaginative creative genius. This excludes all historical and scientific works which are based on research and aim to spread knowledge. These may all be considered as "literature of a given subject." Pure literature they are not, and, lacking the necessary quality of imagination, they cannot be considered in an essay of this character.

Nothing would be easier than to multiply names almost *ad infinitum*, but that has not been my purpose. Indeed there are many, very many, scholars who smile sarcastically at the mention of "Canadian literature" and pooh-pooh the whole thing. And there is some ground for their attitude. On the other hand, there are numbers of readers, or perhaps we had better say interested persons, who are ever ready to object to the omission of any name, not only among the many who have essayed verse or fiction, but also of those who write on historical, scientific or other useful subjects. Elsewhere I have explained what my own position is. Be that as it may, in my opinion

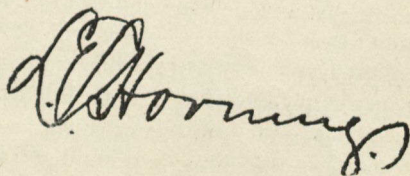


JEAN BLEWETT.

infinitely more harm than good is being done our young literature by the work of so-called reviewers who, in self-defence, say that interested parties demand the kind of work they do. This alone gives anyone the right to make the charge of log-rolling which indeed has been rather more than whispered. Now I do not imagine for a moment that anyone will deny that we have at least the beginnings of a good literature, just as no one will advance the thought for a single instant that the work of Canadian authors bears favorable comparison with the best work of first rank English or American writers. This being so, what ought to be our course? The needs divide themselves into needs for the public in general and needs for the authors.



Canadians, as a rule, are far too apologetic in regard to their country and their possibilities for development, and this half-heartedness is detrimental to good work in any field whatever. What it is, therefore, our duty to cultivate is a self-confidence which will help us to put spirit into our work and give vigor to our undertakings. This patriotic spirit bids fair to be cultivated in us to-day, owing to the great prospects of mineral wealth and material development which are every day opening up. We must remember that other countries have passed through just such a conceit-growing period, and we need not be ashamed to pass through it as well. The schoolmasters, to help the public to a proper appreciation of literary work, are well-skilled critics, not puffers, but critics, who, having had some training in æsthetics and writing, are able to judge according to proper canons of criticism. There are few if any proper critics in Canada, nor, so far as I can learn, are they seriously wanted. But proper criticism would not only be an educative force for the public, but would exercise a most beneficial influence upon authors themselves. If it would cause half of the would-be interpreters of the Muses to destroy their work, rather than publish it, the boon to our literature would be inestimable, and if the remaining authors could be taught to carefully prune and painfully revise, the benefit to them and to the public would be incalculable. The needs, therefore, of the public are education of taste and patriotic sense; those of the authors are long, continual, careful revision of work undertaken, self-denial as regards public flattery and appreciation, and patriotic, sympathetic study of Canadian history and romance, as a fruitful source of subjects. The schoolmasters to be of use to both, are carefully trained critics, which a national university ought to supply, but which it is impossible for it to do when the professors of the different literatures show little inclination to set the example, or when they are so over-crowded with work in the mere routine of language learning and the teaching of the elements of literary history that they have no time left for the subject of æsthetics, an important branch of study, almost wholly neglected, but which would be of immense interest to all lovers of literature, as well as of great benefit to all students.



## THE VENGEANCE OF SAKI.

To M. F. K.

(Hate is a madness of so insatiable a flame that when once lit it burns forever.)

WHEN the moon is red in the heaven, and under the night  
Is heard on the winds the thunder of shadowy horses ;  
Then out of the dark I arise and again am a woman,  
And leap to the back of an ebon steed that knows me,  
And hound him on in the wake of hoofs that thunder ;  
Of smoking nostrils and gleaming eyes and foam-flecked  
Flanks that glow and flash in the flow of the moonlight :—  
While under the mirk and the moon out into the blackness,  
Round the world's edge with an eerie, mad, echoing laughter,  
Leaps the long cry of the hate of the wild snake-woman.

Ha ! Ha ! It is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder,  
Ho ! Ho ! For the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter ;  
Ha ! Ha ! It is well for the shriekings that pass into silence,  
As under the night out into the blackness forever  
Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman.

I was a girl of the South with eyes as tender  
And soft and dreamy and true as the skies of my people ;  
But I was a slave and an alien, captured in battle,  
Brought to the North by a people ruder and stronger,  
Who held me as naught but a toy to be played with and broken,  
Then thrown aside like a bow that is snapped asunder.  
Lithe and supple my limbs as the sinuous serpent,  
And quick as the eye and the tongue of the serpent mine anger  
That flashed out the fire of my hate on the scorn of my scorners.  
But hate soon softened to love, as fire into sunlight,  
When my eyes met the eyes of the chieftain, my lord and my master.  
Sweet as the flowers that bloom on the blossoming prairie,  
Gladder than voices of fountains that dance in the sunlight,  
Were the new and tremulous fancies that dwelt in my bosom ;  
For he was my king and my sun, and the power of his glance  
To me as at springtime the returning sun to the landscape ;  
And his touch and the sound of his voice that set my heart throbbing.

Sweet were the days of the summer I dwelt in his tent,  
 And glad and loving the nights that I lay on his bosom ;  
 But woe, woe, woe, to the summer that fades into autumn,  
 And woe upon woe is the love that dwindles and dies,  
 And ere my hot heart was abrim with its summer of loving  
 I knew that its autumn had come, that his love was another's.  
 A blue-eyed, haughty captive they brought from the East,  
 Her hair like moving sunlight that rippled and ran  
 With the golden flow of a brook from her brow to her girdle ;  
 He saw her, he looked on her face, and I was forgotten.  
 Yea, I and the love that fed on my soul in its anguish.

I bowed my head with its woe to him in mine anguish,  
 I veiled my face in my hair like the night of my sorrow,  
 And I pled with him there by a love that was true and forgiving,  
 " Oh, my Lord and my Love, by the days that are past of our loving,  
 O slay thy poor Saki, but send her not forth in her anguish."  
 And I fell to the earth with my face, like the moon hid in heaven,  
 In the folds of my hair ; but he sate there and uttered no answer,  
 And the white woman sate there and scorned at the woe of my sorrow.  
 Then I bit my tongue through that had pled for the pity ungiven,  
 And I rose with my hate in my eyes like the lightning in heaven  
 That leaps red to kill, with a hiss like the snake that they called me,  
 And I looked on them there and I cursed them, the man and the woman,  
 The man whose lips had kissed my love into being,  
 And the woman whose beauty had withered that love into ashes,  
 With curses so dread and so deep that he rose up and smote me :  
 And hounded me forth like a dog to die in the desert.

Then wandered I forth an outcast, hounded and beaten ;  
 Careless whither I went, or living or dying,  
 With that load of despair at my heart-strings wearing to madness.  
 Long and loud I laughed at the heaven that mocked me  
 With its beautiful sounds and its sights and the joy of its being ;  
 For I longed but to die and to go to that region of blackness  
 Where I might shroud me and curse in my madness forever.  
 Far, O far I fled, till my feet were wounded  
 And bruised and cut by the ways unkindly and cruel,  
 Then all the world grew red and the sun as a furnace,  
 And I raved till I knew no more for a horrible season.  
 Then I arose, and stood, like one in a dream,

Who after long years of forgetting sudden remembers  
 The dread wild cry of a wrong that clamors for righting,  
 And sending a curse to the heart of the night-sky, I turned me  
 And fled like the wind of the winter, the sound of whose footstep is  
 vengeance.

Late when the moon had lowered I entered his village  
 And threading the silent streets came to the well-known tent door,  
 And dragging aside the skins with serpentine motion  
 Entered now as a thief, where once I had entered as mistress.  
 And there in the gleam of the moon, with the flame of her hair on his  
 bosom,  
 Lay the woman I hated like hell with the man I loved clasped to her  
 heart.

If hate could have slain they'd have shriveled up there in the moon-  
 light,

But theirs was a sin too deep for the kiss of a knife-blade.  
 Long did I stand like a poisoned wind in a desert,  
 Grey and sad and despairing and nursing my hate,  
 When out of the night like one voice that calls to another  
 Came the far-off neigh of a horse, and a mad joy leaped to my veins,  
 And a thought curled into my heart as a serpent coils into a flower,  
 And I turned me and left them there in their foolish love and their  
 slumber

That my hot heart hissed was their last.

Then hurrying out of the door that flapped in the night-wind, I fled,  
 With a pent-up hunger of hate that maddened to burst from its  
 sluices,

And came to a place on the plain far up and out from the village,  
 Where tethered in rows of hurdles, champing and restless and  
 neighing,

Half a thousand horses were herded under the night.

Ha! ha! I live it anew, I dream it again in my madness,  
 I see that moving ocean of shimmering flanks in the moonlight.  
 I snatch a brand from a watch-fire that smoulders and dwindles,  
 I creep around to the side of the herd remote from the village;  
 I cry a low call, that is answered by a neigh and a whinny;  
 Then I leap to the back of an ebon stallion that knows me.  
 'Tis but the cut of a thong, a cry in the night,  
 A fiery waving brand like lightning to thunder,  
 A terrified moaning and neighing, a heaving of necks and of haunches,

A bound, a rush, a crack of a thong, then a whirlwind of hoofs ;  
 Like the sweep of a wave on a beach we are thundering onward,  
 Neck and neck in the wake of my hate, that ever before us  
 Clamors from heaven to hell in its terrible vengeance.  
 With neck outstretched and mad eyes agleam in the moonlight,  
 I see on ahead the sleeping huts in the distance.

Ha ! ha ! they will rest well under the sleep that we bring them !  
 See, see, we are nearing them now, the first wild thundering hoof-  
 beats

Have ridden them down ! 'mid the shriekings and groanings of  
 anguish,

Blotting them out with their loves and their hates into blackness.

Ha ! ha ! ride, ride my beauties, my terrible trampers,

Pound, pound into dust the mother, the child and the husband ;

Pound, pound to the pulse of my hate that exults in your thunders !

Ha ! over the little ones nestled to suckle the bosom,

Over the man that I loved we thunder, we thunder !

Over the woman I hate with the flame of her hair on his bosom,

Trampling, treading them down, out into silence and blackness ;

Like the swirl of a merciless storm we sweep on to darkness forever.

And now when the moon is in heaven and under the night

Is heard on the winds the thunder of shadowy horses ;

Then out of the dark I arise and again am a woman,

And leap to the back of an ebon steed that knows me,

And hound him on in the wake of hoofs that thunder ;

While under the mirk and the moon out into the blackness,

Round the world's edge with an eerie, mad, echoing laughter,

Leaps the long cry of the hate of the wild snake-woman.

Ha ! ha ! it is joy for the hearts that we crush as we thunder !

Ho ! ho ! for the hate of the winds that laugh to my laughter !

Ha ! ha ! it is well for the shriekings that pass into silence ;

As under the night out into the blackness forever,

Rides the wild hate of Saki, the mad snake-woman.

*W. Wilfred Campbell.*

## "THE CHRISTIAN."

*A Criticism.*

**D**URING the past six or seven months, tens of thousands of people throughout Great Britain and America have been reading Mr. Hall Caine's new book, "The Christian." As an appreciative notice of it has already appeared in the leading papers and magazines of the country, the object of this article is not to analyze the story or to criticise the art, but to indicate a few unsatisfactory features of the work.

Mr. Caine is a clever and successful novelist, who always writes with moral purpose, though not always with moral propriety; and, in this his latest novel, he presents a realistic, a too realistic, picture of social life in London, England. To speak with more explicitness, he gives a most dramatic representation of the modern movement towards Christian Socialism in the great metropolis. The story is strong, instructive, and intensely interesting. It evinces a wide knowledge of human nature, as well as a deep insight into the workings of the human heart; and, though artistically defective and religiously disappointing, it can scarcely fail to exert a considerable influence for good, because of the way in which it not only condemns wrongdoing, but also preaches purity and justice.

In an explanatory note, the author tells us that the motive of his novel is to depict "the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose," which he thinks he sees in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century. This is, one must admit, a truly worthy motive, but, without some such assurance from him, it would be difficult for one to discover so serious a purpose; for, while his description of certain phases of life is graphic, his description of certain types of men and women is extravagant, and his representation of certain forms of Christianity is grotesque. Some of his characters may be true to nature, but the two leading ones, at least, are quite impossible persons. Both of them, though each in a different way, are inconsistent, contradictory, and untrue to nature.

Notwithstanding the serious purpose of the writer and the socialistic influence of his work (its influence is rather socialistic than religious), the title of the book is a misnomer. It is both inappropriate and misleading. From its title, "The Christian," one expects to find in the book some character or some theme which worthily represents

New Testament Christianity; but one looks in vain for any theme in it that is distinctively Christian, and there is not an important character in it that can properly be called Christian in anything more than name. A single paragraph will make the latter fact apparent.

Drake is an honorable, irreligious gentleman; Lord Storm is an unbelieving, almost anti-Christian nobleman; Father Lamplugh is a rigid but misguided ascetic; Canon Wealthy is a worldly as well as an unspiritual ecclesiastic; Reverend Golightly is a weak though not an unworthy curate; Parson Quayle is an aged and exemplary clergyman; Glory Quayle is a beautiful, brilliant actress, who writes remarkable letters (some of them much more masculine than feminine, though), and does all sorts of reckless things without losing her purity of heart and life; John Storm is a simple, sentimental enthusiast, who is "everything by starts and nothing long," becoming first an assistant pastor in a fashionable church, then a member of a monastic brotherhood, and finally the founder of a philanthropic institution for the rescue and relief of unfortunate women.

Thus, with the possible exception of Parson Quayle, a venerable and godly old man, who plays a very unimportant part in the plot, there is not a representative of pure religion, or an exponent of genuine Christianity, in the book. This is a feature of the work which makes it disappointing to the thoughtful reader who expects, and has a right to expect, something in the story which would fairly justify its name. Having chosen so significant a title, Mr. Caine should have portrayed at least one prominent character which could be accepted as purely Christian, and which all would recognize as such.

A more serious matter than the inappropriateness of his title, however, is the unspirituality of his hero. Whether the author intended him to be so taken or not, most people will take John Storm to be the character which gives the title to this novel, partly because he is the hero of the story, and partly because he is the only person of any prominence in the book that naturally suggests its name; but, as he is depicted, he knows nothing experimentally of Christianity. In scarcely a single situation does he speak and act as a true Christian would speak and act, thus showing that, if Mr. Caine regarded his hero as a representative of Christ, he has no adequate conception of what a representative of Christ is. John Storm is not a genuine Christian of the nineteenth or of any other century.

It is true that he is made to say and do a number of good things, but saying and doing good things does not make a man a Christian, unless what is said and done springs from a Christian motive. It is

also true that he is made to take an interest in humanity, especially in the protection of weak women and in the uplifting of fallen ones ; but he prosecutes his work of social and moral reform from a sentimental rather than a religious impulse. That is to say, he was impelled to acts of philanthropy from love of Glory Quayle, not from love of God. To quote the words which the author puts into the mind of the old Premier, " John Storm's love of God was love of a woman." His overmastering passion for the woman he adored kept him from being true to the principles he avowed, so that throughout his whole career he experienced a conflict between love and duty, a conflict in which duty always yielded to love.

John Storm is an emotional and impulsive character, with a mania for renunciation and self-sacrifice. Mr. Caine makes a fictitious journalist describe him as " a weak, over-sanguine, and rather foolish fanatic," and the description is fairly accurate. He is a marvel, too, at justifying any course that he desires to take, no matter how ridiculous it may be. He is also a person who, when heated with anger and excited by argument, loses his self-control, and curses those whom he cannot convince. Thus Storm is rather *the* humanitarian than *the* Christian. He might be called a Christian Socialist, perhaps, in the broad sense of that term, but to regard him as a typical, or even as an average, Christian is absurd ; for, though a thoroughly good-meaning fellow, he is not a spiritual-minded, much less a Christlike, man.

But a still more serious matter is the unchristian teaching of the book. The author has a right to ridicule certain foolish forms of religion, but he has no right to travesty the Scripture, as he does in one case, at least, where, instead of explaining a peculiar passage, he perverts its meaning. Towards the end, he represents Storm, in a moment of anguish at the thought of Glory's possible ruin, as resolving, on the authority of Paul, " to slay her body that he might save her soul."

To make his hero thus claim Paul's authority for such an unchristian act is an affront to Christianity, as well as perversion of Scripture. When the apostle exhorted the members of the Church at Corinth to expel one of their number for a shameful offence, directing them " to deliver such a one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh," he did not mean that the guilty person was to be put to death. He does not speak of destroying the body, but of destroying or mortifying " the flesh " ; and he meant that the wrong-doer was to be so disciplined or punished for his sin as to bring him to repentance, the



object of such discipline or punishment having been the restoration, not the ruin, of the offender.

Mr. Caine appears to know something about Christianity, but he does not present it either as proclaimed by Christ or as published by the apostles; and, whatever he may know about the Christian religion, he seems to know nothing of the Christian doctrine of the renewal of man's nature by the operation of God's Spirit. At all events, he depicts no character that exhibits any knowledge of that holiness of heart which constitutes the essence of the Christian life. He represents John Storm as trying to reclaim men and women who have gone astray, but the Gospel which he makes Storm preach was one of relief and reform, not of transformation or regeneration.

Mr. Caine also exposes many of the evils of modern society, but presents no adequate remedy for any of them; he emphasizes, too, the importance of presenting Christ in practical life, but makes none of his numerous characters present him, worthily or consistently; he even claims that God is calling on us all in this age to seek a new social application of the Gospel, but does not give a single example of a truly successful application of it. On the contrary, though he represents Storm as doing some good during his life, and as leaving a noble work to be continued by Glory after his death, yet his repeated failures, together with his untimely taking-off, are calculated to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that the Gospel cannot be successfully applied to the life of our time.

The inappropriateness of the title, though a cause of disappointment, is a comparatively unimportant thing; but the unspiritual character of the hero and the unchristian teaching of the book are fundamental defects, which render the work not simply disappointing, but unsatisfactory. Readers of "The Christian" were justified in looking for a sober representation of the religion which has done so much for the moral and social elevation of mankind, but Mr. Caine has given them a satirical representation of it. The subject deserves, as well as suggests, a very different treatment.

There are, however, two important lessons which this novel seems to teach. In the first place, it teaches that a man like Storm, who is actuated by sentimental rather than religious motives, can neither lead the life nor do the work of Christ. Christianity is a rational religion, which recognizes and sanctifies every lawful human relation; and, had John Storm married Glory Quayle at the beginning instead of the end of his career, he might have lived a natural life and done a glorious work. In the second place, it shows that the transformation

of society will not come through foolish fanatics who try to stifle the instincts of nature with a view of becoming more useful to humanity, or through senseless ascetics who endeavor to escape from the world in order to devote themselves wholly to God, but through earnest men and women who devote themselves to God by living in the world as representatives of Christ, and by working for the world with his purpose and with his spirit. We must seek to make life spiritual, as well as to make religion practical, if we would apply the Gospel with success to the social conditions of our time.

*George Coulson Workman*

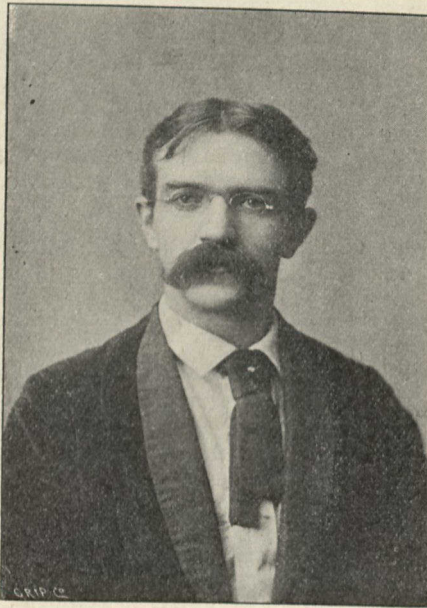
### THE SEA.

O KINDLY is the Sea when skies are fair  
 And slumber all the passions of his breast ;  
 The sailor's bark in love he seems to bear  
 To summer lands and purple isles of rest.  
 Then, cradled in his softly swaying arms,  
 One evermore in dreamy bliss may lie  
 While not a breath e'er startles or alarms  
 The fleecy cloudlet floating in the sky.

O cheering is the Sea when breezes fill  
 The swelling sail, and fling the whirling spray,  
 And send through every tingling nerve a thrill,  
 As glides the vessel swiftly on her way.

O cruel and inconstant is the Sea :  
 When angry passions swell his savage breast  
 He tosses high, down dashes ruthlessly  
 What he so late had cradled and caressed.  
 With giant hands the creaking mast he rends,  
 And smites with mighty blows the shrinking ships ;  
 Their bruised and battered sides he rudely rends  
 With savage howl and frenzy-foaming lips ;  
 Or drives them crashing on the craggy shore  
 And shatters them with oft-repeated shocks,  
 As with defiant shout and demon roar  
 He tramples out their life among the rocks.

LYMAN C. SMITH.



PROF. C. G. D. ROBERTS.

**BROTHERHOOD.**

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TURN, turn, O God of Peace, our hearts,  
When fierce the red war-wrath upstarts!  
O make us count the bond of blood,  
The tie of common joys and tears,  
More than a world of savage wood,  
A wilderness of vexed frontiers.

*Charles G. D. Roberts*

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401 East 23rd Street, New York.

## A BICYCLE HOLIDAY.

**G**IVEN six weeks' vacation in springtime, a bicycle, good roads, and a start from the centre of Germany, what are the possibilities which lie before one for an enjoyable trip? On the 13th of March we set out, the Doctor, Massilon and myself; the sun was shining, the larks were singing, and dreams of the blue Mediterranean, of classic Rome, of Florence and Tyrol, lightened our hearts, gave zest to our movements and helped us to forget the inconvenience of the lingering mud. All necessaries were packed in luggage-carriers in the bicycle frames; we were independent of railways, and stopped at the nearest Dorf when night came on, or when our weary wheels refused to climb another hill; nothing could be freer, nothing more inviting. What was the sequel? The first day ended the mud; the roads and weather throughout the weeks left nothing to be desired; the food and lodgings were always good, while the pleasure and satisfaction derived from the trip can be but faintly conceived from an outline of the route with its long list of picturesquely and historically interesting places.

Setting out from Göttingen, we passed through Munden, wherethe Fulda and the Werra join to form the Weser. Cassel, with its imperial residence and memories of imprisonment there of the unfortunate Napoleon III., on to Marburg, so beautifully pitched among the trees on the steep river banks, and through Giessen to Frankfort, where stands the old hall where emperors were elected in former times. Next came Heidelberg with its famous castle, and the long stretch up the Rhine valley between Karlsruhe and Baden-Baden, to Strassburg: here, of course, the cathedral with its clock must be visited, the clock where the apostles appear in procession every day at noon, and the cock crows thrice for Peter. The thick, ramparted walls, the frowning forts and yawning, open-mouthed cannon about this city served to remind us that we were nearing the border; and when two days later we rode past lines of forts into the French stronghold of Belfort, the actual relations of these two European nations were vividly impressed upon our minds. Our first impressions of France were those gathered with the wild flowers by the road-side one beautiful Sunday morning, and a week spent in riding along the castle-crowned banks of the Rhone, through Lyons, Chalons and Vienne to Avignon, most beautiful of the Rhone cities, and the some-

time home of the popes, made us enthusiastic admirers of French scenery ; while a second week, which included Marseilles and Toulon, and then the whole length of the famous Riviera, with its cities of Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and San Remo, left rich memories of beauty and pictures full of charm—pictures still fresh and clear, but which unfortunately can be recalled by these words in the minds of those only who have seen the originals. Imagine riding day after day on the verge of the Mediterranean, with its blue waters stretching away to the right, while on the left rose the vine-clad hills which skirt the shore, the road winding past olive, orange and lemon orchards, the weather perfect, and everywhere flowers most abundant to be seen, including the finest roses. Each fashionable watering-place seemed, if possible, more attractive than the last, till the climax was reached in Monte Carlo, a perfect garden of beauty.

Such scenes, with all the attendant favorable circumstances for enjoying them, do not often come in one's path, and nothing but the thoughts of Rome lying still ahead could have tempted us to hurry along with but a look at Genoa over the mountains to Spezia, as we made our way towards Pisa, home of the Leaning Tower, and of the cathedral, memorable to the writer as containing the identical chandelier, whose swinging to and fro led to Galileo's discovery of the pendulum. From Pisa to Rome by train, and back by way of Florence, gave us three days in the Eternal City, and one to visit the art galleries and some of the other interesting spots in the city of Fra Savonarola. The time was short in Rome, but who that has been there, or who that has longed to visit this most interesting of all cities, cannot understand the genuine satisfaction of seeing St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Appian Way, the Catacombs, the Pantheon and the Capitol, or cannot realize the thrilling effect upon the observer of the view over the Roman Forum and the Coliseum, where every stone is full of interest, and where the world's history was wrought out for centuries? That day marks an epoch in a man's life where, with a proper appreciation of his surroundings, he walks over the stones trodden by Roman senators, stands on the side of the old "rostra" and sees around him the ruins of palaces, arches and temples, telling him the story of Rome in her greatness more impressively than all the histories that could be written.

But our bicycles were waiting at Pisa, and time demanded that we make a hurried trip north ; away across Northern Italy we sped, through Pistoia and Bologna, over the "wandering Po," on to Verona and further, until we reached Austria and the Tyrolese Alps.

One day was spent in climbing the Brenner Pass, and another in riding down into Innsbruck with its ideal situation nestling at the foot of hills which rise on every side. Most beautiful of seaside scenery is the Riviera, Tyrol most charming and attractive of mountain districts, and here rises in imagination another picture, snow-clad hills and peaceful rural life, tinkling bells and roadside shrines, church spires and happy villages forming one harmonious whole. Up the beautiful valley of the Inn, and through the Arlberg tunnel, our path led us out of the Tyrol to the Upper Rhine. After a day across one corner of Switzerland came a journey by rail through the Black Forest from Constance to Offenburg, which brought us back to the Rhine valley to return by the same route as we had started. On April 25th we arrived in Göttingen again, with well-browned skin and appetite abnormal, but everything else, including bicycles, in good condition. Our pockets were lighter by some m.280, but in return we had had a most enjoyable outing, had seen parts of Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Switzerland, under most admirable conditions for observing the country and the life and habits of the country people, we had gathered no small fund of incident and adventure, and, in addition, had pleasant memories of many of the most beautiful scenes in Europe—memories which became more full of interest and more satisfying as the months go by, which grow rather than decrease, and which through life will be encircled with the halo of charm from this first experience of bicycling through Europe.

#### INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

At the close of the first day's ride we made our way to the nearest village and announced our intention at the Gasthaus of spending the night. It was already dark and we had no wish to go further, so as the first announcement met with no response but a grin from the *Wirt*, we told him again we wished to stay all night, and made our preparations accordingly. The bicycles were carried inside and we sat down in the *Gastzimmer*, a small, low-roofed room with tables and benches along two walls, which were the usual sitting-places of the peasants who came in to enjoy a glass of beer. Everything was bare and plain, yet not without a certain look of homely comfort; at one end of one of the long tables sat a woman and two boys busily peeling at a pile of potatoes which had been emptied out on the pine boards. Preparing for Sunday was the natural thought suggested by its being Saturday night, but a few minutes later a large dish of hot stew was placed on top of the unpeeled potatoes. The father took his place by

the others, and each one being armed with a fork they proceeded to take their evening meal. The plan of procedure was as follows: From the pile of peeled potatoes the whole or part of one was taken on the fork, dipped into the stew, and then with its savory addition transferred to the mouth of the eater. The forks, potatoes—with and without their skins—and the one dish and its contents constituted the entire meal and furnishings. A more primitive style of eating can scarcely be imagined, and it was quite in keeping with the accommodations we were shown to after our ample meal of delicious milk, eggs and bread and butter. The sleeping room had a sanded floor (delightful for bare feet on a cold morning) and contained, besides a few chairs, two beds, each furnished with a bolster for a pillow, and two feather beds, one above and one below. Two of us tried to sleep under one feather bed which was rather short and not quite wide enough. The result may be imagined as well as I can describe it. In the morning we performed our ablutions in the front hall downstairs, having persuaded the servant girl to bring a dish of warm water which was set on the end of an empty beer-keg for a washstand. Breakfast was just as good as supper had been, and after cleaning and oiling our machines we prepared to set off on our way, not without remarking as we left that the cow-stable was immediately underneath the room in which we had eaten. But bicycle appetites were good and bicycle riders sleep well, and all thoughts of microbes and bacteria and the Doctor's proclivities for trying to avoid them, did not prevent us from continuing to spend the nights at the village inns, none of which afterwards proved quite as primitive as this first.

Some two and a half weeks later we found ourselves at the Italian border just a few minutes too late to get across that evening, for after sundown all travellers are turned back from the custom-house till the next day. We were thus obliged to retrace our steps to Mentone, one of the largest and most frequented resorts on the south coast of France. This time it was not a peasant Gasthaus, but a fashionable pension, or a still more fashionable hotel, which was to be our stopping place. We chose the former, and though we found our weather-beaten bicycle costumes somewhat out of keeping with the elegant surroundings, this did not prevent us from enjoying the situation on the shore, with only the street between us and the Mediterranean, the roar of whose surf lulled us to sleep. Morning revealed to us the full beauty of the scene as we stood on the balcony overlooking the sea, and fancied we had been spending a few weeks for the sake of our health in the balmy and bracing air of Southern France, enjoying the

scenery and see how the élite of the various countries of Europe make use of this favorite clime in the trying springtime season. Mentone remains in our memories as the most attractive health resort imaginable; the sea, the air, the situation and the scenery, leaving nothing more to be desired. Even a protracted double encounter with the ubiquitous tract distributor, who won our confidence while we were hunting lodgings by assuring us he spoke French like a native, and who visited us at the pension during the evening, left nothing of unpleasantness. There was, to be sure, the remembrance of the Doctor's unkept promise to read the leaflets so thoughtfully presented to us, but that rested lightly on our consciences, for days after the tracts were left upon the road still unread. As we rode out of the town we passed the fountain erected by the citizens in memory of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who at that very time was making her usual sojourn in the neighborhood of Cannes.

And let me describe another evening time under circumstances widely different. We had left Pisa in the forenoon, and reached Pistoia in time to escape a shower and have tea while we waited. It was still early, and inquiry revealed the fact that the next town lay only fifteen kilometers distant, so we remounted about six o'clock and started north again. Soon we came to a hill where it was necessary to walk; this was a pleasant enough change for a time, but the hill had many turnings, and the road wound back and forth with no end within view. We watched the lights of Pistoia shining invitingly in the distance behind, and continued to push the heavily-loaded wheels uphill, the while we looked for any wayside inn to shelter us. The sun went down, the moon rose bright and full, and still we worked our way towards the top; no house was now to be seen and the road lay through woods upon the mountain side, a thick fog settled down upon us like a pall and in the darkness we trudged along; eight o'clock came, nine, ten, and still we were going up. Then we realized that we were crossing the Appenines by night, and wondered how much longer it would last. A break was made to take a drink from a roadside spring, and then we continued climbing till we were almost above the mist, and at last, in sheer desperation of weariness, we decided to try riding uphill for a change, and were suddenly relieved by finding ourselves unexpectedly at the top. Here, instead of the looked-for village and inn, we saw nothing but a gendarme station, the presence of which may have accounted for the fact that our only adventure on this weary nine-mile walk was meeting a countryman who wanted a match to relight the saved-up stub of a cigar. Nothing



remained but to go on, and we commenced the descent, allowing ourselves to glide noiselessly over the ground with that curious exhilarating sensation of flying which accompanies bicycle-riding down hill in the dark. The moon favored us later, and the road now followed the course of a musical mountain stream. The scene was weird, wild and picturesque in the extreme; the moon glistened on the water as it dashed over its stony bed, while the shadows of great walls of rock fell across our way; the gray outlines of mountains rose on all sides, and all the time we were gliding down the mountain side, winding in and out with the course of the stream. At the top of the Appenines by moonlight, and with a curious sensation of pleasure in the strangeness of the scene, we forgot the time and did not find the distance long or wearisome until we were able to find a small mountain inn and stopped to rest and sleep; and though our somewhat incomplete acquaintance with the Italian language, coupled with our easy-going method of riding without definite information of the places or road ahead had given us this unlooked-for tiresome tramp by night, we felt amply repaid by the novelty of being among the mountain-tops in the weirdness of the moonlight.

But I must not tire the readers of ACTA. With many happy Christmas wishes for all the friends in Canada, I close these rambling jottings.

A. MELVILLE SCOTT, '96.

GÖTTINGEN, Nov. 27th, 1897.

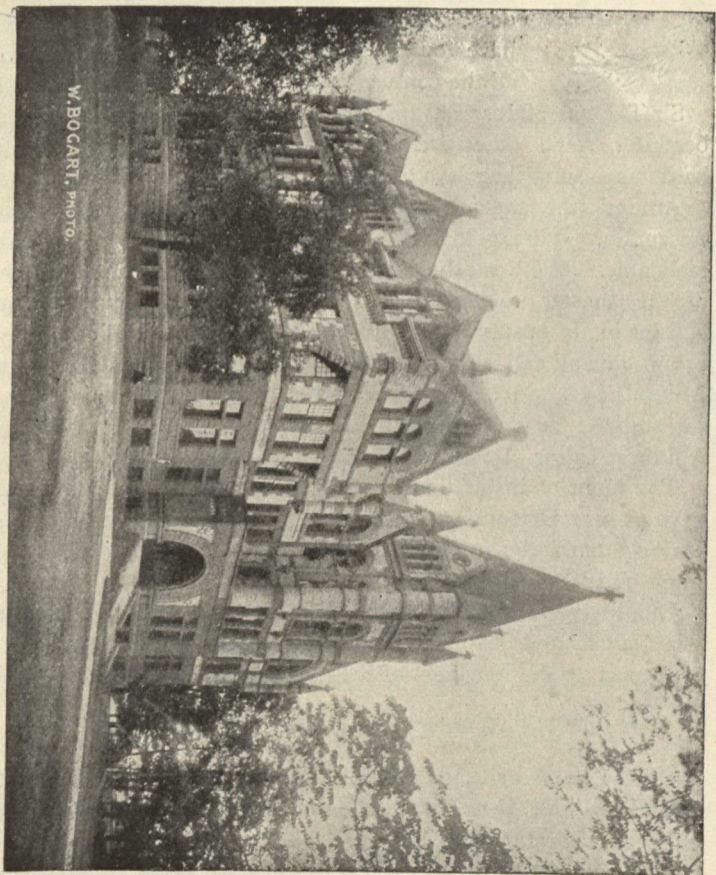
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### VINEGAR.

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**B**ITTER? Ay, so they call me. Cynic? Yes.  
 Scorn their insinuations? Yea, in sooth,  
 Though yielding them thus much, that they speak truth,  
 Saying, I lift my voice to curse, not bless.  
 Fond youth inquisitive, *you* cannot guess,  
 Smooth face, bright eye like *yours* can never know  
 The rankling wound dealt in the long ago,  
 That seared my heart and stole my tenderness.  
 Rise o'er my troubles? Ha! ha! little one,  
 Can the damned leave their all-surrounding hell  
 And smirk and smile and say that all is well,  
 When that they know their torture but begun?  
 Babblor, begone! Not thine, but mine the fate:  
 Let others feed on love, me cherish hate!

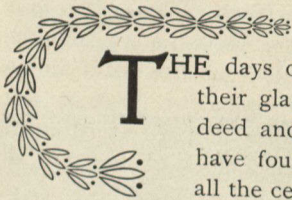
WILLIAM HARDY ALEXANDER.



W. BOGART, PHOTO.

VICTORIA COLLEGE, QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

## ARTHURIAN LEGEND AND CANADIAN POETS.



THE days of Arthur, legendary King of Britain, with their glamor of romance, their halo of chivalric deed and thought in the quest of the Holy Grail, have found expression in the prose and poetry of all the centuries since the days of good Queen Bess.

Sir Thomas Malory was first inspired, and countless legends, some beautiful, some otherwise, have come down to us; and ever since bards have sung their lays of Arthur and his noble knights.

Around the legends has gathered a literature rightly termed Arthurian. Pure gold these legends are, and, like pure gold, are malleable. Many and beautiful are the shapes they take in the hands of the master goldsmiths. Swinburne shapes them; his art is sinister in its beauty; his work the expression of fatality. We sum the whole and call it Swinburnian. The pure glow of the gold caught Milton's eye, and he contemplated shaping it to higher ends. But he stopped at contemplation. Literature sustained a loss when Milton's Arthur, Arthur the Sublime, was left unsung.

The fount of inspiration is exhaustless. Morris drank deeply, and gave us his "Defence of Guinevere." Tennyson's pure muse lingered lovingly amid the mystery and romance of high chivalry and holy quest and touched a golden harp of song.

English verse with its storied past and its honor-roll of poets has dealt largely and lovingly with the Arthurian legend. In it all there is an echo of the long ago, of the days that are no more. But

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

We cross the seas, and find ourselves face to face with a new and virile literature, the literature of a young country, conscious of present strength and future possibilities.

The poet of the new land voices the glad, ardent spirit-stirrings of the conqueror. The human interest is the dominant note of all that he sings. The patriotic fire burns in him. He strikes often and loud the note of Imperialism.

John Reade, the tender-hearted patriot, the Canadian singer of Britain's greatness, is the link between the subdued yearning song of the poet of the old days of struggle in the period of early coloniza-

tion and the glad, jubilant song of the poet of a later prosperity. He, too, returns to the ancient fount of strength. In his best-known poem, the "Prophecy of Merlin," he weaves a patriotic idyll around the central figures of Arthur, Merlin and Sir Bedivere. Tennyson is his master, British Imperialism his theme, Arthurian legend the setting. One cannot fail to admire the gentle grace and steadfast love of the land of his fathers that breathes all through the poem. But the lover of Tennyson revolts from the iconoclastic spirit which could drag down from their eminence the ideal personalities of the Idylls to make them stalk through the six hundred or so lines of a poem devoted to the lauding of a nation's greatness and prophecies of its material prosperity.

Tennyson's last beautiful picture of the "Passing of Arthur," holds us as perhaps no other can. Arthur, amidst the wailing of the black-stoled queens, "passes to be King among the dead." Sir Bedivere is left with breaking heart alone amid the dead. Here Mr. Reade takes up the tale, and Bedivere is roused from a swoon to find Mage Merlin at his side. His heart still aches with the great pain of parting. He questions Merlin with eager longing and presses for prophecy. We receive the impression of intended sincerity, but we are not swept on irresistibly by the impetuous force of the man's sorrow. And why? Because there is nothing inevitable about it—the man and his language are inadequate.

It is better with Merlin. When he speaks of the prophetic gift, the hopelessness of the seer's world—sorrow is well brought out. He stands by the stream of Time; white sails float idly by; the hungry whirlpool yawns just ahead. He sees it, sees the danger, but is powerless to divert, or warn, or save.

Throughout Merlin's prophecy runs the golden thread of allegory. It is the history of England in miniature. First he predicts devastating war with the great White Dragon of the North, with the Tigers of the Sea, with other foreign foes. Then out of the union of these, the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman, he foretells the growth of a nation.

Reade strikes his key-note—British Imperialism—when he adds :

" And Britain shall be great by land and sea,  
And stretch her conquering arms around the world,  
And gather treasures from all climes, and teach  
Her tongue to distant nations, and her name  
Shall be a word of praise to all the earth."

The rule of many kings and queens is prophesied, but Arthur is the ideal which men shall revere in the homage paid all kinghood, even when the individual representative is unworthy. The three queens who attended Arthur on the barge that bore him to his rest in Avalon, are made to symbolize the crowning event of national progress, the union of England, Scotland, Ireland in one great whole beneath the "Good Queen," Victoria, and the "Blameless Prince," Alfred. Great material prosperity and the highest spirituality are pictured going hand in hand through the last decades of the nineteenth century. But the spiritual growth must have been too rapid, for the nation falls from grace, and wars of avarice drain the resources of the land. Yet from these fiery trials a purer nation rises—free thought and truth reign.

To Bedivere these prophecies seem vague and unsatisfying, void of interest, for he cannot find his Arthur in it all; and with the pertinacity of a child he harps on the one idea.

"But tell me further of the Blameless Prince."

And when he learns of Alfred's early death, his last hope dies; yet he goes back to his vital love and longing when he asks,

"If, in the far-off after-time, shall come  
A prince who shall be known by Arthur's name,  
And bear it blamelessly as he did his."

Then Merlin comforts him with prophecy of a prince, third son of her who rules on England's throne, who shall fulfil his hopes.

"The name of Arthur—him that is to be—

Shall shed new glories upon him we loved."

In the conclusion the poet brings us back to the Arthurian atmosphere. Indeed, throughout the poem, it is only by what one might call the intrusions of Sir Bedivere into the main theme, that we are reminded that the scene is laid in Arthurian days. The idyllic touches, which are supposed to do this for us, are inadequate and unreal. It is the allegory of Britain's material prosperity and greatness that forces itself upon one's mind and memory. The modern note is dominant; and, even so, it is not especially compelling. There is no pulse stirring throb of life and action, and lofty aspiration about the poem.

Of a more virile type is the work of Wm. Wilfred Campbell, a poet of present-day Canada. With the new confidence of the stronger

nation comes a bolder, freer note in the song of its poets. And Campbell is even more forceful and vigorous than most of his contemporaries, is original in conception, and less trammelled by futile conventionalities.

But though original, he does not hesitate to acknowledge a master in Tennyson. His technique is splendid, and he shows, in his handling of language and metre, some of the sympathetic sensitiveness to harmony of sound and sense, of thought and character, that marks the work of Tennyson and Keats. Though he is an ardent admirer of the former, he is far from being a slavish imitator; his individuality is too marked for that. His cry is,

“ To be a voice to thee, a nameless voice,  
Voice of the new west calling to the east,  
To tell thee of this wondrous western world;  
Voice of the future calling to the past.”

Taking into consideration such aspirations, we are not greatly surprised to find that, when Mr. Campbell brings the force of his genius to bear upon the grand Arthurian theme, he extracts from it a new meaning, a significance ignored by all previous poetic interpretation.

His chief work along these lines is a tragedy entitled “Mordred.” In this he departs altogether from the beaten path. We have become so familiar with the noble Arthur of the Tennysonian idylls, that it comes to us with something of a shock that, for reasons poetic, or dramatic, or otherwise, a man could voluntarily raise his hand to mar the perfect purity of the ideal Arthur.

Tennyson’s Idylls are pictures. With unerring taste and refinement of feeling he has passed over the grossness of some of the legends of Malory’s books, and paints the perfect picture. Not so Campbell’s. In his tragedy he embodies much of the grossness as well as the attendant beauties of Malory’s conceptions, adding to these just such original touches as he may need to bring out in bold relief the inherent nobility of Mordred, whose character he has taken upon himself to defend.

His aim seems to be to show Mordred more sinned against than sinning in the movement of events at Arthur’s court. He pictures him a man by nature of a strong and noble spirit, physically weak, mentally morbid because of his deformity and the misfortune of his birth—a man with a great capacity for love, and an infinite yearning to expend himself in service for some loved one. And this nature warped, embittered, maddened, hurried on to evil by the cruelty and callousness of others, is the central figure of Campbell’s tragedy.

We have the familiar scene of Arthur's court, and in that court we find the old familiar faces, chief among them Arthur and Guinevere; Launcelot, "flower and sun of all my chivalry;" Mage Merlin; Mordred, the illegitimate son of Arthur; and Vivien. The *dramatis personæ* is the same, but the characters are portrayed in widely different fashion, each acting and reacting in totally different ways.

To save Mordred from contempt and hate, a nice adjustment of good and evil must be made. In proportion as he is made more admirable, just so far must the character of others be made less admirable, and their evil influence on his life more inevitable. So poetic justice is conserved.

And here lies the great pity of it all. To save Mordred, Arthur is sacrificed. None but a pessimist could be so ruthless. Arthur the noble, the ideal, becomes for us a mere image of clay—a faulty, sinful man. But Mordred is not yet sufficiently excused. To exonerate him still further, Vivien, a maiden of the court, is made to exert her baneful influence upon him in his moments of weakness, to tempt him and rouse all that is evil in his nature.

The whole plot is complicated, and the atmosphere is modern and scientific rather than Arthurian. Love intrigues are duplicated and triplicated. We are steeped in the plots and counter-plots of a tragedy which in comparison with Tennyson's story seems scarcely wholesome.

Arthur has sinned, but he has confessed; and in the gladness of sin confessed he forgets that he may yet have to cope with the results of that sin of long ago. And so it happens that in his hour of greatest triumph, fresh from the huzzas of the coronation scene, he is brought face to face with the consequences of his sin. Merlin reveals to him that Mordred, the puny hunch-back Mordred is his son—illegitimate, but indubitably his own. Here comes the first crisis in the tragedy. And in his hour of trial Arthur fails to show true greatness in the acceptance of his new cross. He casts the burden from him in bitterness of spirit. And it is through this repulse from his father that the iron first enters Mordred's soul. As yet there is no hate, only a great sense of loss, a yearning for the love denied him. It is Merlin who recoils from Arthur's weakness, and sums the situation.

"Yea, I am dead to one great hope I had,  
And thou art dead to what thou might'st have been,  
And he is dead to what is best of all,  
The holiest blossom of life's golden tree."

Mordred can never know the strength of filial love in its entirety. His natural tendency to morbidness gains ground; he broods upon his wrongs and his deformity, and grows morose. The soil is rapidly preparing for the reception of Vivien's seed of evil. By insinuation, by whispered taunt, by glance and word of love she leads him on until we find these two leagued together to destroy the peace of Arthur's court.

Launcelot and Guinevere in their league of love are counter-balanced by the conspiring union of Mordred and Vivien. The latter acts on Mordred and, finding him still vacillating in his purpose of revenge, plans a meeting with Guinevere. She brings the two together, sets forces in action, and steps aside to watch the conflict. So much depends on this first meeting! And it is with malicious satisfaction that Vivien sees Guinevere make the fatal error, show herself lacking in womanly sympathy for the afflicted, when she tactlessly questions the sensitive hunch-back, "Art thou another fool?" How could such thoughtless cruelty fail to rouse and antagonize a nature such as Mordred's? Stung to the quick, he reveals all the bitter secret of his birth—but to unbelieving ears. And Launcelot, eager champion of Guinevere's cause adds fuel to the flame by his hasty espousal of the queen's quarrel and contemptuous humiliation of Mordred.

Now all the elements of tragedy are marshalled. Another crisis has come and gone; another character has proved inadequate to the demands upon it.

Mordred vows vengeance. He, who once had been the passive instrument of Vivien's schemes, becomes the master-spirit, taking the initiative in every action; plans calmly, diabolically; chooses his time and waits.

"Much might be lost by hastening the issue."

The plot thickens. Schemes and machinations occupy the conspirators. Guinevere jealous and Launcelot estranged; Launcelot an exile from the court, a maniac alternating in his ravings from pathetic murmurings of the seasons and the Queen he loved to fierce, exultant cries for strife; Guinevere accused of murder and in peril of her life; Launcelot, "made sane by her extremity," her champion and saviour. Thus runs the record.

But at last the condition of affairs becomes intolerable. Mordred has come to recognize the love that Vivien feels for him—she has conjured a devil and she is mastered by his very power for evil; and in the same moment he learns to know his own heart, and the know-



ledge of his love for Guinevere is forced upon him. He scorns the love of Vivien, but uses it as a stepping-stone to his own ends, possession of the kingdom and the kingdom's Queen.

To force the situation is necessary. The King and Launcelot must be set at odds; and, cunningly, Mordred plans that by hint and innuendo and open assertion, doubt of Guinevere's faithfulness be instilled into the King's mind until he shall gladly consent to let the proof of the matter rest upon the issue of one test.

This much gained, the rest follows quickly. Launcelot is surprised by knights of the court in a clandestine meeting of farewell with Guinevere. The King, maddened with grief, passes sentence of death upon her, and Launcelot escorts her to safety at his castle, "Joyeous Guard," surrendering her to the King only at the command of the Papal Bull, which demands also his exile from Britain. He leaves the country, and Arthur follows, naming Mordred Regent in his stead.

Now is Mordred's hour. Arthur's knights are disaffected, and they quickly rally to his standard. He usurps the throne, holding Guinevere a prisoner of state. His power is at its height. So, without loss of time, he offers to Guinevere his love and half his kingdom. The offer is rejected. And who can refuse to acknowledge the true chivalry of the man, who, when the power is all his, accepts his fate steadfastly, and grants the woman of his love safe-conduct from his court to a secluded nunnery?

But the spirit of the man is broken. The fruit of his triumph is bitter in his mouth. He has planned and plotted; has trampled on the promptings of his better nature, and done violence to all his nobler instincts and affections—and to what end?

Is it any wonder that, with Arthur's return, he is filled with dread and oppression? His spirit does not respond to the battle call. Neither the goading nor the tenderness of Vivien—made Queen by some freak of fancy—can rouse him. On the battle-field, in the moment of mortal combat with Arthur, his great love surges up, and, even in the face of Arthur's maledictions, he cries, yearningly, "Father! Father!"

The power of Campbell's tragedy lies in the consummate skill with which he vindicates the character of Mordred. Step by step we are shown the workings of a mind diseased and warped by no fault of its own; and step by step we watch the man slowly and painfully working out his own salvation.

The strength and the beauty of the drama lies in its originality, in

the forcefulness of its execution, and in the technical perfection of the whole. Such scenes as that of the first meeting of Launcelot and Guinevere, in the Rose Garden of Leodogrance's castle, go far to prove the dramatic power of the poet, and such characters as that of the court jester, Dagonet, go far to show his deep human insight into the heart of man. We leave the drama with a sense of loss. Mordred's vindication comforts us but little for the loss of that Arthur, who through Tennyson has become the ideal knight of chivalry.

M. H. SKINNER, '98.

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### CHRISTMASTIDE.

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AT Christmastide we wistfully turn  
 Our thoughts to the years that are past,  
 To joys that are ashes in memory's urn,  
 And we grieve that they could not last.

What hopes we cherished in life's gay prime !  
 What castles we built in the air !  
 Which the iron hand of pitiless Time  
 Has covered with shrouds of despair.

A pictured vision breaks clear on my sight  
 Of faces that beamed with love and glee—  
 And voices that thrilled with rare delight,  
 And were sweetest music to me.

The dearest friends of those Christmastides  
 Passed away with the years that are fled :  
 Beautiful maidens and hopeful brides  
 Now are wrinkled and grey and dead.

Yet, with silent force these vanished years  
 Have moulded our life and thought,  
 And they live anew in the deeds we do  
 While we count them as things forgot.

Though the friends and hopes that gave joy in youth,  
 Now seem like a dream that is told,  
 We can welcome the Christ and trust His truth  
 As we did in the days of old

E. H. DEWART.

## HELLAS, A LYRICAL DRAMA.

THE years 1820-21 are noteworthy in the history of Southern Europe for frequent struggles on behalf of liberty. In Spain, after several uprisings, the "free constitution," which had been set up during the Napoleonic wars, was restored. At Naples, the people excited by the success of the Spaniards, forced from the king a promise to grant them a measure of constitutional liberty. Sicily also revolted, and after a short but bloody campaign was declared free. Similar uprisings took place in Genoa and Piedmont. All these events Shelley regarded with the deepest interest. In his Ode to Liberty he had told of his delight when freedom gleamed.

" From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,  
Scattering contagious fire into the sky."

In the Ode to Naples he had sung of his hopes for the complete emancipation of all Italy. But to Shelley there was a dearer country than Italy or Spain. Greece he loved of all lands best. "But for Greece," he writes, "we might still have been savages or idolaters; or what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institutions, as China and Japan possess." So it was with no ordinary interest, on the first of April, 1821, he learned from his friend Prince Mavrocordato, that the freedom of Greece had been proclaimed. During the summer he eagerly followed the newspaper reports of the war, and in the early autumn his sympathy with "the sacred cause" found expression in the lyrical drama, *Hellas*.

The poem opens with a series of lyrics chanted in the Sultan's seraglio by a chorus of captive Greek women. When the singing ceases the Sultan Mahmud, who had been sleeping, awakes in fear from a dream that Constantinople has fallen. But his friend Hassan reassures him, and tells him of an ancient Jew, gifted with the power of interpreting dreams, and seeing into the future. This sage the Sultan wishes to meet.

Again the chorus appear and sing—this time an Ode on the Immortality of Man and the Victories of Christ. Of this remarkable lyric, to which reference will be made again, the first stanza runs as follows:

"Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
 From creation to decay,  
 Like the bubbles on a river  
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
 But they are still immortal  
 Who, through birth's orient portal  
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
 Clothe their unceasing flight  
 In the brief dust and light  
 Gathered around their chariots as they go ;  
 New shapes they still may weave,  
 New gods, new laws receive,  
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they last  
 On death's bare ribs had cast."

In the dialogue between Mahmud and Hassan which follows, the subject tries to cheer the drooping spirits of the Sultan, and describes to him the battle of Bucharest and the sea-fight near Nauplia. He is interrupted by the entrance of four messengers, each of whom brings tidings of misfortune to the Turks.

The chorus again enter to sing a number of splendid lyrics in praise of Greece and freedom. One which gives to an old thought new beautiful expression, we shall quote :

"O slavery ! thou frost of the world's prime,  
 Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare !  
 Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,  
 These brows thy branding garland bear,  
 But the free heart, the impassive soul  
 Scorn thy control !"

When the singing ends Mahmud and the ancient Jew enter. After a short but noteworthy conversation the Sultan, whose imagination has been kindled by the words of the wise old mystic, sees in a vision one of the glorious events in the history of his house—the taking of Stamboul. Then directing his mind to the future, "in strong faith and fervid passion," he draws with mighty will to his presence the phantom of his illustrious ancestor, Mahomet the Second. The shade foretells the fall of Islam, but on being questioned as to "when, how, by whom, destruction must accomplish her consummation," gives an equivocal answer and vanishes.

The conclusion of the drama is striking. Voices from without announce the present triumph of Turkey, and the calamities that have overtaken the Greeks ; while alternating with these the semichoruses

sing lamentations, in which, however, little by little the light of hope shines, until at last in full chorus swells the closing anthem, in which hope has grown to faith, and faith to prophetic vision :

“ The world’s great age begins anew,  
The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
Her winter weeds outworn ;  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

“ Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendor of its prime ;  
And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give.”

As Shelley states in his preface, the first model for *Hellas* was afforded him by *The Persians* of Æschylus, and indeed the two dramas have many points of resemblance. Both deal with a war on behalf of Grecian freedom. In both the scene is laid at the capital city of the enemy of Greece—in *The Persians* at the court of Xerxes ; in *Hellas*, at that of Sultan Mahmud. Both treat of events that at the time of writing were fresh in the minds of the people, *The Persians* being composed six or seven years after the battle of Salamis ; *Hellas*, a few months after Nauplia and Bucharest. The dream from which Mahmud starts at the close of the first chorus of *Hellas*, calls to mind the one that Atossa, the queen mother relates, towards the beginning of *The Persians*. The description of the battle of Nauplia suggests that of the battle of Salamis, though Æschylus who took part in the fight he described, presents to us a far more vivid and elaborate picture than does Shelley, who had to depend upon newspaper reports. The shade of a mighty ancestor of the reigning king appears in both, with this difference, however, that while Mahomet the Second predicts the downfall of the Turkish empire, Darius gives advice as to the conservation of Persia. *Hellas* is noteworthy in a study of Shelley partly for the glimpse it affords us of his later and saner views on philosophy and religion. We need not dwell on the furious tirades against theism and Christianity that disfigure some of his earlier poems. Such attacks he afterwards regretted, rather on the ground of good taste however than because of their blasphemy. Even in his mature works, as for instance, *Prometheus Unbound*, there are passages that jar unpleasantly

on the sensibilities of the reverent reader. But in Hellas his tone is changed. God is the spirit of order and freedom.

“ In the great morning of the world,  
The Spirit of God, with might unfurled  
The flag of Freedom over chaos,  
And all its banded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,  
Before an earthquake's tread.”

In accordance with the high admiration for the character and teachings of Christ which Shelley in his later years felt and professed, he thus eulogizes His mission :

“ A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean Conqueror came ;  
Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame.  
A mortal shape to him  
Was like the vapour dim  
Which the orient planet animates with light ;  
Hell, Sin and Slavery came,  
Like bloodhounds mild and tame,  
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight ;  
The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set ;  
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon  
The cross leads generations on.”

About eight years before Hellas was written, Shelley had fallen under the influence of the most grossly materialistic French philosophers. Helvétius and Holbach, especially the latter, were his masters. “ *Le Système de la Nature*,” a book from which he quotes long extracts in his notes to *Queen Mab*, and which he admired so much that he set about translating it, at this time more than any other work contributed “ to his patchwork system of thought.” This book is well described in these words of a French critic : “ *Le Système de la Nature* était le dernier mot de la philosophie sensualiste ; était la plus complète, la plus froide négation de tout ce qu' il y a de grand, de noble, de vrai dans le cœur de l'homme. Le dix-huitième siècle ne pouvait descendre plus bas ; il était enfin parvenu au fond de l'abîme.” A strange spectacle it is to see the Ariel-like Shelley enamoured of such philosophy ; it reminds us of Titania in love with Bottom. But since the year 1812 Shelley's ways of thinking had undergone a great change. Plato had been his constant companion.

Berkeley he had read before this and not forgotten. Kant had to some extent influenced him. Under the guidance of such masters, and following the inherent tendencies of his own nature, he became a thorough-going idealist; and nowhere has his idealism found more beautiful expression than in *Hellas*. Ahasuerus, the ancient Jew, a man whom the poet represents as gifted with clearest and deepest wisdom, speaks as follows:

“ Earth and ocean,  
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem  
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,  
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,  
With all its cressets of immortal fire,  
Whose outwall, bastioned impregnably  
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them  
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this Whole  
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,  
With all the silent or tempestuous workings  
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,  
Is but a vision; all that it inherits  
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;  
Thought is its cradle and its grave.”

As a drama, “*Hellas*” is not of great literary worth. Though the dialogue contains some vigorous and beautiful passages, the poem lacks a strong, unifying, central action. Shelley himself best describes it as “a series of lyric pictures,” and a dim prophecy “of the final triumph of the Greek cause.” It is highly poetical, but it is not dramatic.

But to its lyric parts too warm praise can scarcely be given. In clear thought, in felicity of expression, in perfect melody, many of them are not surpassed by anything else he wrote. Though we hesitate to differ from so sane a critic as Mr. Richard Hutton, we cannot think that the songs are best enjoyed apart from their contexts. Rather, it seems to us that the settings of the song enhance their beauty; they attune the mind to the ideas and emotions expressed; by means of them we may more easily put ourselves in the singers’ place and feel their griefs and hopes.

Let us then not regard “*Hellas*” as a drama interspersed here and there with songs; viewed in such a light it is a decided failure. But let us rather look upon it as a series of lyrics, all tending in one direction and connected by snatches of dialogue, and we must place it not far behind “*Prometheus Unbound*,” among the finest works of its class in modern literature.

Ottawa.

W. J. SYKES.



**Victoria University**  
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Photo by Mr. Lyonde.



## THE SCENT OF GOLD.

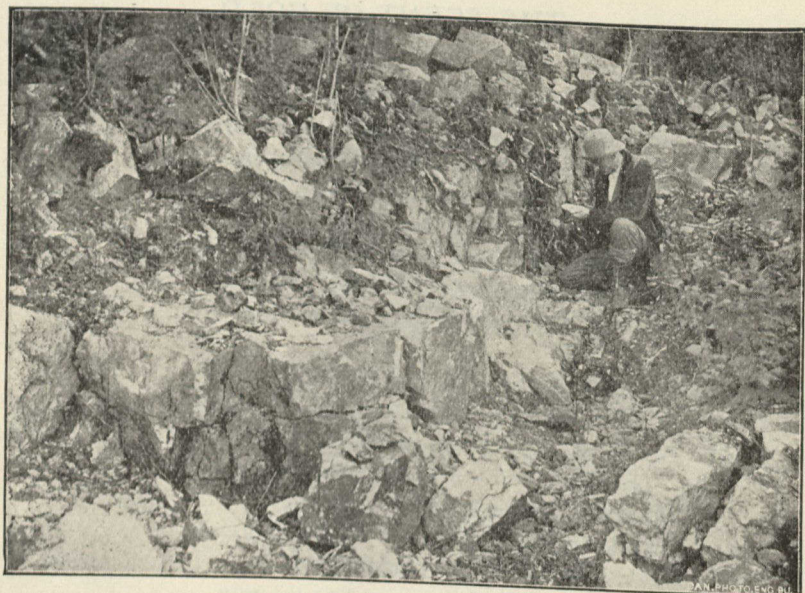
UNDER the frozen Polar star,  
 Where the great auroras snap and blaze,  
 There are thundering blows on the icy bar  
 That is set at the end of the open ways.  
 There are axes ringing across the crest,  
 And the peaks look down on the smokes unrolled,  
 As the gamesters gather from east and west,  
 The men that follow the Trail of Gold.

A black line creeps o'er the glacier's face,  
 Where the worn pack-horses scrape and slide ;  
 The quicksand swallows and leaves no trace ;  
 The boats go down in the snow-swelled tide.  
 Blood and bones on the snow and sod,  
 From the canons black to the barrens gray,  
 Blaze the trail that the vanguard trod,  
 That those who follow may find the way.

There's a strange keel west of the lonely isles,  
 Where the sea-volcanoes burn and freeze ;  
 There's a passing wake o'er the misty miles ;  
 There are smokes that trouble the Smoky Seas.  
 There are corpses cast from the sinking hull,  
 As the steamer dips to the swelling gale,  
 For the rising shark and the wheeling gull,  
 That hunt the sea on the Golden Trail.

The storm swoops out from its Polar den  
 Till the air grows thick with the knife-edged snow ;  
 And the North makes mock of the sons of men,  
 As the diggers lie in the drifts below.  
 The diggers lie where the last work ceased,  
 The strong men scatter the lifeless wold ;  
 And the gray wolves howl at the gathered feast—  
 The hounds that hunt on the Scent of Gold.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.



FOLEY MINE—OUTCROPPING OF ORE NEAR NORTH SHAFT.

## THE PROSPECTOR IN WEST ONTARIO.

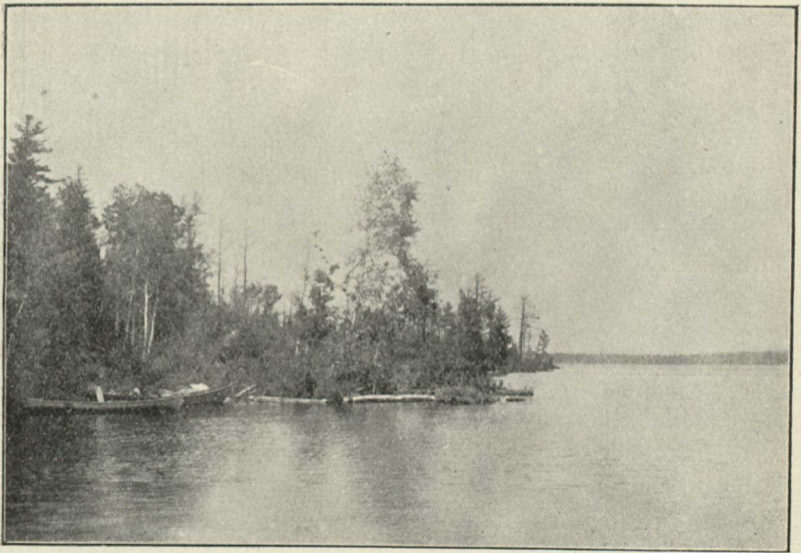


At present all men but geologists are fascinated with the charm of gold, and are either going prospecting themselves, as soon as the snow vanishes, or are joining some company to send out others whose finds they hope to share. Tenderfeet and weather-worn campaigners, men who have never seen gold in the quartz, and men who have won and lost again thousands of dollars of the "dust" are all making ready for the woods, if they can induce some one to "grubstake" them for the season.

My summer's wanderings bring me into contact with a goodly number of prospectors, healthy, hearty, generous, boastful, suspicious, secretive men of all nationalities but the negro and the Chinaman, and I find them all good fellows, who welcome the stranger to the last slice of bacon and batch of bannocks in their camp, and give all

sorts of more or less trustworthy information about gold veins, except, of course, their last and best find which has not yet been surveyed. Each man of them knows of the richest thing yet, and is sure there are millions in it. He will let you in "on the ground floor" for \$10,000, or he will sell the whole "prospect" for a trifle like \$50,000; when the purchaser is certain to die a millionaire.

When the prospector has found the flies unendurable even for his hardened cuticle he comes into some backwoods "city" of two houses and a hotel, and meets his fellow potential plutocrats of the



FOLEY MINE—ON THE LAKE FRONT.

district. Then things grow very lively, and his latest find blossoms into even more astonishing dimensions. Taking you into a corner he mysteriously produces some rusty quartz from his pocket, spits on it and asks you to "put your glass on that."

There is a story told of Goldbug Jimmy that may be worth repeating. He was singing the praises of one of his properties in a hotel at Fort Frances, and offering it for sale to a wealthy eastern capitalist for \$25,000, but finally lowered the price to \$10,000. His victim grew tired of Jimmy's eloquence and for a joke made him an offer of

\$200, certain that it would not be accepted. "It's a bargain," said Jimmy with effusion, "and you're the luckiest man in Fort Frances."

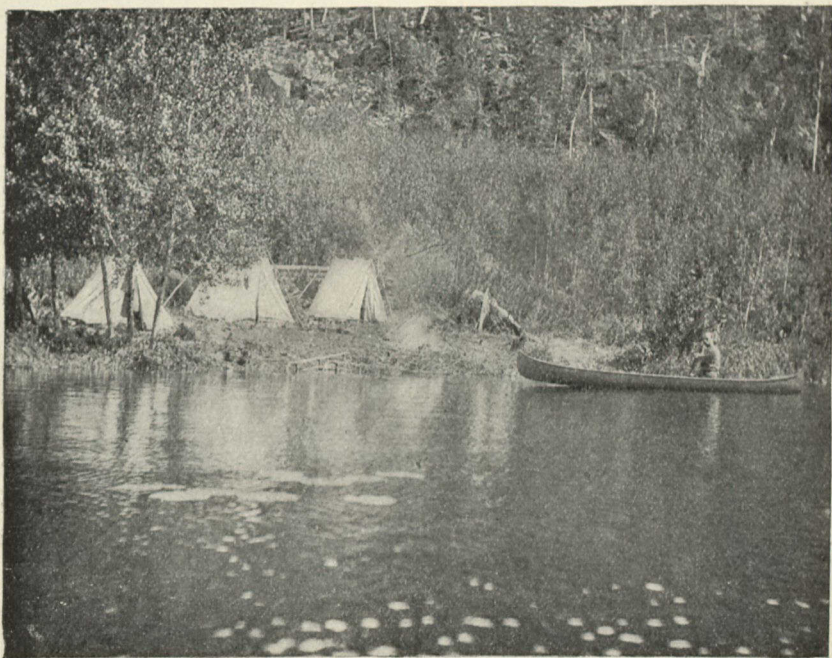
But the prospector does not show at his best in town. When his money is gone and he can get no more credit, he finds some one to grubstake him, loads his canoe with a bag of flour, some rusty bacon, some beans and his blackened and battered tea-pail and frying-pan,



FALLS ON UPPER SEINE RIVER.

and sets off for the woods. Generally two go together in a leaky bark canoe which they must pitch at every other portage to avoid foundering with all on board. They pull hard against head winds on broad lakes where every white-tipped wave slaps in, or strain against the current of a river till the foamy foot of the rapid compels a portage; until at some remote spot where the moose browses the water lilies and the bear hunts for berries, they pitch their shabby tent and commence their explorations. Wherever rock shows on the

river shore, or Huronian ridges rise above the swamps, there is a keen search for quartz. A white gleam shows through the moss on the wooded hillside, and quickly the blunt pick rings on the stone and the moss carpet is stripped off. "See how rusty it is! It's good looking rock. Dip it in the creek at the foot of the hill and look at it with your lens. No gold to be seen? Then carry it home and pan it to-night."



VIEW AT CAMP BAY—LAKE OF THE WOODS.

When camp is reached the stamp mill is set at work, a hammer flattened remnant of a drill thumping in an iron mortar. Steel clashes on steel and the echoes are waked from the cliff across the lake, and soon the quartz is beaten to white flour and sifted into the pan to be washed. Blessed be gold for its great specific gravity which makes it possible to separate it from the quartz. The water swirls in the pan and carries off the white quartz powder again and again till only the heavy sulphides are left. Now look closely as the

pan with a little water is gently swung, leaving a "tail" of heavy particles along its bottom. Perhaps there is a fine string of "colors" an inch or two long, with two or three little nuggets, giving a fine rich gleam to the tail; more often there is not even a color to be seen with the lens.

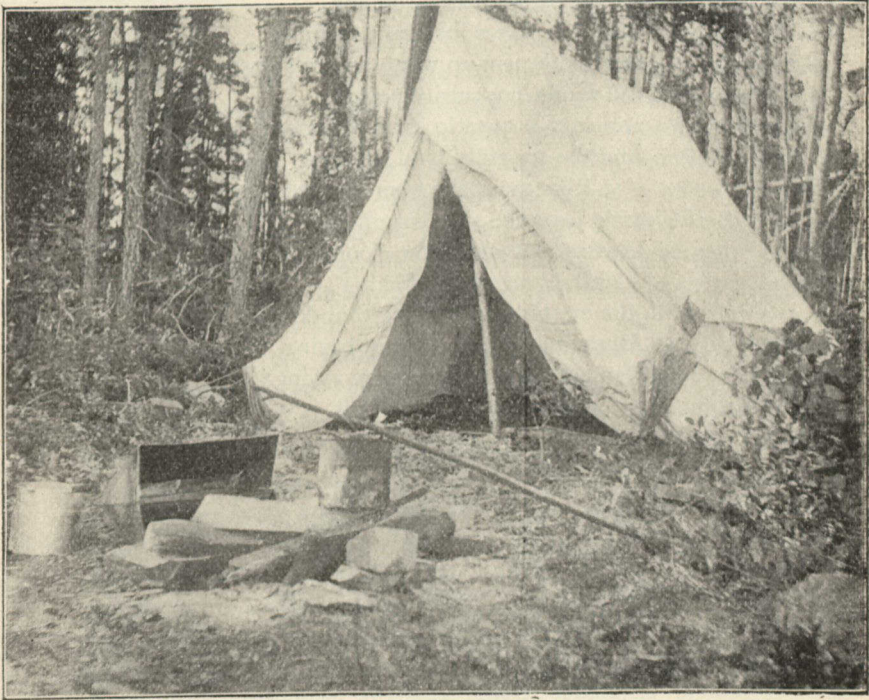
If the quartz is rich, that means hope, and by daylight our prospectors are sizzling bacon in the pan, and the rank smell of rusty



ISLAND FALLS ON SEINE RIVER.

pork mixed with the fragrance of tea without milk, strong enough to stand alone, show that breakfast is ready. Then come the hasty march through the woods and the eager stripping of the rock. How wide is the vein? How far can it be traced? What is the country—rock? The mortar rings every evening now and prospects are good. Mum's the word till a surveyor can be got to locate the "forty;" when our friends are ready for town again, having a property which

they may be induced to sell for \$50,000 if some one will speak quick for it. Much more often, however, the weary toil, the fighting of winged torments day and night, the struggle against wind and wave and tangled forest, the braving of rushing rapids, and of all sorts of hardships, brings no reward, and the prospector comes back discouraged.



SUNDAY CAMP ON LONG BAY.

Perhaps one in ten sells a claim for a few hundred dollars, and one in fifty may have a share of a property sold for a few thousands; but even then the money won slips away, in most cases in useless outlay, if not in debauchery. Probably not more than one prospector in five hundred makes a small or large fortune out of the yellow metal; but even this slight chance of wealth looms large and sends a thousand men into the woods in the hope that the prize will be theirs next time.

A. P. COLEMAN, Ph.D.

## OUR WORLD WE MAKE.

OUR world we make.  
 Let hearts be dark, then earth is dreary ;  
 But suns will shine when hearts are cheery.  
 Our choice we take.

Wild my angry heart is throbbing,  
 Then the waves incessant rushing,  
 Dark with pent-up wrath are crushing,  
 And the winds, convulsive sobbing,  
 Shriek to heaven in shrill defiance ;  
 And the sea-gulls' loud alliance  
 Rifts the rocks where hoarse they sit.  
 Lightning tears the skies asunder,—  
 Gleams, but night new gloom is taking ;  
 And the universe is shaking  
 With the crashing, crumbling thunder.  
 All the hounds of hell are baying,  
 Demons dismal prayers are saying  
 For a deeper, darker pit.

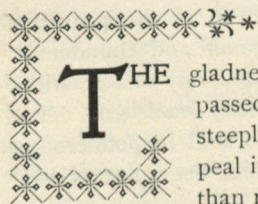
Heavenly peace my spirit raises.  
 Then the waves with crested tumbling  
 Seem to worship in their rumbling ;  
 Echoing rocks give back the praises.  
 And the winds are loudly wailing,  
 Weeping that their voice is failing  
 For the words they strive to say ;  
 And their tears are pouring, pouring.  
 Lightnings give a glimpse of glories,  
 Thunders tell majestic stories  
 Of a universe adoring.  
 Through the clouds one star is peeping ;  
 Soon the day will cease from sleeping  
 And the storm will pass away.

Our world we make.  
 If hearts are dark, 'tis night and dreary ;  
 But bright the day when hearts are cheery.  
 Our choice we take.

J. LOVELL MURRAY.



## A TRAGIC NIGHT.



THE gladness of the Christmas commemoration had passed, and the bells from twice ten thousand steeples had rung out their merriest and loudest peal in honor of that august event, which, with more than royal power, has flung its impress over earth's strange and tumultuous history and life. Larger numbers of the world's population than ever before had shared in the general rejoicing, and though the deep, grand significance of the fact so widely celebrated was realized by but few of all the millions who had so eagerly greeted the festive days, there was a broadening conviction that in this Christmas anniversary, lifting itself like a golden milestone in the pathway of the years, and in the very heart of the busiest of all nations and centuries, causing the swiftly flying machinery of human affairs to pause awhile, there must be something very potent and intensely real and true.

It was amid the vanishing symbols of this bright, glad commemoration, and the dying echoes of unnumbered triumphant songs, which had filled the spacious sanctuaries, cathedrals and myriad homes of Christendom, that the darkness of the strangest of all nights fell upon me ; and, as I imagined, the most disastrous of all calamities in the tragic experience of this toiling globe took place. By to me some unaccountable, mysterious movement of a vast and infernal machine, I thought that during the silent hours of that dreadful night *everything* that Christ and Christianity had put into this world's history, life and present-day civilization, was suddenly torn out, not a vestige in any form whatever being allowed to remain. Every truth, principle, memory, deed, influence, institution and achievement of the historic faith had completely disappeared ; and when I awoke, as I imagined in my troubled dream, I awoke in a changed world.

After this more than earthquake shock I went abroad to look upon a desolation, such as time's long years had never seen. Every name that bore the Christian designation had been blotted out of the world's calendar of the distinguished living and the pious dead. Not a Christian sanctuary on all the earth remained ; all, all had disappeared during that grim and awful night, leaving great gaping wounds in every city, village and quiet country scene wherever

the religion of the Cross had built the symbols of its presence and power.

Filled with deep emotion, I awaited the return of the peaceful Sabbath ; but the hush and calm after the uproar and thunder of that nameless week never came. This age-honored day of rest, with its tender solemnities and memories, had utterly vanished. The huge machinery of the world was driven onward, and its ponderous, pitiless wheels were kept in motion by forces which knew no worship and recognized in man no spiritual need.

I asked for a Bible, but though over two hundred million copies had been put in circulation in more than three hundred languages, and were in existence the day before that sudden shrinking out of sight of all Christian things, not a single copy of the blessed Book could be found in any home or library of the world. The Book of books was no more. Men in trouble, baffled by bewildering mysteries and crushed by the terrible experiences of life, asked for the Christian message ; but a strange silence, or the touching echoes of men's wailing cries, alone came back to them in that hour of sore distress and deepening despair.

The splendid libraries of the world had become a shapeless, hopeless wreck ; millions upon millions of books had disappeared from their shelves and countless volumes which remained were left in such a state of incompleteness as to become utterly unintelligible, all Christian sentiments, references, ideas, characters, facts, influences, and names, having vanished in that memorable but terrible night.

I found myself also in an almost songless world. The inspiring hymns of the Christian ages were all gone, the grand creations of the great composers were no longer upon the earth ; all these were among the things that were no more, and a strange, sad silence reigned instead of the glad strains that had filled innumerable churches and homes in the brighter and happier days.

When the various palaces of art, where had been treasured the celebrated paintings whose fame had filled the world, were searched, not a single picture inspired by Christian thought could be found in all the galleries and halls of the world : they, too, had joined the great procession of departed riches during that dark and tragic night. "Show me," I cried, in those hours of strange disaster, "the thousands of institutions where pain found a shelter and the various forms of human anguish had in other days secured sympathy and aid !" when I found, to my dismay, that the vast beneficent hospital system

of the world had sunk out of sight, leaving multitudes of poor helpless sufferers uncared for, all former alleviations having in some mysterious manner been withdrawn.

What a scene of human misery, unaided and unblessed, lay in almost every land, with a future dark and cheerless as the grave !

The magnitude of that midnight withdrawal was increased when I discovered that every missionary organization upon the face of the earth and all the redeeming machinery of the nineteenth century had also disappeared, and not a fragment of the old order of things remained to light up a square mile of the appalling, unbroken heathen gloom which had been left behind. The voice of Christian prayer was stilled the world around, every consolation gone from myriads of rooms of the sick and dying, from millions of the aged, the sorely pressed by life's deep mystery and sorrow ; the light had gone out and no other dawn had arisen upon their darkened lives.

But what amazed and saddened me more was the degeneration that had come to multitudes of men and women who had been lights in the Church and in the world. Their characters were suddenly and strangely deformed, for out of them every Christian hope, impulse, idea and motive had been completely eliminated, and they were left like so many moral paupers in this bankrupt world. When the full extent of the loss which had been entailed by the vanishing from earth of the Christian faith was realized, it was found that the whole infinitely varied and magnificent fabric of the age, the best and noblest possessions and powers had passed away in that great departure and a depleted and ruined world was all that remained.

The material, social, intellectual, moral and religious environment of nearly half the inhabitants of the globe had met with disaster which no words I could command would fully express. Progress, even in its poorest aspects, had been visibly arrested ; the larger part of the educational institutions upon the earth had also been swept away, and justice, liberty, human rights and the deeper significance of human existence were now largely terms emptied of the meaning with which they had been charged by the Gospel of the Son of God. Grim shadows had suddenly fallen upon the colossal graves in which were buried the objects which were distinctly Christian, and they wrapped their gloomy folds over many other interests affecting human society and human life.

It seemed to me that out of the past eighteen hundred years all that had been done in Christ's name and by His Spirit and truth and power had also passed away ; and, behold the brightest things of time, the

redeeming forces and influences, had all gone out in that momentous shock of which I have spoken. The march of the centuries had been reversed by the movements of those memorable midnight hours, and I found myself looking upon an age and world from which had disappeared the highest organizations, examples, interpretations, consolations, hopes, songs, joys, and the grand substantial facts of history. It was a Christless world that lay out before me, marked by myriads of hopeless ruins, and utterly bereft of that which had been its glory and its crown. As the great moral darkness crept over me I seemed to hear a voice, full of deep solemnity and a pathos which words can never describe, crying out with an inexpressible bitterness of soul: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

This was a dream and yet it is vastly more than a dream, for let men say what they will about the place and power of Christianity in our world to-day and of its slow progress in human affairs, if that Christian system should be displaced and entirely removed to-morrow from the world, and be no more, instead of our picture of resultant catastrophes being in any sense overdrawn, it would be found to be an understatement of the change that would follow a withdrawal.

The hold of the Gospel is deep and strong upon the age and world of to-day, and unbelief has taken a gigantic task when it attempts to unseat this divine and beneficent power.

WILLIAM HARRISON, in *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

## GREAT THOUGHTS ABOUT BOOKS.

PEOPLE will not be better than the books they read.—*Bishop Potter*.

BOOKS are a substantial world, both pure and good.—*Wm. Wordsworth*.

BE as careful of the books you read as of the company you keep.—*Paxton Hood*.

NO book that will not improve with repeated readings, deserves to be read at all.—*Thos. Carlyle*.

THE books which help you most are the books which make you think the most.—*Theodore Parker*.

NEVER underrate the value of books nor be without a good book. The companionship of good books is to be considered the same as that of a good, excellent man. A good book, this silent yet eloquent friend, exempts us from solitude, and can often be more wholesome and influential to our life than a person himself.—*Hermann Ritter*.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AS SEEN BY AN OLD  
VICTORIA STUDENT.

At the present time there is, perhaps, no part of our globe so immediately before the eye of the world as this province. Since the reports of the fabulous wealth of the Yukon territory have been verified by the large quantities of the precious metal brought out of that country by the earlier prospectors, and especially since the wealth of the Klondyke has become known, the civilized world has no more interest for any other point than this western country. True, from an accurate geographical standpoint, this gold country belongs to the North-West Territories. But as the only practical means of approach to that northern land is from the coast, and as the most favorable points for outfitting and departure are the ports of British Columbia, this interest practically centres in this Province.

So that, at the present time, apart from its usual attractions, our Province has an extraordinary interest for all who are students of the movements of human society and the economic considerations which give rise to those movements. It is a noteworthy feature of the men who have already made up, and who will doubtless compose, the mass of this gold-seeking body of men, that they are unlike the majority of those who constituted the great rush for the Californian gold-fields in earlier times. The stream of humanity now moving towards the Yukon is made up of men, in many cases, of education and social position, who have, in not a few instances, relinquished lucrative positions as business and professional men to go on this quest. But by the time they are fitted out in the orthodox costume of the mining class their appearance entirely belies any such origin.

This fair western city of Victoria presents an interesting sight, as these would-be miners gradually lay aside the proper garb of citizens of the staid eastern city life, and don the rough and vari-coloured costumes, high and heavy boots, and especially the apparently indispensable buff-coloured felt hat, with brim so extensive as to suggest that rigid economy in personal effects, thus provides an abbreviated umbrella and parasol in addition to the usual head covering.

In addition to the personal effects, these men give a great deal of attention to supplies and provisions. And the ingenuity of every local tradesman is taxed to the full to provide the most convenient cooking stoves and utensils, axes and tools of various kinds; flour, and the indispensable beans and bacon. In addition, the miner is

a so in quest of suitable means of transit for his effects, and a large supply of strong sleighs, capable of carrying ten hundred-weight, leathern trappings for packing goods, in lots of from 70 to 100 pounds, over the more mountainous and difficult parts of the journey; while for sailing, rowing or poling upon the open waters of that inland region boats of various designs, but simple, are purchased. There is a lively trade in horses of all kinds, irrespective of pedigree, the latter not being necessary, since, in most cases, already the extreme hardship of going two or three times over the Chilcoot and White passes, has resulted in the death of the greater number of the beasts of burden. In fact, the Hon. Clifford Sifton stated that during his journey over these passes he was struck with the number of horses scattered along the trail, and estimated that there must have been over a thousand such.

As regards the return of the prospector, this is of interest, too, if not always to himself, invariably to others. To see one who left with neat though gay attire, return with the same begrimed by constant contact with travel in rough and primitive country, with a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache where previously no such condition existed, whilst the hair has become such as to make any football tyro look with envious eyes, certainly arouses a keen interest in the observer. But if the hero of our wonder shall slip his hand into an inner pocket—presuming him to be one of the relatively few successful miners—then all thought of his appearance disappears, before an intense and feverish excitement to see what shall be produced. Perchance as he withdraws that hand it bears a precious little pile of nuggets of varying size from a bean downwards. As one handles these innocent pieces of the yellow metal and sees the effects, in the peculiarly worn and indented appearance, of the rush and detritive process, to which they have been subjected since first they were severed from the mother piece of some rocky gorge or mountain side, by the periodically frozen and latter hurrying mountain torrent far away in the Yukon territory, one feels the rising temperature, the quickened pulse and the delirious intoxication of the “gold fever.” But on second thought, one tries to picture what those nuggets have cost to obtain. There then passes through the mind in rapid succession, the scenes of travel over almost impassable mountains, where the snowslides and torrential rains abound, sweeping to death the hapless miner who is in the way. Then the scenes of travel over frozen lakes, in the teeth of biting blizzards, with possibly a reduced and limited supply of provisions for an indefinitely long tramp still to come. Then if this may have been

passed with no greater hardships than a few severe frostbites, and for two or three days before the termination of the journey, the only means of subsistence has been breath made of the rawhide thongs of the packing harness, the gold seeker finds at Dawson City another surprise awaiting him. While keeping life within them, they have gained a stimulus from visions of the sumptuous meal they would partake when they arrived at that city.

So on their arrival they make for the first hotel, and order one can of eastern oysters for two, one roast duck for two, two porterhouse moose steaks, and one pint bottle of champagne, and enjoy once again a good square meal. In payment, they put down a \$20 gold piece, asking for change, and are gently told that that is not enough; whereupon they produce another piece of the same amount, and find that they have still to pay \$12, for their first meal in this city is more in value than the one they had every day in the down town restaurant at home. Imagine their feelings as they ransack their persons and find that the sum total of all their possessions will not provide money enough to pay this bill. So paying what they have, they proceed to find employment but with a very heavy heart. In time they wander out into the frost-bound region and on some frozen stream stake a claim, and in time find the gold of which the nuggets before us are a few. Their return to civilization after their find and hoard has been made is expensive, drawing much upon their supply of gold, and just as arduous as their entry in that gold country. As we mentally review these experiences necessary to procure and possess these simple looking nuggets, there is a speedy reduction of the fever temperature and a rapid return to a condition of mental norm. And yet, there is still a kind of craving for the adventure and almost for the experiences of privation for the purpose of procuring a similar pile of such looking nuggets. And there is not the slightest doubt but that during the progress of the coming year there will be an influx of over a hundred thousand people into this western province, drawn by the craving for gold. This will, doubtless, give an impetus to business in this Province such as it has long stood in need of. It is a cause for much satisfaction among the people of this Province that the enterprising and practical spirited Minister of the Interior of the present Government recently visited the scenes of the various means of entrance to the Yukon territory with a view to doing all that lay within the power of the Government to facilitate and open up a good route to this region. And the manner in which this gentleman met the Board of Trade of Victoria and discussed with them the best means

of our Canada gaining the greatest benefits from this great gold excitement demonstrated, that though a comparatively young man, the Hon. Clifford Sifton is no mere professional politician, but a shrewd and far-seeing man, with the purpose before him of seeking the best interests of his country as far as they are dependent upon his department.

So much for the Yukon question and its relation to us as a Province. As to this Province of British Columbia in general, there is very much of great interest. As far as the general contour of the Province is concerned, there is little room for monotony. Indeed, as compared with the adjoining province of Manitoba, by the traveller to this far western province, this seems to possess a maximum of interest and variety as compared with the almost absolute monotony of the former. The immense mountain ranges here, of course, afford the greatest attraction. Whether we scan their snow-clad peaks, or forest clothed sides and lower reaches, or gaze in wonder and amazement into some yawning chasm, within the rugged and irregular walls of which a mountain torrent dashes and foams, down to the calmer reaches of a quiet valley among the mountains, we are equally fascinated. Conditions such as these mountains afford are instantly suggestive of almost unlimited resources. And, indeed, the future of this Province will depend almost entirely upon the development of these mineral resources.

Then, too, we are reminded of the rivers which are found in this Province. As a natural outcome of its mountainous character, this country abounds in streams of greater or less extent. But chief among them all, not only on account of its size but its immense commercial value, is the Fraser. Perhaps the most interesting season in connection with this river is at the time of the "Sokeye" run. That is the season of the year at which the river is literally full of this peculiar kind of salmon, so much in demand for canning purposes. It can safely be said that almost the entire salmon output of the world, as far as canned salmon is concerned, takes place on this river. So great, at times, is the rush of the salmon from the deep sea into this river, and its smaller branches, that it is stated on good authority, that in the smaller streams the salmon are so numerous as to crowd each other out of the water. The fish used for canning purposes are about 14 pounds in weight, and are bought from the fishermen by the canning factories at from 7 to 10 cents apiece. The work of cutting up, cleaning and preparing the fish in suitable manner for the canning and then for the market, is done by the native Indians from all over



this coast and also by the Chinese. For the assurance of students who partake of canned salmon as part of the boarding-house fare while at college, it would be well to say that notwithstanding the almost exclusive handling of the fish in this industry by the aforesaid people, the most scrupulous cleanliness is insisted upon.

The proximity of this Province to the sea renders the scenery much more varied than even an *inland* mountainous country could possibly afford. Thus in this city of Victoria, turning our attention towards the sea and looking across the stretch of waters between this Island of Vancouver and the American mainland, the most lovely scenes may often be witnessed. The play of early morning sunrise and of late sunset in the most lurid tints upon the waters, the rolling of vast bodies of cloud over the expanse and up into the defiles of the American mountain ranges, together with the fishing and sailing craft dotted over the sea at different intervals, gives a variety of interesting scenery difficult to equal the world over.

The space at my disposal will not permit of further remarks regarding the equable climate, the almost perennial and fragrant flowers, the native peoples with their remarkable customs, and characteristics to be found in this beautiful Province. And so, passing these things by regretfully, we can only close this article by hoping that it may be the privilege of your readers to visit and see for themselves the grandeur and beauties of this western Province, whose mountainous summits are decked with a coronet of everlasting snow, and whose shores are clad in beds of roses and laved by the briny waters of the Pacific Ocean.

GEO. F. SWINNERTON, '97.

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BOOKS recently given to the Library by Mr. C. C. James, M.A., Deputy Minister of Agriculture: "Trelawny's Records of Shelley," etc.; Dowden's "Life of Shelley," 2 vols.; Godwin's "History of the Commonwealth of England," 2 vols.; Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer," 2 vols.; Walter's "Tennyson, Poet, Philosopher, Idealist;" "History of Wesleyan Methodism in Halifax."

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SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.—*Bacon*.

WE call some books immortal! Do they live?

If so, believe me, Time hath made them pure.

In books the veriest wicked rest in peace.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

THAT is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—*A. Bronson Alcott*.


# Acta Victoriana.

## EDITORIAL STAFF, 1897-98.

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G. A. FERGUSON, '00, <i>Personals and Exchanges.</i>	
	MISS I. M. KERR, '98, E. W. GRANGE, '99,
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	E. A. W. DOVE, <i>Missionary and Religious.</i>
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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

CHRISTMAS CHEER! The most joyous season of the whole year is once more at hand, and ACTA extends greetings to all. Right merry, dear reader, may your Christmas prove—Christmas, with its glad reunions of friend with friend, with its kindly interchange of gifts, that bespeak good will and loving remembrance; with its gay round of festivities, and with its Yule-tide fancies, entwined with wreaths of holly and mistletoe. Truly is it the most blessed and beautiful of all holidays, inasmuch as it commemorates the nativity of a King whose message was one of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

WE take pleasure in presenting our Holiday Number to our readers, and trust that a perusal of its contents may add somewhat to the enjoyment of their vacation.

THE Editorial Board desire to express their deep sense of gratitude to all who have contributed articles for the present number. Whatever measure of success may attend this issue is due solely to the kindness of those who have so willingly responded to our request for contributions. We are especially indebted to Mr. William Wilfred Campbell and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, both of whom stand in the foremost rank of Canadian writers, for contributions of poems hitherto unpublished. The honor thus conferred upon our College journal is fully appreciated by the students of Victoria. Our graduates replied

nobly to our call, and many interesting articles appear from their pens. The professors also cheerfully assisted, and in this connection we desire particularly to mention the name of Dr. Horning, who, by his article upon "Canadian Literature," and by his timely advice, greatly enhanced the merits of the number. Professor Coleman has given us an interesting sketch of the western gold fields; and Dr. Workman has granted us the much esteemed privilege of publishing his scholarly criticism of Hall Caine's "Christian." Among the alumni, Dr. Dewart, '97, L. C. Smith, '77, W. J. Sykes, '91, A. M. Scott, '96, and G. F. Swinnerton, '97, are contributors; while the undergraduate element is represented in the clever sketch by Miss M. H. Skinner, '98. Three other young and rising Canadian writers, J. L. Murray, M.A., F. L. Pollock and W. H. Alexander, have favored us with manuscript of their verse. To each and all of these contributors we tender our sense of appreciation of their services, realizing that "thanks to men of noble minds is honorable meed."

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OWING to the unusually large amount of space devoted to the Literary Department our editorial column must necessarily be very brief this month. Some of the other departments are also much curtailed, in particular the Locals and Athletics. Never before in our editorial career were we obliged to use the "blue pencil" so unmercifully, not through reason of any literary blemish, but for want of space. Many good things are kept in store for our January number.

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THE *Conversazione* on December 3rd was one of the most successful functions ever held in the college. Its success was due to the indefatigable efforts of the *Conversat. Committee*, under the able chairmanship of Mr. J. L. O'Flynn, B.A., and to the support given it by the student body.

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THE senior students in the Faculty of Arts of Toronto University are publishing a Year-Book, which will be ready about Christmas time. It will be an elaborate affair, containing many full-page engravings of the university buildings and student societies. Victoria will be well represented in it. We could suggest no more appropriate Christmas gift to a college friend than a copy of this Year-Book.

## PERSONALS.

*[Graduates and students are requested to communicate items of interest to this column.]*

T. W. RUDELL, B.A., '97, is stationed at Woodford, in the Owen Sound District.

H. S. MAGEE has a charge at Port Findley, in the Algoma District.

J. G. ROGERS is also in the Algoma District, stationed at Ophir.

G. FRANCIS MORRIS is at present the pastor of the Onondaga Circuit, in the Brantford District.

A. C. TIFFIN, a former sub-editor of ACTA, is discharging the duties of pastor on the Walton Circuit, in the Goderich District.

A. J. PAUL, B.A., '94, is ministering to the spiritual wants of the people of Warminster, in the Barrie District.

H. T. LEWIS, B.A., '94, is acting as supply in one of the large churches in Cobourg.

W. E. BAKER is laboring on the Sundridge Circuit, in the Bracebridge District.

A. M. IRWIN, '98, is performing the pastoral duties of the Tyrone Circuit in the Bowmanville District, and incidentally reading up his Arts work.

L. S. WIGHT, '99, well known at Victoria as centre forward on the football team, has charge of Folger Circuit, in the Tamworth District.

H. W. FOLEY, B.A., '97, is preaching on the Harvey Circuit, in the wilds of the Peterboro' District.

A. E. LAVELL, B.A., was seen around the corridors during the Theological Conference.

J. W. GRAHAM, B.A., better known among the boys as "Murphy," is a frequent visitor among us. He still retains his love for alley, and may frequently be seen on the board. He has under his pastoral care the Fred Victor Mission.

R. S. E. LARGE, B.A., '93, is preaching on the Innisfil Circuit, in the Bradford District. He occasionally runs down to Vic. and renews acquaintance with the boys.

F. L. BROWN, B.A., '91, is stationed at Elmvale, a circuit in the Barrie District.

W. E. EGAN has charge of the Dufferin Circuit, in the wilds of the Parry Sound District.

S. E. MARSHALL, B.A., '92, has been sent to the Barton Street Church, in Hamilton. He has been doing good work there, and is very popular. He has just held successful anniversary services, in which he was assisted by the former pastor, F. W. Hollinrake, B.A., '94, who is stationed at Washington, in the Woodstock District.

H. S. DOUGALL, B.A., '92, is now the pastor of Stamford Circuit, in the St. Catharines District. He is earnest and energetic, and has been doing faithful work.

A. C. EDDY, B.A., '94, is assistant pastor on the Arkwright Circuit, in the Warton District.

RICHARD RAILTON, '97, is preaching at Tobermory, in the Warton District.

J. A. AYERST, B.A., '94, a former business manager of ACTA, is in charge of the Oil Springs Circuit, in the Sarnia District.

WE are pleased to notice the appointment of R. J. Warner, M.A., '77, to the principalship of Alma College. He has for many years occupied a leading position on the staff, and also is a member of the Quarterly Board of the Central Church.

B. SNELL, a specialist of '96, and a former sub-editor of ACTA, is stationed at Straffordville, in the St. Thomas District.

W. T. KEOUGH, B.A., '93, is pastor of the Rawdon Circuit, in the Montreal Conference.

J. BOWERING, B.A., '94, is preaching at Alta, in the Winnipeg District.

AMONG the graduates at the Conversat. were Miss M. E. Henwood, '94, and Miss M. H. Sutherland, '95, a former literary editor of ACTA, and G. B. Henwood, '96, who is attending Osgoode.

T. E. E. SHORE, B.A., '93, has been some time in Gravenhurst, where his wife has gone for her health. We trust that she has fully recovered.

THE first of a series of University extension lectures was delivered by Prof. L. E. Horning, of Victoria University, at Port Hope, on Friday evening, December 10th, upon the subject of "What to read."

R. W. HARRIS, M.A., '85, is in Vancouver, B.C., the senior member of the very successful law firm of Harris & Bull. He still has love for "Vic." and her institutions.

DAVID A. ROBSON, M.A., '81, is in New Westminster, B.C., and is Government agent. Mr. Robson is really the "founder" of the Senior Stick. His chum, on leaving college, left him his "stick," and Mr. Robson conceived the idea of handing it on to his best friend on his own leaving, and it goes on forever. He is delighted to know it is now one of the revered institutions of "Old Vic."

G. F. SWINNERTON, '97, is assistant pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Victoria, B.C., one of the finest churches in Methodism. "Swin" is captivating everyone with his liquid eloquence and by his genial manner.

A. W. CRAWFORD, '95, is assistant pastor of Central Church, New Westminster, B.C., and also teacher of English Literature and Language, in Columbian College.

A. H. HORE, B.A., '97, noted for the nuptial festival on Balmuto St., is holding forth on the Hallowell Circuit, in the Picton District.

I. G. BOWLES, B.A., '93, is preaching in one of the large churches in Owen Sound.

W. H. GRAHAM, B.A., '96, a former business manager of ACTA, is at present preaching on the Camlachie Circuit.

HARRY FORD, B.A., '95, is occupying a position as teacher in the High School at his own home in Norwood. He has given up his post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University.

W. P. DANDY, B.A., '96, known to all alley players of Victoria, spent Thanksgiving in the city. He came up to the College and renewed many old acquaintances. He is at present teaching Classics in Forest High School. We all wish him every success in his new line of work.

THEO. J. PARR, B.A., '93, is in his second year on the Merritton Circuit. He is working hard as a pastor, as well as doing considerable writing on Epworth League topics in the *Guardian*. He is energetic and deservedly popular.

MORLEY C. PEART, B.A., '93, is on the Rockford Circuit, in the Simcoe District. It is his second circuit since his return from British Columbia. Here, as always, he is doing good work, and is a general favorite. Unlike the majority of our young ministers, he has not yet bound himself by any matrimonial ties.

R. E. SPENCE, B.A., '97, has removed his care from the "Kindergarten class" at the rink to his pastorate on the Wascana Circuit, in the Regina District.

J. FRED. KAY, B.A., '93, is stationed at Stevensville, in Welland County. He is working hard at his pastoral duties in three churches. He is making things as lively as possible, and we have no doubt Fred. is as general a favorite there as elsewhere. He also shuns the nuptial ties, although he frequently visits Hamilton to see his parents (?)

It is our sad duty to chronicle the first death that has occurred in the ranks of the graduating class of '97. R. R. Wilson, B.A., after a very brief illness, passed away at his home in Fergus on the 29th of November. He was stationed on the Grand Valley Circuit, and was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. He was removed to his home in Fergus, where he survived only for a few days. His constitution had been weakened by too severe application to his studies. All of the students of Victoria join with ACTA in extending their deep and heartfelt sympathy and condolence to the bereaved family.

THE Third Annual Theological Conference of Victoria University held session from November 29th to December 3rd. Various theological subjects were treated ably. Valuable and interesting papers were read by the following gentlemen: Revs. W. J. Crothers, M.A., D.D.; F. A. Cassidy, M.A., '85; J. E. Lanceley; John McLean, M.A., '87; Chancellor Burwash; Prof. G. L. Robinson, Ph.D., Knox College; Prof. McLaughlin, '88; Salem G. Bland, B.A.; Dr. Carman; Prof. J. Burwash, '63; E. B. Ryckman, M.A., D.D., '68; Principal Caven, Knox College; James Elliott, B.A., '86; Prof. Wallace; S. P. Rose D.D.; H. M. Manning. The laymen taking part were W. A. Douglas B.A., '73; and Henry Hough, M.A., LL.D., '63.

## EXCHANGES.

AMONG our exchanges we are pleased to receive the Manitoba College *Journal*. The November number is very bright and interesting. An especially attractive article is the one on "Nature in the 'In Memoriam,'" by a graduate.

THE Queen's University *Journal* is always a welcome exchange. Among many other interesting articles is one reviewing a few of our latest novels. This is done in a very pleasing and instructive manner.

THE November number of the McMaster University *Monthly* is an exceptionally fine one. Among other contributions of interest may be mentioned one on "Our Educational Principles and Ideals," by

T. H. Rand. Others of equal interest are "The Italian Renaissance," by S. R. Tarr, M.A., and "Impressions of Visiting Scientists," by W. E. Robertson, '00. There is also a review of Prof. Willmott's book, "The Mineral Wealth of Canada," by A. Blue of the Bureau of Mines, and of W. P. Cohoe's book on "Experimental Chemistry." In every way the number is one of which to be proud.

## THE NATIVITY.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet"—  
The Magi mused—"more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels answering, overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angels' song,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

—James Russell Lowell.

"WON'T you try the chicken soup, Judge?" asked the landlady, not noticing he had gone beyond the soup stage. "I have tried it," replied the judge. "The chicken has proved an alibi."—*Truth.*

## CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE bells ring clear as bugle note,  
Sweet song is thrilling every throat,  
'Tis welcome Christmas morning!  
O, never yet was morn so fair,  
Such silent music in the air,  
'Tis merry Christmas morning!

Dear day of all days in the year;  
Dear day of song, good-will and cheer,  
'Tis golden Christmas morning!  
The hope, the faith, the love that is,  
The peace, the holy promises,  
'Tis glorious Christmas morning!

—Joaquin Miller.



## HOW SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

THE Shakespeare cottage was gloomy  
 On the weekly washing day,  
 And the great Bard of Avon was "nutty"  
 From a loss of something to say.

He tried, but the words would not come,  
 Tho' he brought his vast stock in play  
 To write "Yes; that is the trouble,"  
 In a wholly original way:

Till, dim through the steam in the kitchen,  
 He saw his wife bend o'er the tub,  
 Then thought came to him like a sunbeam,  
 And he wrote, "Aye! there is the rub."—*Ex.*

## LOCALS.

**Merry Christmas.**

THAT remark is not original.

IT seems to us we have heard it before.

MAKE us a Christmas present of a joke.

FERGIE and Hansford are rejoicing in the hope of being able to take a much-needed *rest* during the holidays.

SPROTT'S Thanksgiving-day jag lasted a week. During the process somebody swiped his moustache.

THERE is an agitation on foot to superannuate the '96 Senior Picture Committee.

THIS month's copy of "Our Little Folks" is waiting for Misener at Robert's desk.

MCCREDIE has this month off. He wants to send a copy of ACTA home to his friends.

THE ladies will please note that the cane Hansford is sporting belongs to one of the local editors.

"PILLY" tried hard, but the provocation was too great. Before his fourteen-day week of prayer was up he "swore a mighty oath."

SOME poor guy knocked for admittance on the college door, the other day, for about five minutes before one of the students took pity on him.

As the postman wearily raised his arm in a last convulsive effort to stamp the 1750th Conversat. invitation, he was heard to feebly mutter, —!

THE following quotation was accidentally omitted from the "Gems on Autumn," recently given at the Ladies' Lit.: "Ah, what a *fall* is here, my countrymen!"

"I BOUGHT a book last year for thirty-five cents and sold it to a Freshman this year for a dollar."—*Verb. sap.* Freshies.—Winters.

"I THINK the affairs of this Society ought to be *winded* up."—Cowan at the Lit. Please leave out some of the members, Charlie. They are "winded up" enough already.

THE students of Victoria attended Elm Street Church on Sunday morning, Nov. 21st, and listened to a very interesting address on Y. M. C. A. work from the Hon. S. H. Blake.

THE University of Toronto Year Book is an assured success. It will contain first class pictures of the Executives of the Literary Society, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the Fourth Year, also the '98 Football Team and Acta Board.

DR. JOHN ran his lecture on Church Polity on into the hour for Elocution. Some of the brethren coming in late industriously took notes under the latter heading for a quarter of an hour before they were informed of their mistake.

THE students were especially well represented at the Conversat. this year. Well done, boys—and girls!

BENGOUGH has been unable to make anything out of the theological joke we referred to in last issue. He has, however, kindly consented to try his hand on a joke that was accidentally omitted from the "Bob."

PRES. DAVISON, of the first year, was recently discovered *alone* in Dr. Reynar's lecture-room with five young maids of '99. "This must be modified."

ON Thanksgiving evening the Glee Club assisted at an old-time tea-meeting in Clinton Street Methodist Church. The boys sang their usual chestnuts and had their usual hilarious time. After the concert the ladies of the church generously treated them to an oyster supper!

ON Tuesday evening, November 23rd, the Sophomores held their second reception for the term. Mr. Farewell, the President, made a short address of welcome to the new members of the class, and then

Mr. Coney followed with a vocal solo, in which a young lady emphatically declared her intention of never, never, never becoming a bride, but finally gave up this cruel intention and promised to ever, ever, ever be some fellow's happy little bride. This, of course, met with the approval of all. The Hon. Pres., Prof. Lang, then made a brief address, and advanced several reasons for supposing the Century Class to be a noble one. Following this came a vocal solo from Mr. Fraleigh, a recitation by Mr. McIrvine, a class history by Miss Graham, and the critic's report by Mr. De Mille. Promenading, refreshments and a discussion of the topics assigned for the different promenades then filled in the time until all strolled home "silently, one by one," as the last topic aptly advised.

OVERHEARD at the Conversat. :

W-bb-r—"Let me introduce you to some ladies, M-rt-n?"

M-rt-n—"All right; but say, don't introduce me to any of those girls with low-necked dresses."

"Miss S——, may I have the pleasure of the tenth dance?"

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#### THE CLASS OF 1901 ARE AT HOME.

The first year students held their second grand "Convocation of the Innocents" on Monday, November 22nd. They were not satisfied with their first meeting, with its Fourth of July accompaniments, and so they resolved to meet again on the above date, and find out what sort of animals they really were, and if there was any truth in the character given them by the Bob and ACTA. They found that there was not. They followed in the footsteps of the Juniors in having matched promenade cards, although, as usual, the ideas of the Juniors had to be modified, and the Freshmen had matched ribbons instead of matched quotations.

After some time spent in social converse, the meeting was called to order and a choice programme then rendered. President Davison put on a smile, gave an exhibition of a bear dance, and incidentally made a speech. The Hon. Pres., Dr. Edgar, and Chancellor Burwash made short addresses, which the critic said were good. Miss Davis contributed a piano solo, and Mr. Porter a vocal solo—very mellifluously. Mr. W. L. Amy gave a very funny oration in which we counted eight and a half jokes, but he himself says there were fully twenty. Others who said their pieces were Miss Slaght, who did hers on the piano; Miss Staples and Miss Duncan, who read a class

history in which they roasted the Sophs. terribly, and Miss Woodsworth, who recited an original poem.

Following the programme came refreshments and promenading for a delightful hour. At last everyone regretfully wended their way home, each firmly convinced that the class of 1901 was one of the best Freshman classes that had entered the University during the last two or three years. And just at the time we didn't care to deny it.

In honor of the special Xmas number we insert two feminine jokes:

Freshette—"What is *pantheism* anyway?"

Juniorette—"Well, it's a sort of *overallism*."

GERMAN up to date:

Dr. H.—"Verstehen Sie das, Fraulein R—?"

Miss R—"Nit."

Dr. H.—"Ist das recht, Fraulein D—?"

Miss D.—"Ich denke nicht, nein, nit!"

A MOST interesting meeting of the Literary Society was held on Saturday night, November 20th, during which the Society got so mixed up in its business session that one might have taken it for a Freshman organization meeting instead of a regular meeting of the Lit. The following were appointed to represent Victoria at the stated functions: B. A. Coboe, Queen's Conversat.; H. W. Gundy, Osgoode's At Home; W. F. Hansford, Trinity Medical College Banquet; S. J. Tucker, St. Hilda's Medical College Conversat. J. W. Sifton, Dental College At Home.

As an evidence of the progress the Society is making as regards business methods and oratory, we quote a few extracts from speeches made during the evening:

"Say, you fellows, we want order now. There's no foolin' in this thing."—Pres. Tucker.

"I would beg to call your attention to my attitudes."—Shaver.

"The Opposition are supposed to be a body of intelligent beings."—Faull.

"Nit."—The Government.

"I don't see what the honorable members are kicking about."—Cowan.

"Everybody ought to ante up."—Baird.

"Where are we at."—Everybody.

"I rise to a point of (dis)order."—Everybody and Carman.

## THE CONVERSAT.

Jack O'Flynn is smiling—the Conversat. Committee is smiling—the Chancellor is smiling—the Faculty is smiling—Robert is smiling—in fact, everybody is smiling because of the glorious and overwhelming success—socially, financially and æsthetically—of the *Conversazione* of December 3rd.

Next to the “Bob” the Conversat. is the most important function of our College life, and now that both these functions have amply sustained Vic.'s pristine reputation for fun and sociability, Robert can rest in peace for another year.

“I've never been at a *conversazione* where the arrangements were more satisfactorily carried out ; where the decorations were in better taste ; where the music was more delightful ; where the refreshments were more delicious, or where beauty, sociability and genuine enjoyment were more happily mingled.” That was the verdict of everyone we asked concerning this year's Conversat.

The committee were unfortunate in being unable to secure the patronage of His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, who regretted a previous engagement for the evening ; but they were fortunate in having as patronesses the following ladies : Mesdames N. Burwash, Edward Gurney, J. E. Graham, C. M. Sweetnam, G. A. Cox, Chester Massey, J. M. Treble, H. C. Cox, and R. C. Hamilton.

There was music *in three flats*. On the first and third floors D'Alesandro's orchestra provided sweet harmony for the promenades. In the chapel a choice musical programme was furnished by the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Blight ; Mr. A. E. I. Jackson, the Mandolin and Guitar Club, assisted by Prof. Le Barge, and Miss Edythe Thomas, Miss Hill, Miss James, Miss Duckett and Miss Smith from the Ontario Ladies' College.

After the concert, promenading and cosy-corner *tete-a-tetes* were indulged in until one o'clock. With happy foresight the committee had placed a number of easy chairs and sofas behind the curtained alcoves, and when the tired eye had grown weary of gazing on the splendor of the brilliant corridors, these formed pleasant retreats for happy couples. And if you don't believe us, ask Hansford or Chapman. A sumptuous *menu* was served on the first floor by the Harry Webb Company, and the tasty tables and delicate viands called forth many encomiums from the guests.

After the promenading the committee banquetted the following representatives from sister colleges : W. H. Alexander, Varsity ;

E. J. Reid, McMaster ; W. H. Rowland, B.A., Osgoode Hall ; A. D. McCallum, Trinity Medical College ; Thomas E. Langford, Queens ; Mr. Jamieson, McGill Medical ; T. H. Robinson, Knox ; Mr. Barker, Dental College ; Mr. Hand, Wycliffe ; Mr. Kirkpatrick, Trinity Arts. Toasts, songs, speeches and jokes filled in a happy hour, and then after mutual congratulations the tired but happy committee staggered home to bed.

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THE union reception of the class of '98, Victoria and University College, was in every respect a great success. The Committee had, after some deliberation, decided that it should be held at Varsity on Saturday afternoon, November 20th ; and, accordingly, West and East Halls were put in readiness for the event. In the former the ever-popular promenade had full swing. Pretty little programme cards were provided, displaying the blue and white of Varsity, and the red of Victoria ; while an orchestra in the rotunda supplied inspiring music. East Hall was given over to refreshments, and here the array of tiny *tête-à-tête* tables, with their flowers and snowy napery, looked very attractive ; while the long table at the side was loaded with good things that spoiled one's appetite for dinner. The occasion was honored by the presence of President and Mrs. Loudon, and Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash. Union affairs of this kind do much to increase the feeling of good fellowship between the colleges ; and of this feeling we cannot have too much.

THE secretary of the Freshman class has a novel way of notifying the "naughty ones" of a meeting. One day a junior, on entering the ladies' study, saw a large group of Freshettes pressing around the bulletin board, and looking over the shoulder of one, read the following notice : "Mr. Webber would like to meet all the ladies of the first year, at 4 o'clock, in Room 8." That was all. It is reported that the attendance of Freshettes at that meeting was phenomenally large.

THE last two meetings of the Women's Literary Society have been of more than ordinary interest. On November 23rd, a new feature was introduced, when an Oration Contest was held on the subject of "Slavery." The name "oration," is, perhaps, somewhat of a misnomer, as the speeches were not, nor was it intended that they should be, elaborate deliverances, the work of weeks. It was, in fact, merely a little exercise in extempore speaking, the majority of the addresses being very impromptu. The subject, as announced, gave the partici-

pant the liberty to treat it in any or all of its phases, and the permission was certainly taken advantage of, as each speaker had some new phase to present. The half dozen who took part all acquitted themselves remarkably well, and roused their hearers to quite a high pitch of enthusiasm. Mrs. Nathaniel Burwash, Mrs. Bain and Miss Baker, '99, acted as judges, and decided the contest in favor of Mrs. Graham, '98, whose oration was, on the whole, decidedly the most finished and effective effort. The others who competed were: Miss Swanzey, '98; Miss Danard, '98; Miss Henwood, '99, and Miss Bollert, '00. At this meeting a motion was passed, making the professors' wives honorary members of the Society.

THE next meeting, on December 2nd, was an afternoon with George Eliot, when a delightfully interesting programme was rendered. Miss Kyle, '99, read extracts from George Eliot's prose works, interspersing them with remarks on her prose style; and Miss Davison, '99, treated her poetical work in the same manner. Then followed a song by Miss Nelles, whose kindness in coming over to take part in the programme was much appreciated. A paper by Miss Rowell, '98, gave an interesting biography of George Eliot; and another by Miss Baker, '99, dealt with her "Philosophy of Life." After a short discussion on the paper, the meeting adjourned.

THE Women's Lit. have decided to hold an open meeting soon after the Christmas vacation.

KELLINGTON and Harrison were to preach at Scarboro' on Sunday recently. They took a car down to the Woodbine, where they expected to meet a rig to take them to their waiting congregations. They waited half an hour. No rig. They waited another half hour. Still no rig. Again the weary process was repeated with like result. Subdued monosyllables escaped from them on their way home. There are still blisters on their feet.

MISS T——. "Won't you come in, Mr. McK—c—n"?

MAT. "Well—er—is your brother at home, Miss T——?"

MISS T——. "No."

MAT. "Well, I think I'll go in."

CUSHING, as he hears the orchestra strike up "God Save the Queen," at the Conversat., and regretfully gazes at his last two extras, "It's all up!"

ONE of the Freshmen was heard complacently asking ladies at the Conversat. if they wouldn't put their *autobiographies* down for a promenade.

WE were startled the other day in looking over the registration cards to find that John Gilpin's name is James, not John.

SIFTON is not used to being out late. He escorted a young lady home the other night, and on the way back lost his bearings. He circled around Wellesley Crescent from midnight until two o'clock a.m., when a policeman kindly took charge of him and led him home.

"ONE of the greatest blessings of this country is the absence of class distinctions." Needless to say the individual who made this remark had never witnessed a "hustle."

OWING to lack of space, we regret that we are obliged to hold over till next issue the rest of the Freshmen biographies. We are also compelled to leave out a number of jokes on Beer and Porter, Rautenberg and Barlow, and also some interesting local items.

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## ATHLETICS.

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THE Athletic Union Executive met 28th November and wound up the business for the fall. The Tennis Club reported a surplus of funds, which was received joyfully by the Union.

The expenses of the football season were very light. Yale, which spends from fifteen thousand upwards on her team, presents a contrast. Our expenses for Association football amount to about five dollars.

The Rink Committee was elected, consisting of Messrs. Dobson, Grange, Fergusson, Gundy and Gilpin. It was decided to leave in the Committee's hands the arranging of hours for all teams. We have received applications from a few teams for hockey privileges.

EVERYBODY is anxious for ice.

HOCKEY will boom this year wonderfully.

FISHER, we understand, is to adorn the ice again this winter. He is practising hard at the classic city of Athens.



THE Specialists will have a hockey team this year sure.

IF the Faculty, the B.D.'s and the Specialists enter we will have seven teams contending for the cup. This would be enough to make things immensely interesting.

GET your skates ground.

“OH, Freshie, when your hear  
That hockey doth begin,  
And all the rink  
Is filled with noisy din,  
Put on your skates and straps  
And a pad upon your shin,  
There'll be a hot time  
For hockey  
This winter.”

THE Ladies' Hockey Club which disbanded last spring after their picture was taken, has not met yet for organization. All of the star players are back again this year.

A MEETING of those interested in hockey was held in the third week of November. The boys were very enthusiastic at this the first sign of the hockey season. The following officers were elected: President, J. W. Sifton; 1st Vice-President, G. A. Winters; 2nd Vice-President, J. H. Faull; Business Manager, E. W. Grange; Assistant Business Manager, W. L. Amy. Captain 1st team, E. F. Armstrong; Captain 2nd team, N. R. Wilson; Secretary, G. A. Fergusson.

We will lose three of our last year's first team—J. L. O'Flynn, at Osgoode; R. Parry, at Medical; W. Young, also at Medical; but still there is a quite a number to choose from. We hope victory may come this way for this season.

The rink will be looked after by Mr. J. Breen, who has so ably discharged his duties hitherto. His presence means that everything will be managed satisfactorily.

By an oversight Mr. Powell, the representative of Specialists to Athletic Union, was left out of the picture taken lately. No slight of Mr. Powell or the Specialists was intended.

THE following schedule shows how, in football, the Freshmen won the cup:

'98	}	'98 2-1	}	'01 4-0	}	'01 4-2.
'99	}		}			
'01	}	'01 5-3	}			
'00	}		}			
Spcs.	}		}	Spcs. 4-1		
B.D.'s	}		}			

When we can't play anything else we play alley. After the last football championship match was played the boys flocked to the alley-board, the best men picked from the different years and a schedule was drawn up. The accompanying form will show what the years have been doing. '98 secures the championship, having shown that they have the strongest team:

'98	}	'98 29-24	}	'98 39-14	}	'98 50-14.
'01	}					
2nd yr. Spcs.	}	2nd yr. Spcs. 29-13	}			
'99	}		}			
'00	}	'00 19-17	}	1st yr. Spcs. 44-39		
Grads.	}					
1st yr. Spcs.	}	a bye				

The following compose the teams which competed:

Grads.—Messrs. Hassard, Chapman, Graham and Hetherington.

'98—Messrs. Tucker, Dobson, Armstrong and Shepherd.

'99—Messrs. Mallott, Holmes, Edwards and Berry.

'00—Messrs. McIntyre, Misener, Daniels and Davidson.

'01—Messrs. Amy, Bridgeland, Millyard and Engler.

2nd yr. Spcs.—Messrs. Barker, Lawrence, Williamson and Taylor.

1st yr. Spcs.—Messrs. Rogers, Knowles, Harrison and Shaver.

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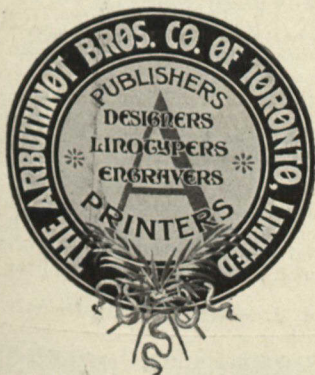
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