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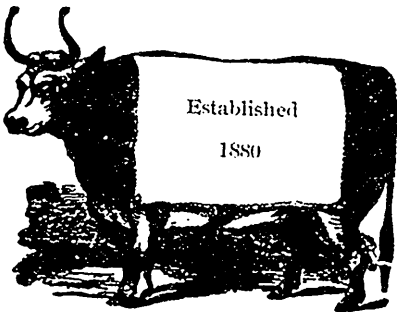
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COMING THROUGH THE SELKIRKS

"May I get up and ride with you for a few miles?" This to a C. P. R. locomotive engineer on one of the mountain divisions, who had just attached his engine to our train. We stood for a moment facing one another after he had drawn himself out from between the arms of one of the driving wheels. Each held in his hand an emblem of his position. He a huge "oiler," and I a lead pencil intended to substantiate my statement of a newspaper article to be.

Manhood heeds no masks, and perhaps there is no better place to prove it than in a transcontinental train: neither spotted jeans and stiffened joints nor monacles and knickerbockers and a plethora of watch-guard can deceive any but the unobservant. He was a man. Plainly a Scot. A face speaking at once of a good humor that would delight in caressing a child and uncalculating courage to ride out on a winter's night through the thick of a whirling tempest of mountain snow to meet the treacherous perchances of a region where no

law or order is to be perceived in nature by either the sight of the eye or the impression of the mind.

"Yes, if you have a permit from the superintendent."

The scene was one of those little mountain stations that, once pictured on the memory, is never erased. Mountains—calm, exasperatingly calm, and pure—look down. A serene etherality seems to come from the high associations of cloud and sunshine. Even as one gazes, they partially withdraw into the heaven beyond, and if again they appear, one could only fancy them to chide the grossness of the busy black little creatures that in the valley beneath rush to and fro and ply their earthy traffic. But they deign no voice, except it be to toss back again a mocking answer to the salute of the locomotive, which, vain of its power, would dare measure itself—a man-made thing—against the strength of these "eternal hills" or the force of the cataract over which it passes with a loud roar of triumph. The locomotive stands throbbing in a suppressed and discontented way. The English tourist, just returning from a summer in Northern Japan, paces to and fro in that complacent fashion that so strikes the admiration of Tommy Tompkins, the post office clerk. He rams his hands into his trousers pockets, too, and looks at the scenery with "Come-now-name-your-price" air. The amateur photographer is there preparing for that winter evening story, beginning, "When I was out west this summer—Ah, by the way, here are a few pictures."

The engineer at last has finished his preparations; a last round, however, wrench in hand, and he is ready to start. The fireman feeds into the ample fire-box

a liberal quantity of coal. Two calls on the air whistle. The conductor cries, "B-o-o-o-ard," "b-o-o.o.ard." The English tourist looks again critically at the scenery, takes out his watch and decides it is time to allow the train, and the universe to move along.

The difference between riding in a cab of a locomotive and in a passenger coach may not inaptly perhaps be compared to that of horseback and carriage. One could scarcely fail to see in the man who stood thus, with his hand upon the throttle, and who regulated with such precision the speed of that throbbing, heaving, hissing form, that of a skillful rider of a high-spirited steed, with his hand upon the bridle rein. And there are few who travel through those gorges and down the sudden curves, who watch with such delight the panorama of forest, gulch, cascade, glacier, mountain ledge, and gauzy cloud: who think of the keen-eyed, nerveless man controlling the speed with eye intent to mark out danger or obstruction.

He places a seat for me in the front of the cab, adjusts the ventilation, and where the train moves slowly, because of the grade, or the track is more in open and requires less vigilance, he tells about the globe-trotters he has been entertaining in that cab during the past eleven years, and points out the "sights" of the region. He shows where the waters part company, going on either hand to Atlantic and Pacific. Looking down later on, a thousand feet below, we see the waters shining like a band of burnished silver, begirt on either side by those lofty Douglas firs, 300 or 400 feet high, seeming to us, however, because of our altitude, but as shrubbery.

Panting and struggling, sometimes rushing rapidly towards a chasm hundreds of feet deep (What if now a rail should have been weakening, or a broken joint overlooked!) but we are carried safely off by the curve: sometime darting towards a tunnel like a weazel towards its hole, again creakingly traversing that wondrous "loop," come at length

to the "Glacier House." There, gleaming in the faint autumnal sunshine, shows the glacier mantle, worn by the great mountain whose head is lost in the snow-storm that trails a white curtain along the crest.

We pass the summit.

Immediately we dip toward the Atlantic. The laboring, struggling and almost baffled machine becomes fleet and silent again. Our engineer is vigilant. We sway from side to side. The scenes change rapidly. But what scenes! Who can look on works on such a gigantic scale, such awful heights and terrible depths, such creeping along ledges of precipices, such leaping of chasms, without being thankful at last for a less distractingly wonderful outlook, and more in keeping with the monotony of accustomed scenes.

But if nature has feasted us so far, we soon found, on coming down to more habitable regions, that the prospect here was prosy monotonous and colorless beyond telling. We suffered much as a reveller who is compelled at length to go the ordinary fare. A prairie wolf caused comment, a pile of buffalo bones was a resort at a crossing point, and we industriously selected and compared molar, and the photographer thought what an apt illustration they would make of his "When I was out west" stories.

Calgary! Sleepy passengers, women with bonnets askew, comforting crying children.

Medicine Hat! The trim N. W., mounted policeman appears. The half-wakened citizen inquires for the coast papers, as he knuckles the sleep out of his eyes.

Moose Jaw! Forlorn, oh, so forlorn and comfortless in the solemn chill and depressing atmosphere of an autumn prairie evening.

Regina! Still a sense of orphanage. A cluster of homes, surrounded by silent and bare accessories of grey chill sky and brown monotonous flat.

Brandon! It is like coming to uncle's, now. A sense of congeniality. The earth

is servant, and man the master. In the ample fields that girt the track we feel the home pulse and the interests of strong and healthy husbandry.

Portage la Prairie! The comfortable dames are going down to Winnipeg. Bobby will have a new tricycle, and Mary Ann, won't she make the hired man hopeless next Sunday.

Is this a university town we are going to, or are we going to a football tournament?

"Football to right of him,"

"Football to left."

"The 'Tobas," "The Meds."

There are no second firsts in coming to college. Only once a "freshman." We will never again be as "green" as once we were. Oh, that we could, even now. "See ourselves as others see us." The world needs color photography. Experimentors should work on "green," anyway. The seniors will deify the man who assists them to convince the freshman that they are as green as the same seniors once were.

W. G. TANNER

ROBERT BROWNING

It is with peculiar diffidence that one enters the presence of this mighty poet-thinker, who has had so many merciless critics, so many nominal worshippers, and a few sincere admirers among those who have dabbled in the ocean of the thousand pages that have come from his prolific pen. That he was a great man none deny. His personality looms up among his brother-poets like some lone, rugged, mountain peak, whose summit, rising far above the surrounding children of the skies, is for the most part lost in obscuring clouds, but now and then flashes forth in undreamed-of beauty.

Let us first consider this keen and lofty-minded poet, as mighty, mist-enshrouded, he rises before our vision; then pass on to the sunbursts of beauty, and lastly, to the secret of the power he has won over many minds and hearts.

Many have been the attempts to prove or disprove Browning's claim to the rank of poet, and doubtless there has been ample room for such discussion. Indeed, were we to turn for a definition of poetry to Coleridge, Lowell, Arnold, Stoddart, Stedman, or any of the other great expositors of the art, and arraign Browning's sixteen volumes before this supreme bar, we should find that only a part, much the smaller part, could be called "just, legitimate" poetry.

There is this fundamental error with the

bulk of what he has produced: "His favorite kind of truth is not the poet's kind, and his processes with it are not the poet's processes. Both belong rather to the prose of philosophy and science." His intellect delights in threading its way through labyrinthine mazes and over unexplored seas in a way calculated to bewilder, confuse and dishearten the ordinary mind; he is a lover of the grotesque and ugly as well as the beautiful; his style is often "eccentric, abrupt, harsh, disjointed, parenthetical and metaphysical."

No poet of this age has surpassed Browning in originality of conception. Take, for instance, "The Ring and the Book," tantalizing and wearisome as it is finely wrought and fascinating. Think of a single story, "told as many times as there are cantos by every character in the hideous tale, each bringing out some new or contradicting phase or sequence to found the whole." And which of all was right? The Pope? Perhaps. Who knows what "Sordello" means? or did the poet himself? Such was the favorite analytic style of Browning, often elaborated or attenuated far beyond the understanding of any reader.

In reply to the charge of being "wilfully obscure, unconscientiously careless, and perversely harsh," Mr. Browning once said, "I can have little doubt that

my writing in the main has been too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with ; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as would be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts, and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."

A friend and admirer said to him on one occasion : "I have studied long upon this passage in your poem and am unable to comprehend it. Pray, tell me what is the idea embodied in it?" Mr. Browning read the passage over, and replied : "Really, I cannot tell ; but I believe it will be worth your while to keep on studying it."

Thus far only the more displeasing phases of Browning's genius have been brought under consideration—the mists that so long have hidden from many the true grandeur, wealth and beauty of his poetic soul.

Professor Carson says that Browning "has the very highest faculty of word and verse music, and it can be shown he always exercises the faculty whenever there is a real artistic occasion for it, not otherwise. Verse music is never with him a mere literary indulgence. . . . In the general tenor of his poetry he is above the Singer—he is the Seer and Revealer, who sees great truths beyond the bounds of the territory of general knowledge, instead of working over truths within that territory, and no seer of modern times has had his eyes more clearly purged with euphrasy and rue."

It must not be thought that Browning's poems are in any instance mere continuations of unintelligible mystery and weariness. "Single verses and groups of verses shine and blossom, very jewels in a heap of sand, lovely roses 'amongst the wicked weeds.'" Could anything be more splendid than this one line?

"On earth the broken arc : in the heavens a perfect round."

Among Browning's shorter productions

those that claim for him the highest distinction as a poet are probably "Childe Roland," akin in atmosphere to the "Ancient Mariner," and "Andrea del Sarto," which proves, beyond dispute, that its author can be simple, tender and delightful. Next to these, "Fra Lippo" and "My Last Duchess" may perhaps be mentioned.

Among his longer poems, "Pippa Passes" seems to have gained for itself, the most general admiration. Surely, nothing in the pastoral kind was ever more finely or delightfully written? Edmund Gosse in speaking of it, writes as follows : "The figure of Pippa herself, the unconscious messenger of good spiritual tidings to so many souls in dark places, is one of the most beautiful that Mr. Browning has produced. And in at least one of the more serious scenes—that between Sibald and Ottina—he reaches a tragic height that places him on a level with the greatest modern dramatists. Of the lyrical interludes and seed pearls of song scattered through the scenes, it is commonplace to say that nothing more exquisite was ever written, or rather warbled."

It was, however, neither to his poetry as poetry, to his intellectual vigor, to his dramatic power, nor to his learning that Browning owed his power. It was his own strong and lofty spirit, his wholesomeness, his completeness of ideal, his prophetic view of things, and his energizing touch which drew to him so many devoted admirers. His truest-hearted followers are willing to acknowledge his frequent obscurity, his defective metre, his intolerable choice of subjects and his barbaric use of his vast store of knowledge, but they find in him a great teacher, a deep and tender human spirit which sees farther than they.

To such followers one of his first qualities was his wholesomeness. He was a thorough optimist. According to his theory the world is not for despair, time is to be used, joy is to be tasted, friends are to be believed, hope is to be entertained, sorrow is to be met with manli-

ness, all things are to work together for good.

"I find earth not gay, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue,
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

With him, at all times,
"God is his heaven—
All's well with the world."

The completeness of his Ideal was the outgrowth of this healthy vision. All of life received from him its due.

"All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now
than flesh helps soul."

Browning's hope lay in the future. He looked to it to explain all the inexplicable things of life, and never tired of his prophetic strain. He knew that highest truth can only be reached by an unceasing upward struggle. He did not shrink from the struggle. He recognized its existence always, and never wearied of proclaiming the nobility of that struggle and the certainty of its issue. In one of his last poems he writes:—

"From the first. Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for a closer view,
Love were as plain to see."

A man who taught such truth with such assurance could not but be an inspirer. Browning's strong hold upon the world has, indeed, been the ethical and religious inspiration he gave. He urged men to take broader views of life, and to see

deeper meanings therein, to seek in the Gospel of Christ the interpretation the world demands, to trust in the future.

" to wake, not sleep.
Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly
Creep things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep."

Very fitting, indeed, does it seem that this man should die calling back to his fellows in such words as his last published line:—

"Strive and thrive!" . . . "Speed—
fight on, fare ever
There as here."

No intelligent and appreciative reader of Browning's poems can fail to find in his own heart a ready echo to Emerson's fair tribute to his brother poet:—

"Human at heart-core. Browning; thou
dost know,
The soul of man in all its varied
thought—

To turmoil of its unbelief hast brought
The strong man's help, assurance; for
below
The seeming roughness of thy verse doth
show

A heart warm for humanity, and fraught
With burden for the present, bravely
wrought
In scorn of flatterer's praise for high and
low.

"No morbid melancholy thine, no fear
Of death or ruin to aught true or good.
No trembling in despair, but firm
throughout.

Courageous, resolutely, with sight of seer,
The poet's fire, the hero's hardihood,
And manly faith unsullied by a doubt."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNSHAVEN

And it came to pass in the latter days that there came a man into the hail of learning having whiskers exceeding long and fair to look upon.

And the hearts of the young men, as they looked upon him, did wax envious, and they murmured among themselves, saying,

Why should this man be greater in authority among the men of the land than we?

And straightway his fellow men did

seek out the chemists and the apothecaries, if haply they might find a potion whereby they would be able to grow whiskers like unto the beautiful ones they had seen.

But, when they were not able to grow those things whereon they had set their hearts, they did become still more envious of their favored brother.

And when he would not give them even so much as a little seed that they might grow these things for themselves,

they resolved to compass his destruction.

And it came to pass that when slumber lay heavy upon his eyelids they did form in bands and did lay siege to the chamber wherein he lay.

And when the man with the beautiful whiskers would not come out at the importunity of those who did desire to look upon him,

Then they did enter and did bear him upon his couch to the room of their friends.

And being assembled they did take counsel the one with the other as to what they should do.

And some cried out that the man should be put away, and others that his beautiful whiskers should be shorn off.

And when they could not agree as touching the thing they might do unto him, they did enter into a more careful consideration of this matter.

And now it happened verily that when they were in the midst of these weighty matters there arose a commotion without.

And suddenly the door did open, and one who was an high and mighty potentate in that land stood before them, and when they beheld him they were sore afraid.

And when he had spoken they were affrighted at the thunder of his voice and did hie each one to his own home.

And the man with the beautiful whiskers did escape, and it was so for his whiskers remaineth even unto this day.

But the end is not yet, for it came to pass that these wicked men who did desire for themselves the beautiful whiskers they had seen, were called upon to give an account of their deeds.

And fear and trembling came upon them all and they did say unto one another, Wherefore has this great calamity come upon us?"

And thus it was that upon a certain day these wicked men did stand before the men who were mighty and wise in that land and who did rule with a powerful hand.

And one, who seemed to be chief among them, arose, and when he had spoken concerning the things which had been done by these wicked men, he commanded that they should beseech the brother with the beautiful whiskers that he should forgive them for their wicked deeds.

And it was so that one of these wicked men did arise, and he did pray that the man with the beautiful whiskers should forgive them for what they had done and for what they had not done.

And for what they might have done and for what they might not have done and for what he thought they might have done and for what he thought they might not have done.

And for what the potentates of that land thought they had done and for what the potentates thought they had not done and for what they thought they might have done and for what they thought they might not have done.

And this saying pleased the wise and mighty men exceeding much, and they did allow these wicked men to depart, and the wise men rejoiced that they had been able to preserve the beautiful whiskers, which were for an ornament to the face of their brother.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE

To have any influence at all literature must be more than a skilful arrangement of words in well-rounded sentences and neatly constructed paragraphs. A literary production may have charms, it may be properly emphasized throughout, it may possess unity, and even to some degree

strength and harmony may appear in every sentence, and still it may fall short of fulfilling the sublime mission of literature. A production may possess all the foregoing qualities and still bear the same relationship to true literature that is borne by an ice palace to our homes; and

will figure as a potent factor in intellectual and moral life, when compared with productions upon which is stamped the image and personality of the writer, and into which he has breathed the emotions that stir his own heart, as that ice palace figures as a moulding influence or destiny-homes where life abounds, and joys and sorrows, hopes, fears and ambitions stir shaping power when compared with our us to action in the propagation of principles imbibed from home.

The fruit of honest toil, whether it be facts grappled from chaos, continents found in the oceans, forms chiselled from marble, or eternal truths dug from beneath the debris of formalism and corrupted spirituality, has never failed to exert a telling influence upon the nations of the world; and the amount of toil given has to a great extent measured the strength of the influence. This fact is true in literature where the influence of an article can be measured by the amount of earnest labor spent, nobleness of purpose displayed, strength of tone or hatred exhibited, the sublimity of the subject dealt with, and its nearness to the greatest interests of life. Thus Milton's *Paradise Lost* stands colossal among poems. The amount of labor required, the sublimity of the subject have never been surpassed, and seldom, if ever, equalled, while its nearness to the greatest hopes and fears of humanity guarantee it an ever-increasing circle of fame and influence. But one such extensive work in all the world has a theme more sublime and more closely knit to the human heart, and that appears not in the form of poetry, but of poetry and prose, the former in considerable variety of form, the latter in manner as diversified, yet as strong and bold as the character who urges it. This production has a theme so comprehensive and grand that myriads of small poems and prose articles have found in it their source, and even our greatest poet divided its theme to write his *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. These all live and influence mankind just to the extent that the Bible itself breasts the tide

of the world's ignorance and sin, and opens up for them a path in which to follow.

One other great work in the English language bids fair to run its course parallel and co-extensive with mankind. Its theme is not so sublime as some others, but it twines so closely wraps its folds so strongly about our lives, that great tears trickle down the real warrior's face, and sobs leave the breast of the genuine pilgrim as his inmost soul is stirred with sympathy and kindred feelings of danger, hope, faithlessness of others, perplexities, struggles, discouragements, despair, as they follow the path of Bunyan's *Pilgrim*, but eventually light up with strong faith and joy, as with him they seem to see in the near future the *Celestial City* and pass through the bordering rivers held up by the unseen but powerful hand of an invisible but almighty God.

Thus we might view the whole field of verse, fiction or history, and still we would find that its ability to mould the present power, to map out the future, and shape the destinies of nations depends upon the realistic manner in which it deals with the most vital questions of our existence.

Having thus seen what constitutes the influence and power of literature, we proceed to notice some of the different kinds and their works in the lives of men.

One kind of present time composition seems to the writer to be altogether unworthy of the place it holds in the society of literature. Its place at present is one of the most important in our land. It sits among the children and youth and spreads its tarnishing wing over the most promising of our race; its moulding hand is laid upon the tenderest and most formulative period of an existence with such effect that years of struggling and hours of pain and sorrow have failed to eradicate its pernicious results. Full ten years too soon the Sunday schools of our land hand out to those depending on them for right training, the sensational and the sentimental, not, of course, in their lowest forms, but having just enough of re-

ligion mixed through them to give them a moral coloring, but paint and powder, however genuine, have never yet made a beautiful woman, nor will the little bit of moral coloring united with the pale tints of spirituality that enter into a great many of the Sunday school books ever make noble and strong characters of those who read them. The sensational element that is found in some of these has created an appetite for that class of literature which is in every sense debasing and demoralizing. If the path of life must have its divergent roads, which eventually turn us round, let us so far as possible restrict the entrance to those wrong ways to the periods of life when the person is capable of judging for themselves and able to restrain self sufficiently to choose the right.

To supply the place of the above, we might suggest the historical and biographical, which have always swayed a golden sceptre over youth and led those of riper years to deeds of nobleness and wisdom. Of all our sources of knowledge and improvement, these should be the most fruitful. As we look back through the medium of history, we can see the multiplicity of forms of government and the diversified manner in which they affected the people governed by them, and so learn how to govern now. And those boys or girls are few who cannot be stirred to nobler and purer lines, and stronger efforts towards self-control by the simple narrative of lives of good men and good women. What child does not like to hear mother tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den, of David, the shepherd boy, and his exploits against the wild beasts and Goliath? What boy does not like to hear of Jonathan and his armor bearer stealing into the camp of the Philistines and putting the whole army to flight? or what girl is not held in raptures by the account of Deborah and her victory over Israel's enemies? or of Dorcas and her kind deeds to the poor? Thus the greatest book has seized on the greatest and best methods and subject matter for instruction for young and old, and has set us an example that we seem all

A well-known writer of the Western States says: "Next to letter-writing, there is, in modern times, no species of composition of which so much is done as news writing. The innumerable items which fill the news columns of the daily and weekly papers are enormous in amount, and constitute the chief reading of the public—the daily bread of our literary life." From this it must appear that the newspapers of the day are a potent factor among the ruling influences of the time. The majority of these, however, have so far sacrificed their noble calling for gold, and their upright independent walk for the chance to cut and abuse their political opponents and blackmail the leader of the opposite party, that their sway has almost been reduced to those who blindly serve the same political party. It is a deplorable state of things, and speaks volumes against the present literary tastes when, "The daily bread of our literary life" has become begrimed with the dust of slander and is served up to us with a carrion odor. Thus instead of correcting error and teaching sound principles whereby to govern the life they are whetting the basest appetites of the basest of men, only to gratify them with the basest of food. This, of course, cannot be applied to scientific magazines, a great many reviews and religious periodicals whose influence is ever for truth and knowledge. There are many other forms of writings which have done much in their time, and some of them still do a great deal to build up true manhood, some to tear it down. Among the former might be mentioned the writings of Samuel Johnstone, whose sharp criticisms did much to waken the conscience and quicken the mental faculties of men of his time, so that they could discriminate between the foolish and sensible, the evil and good. In this line also comes the clear, strong logic of John Wesley, whose for clearness and force, yet meekness of spirit, have never been equalled. He stands alone as the only man who while in the midst of heated controversy never once gave utterance to an unkind word

or breathed a breath of any spirit but that of love. Many other men might be mentioned who by their writings have crystalized our language, purified our morals, added to the ever increasing store of knowledge, raised our conceptions of

spiritual life, left on record their own dauntless heroism in the battles of life; and have thus left us and all succeeding generations under lasting obligation to them.

ALBERT LOUSLEY.

"THE STUFF THAT MAKES YOUNG MANHOOD"

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in his initial paper for young men, for *The Ladies' Home Journal* (in February issue), gives brilliant emphasis to his text, "The Stuff That Makes Young Manhood," by the frequent employment of forcible epigrams. He considers a proper "getting ready" as the greatest value in preparing for life's work, and upon this point flashes his strongest, brightest light in brilliant radiance.

Putting a buttercup to school will not graduate it a butterfly, even if it is a very good school. Its only wholesome ambition will be to be as good as it can be as a buttercup.

I have watched a good many brooding hens, but I never saw one facilitate the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he worth it.

More men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal stuff.

Young men are constantly worrying lest they be failures and nonentities.

Every man will count for all he is worth.

There is as much a science of success as there is a science of hydraulics.

The less a young man talks about luck and untowardness of circumstances, and the coquettishness of popular favor, and the like, the better for him and for the world to which he owes himself. Every man will have all the power he earns,

and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or like him, but because it is power.

Personal pressure can no more be hooted down, or voted down, or argued out of existence than can the push of the wind or the pull of the moon. If you weigh a ton you will exert a ton's pressure.

There is probably such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it without toiling for it.

There is faculty enough in almost anybody to become genius if only all that faculty were lumped.

We are more likely to find a good destiny by going afoot than by riding.

The world cares very little for experts, and the course of events is only infinitesimally determined by them.

The man whose entire capital is one of enthusiasm will be conspicuous for his abundance of torch, at the same time lacking the timber which the torch exists primarily to enkindle.

Sowing still antedates reaping, and the amount sowed determines pretty closely the size of the harvest.

Empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in the spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."

A STUDENT

The ideal student is not a snob in any sense of the word. He is not dependent upon his good or bad looks, on the part of his hair, the style of his eye-glass, the cut of his coat, the size of the head of his cane or the shape of his boot. Neither is he dependent upon the size of his muscle, the distance he can jump, his speed in running, the curve of his ball or his agility and strength in football. He does not take pride in the number of young ladies who have fallen victims to his wiles, nor in the number of parties and receptions which he attends and in his general popularity. Nor does he become a bookworm, spending all his time and energy trying to make excellent grades, thereby becoming a mere machine and drudge. He is not quick to point out the faults of his fellow-students, nor decry their work in order to exalt his own. He does not flaunt in the face of others his new religious discoveries: nor does he propose to reform the world at a single stroke. He is not a dyspeptic, mentally nor physically. He does not allow any habit to become his master, nor anyone to own his conscience. He is not a flirt, a shirk, nor a dude. "The best thing about genuine youth," says Hall, "is that it cannot and will not interest itself in what it feels to be formal, trifling, dry, insincere, or of less than the highest worth."

These and many more things which might be mentioned he is not, but he is not wholly a negative creature. There are many positive points in his character. He is neat in dress and easy in manner. He enjoys the best society and the best entertainments. He knows enough of

music and art to be able to appreciate the best music and the finest pictures. He loves nature and knows the best books. He is interested in everything. He has the power to master any subject to which he may turn his attention, and early selects some one narrow field in which he proposes to make himself an authority.

He is fond of outdoor sports, but looks upon them only as a means of recreation, in order to put himself in condition for the more serious duties of life. He is systematic in his work, having regular hours for study, pleasure and recreation, allows nothing to interfere with his work. He has high ideals of morals and does everything in his power to make the moral standard of the university higher than it has ever been before. He has high standards of work, always a higher standard than he has been able to reach, and becomes higher with each day and year.

He is independent in thought and action, without being dogmatic and self-centered. He is a severe critic of himself and charitable towards others. He is always seeking favors for others, and prefers to honor a friend rather than receive honor. He is interested in church affairs and in the study of the Bible. In a word, he uses every means at his command to cultivate to its highest capacity every good and precious gift with which he has been endowed. "Every healthy, youthful soul has a strong and eager curiosity which bad pedagogy alone can kill. It circumnates like a vine to find some Jacob's ladder up which it can climb."—President Joseph Swain of Indiana University, in Men.

ATHLETIC

FOOTBALL

WESLEY VS. ST. JOHN'S.

When Wesley faced St. John's on Nov. 20th it was with the full expectation of having a hard battle, for the latter team have earned the reputation of being the

most disagreeably disappointing team to all such as expect a "snap" The teams were:

St. John's—Goal, Sinclair: backs, Young, Pritchard: half-backs, Valle, Hamber, Stevenson: forwards, Fortin, Burman, Fletcher, Morrison.

Wesley—Goal, Carter; backs, Gilbert, St. John; half-backs, Wheeldon, Walton, Nicholls; forwards, Markle, Murchison, Doran, G. Walker, Laidlaw.

During the first half the St. John's, with the slight wind in their favor, confined the play pretty generally to the Wesley half of the field, although several good rushes were made on our opponent's goal. They were playing a hard aggressive game, and the Wesley defence seemed to be unable to stave off their attack. In fact, the defence was not up to the good form shown on the previous Saturday against the Tobias; but it must be said that the very slippery condition of the ground made it especially hard for the defence. The St. John's, however, were compelled to shoot at long range, and were not actually very dangerous, especially as the shooting was erratic. At last a good shot from Fletcher beat Carter, and St. John's stock jumped above par. They were unable to repeat the operation, however, so at half time the score remained 1—0.

In the second half, with the wind in our favor, St. John's were soon on the defensive. All the brilliant efforts of Pritchard, Hamber and Young were unavailing. They kept the ball out for a time, but when Wesley began to score they did so in rapid succession. Five times was Sinclair beaten by fast shots. Laidlaw, Walker and Doran were very much in evidence. For St. John's, Pritchard, Young, Hamber and Manning played well.

SCHOOL VS. WESLEY.

The match on November 27, Schools vs. Wesley, resulted in a tie. It seems to be Wesley's luck this year to play drawn games. Three such, so far, is a hard cross to bear. The teams on the above date were.—

Schools—Goal, McDonald; backs, Sanburn, McGavin; half-backs, Munroe, McPherson, Smith; forwards, McKenzie, Creighton, Duncan, Pettypiece, Henry.

Wesley—Goal, Carter; backs, Gilbert, St. John; half-backs, Spear, Walton, Nicholls; forwards, Markle, McCrossan, Doran, Walker, Laidlaw.

The game had been in progress for a about two minutes when Carter, having run out to kick the ball, he and Nicholls interfered with one another, and it ended in Carter making a somewhat weak kick. The ball rolled quietly to the feet of McKenzie, who took a "drop" on goal. Before Carter got back the ball was securely in the net. But from this on Wesley was on the aggressive. Within a short time McCrossan scored by a neat shot, but this was disallowed. But our forwards were not to be denied. When half-time was called the score stood 2—1 in favor of Wesley. The first goal was scored thus: McCrossan shot, and before the goalkeeper could clear, "Geordie" Walker assisted both him and the ball into the rear of the net. The second goal was scored by a shot from McCrossan, which Sanburn, in endeavoring to prevent, breasted through his own goal.

During the second half the attack was carried persistently into the enemy's territory. But the Schools' defence was playing a great game. Their half-back line is about the best in the league.

Our left wing, Laidlaw and Walker, were playing well together, but Markle, although playing a good individual game, was a little slow in "centreing."

At last the Schools forwards, in one of their spasmodic rushes, overcame the Wesley defence and scored. Creighton brought the ball down on the right and passed to Pettypiece on the left wing. Carter ran out to check the latter. A shot was made, which was wide of the goal, but in Gilbert's endeavors to stop it, the ball got tangled up with his legs, and by an unlucky turn he put it through his own goal. It must be said, however, that "Percy" was not to blame. During the fifteen minutes that remained the Schools rushed our boys "off their feet," and made more than one dangerous attack. But the ball was kept out somehow, so at he close the game stood 2—2.

ALUMNI VS. WESLEY.

Dec. 4th.—Wesley's fourth game in the series—the one against the Alumni—was the hardest game yet for our team. Nich-

olls was unable to play, so Wheeldon took his place at half-back. The other positions were unchanged, as will be seen by the following list :—

Wesley—Goal, Carter ; backs, Gilbert, St. John ; half-backs, Spear, Walton, Wheeldon ; forwards, Markle, McCrossan, oran, Walker, Laidlaw.

Alumni—Goal, Woodhull ; backs, MacFarlane, Morgan ; half-backs, Campbell, Morton, Hislop ; forwards, Harvey, Laidler, McMunn, Hammond, Sparling.

Drs. McMunn and Hammond appeared in the football arena for the first time this season, and were of material assistance to the Alumni.

The day could hardly be called a good day for football. A miniature gale was blowing down the field, accompanied by an occasional flurry of snow. The Alumni won the toss and chose to kick with the wind. Wesley played four half-backs during the first half, and thus assisted, the defence were able to prevent the Alumni from scoring in the first half. Moreover, the forwards made several good, though ineffectual rushes. On one occasion Laidlaw got away, and after a very pretty individual run, centred the ball to Doran, who sent the ball slightly above the bar instead of below it. During this half the Alumni did not make a single dangerous attack on goal. Harvey, McMunn and Sparling were closely watched. When half-time came and the Alumni had not scored, of course they felt downhearted and Wesley correspondingly elated. But, alas! if I might be forgiven for quoting the old saying of Burns, I would say,

“The best laid plans o’ mice and men
aft gang a-gley.”

Our opponents redoubled their efforts, and in spite of the strong wind, were on the aggressive during the most of the second half. On one occasion Carter, while endeavoring to clear, was charged by McMunn, and for a short time there was a melee. When it was over, it was found that Carter had been rather severely injured. However, he bravely stuck to his position. A short time after the resumption of play Harvey brought the ball

down the right wing, crossed to Sparling, who took a long shot at goal. The ball reached the net in the upper corner Carter made an effort to jump at the ball, but in his disabled condition could not keep it out. In the meanwhile, the Wesley forwards seemed unable to get the ball in front of their opponents’ goal. They could work it down the field, but the heavy wind, combined with a slippery field, spoiled the shooting and passing. MacFarlane and Morgan played like Trojans, while the half-back line was very much in evidence. To make matters worse, it was growing so dark that it was difficult to see the ball. During the last ten minutes our boys became desperate, and carried on the attack with great vigor. At last Laidlaw, after a good run, sent in a fast shot to Woodhull ; the latter kicked it out, but the rushing forwards carried it through, McCrossan doing the needful. The Alumni, it must be admitted, gave Wesley the hardest game so far. Their defence worked superbly. Morgan seems to have found his place at full back. MacFarlane was a tower of strength. Of their forwards, Harvey, McMunn and Sparling were very effective.

MEDICAL VS. WESLEY.

The game between the Medicals and Wesley which had been postponed from Nov. 30th took place on the above mentioned date. There being two other games on the 11th inst., it was necessary to have the game put on at 1.30.

The teams were as follows :—

Medical—Goal, Watt ; backs, Fleming, Sharp ; half-backs, McDonald, Mulvey, Hewitt ; forwards, Perry, Edmisson, Braden, Harrington, Poole.

Wesley—Goal, Murchison ; backs, Gilbert, St. John ; half-backs, Spear, Wheeldon, Nicholls ; forwards, Doran, McCrossan, Markle, Walker, Laidlaw.

The Medical team was the same which has been so successful in recent matches, but, as will be seen by the list, the familiar names of Carter and Walton no longer appear.

Although badly weakened the boys

were determined to make a hard fight of it.

During the first half the Meds were favored by the wind and had perhaps the best of the play. At the very beginning our forwards secured the ball, and a good rush by the left wing culminated in a shot on goal, which struck the post. The Meds made several very good drops on goal which were splendidly handled by Murchison, and of real bona fide shots there were several, but our goal-keeper seemed invincible. At last Harrington passed the ball right across the face of the goal; Edmisson was there. There was no other score during the first half. When sides were changed Wesley went at it hard. On the whole Wesley had the best of it. Watt was called upon several times to save good shots. Their half back line is very strong, and on the whole their team is considerably heavier.

It was somewhat ridiculous at times to see a great burly Med make a desperate charge at a diminutive Wesleyite.

Laidlaw scored a goal which was promptly disallowed by the referee on grounds of being "off-side." The goal umpire declares that it was not "off-side." But as the Meds soon after scored another goal there was no use of protesting against the referee's decision. When play ceased the score stood 2-0 in favor of the Meds. Hewitt, Fleming and Harrington put up a good game. For Wesley, Laidlaw, Markle, Wheeldon and Murchison played splendidly, Murchison in particular played a star game.

JUNIOR SERIES.

MEDICAL VS. WESLEY

The game between the Medical and Wesley juniors, which was scheduled for Friday, Nov. 17th, was postponed to Monday, the 3rd inst.

The referee, Mr. Manning, of St. Johns, lined the teams up as follows:

Medicals—Goal, Wilson; backs, Gordon, Ross; half-backs, Tripp, Vrooman, Duncan; forwards, Taylor, Rose, Brown; Irving, Simpson.

Wesleys—Goal, Veale; backs, Murchi-

son, Wheeldon; half-backs, Wylie, Brown, Spear; forwards, Lane, Walker, Tait, Clendinning, Clayton.

The play during the first half was of rather even character, the Meds being somewhat on the aggressive, but at no time dangerous. Towards the latter part of the first half a centre from the Meds, left wing was caught by Spear and kicked against Wheeldon's back, from whom it bounded into goal before Veale realized what had happened. The teams changed over, Meds. one goal up. After a slight rush by the Meds. from the kick-off, the Wesleys settled down, and from this on were steadily on the aggressive. After several rushes, a centre from the right wing was missed by the Medical back, and Clayton, securing, registered by a fast shot the first goal to Wesley's credit. The Wesley boys continued to press, and Clayton again got possession of the ball, and, dodging the back completely, beat Wilson with a hot shot. The Meds. made several spasmodic but ineffective attempts to score, and the game ended 2-1 in favor of the boys in red and blue. This makes the second win for the junior team.

The following is the standing of the junior teams:—

Wesleys	2	0	0	4
Schools	1	1	0	2
Manitoba	1		0	2
St. John's	0	1	1	1
Medicals	0	1	1	1

SCHOOL VS. WESLEY.

That Wesley has a junior team worthy of her was amply demonstrated on the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 3, when they snowed the Schools under two goals to none. Our junior team contains the following illustrious names:—

Goal, Veale; backs, Earl, Murchison; half-backs, Wheeldon, Brown (Captain), Wylie; forwards, Lane, Walker, Tait, Clayton, Clendinning.

The possession of such a good junior eleven augurs well for Wesley's success in the future.

As seems to be usual on match days, there was a strong wind blowing down

the field. when our second eleven lined up for their first match. During the first half our boys, with the blizzard in their favor, obtained one goal, Lane being the guilty party. In the second half, just to show that they were superior to such trivial circumstances as a strong wind, they scored another, Clendening doing the needful. Murchison and Wheeldon played brilliantly on the defence, and we must not forget to mention the good work done by the new goalkeeper, Veale. On the forwards. Lane played a cool, unselfish game, and Tait and Clendening made themselves generally obnoxious to the Schools' defence. Haffner, Dewar and Henry played excellently for our opponents.

FOOT NOTES.

During some of the matches there has

been a great delay in deciding "touches." Would it not be wise for the referee to leave it to the linesman to award the throw-in?

In Carter, Wesley loses one of the most brilliant goalkeepers in the province. It is hoped that he will not suffer any permanent bad effects from his football experience.

A series of inter-class football matches has been instituted. In the first game, the Prelims. beat the Theologs. 2—0. The Theologs. held the Prelims. down to no score until far in the second half, but through lack of proper training, dieting, etc., had to succumb at the last. Murchison, Scott, Campbell and S. Riddell played star games for the losers, while Gilbert, Clendening and Clayton did well for the victors.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The opening meeting of the Wesley College Literary Society was held on the evening of the 10th in the college convocation hall. When the honorary president, Dr. Laird, took the chair, the hall and gallery were well filled and before many minutes were crowded to the doors. The following programme was rendered.

Male quartette Messrs. Sipprell, Halladay, Oke and St. John.
 Chairman's address Dr. Laird
 Quartette ... Misses Bull and Harrison, Messrs. Sipprell and Halladay.
 Address—"Politics and the Poetry of Tennyson" Prof. Osborne
 Solo Miss Bull
 Recitation Miss Jennie Stewart
 Solo (encored) Miss Murray
 Recitation Mr. W. A. Sipprell
 Chorus (encored) Miss Murray
 Quartette .. Misses Bull and Harrison.
 Messrs. Halladay and Sipprell.

The platform had been tastefully decorated with flowers, and everything passed off in a way that did great credit to the students of the college. The opening quartette was well rendered, and Dr. Laird, in his remarks contrasted the present condition of the college in point of number

of students and musical ability with the opening years of Wesley College. The mixed quartette which followed was beautifully rendered, each of the participants showing marked ability in the rendering of their parts. The address by Prof. Osborne was one of the features of the evening. The professor was in his native element in speaking on such a subject, and after his introductory remarks took some of the principal works of Tennyson, and, by numerous illustrations, demonstrated the sympathy of the so-called "aristocratic poet" with the social questions of his day, "Locksley Hall," "In Memoriam," and "The Princess" supplied quotations that beautifully illustrated the professor's arguments and the sympathetic eloquence of his closing remarks made many lovers of Tennyson feel still greater appreciation of the works of "the greatest poet since Shakespeare." Miss Stewart's recitation was well received, and Miss Murray's rendering of her first selection was only equalled by her encore, which was beautifully rendered. Mr. Sipprell gave as a

recitation "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," which took the audience by storm. Miss Bull's solo was rendered in her characteristic style in which her rendering is always wonderfully in harmony

with the spirit of the selection. The beautiful quartette, "Good Night," closed an evening's entertainment of which the students of Wesley College have reason to feel justly proud.

LOCAL NEWS

At a recent morning football match an enthusiastic young lady, who was cheering lustily for the winning side, was heard to ejaculate: "Ain't those elegant kicks, by Gosh?"

An uninitiated person, hearing the ejaculations of the shouters at a football match, would probably infer that the area within the ropes contained numbers of "bugs," "whales," "birds," etc., all of the largest size and in a very animated condition, besides such miscellaneous articles as peaches and stars. Here, however, as elsewhere, natural laws would be found to prevail; the bugs would be "chewing the rag," the whales "finding the net," and, of course, the stars would be "out of sight."

I had just paid my Fee, and having but a few Nicholls left, I ordered th butcher to send up a few pounds of Veale, and, being a good Walker, I determined to spend my Halladay in the country. Turning down the first Lane I came to, I met a Carter, whom I criticised for trading one of his Brown Mayers for a Small Campbell. He treated my remarks with disdain, and tying his ill-matched team to a White Oak Post, he began to Reid the first and second epistles of St. John. Tiring of his silence, I asked him to direct me to the fairest maiden in the town. Taking a couple of Sips from a flask, he replied, "I diinna Ken'er, but ye Kin-ley here and judge for yer sel." As the Winds ar (e) disagreeable at that season, I entered a house which had no Dor-on. It had formerly been a Goodwin and belonged to a Wylie Taylor, who propounds more Riddells than most people will take at Parr. Soon a little urchin—the son of

the Stewart of the Earle's estate—came in. For a Bob and a Tanner he told me how I might Woo-ten of the prettiest maidens in the town. But as they came not, I was at length obliged to return as Moodyly as I had wandered forth.

The following code of rules were seen occupying a conspicuous position on the walls of a wily student's room. We publish them for the benefit of the Alumni and others:—

NOTICE.

(1) Please ask for my shin-pads. They are lent at present, but when they come back you will get your turn. (2) Borrow my jersey. It is looking a little the worse for wear, but the owner has money in the bank. (3) Don't forget my shoes. I sometimes wear them myself; but the owner can stay in bed till you are through the game. (4) The football stockings have just been returned. Call early and avoid the rush. The owner is a millionaire, and can easily supply himself with another pair. (5) The belt and pants are also at your disposal. Please return before Sunday, so that the owner may have a change. (6) When you read this, get offended, and don't speak to the owner. He is an unsociable dog, and ought to be snubbed.

The Y. W. C. A. of Wesley College has entered upon the third year in its history with the following staff of officers:—

President—Sadie Ruttan.

Vice-President—Effie M. Peacock.

Rec. Sec.—Aggie C. Harris.

Cor. Sec.—Annie B. Jamieson.

Treasurer—Annie Dunfield.

We are glad to be able to report progress in this department of college life. We believe the society is steadily gaining

in favor among the girls, and that a good work is being done. The committee present an excellent programme for the year. The meetings thus far have been very interesting and helpful. Each leader is at liberty to conduct the meeting in whatever way she chooses, and the result has been very gratifying. An entire lack of dullness characterizing the meetings, some of them have been delightfully informal little heart to heart talks that cannot fail to form a strong bond between those present. The girl who misses these meetings is the loser. We are glad, through "Vox," to send kindly greetings to the absent ones of our circle, and tell them that we mean to try and make this a good new year for Wesley's Y. W. C. A.

The scientific world is much agitated at present over a new chemical compound called Bennium. Although I say a new compound, it must not be inferred that its discovery is of recent date. On the contrary, it was known at least twenty-one years ago, but it is only of late years that its wonderful adaptability to the useful arts has been ascertained. The remarkable scarcity of this substance has also militated very strongly against a widespread knowledge of its valuable qualities. The localities in which it has been found are :—

(1) Ontario—Very small quantity.

(2) Manitoba—Somewhat greater quantity.

Bennium is an organic compound. Formula, B₂ H. (At wt. 145.) It is a somewhat viscous solid, reddish in color, possessing great elasticity and flexibility.

It has an antipathy for water alone, but has a remarkable affinity for it if some glucose be added to the water and the solution be saturated with CO₂. This combination is accompanied by a marked increase of temperature. This substance is very inflammable, and therefore, all parties having to do with it should take all due precautions. Bennium is also very susceptible to change of temperature, melting at 2 in the shade and becoming very white and brittle at 40

below. The extent of its utility is probably not yet fully ascertained, but already it has evidenced qualities peculiarly valuable in arts.

A TRAGEDY.

A maid
 She strayed
 And stayed
 Upon the stair.
 A youth
 Forsooth
 In truth
 Also was there.
 But why
 Her eye
 So shy
 For him did yearn.
 Likewise
 His eyes
 And sighs
 I did not learn.
 They grasped
 And clasped,
 But gasped,
 The Prof. was there.
 They slid,
 They did
 And hid
 From off the stair.

Our reading room will soon be an accomplished fact. It is owing largely to the ingenuity and energy of Mr. W. A. Sipprell that the enterprise has reached successful completion. His fertile brain conceived the idea of sending to friends of the college all over the country letters containing a brief statement of the object in view, with a request to fill the hole in an enclosed piece of cardboard with a 25-cent piece, and return the same in an addressed envelope, which was also supplied. A large number of letters were sent out, and as a result about \$30 has been netted for the project. Of course, some of the seed fell by the wayside, some on stony ground, etc., but though only 25 cents were asked, yet some returned 50 cents, some 100 cents, and some—one cent. Some of the answers were as follows :—

"Wishing you all success."

"With every good wish to the students."

"With pleasure."

"Suppose you won't object to 50 cents."

"Regard this quarter as given for a reward to the ingenuity of the dun."

"Success to you."

"This is the slickest way to send money I ever saw."

"Now, be good boys and make good use of your time."

"With best wishes." (From New Brunswick.)

"You might have made the hole big enough for 50 cents while you were at it."

"Returned with thanks."

"I am in sympathy with your work and admire your ingenuity, persistence, aggressiveness, tact and cheek."

"Happy thought."

"Let me know if you are short."

"Thanks for your solicitation."

"'Tis sweet to be remembered even thus." (Mrs. J. H. T. Carnduff.)

We might give many more, but the above will furnish food for reflection to the students of human nature.

The following magazines, etc., will be found on the tables of our reading room: The Century, The Forum, The Review of Reviews, The Strand, The North American Review, The Expository Times, The Mind, Scientific American and Supplement, Outing, The Bookman, The Nineteenth Century, Cosmopolitan, Atlantic Monthly, Athenaeum, Ladies' Home Journal, Bibliotheca, Sacra, Werner's Magazine, Munsey, Current Literature, Poplar Science Monthly, Homiletic Review, Poet Lore, The Hebraica, American Journal of Sociology, Political Science, Sports Afield, Critical Review.

PERSONAL AND EXCHANGE

J. Murchison, another of Victoria's boys, has joined us this term and may be found studying Theology on the top flat.

George Steed is preaching at Rosburn this conference year, and has already built a fine church and parsonage, which are nearly free of debt.

E. H. Walker, an under-graduate of Victoria College, has enrolled with us this term and intends completing his studies in the General Arts course.

E. W. Wood is preaching at Valley River. When last heard from, the Dr. was building a log hut. This is quite a "come down" from last term, eh, Dr.?

H. V. Fieldhouse, '06, bronze medallist in the General B. A. course, was the guest of Fred. Sipprell for a couple of weeks while writing on his law examinations.

Geo. McCrossan, who has been teaching school north of Virdeu for a couple of months, has unexpectedly joined our student ranks again, and has already done glory for W-E-S-L-E-Y on the football team.

"H. McConnell practices elocution in room 5 by repeating and re-repeating aloud the Greek and Hebrew alphabet, or the Chinese, for all I know, to a widely scattered audience along the lower corridor."--G. K.

Bert Kenner, one of our local news editors and one of the promising journalistic men of the near future, has been unwell for the last few days, owing to the overtaxing of his voice while standing along the touchline.

I'm wearied with the world, but then

I cannot shake away my trouble,

For I must run with running men,

Who daily try their pace to double.

And move along with rapid pace,

Or, like a laggard, lose the race.

—Selected.

We were pleased to have a few lines from E. E. Perley the other day. Erny still takes a deep interest in Wesley, and is proud of the boys for what they have so far done on the football field. It gives us much pleasure to remember him through Vox to all the boys.

J. L. Veale, ex-principal of the Oak Lake school, is taking up the languages of the Previous year in Wesley. Mr. Veale is an acquisition to the Glee Club as well as to the first twenty-two.

Russell Greenway, who suspended his studies last year at Wesley in order to attend the Normal school, is this term pursuing the studies of the Philosophy course. When not philosophizing, or in attendance at court, he may be seen executing marvellous feats in the gym.

E. B. Spear is again seen in the college corridors. E. B. was called home suddenly last term on account of the illness of his mother. We are pleased to welcome him back and witness the renewed zeal with which he is again delving into the mysteries of nature.

There is a section hand working on one of the railroads in the Northwest who is a graduate of two universities and speaks eight languages. Possibly this may be one of the ten-cent boys on whom a \$10,000 education has been wasted.—Men.

The following is one of the wonderful results of human observation on ears:—"According to Aristotle, large ears are indicative of imbecility, while small ones announce madness. Ears which are flat, point out the rustic and brutal man. Those of the fairest promise are firm and of middle size. Happy the man who boasts of square ears, a sure indication of sublimity of soul and purity of life." Emperor Augustine is said to have had square ears. What kind have you?

Mark Twain says, and we fear it is too true, that "Literature, the ministry, medicine, law and other occupations are cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work, not for the work to do. If you wish to test the truth of this statement, hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a machine-shop, mechanic, or an artist in any branch of industry, and try to hire him. You will find him already hired. If you seek idlers, shirkers, half-instructed, comfort-seeking editors, lawyers, doctors and

mechanics apply everywhere. They are plentiful."

In every age some gifted sage,

In either school or college,
Has risen to illuminate

The world with useful knowledge.

But tho' a man may store his mind :

With much of useful matter ;

He'll neither gain nor yet retain,

Unless he lear to scatter.

What good to think, and then allow

Our gathered' thoughts to slumber,

And have our heads, like all cock-lofts,

A store for useless lumber.

Still, we should have our minds well
stored

With truth and useful learning:

And we should practise what we know

While after wisdom yearning.

—Selected.

The following verses from "Life" may be of interest to some of our youthful metaphysicians:—

Why and Wherefore set out one day

To hunt for a wild Negation,

They agreed to meet at a cool treat

On the Point of Interrogation.

But the night was dark and they missed
their mark.

And, driven well-nigh to distraction,

They lost their ways in a musty maze

Of utter abortive abstraction.

Then they took a boat and were soon
afloat

On a seas of Speculation :

But the sea grew rough, and their boat,

though tough,

Was split into an Equation.

As they floundered about in the waves of
doubt.

Rose a fearful Hypothesis.

Who gathered with glee as thy sank in
the sea.

And the last they saw was this :

On a rock-bound reef of Unbelief

There sat the wild Negation :

Then they sank once more and were
washed ashore

At the Point of Interrogation.

BOARDING HOUSE GEOMETRY

The following definitions and axioms of boarding house geometry which have been elaborated by Mr. Stephen Leacock in New York Truth, will be appreciated by those who have studied geometry and who have also experienced living in a boarding house :

All boarding houses are the same boarding house.

Boarders in the same boarding house and on the same flat are equal to one another.

A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong and angular figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not on the same flat.

All the other rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

Postulates and Propositions.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee line may be made from any boarding house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite ends of a boarding house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the stovepipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill, and on the same side of it, there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side on the one be equal to the amount of side on the other, each to each, and the wrangle be between one boarder and the landlady be

equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For, if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd.

A young lady explained to the printer the difference in printing and publishing, and, in conclusion, said : " Now, you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it." With that he locked the fair form in his arms so that it would not pi, and went to press.

It is to be regretted that the various schools and colleges, having so much in common, are as yet isolated seats of learning, with but little connection. Like separate rivers, starting, perhaps, from the same spring and finding their way to the same ocean, yet having no common tributaries or mingling of waters : so the colleges seem separate streams of life, starting from the same spring of ambition and eagerly hastening to the ocean of truth, yet having little intermingling of thought and feeling. Could the inner life of these individual institutions be brought into closer contact, the result would be elevating and inspiring. The power of influence that would go forth from a large body of united students to affect the moral and social world is beyond measure.—Albert College times.

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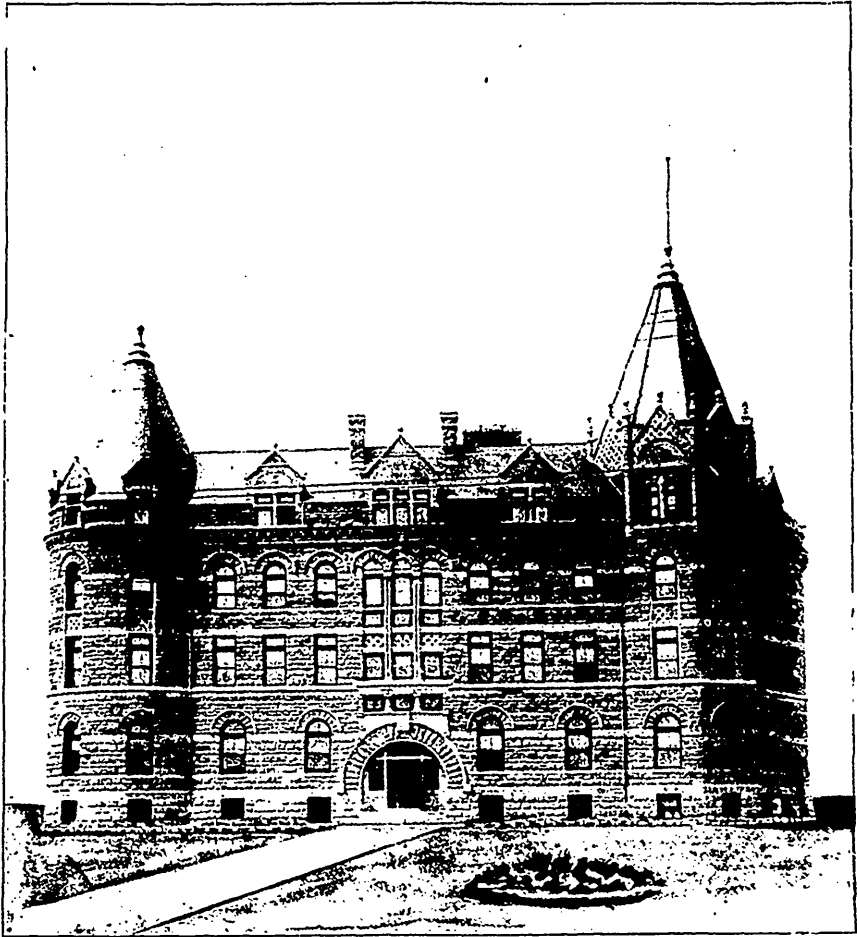
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