

seriously, and especially since we are in a place where material for thought comes to us in abundance without so much as solicitation on our part.

As to this year's sport, it must be said that it has the advantage in quantity and quality over that of any year for some time, and probably it would not suffer in a comparison with what has been done in any equal time in the history of the University. The most of the outbreaks of the year have had a spirit of humor and good-fellowship connected with them that defends them against any charge of coarseness; the battles have all been closely contested; the rivals have been enthusiastic and well matched; and then there have been no results serious enough to mar the pleasure of calling the events to mind. One cannot help experiencing a commendable pride when the class strife in our own University is contrasted with that commonly shown in older ones, for the reason that, so far, there has been here no descent to anything like brutality, and no noticeable tendency to such a descent. The laurels are given to the class that succeeds in turning the laugh against its rival, rather than to the one that demonstrates its superiority in muscle. Our history does not record a single case of hazing. This state of things may change completely when there comes to be close competition in the exercises of the gymnasium, and the boys begin to be more proud of their muscle than of their brains. It may change, but we hope it will not, and we do not expect to see anything of the kind. We give the students credit for having too much common sense to forget that they are not in training for the ring, and for being too progressive to look with favor upon customs that have nothing to recommend them except their antiquity.

It is now our pleasant privilege to record the fourth noteworthy event in the class wars of the year, the three first being, of course, the cane rush, the Fresho-Gillespie contest, and the involuntary drive of the Seniors. On Arbor day morning several Senior sombreros were observed to be moving about the campus, but the fiendish grins of their wearers were hidden, so that all were ignorant of the dire schemes being originated under those domes of felt. A wagon drove up containing a very innocent looking bundle of twigs. The bundle was unloaded, securely planted, and then unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. A monument was exposed to the gaze of the curious bystanders. The legends gave the information that it was to mark the last resting place of the class of '89, which had died of "overwork and mental exhaustion." Some execrable verses testified to the sorrow of the Seniors at the loss of their "darling pet," and numerous skulls and cross-bones displayed the artistic ability of the designers. The

University bell was solemnly tolled, and the ceremony was at an end. In about fifteen minutes a very lively corpse was seen approaching from the eastern side of the campus, the Junior yell was heard, and in a few moments more the monument was in ashes. A more competent judge would be required to determine which class now has the best of it, for, of course, each claims the honor.

LITERARY.

The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt or hide itself in a powerful book never does any harm to a noble girl.—*Ruskin.*

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An article that cannot fail to interest all lovers of literature will be found in the *May Harper's*, entitled, "London as a Literary Center." It gives portraits of a number of the men who are known the world over, with short accounts of their work, not in the line of an estimate of their ability, but in a simple informal way. One gets a glance at the personality of men, known usually only through their works.

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England has just lost her greatest critic—Matthew Arnold. He was a son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, born in 1822 and educated at Westminster, Rugby and Oxford. He took the Newdegate prize on his poem "Cromwell," and in 1857 was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford, which position he held ten years. During the earlier part of his life his literary work was principally poetry, but in later years he has devoted himself more largely to criticism, and has done for his country what *Sainte Beuve* did for France. It would, of course, be the most flagrant presumption for me to attempt to give an estimate of his work. It is almost universally admitted now that the best writer will write for everybody. There are, however, remnants, at least of the old "popular" and "academic" schools, and Matthew Arnold belongs to the "academic." Perhaps this is best shown by his criticism on the work of Emerson and Carlyle, in his lecture, delivered in America, some time ago. It is apparent throughout this production that he has an exalted idea of form, even to the extent of slighting the value of matter.

The phrase "sweetness and light" characterizes the movement he represents and the standard he has set up for himself and for England. The famous article—his last—on "Civilization in the United States" is, both from the fact of its being his last, but more particularly from the views it expresses on American institutions, at present attracting universal attention. It is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Arnold, in one respect at least, that of frankness. However much we may differ from the views presented we must concede that it is not written in bitterness. Those criticised seldom are able, be they ever so good natured, to admit at once the justice of all criticisms offered. Undoubtedly, though, many of those given by Mr. Arnold are deserved.

In places I found the article extremely amusing on account of the evidence it bears that an Englishman—even a Matthew Arnold—is totally unable to enter into the spirit of American life. The extra drop of nervous fluid by which Col. Higginson has characterized us, in contra-distinction to the English, seems to have become a veritable sea, impassably separating them from us. Mr. Arnold raises his hands in holy horror because a Boston paper said, under the head of "Tickings": "Wales says, 'Mary is a darling'", the idea