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SPIKE

OR

Victoria College Review

OCTOBER, 1912.

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AND PRINTED BY WRIGHT & CARMAN, WELLINGTON.
Conversazione Notes: J. G. Fulton, that musical scientist, was heard to advantage in “Arc, the erald angels sing!”

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KELBURNE AVENUE STYLE,
Which is
“THE STANDARD OF CORRECTNESS.”
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... OR...

VICTORIA COLLEGE REVIEW

(PUBLISHED TWICE IN THE SESSION)

The Editorial Committee invites contributions, either in prose or verse, on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. All literary communications should be addressed to The Editor, Victoria College, Wellington.

Subscriptions are now due, and are payable to Mr. G. C. Jackson, Financial Secretary, Victoria College.

Vol. XI. No. 2.

Editorial.

At this year's Capping Ceremony the Hon. James Bryce said, in the course of his address, that New Zealand had many educational problems of her own to face. He was mainly referring to University education, but his utterance may be taken as prophetic in another connection, when we find springing up in our midst—an unwelcome weed in our secular garden—a flourishing Bible in State Schools League. Its objective, a leaflet states, is the restoration of religious teaching in the public schools of the Dominion, by the introduction of that system which has existed in New South Wales since 1866.
That our present system of education is in many respects faulty was made clear by witnesses before both the Cost of Living and the Education Commissions. That it is "a dishonour to progressive New Zealand" because it is secular is the contention of the Bible in Schools League. The League's supporters add further that the introduction of the Bible into schools will "supply the one great factor needed to make the New Zealand education law complete." If only this is needed to make our law perfect and complete, why do people hesitate in the matter? We have been told that in this connection New Zealand is showing herself unprogressive. Fortunately, there are many who think otherwise. Mr. Birrell, commenting on the educational problem in England, said that secular education was the only logical solution, though he also regarded it as a counsel of perfection. The mass of the people, he added, would neither understand nor accept it. New Zealand, however, has understood and accepted it, and, let us hope, will retain it.

Those who wish to upset the present state of affairs acknowledge that our Education law is excellent. What they wish to do is to "complete" it, their argument being that no education is complete that does not include religious instruction. "If," to quote Professor Mackenzie, "they state that the spiritual and purely intellectual side of the pupils' nature should be trained and developed contemporaneously, no one is likely to challenge this statement. If they mean that the secular and religious elements of education ought to be taught at the same time and in the same place, and by the same individuals, their suggestion must appear little other than consummate nonsense to unbiased minds." Unfortunately, the latter suggestion is the one they make. No one will affirm that the State school gives a "complete" education. But it does its part better than the churches are doing theirs.

There are three factors in the education of the child: the church, the home, and the school. If the school takes up five hours out of the twenty-four, and this only on five days of the week out of seven, and leaves the rest of the time for the church and the home, surely it is
justified in demanding that, in those few hours secular subjects only should be dealt with. "For it is the business of the State," says Charles Kingsley, "to educate all alike in those matters which are common to them as citizens: that is, in all secular matters, and in all matters which concern their duties towards each other as defined by law. Those higher duties which the law cannot command and enforce they must leave elsewhere, and the clergy of all denominations will find noble work enough in teaching them." So there is plenty of work for the Church to do. The anti-secularists acknowledge the fact, and make of it a plea for the State's help. But the State should reply, "Help thyself." Some of the churches, especially the Nonconformist, have large Sunday Schools, attractive and well managed; but many are grievously lacking in this respect. They should quicken themselves, not seek to lessen the vitality of an absolutely distinct organisation. They should appeal to the home, not to the State. The responsibility and opportunity for religious education should be left to the parents and the churches.

Secular education may be non-ecclesiastical, but it is not, as some of its opponents in Wellington assert, anti-religious. There is much emotional talk of the banishment of God from the schools. But "education by the State is no more Godless than instruction at a music-school is Godless piano-playing." The State should provide a sound scientific and civic education—the churches should supplement it by instruction in religion. The two are separate parts of the child's education. The child welds them together to form its character.

We shall not dwell on the many questions at issue in this controversy: on the position of Roman Catholics and the State's liabilities towards them if secular education be overthrown; on the unsuitability of many parts of the Bible; on the "conscience clause," and its operation on sensitive children; and on the overcrowding and mutilating of our present school syllabuses. The point we wish to emphasize is the position of teachers in regard to Bible in Schools.

At our University are a great many people who are engaged daily in teaching in the State schools. Will
they welcome the introduction of religion into their syllabuses? Are they competent and willing to teach it? It is stated in a pamphlet on Bible Teaching that “no teacher in any of the Australian States has ever objected to teach the Scripture lessons.” If this is true, it may be explained by this further passage: “This Religious Teaching is placed on exactly the same footing as geography, grammar, or any other subject. At the annual inspection of schools the failure of any class to reach the standard in Scripture would tell against the teacher, just as satisfactory work would tell in his favour.” This is the deplorable state of affairs in New South Wales. If the stories of the Bible were taught as literature and their beauties and their ethics expatiated on, all would be well. But “religious teaching on the same footing as grammar” is ridiculous. Religion, a thing vital and personal and sacred, so say the churches, yet it can be “taught” by State teachers. “Foul fall the day,” said Gladstone, “when the men of this world shall give into their uncommissioned hands the duty of manipulating the Christian religion.” To teach religion as a subject-Australian teachers may consent; let us hope New Zealanders will not.

An Australian writer reports that a large majority of the men and women who were set to teach the Bible had an uneasy feeling that they were expected, by their superiors and by the parents, to teach the Bible as if it were perfectly inspired, and as if every word of it were absolutely true. They could not teach sincerely. All teachers know from experience how unprofitable the work must have been. Hampered by their convictions, and helped by their invaluable text-books, they delivered dry-as-dust, useless lessons.

A teacher in a Sunday School has children to instruct on definite lines. He knows to a certain extent the habits of thought in the children’s minds. He knows he has merely to confirm the habits of thought according to the rules and customs of the church to which they and he belong. Moreover, he undertakes his work enthusiastically. A teacher in a State school knows nothing of his pupils’ religious upbringing, of their outlook on religious subjects, nor is he teaching Scripture for
pleasure, but for duty. How then can he avoid misunderstandings and misconceptions except by limiting himself, in a wilfully unintelligent fashion, to a narrow and uninteresting path? There is no religion, nothing vital, in that perfunctory, so-called "religious teaching" by unwilling and often unbelieving servants of the State. For there are among teachers some who will treat the Bible as an idol to be worshipped; others, if they had their way, as an idol to be broken. Yet both are to teach it as "an ordinary lesson," says Canon Garland.

Surely the teaching of religion should be left to those who love it and who are sincere in it, for in this way alone will it be a potent influence. The influence for good will be greatest in the churches, and greatest in the State, when each is doing its own work. May the teachers of New Zealand recognise this fact, and help to preserve our system of Secular Education!

TRINERVATE.

I.

(TWENTY-TWO.)

The light trousseau of love
Décolleté—a kiss,
A cloud of hair above
Provoking eyelids—this
Could never come amiss.

A tankard of old ale,
A sleepy cigarette,
With you could never fail
To catch delight, and set
The clock so we'd forget.

If morn must come, and take
The happy night away,
We knew the ford where break
Love-ripples all the way—
What more could lovers pray?
II.

(FIFTY-TWO.)

I know not if the debt
I owe to God for life
Can be fulfilled. I set
No value on the strife—
The rage, the blood, the knife.

Who gave me, with command
To find celestial height,
Misshapen tools, a hand
Uncrafty, and a sight
That wickedness must blight

Ere I achieved in death
My pilgrimage? He gave,
Who values not a breath
The dust within the nave,
Or wilderness, for grave.

III.

(SEVENTY-TWO.)

God took long years ago
The shining light He made
For me. Now, if I know
The barter of His trade
Of life and death; the spade

I hear, not very far,
In dreams of bitter sleep.
What gain to lift the bar
Of knowledge, if I weep
For them I could not keep?

Thou, God, hast turned away;
Where are my love, my child,
My hope, my strength, my day,
That could not be defiled?
Oh, God, Thou hast beguiled.

—HUBERT CHURCH.
A Work of Genius.

At an early hour in the morning a student, exercising his limbs, or perhaps communing with the sunrise, on Kelburne Park, came suddenly into contact with a loose leaf of foolscap. Under the impression that it might perchance be a spare copy of Prof. Garrow's much-prized notes, he hastily grasped the interesting document, but found, to his sorrow, that 'twas nothing more than a page of prose, written in an unfamiliar tongue. This page he carried to a certain Professor of Languages, in the hope that it might be something of importance; and that worthy gentleman has pronounced it to be a letter written in Anglo-French (a new language).

In the opinion of the Professor the writer of this manuscript is some student of languages, who, inspired by the work of Montesquieu, has aspired to writing a book of letters, modelled on the "Lettres Persanes," and dealing with the affairs of the College; and that, during a period of insomnia, caused by the production of so brilliant a work, this genius has wandered disconsolate on Kelburne Park, where the gentle breezes have played havoc with the masterpiece, and scattered some of its pages broadcast.

The following is a rough translation of the letter, which may serve to show the SPIKE reading public how much genius passes through the College corridors unnoticed:

"The College Student to His Friend
"at Auckland, —
"To-day we have had a lecture, most delightfully entertaining, concerning the vagaries of Voltaire, the importance of being a good cook rather than a cultured musician, and capability of women to manage men. "'Almost any woman,' says Monsieur, 'can manage any man.' If not, she is unworthy to be put into a play.' Monsieur le professeur is a strange man. Always one finds in his lectures something of the delicious quality that one calls the 'spice.' Perhaps it is a little anecdote of the pleasant life of a rich prisoner in the Bastille, or perhaps a
"startling theory concerning the habits of man—as for example, that he tries at all times to give a false impression, since to appear in his true colours would show him to be a person very insignificant indeed. But whether it be this or that, be assured that there is always something by means of which even the dullest student may call to mind the teachings of Monsieur. With what great relish did he tell us of that little epigram of Voltaire: ‘Our descendants will tell lies just as our ancestors did.’ One imagines that he spoke with the conviction of experience.

"Eh bien, concerning your question as to whether Noah was responsible for the celebrated bon mot ‘after the deluge,’ by dint of much reading in our extended library I have discovered that the remark belongs to no less a personage than Madame Pompadour, regarding whom you, of a certainty, must know something.

"The customs of the people of this College are quite extraordinary. At the commencement one joins clubs innumerable, and afterwards complains that one has no time to attend their meetings. Of their library, all the world says ‘It is hopelessly inadequate,’ and yet there are but a learned few who read more than the books set apart for the purposes of examinations. Many people there are who, in public places, make witty jokes, but few save themselves find these laughable.

"There is just returned to this city one who has been to America—a man with a broad smile and poetic tendencies. One says that he is favourably impressed as regards Americans—more particularly concerning the women—but that he insists that our idea of their method of speech is entirely unfounded. They speak the mother tongue quite as well as we—if not better. Absurd, is it not?

"But why worry you with these details? Altogether, these are a delightful people, for the most part very young, but wholly natural in manner—a charm that is rarely to be found in these times of artificiality.

"Wellington, 9th September, 1912."
MY LADY OF TEARS.

I look on thy face fair in sorrow,
    Tho' fretted and stained with thy tears,
And worn with the troubles of morrows
    Born back in the grayness of years;
On thine eyes that are saddened and listless
    With sadness their sorrow endears;
And I love thee with longing resistless,
    My beautiful Lady of Tears.

Uncared and unclaimed are thy tresses,
    Flung careless, unfettered and free,
Forgetful of given caresses,
    Unmindful of beauties that be.
But thy face, with its sorrow and sadness,
    Knows knowledge sprung out of the years,
So I love thee in grief and in gladness,
    My beautiful Lady of Tears.

The hopes that were thine and thine only,
    The joys that were thine to abide,
Liè shattered and scattered and lonely,
    As wreck- age borne far on the tide.
And the flood of the hours of to-morrows
    Bears grief and fulfilment of fears,
As waifs to the shore of thy sorrows
    My beautiful Lady of Tears.

In a season of sadness and laughter,
    Of joys and of hopes and of dreams,
Forgotten of years that come after,
    Unnumbered of memory's gleams;
When Youth cherished Joy as a brother,
    A whisper, a breath in mine ears—
And I knew that my love was another,
    My beautiful Lady of Tears.

But a breeze that has blown through roses
    Remembers the scent of their bloom,
Afar when the darkness encloses
    Rose-garden, and roses, and tomb;
Though the sweetness is lost ere the rapture
Of summer and roses appears
From the days that are fled past recapture,
My sorrowful Lady of Tears.

And the breath with its burden of sadness,
   Its mists and its grief and its pain,
Breathed something of hopes and of gladness,
   Of roses that bloom not again,
Of yesterday's days and its morrows,
   Of yesterday's hopes and its fears;
But I loved thee because of thy sorrows,
   Thou beautiful Lady of Tears.

—PIRI KEREI.

Meals, Drinks and Etiquette.

The best meal this writer ever enjoyed consisted of
cold boiled mutton, cold potatoes, and cold turnips.
Nothing more; not even a suspicion of pepper or salt.
Of course, the circumstances were exceptional; but it
shows. I will admit that I can enjoy a dinner, say at
Paris House, with the gay dresses and the bright music
and champagne. Likewise, I have eaten at some of the
best hotels and, I hope, all of the worst railway stations
in Australasia. And the appetite by no means governs
the enjoyment; for instance, on a railway station an
appetite which forbids any but a fasting diet, is quite the
most enjoyable, while there is needed the appetite which
a long walk or strong drink inspires, to appreciate to
the full the delicacies of the all-night coffee-stall.

But that best meal of cold boiled mutton, cold pota-
toes, and cold turnips—and nothing more. It was at
sea, on a steamer (I think it was called) of very incon-
siderable tonnage. It was at the time carrying some
800 sheep, also myself and a few other passengers, as a
side line. The sheep fed themselves on the burrs which
their neighbours' fleeces had collected. The passen-
gers—well, "dark grew the lift and loud blew the wind
and surly was the sea," or something very like it. I
understand that we occasionally went through the water, but the voyage was mostly aeronautical. You may yourself have been on a vessel, and have felt the screw revolving in the air. That was what we felt. After a day and a half of that by way of exercise, and very little by way of nourishment, I was ready for a meal. And it was a banquet. It was the best meal I have ever enjoyed. And it consisted of cold boiled mutton, cold potatoes, and cold turnips. Nothing more: not even a glass of ale.

Which reminds me of No-License and that. With all deference to our Prohibition friends, there are doctors who will order alcohol for medicinal purposes. And there are invalids who need no doctor's orders in this respect. Then too, there have been doctors, fortunately the remote exceptions, who have devoted a great part of their own lives to the study of the effects of alcohol from practical experience. This of course is entirely contrary to professional etiquette: a doctor should not prescribe for himself. Likewise, when a lawyer requires to shield himself from some of these base attacks that some people will make on lawyers, he must employ another lawyer to do it for him. Not that two of the fraternity are not more likely to find a way out than one, but if a man does possess brains—as even lawyers will—it puzzles you and me to know why he shouldn't be allowed to use them except for other people. It is weird.

Likewise one is puzzled by quite a number of other vagaries of the professional man. The rule which says that he must not advertise is quite a pity. Think what the world loses in literary gems! Something after this style would attract thousands:

"CARVING EXTRAORDINARY."

"Dr. Gore-Butcher, M.B., L.R.C.P., A.R.A., J.P. (or whatever he may be), would call the attention of the public to his unquestioned skill with the knife. He holds testimonials from the late Mr. Justice Piecrust, the late Mr. O'Bang, King Tooruloo (of Sandwich Islands), Mark Twain, Queen Anne, and thousands of others. Appendices removed daily... Why not yours?"

Or this for the law: "Mr. Eustace Numbskull, Barrister and Solicitor, thorough knowledge of all branches of crime. He fears no judge. Thousands of lawsuits
always in stock. Come and select. One visit to this office will convince you."

It may be, of course, that these people really do advertise in their own quiet way. If you happen along King Street, Sydney, near the Law Courts, you may see the barristers parading there in their wigs and gowns. If you do, I wish you would enquire why they do it: for advertisement, or because of their vanity? Myself, I never summoned up courage to ask.

All this is a long call from that best meal which this writer ever enjoyed. That meal was a delight: cold boiled mutton, cold potatoes, and cold turnips. Nothing more—not even a toothpick.

J. McL. HOGBEN.

———

THE DREAM.

One tender summer eve there came
To me a glorious dream,
In which all common toil and care
Far in the past did seem.
Methought King Arthur and his knights
Held tourney through the land,
And all things base and all things foul
Fled 'fore that joyous band.
And by the King, Sir Lancelot
In steely armour gleamed,
While from a thousand trenchant spears
King Arthur's pennants streamed.
Sir Galahad in golden arms
Sped past, and on his mail,
As though a blood-red meteor shone,
There glowed the Holy Grail.
And all this noble company
Most humbly did revere,
As though Our Lady's form she bore,
A stainless Guinevere.
But as I joined the song of praise,
Quick snapped the bands of sleep,
The dark night settled o'er the land,
What could I do but weep?

—P.Q.
LICINIA’S DIMPLE.

Licinia on a grassy bank
One day in gentle slumber sank.
Venus and Cupid, passing by,
That pretty country-maid did spy.
Cupid an arrow quickly took;
No harm to her would Venus brook.
"Withhold thy hand," she angry cries,
To stop the shaft she vainly tries;
She turns the dart, its golden tip
Strikes 'neath Licinia's ruby lip.
The scar by Cupid's arrow made,
Thus as a dainty dimple stayed.
—OMICRON PI.

Literature in New Zealand and Australia.

(From a paper read before V.C. Debating Society by the President, W. F. Ward, M.A., LL.B.)

Since the first settlements were made in Australia and New Zealand our progress has been chiefly, if not entirely, along material lines. Men have been busied in the strenuous work of subduing the wilderness, of carving out for themselves and their families a home in the waste, of bridging the river, of building the railway. The axe and the plough have been doing their work, the forests have been cleared, the swamps drained, the land tilled. Commerce has been advancing by leaps and bounds, bringing wealth to these Southern lands.

Little time has there been for devotion to literature and the arts. We are a nation of workers. Each and everyone of us is busied in earning his daily bread, and there is little place for the calm and repose in which the arts flourish.
The first essential for the growth of a literary spirit is the existence of a cultured and leisured class. It is not till a large cultured class arises that the literary man has an audience to which he can appeal and look for support. Up to the present time it is probably true that our most leisured class is not our most cultured, and is apt to listen more to the “cry of the bookmaker” than to the song of the poet. The spread of education, however, has created a large demand for one form of literature—the journalistic.

Though I have not attempted to collect any statistics, I would hazard the statement that there are more newspapers published in New Zealand in proportion to the population than anywhere else in the world. The best of our newspapers will compare, for matter and for literary excellence, with daily or weekly newspapers in any part of the English-speaking world.

But though journalistic literature has kept pace with the rapid development in industry and commerce, the higher and more purely literary forms of composition have not developed to the same extent. One reason for this has been already adverted to—the absence of a leisured and cultured class. The poet, the novelist, the essayist, must have an audience sufficiently large to give him an adequate reward—for the poet, “sing he never so sweetly,” has the same material wants and needs that we all have. It was the generosity of a Maecenas and an Augustus that gave to Horace and to Vergil the freedom and the leisure that were needed to enable them to perfect those works which have raised for their authors, as Horace himself proudly says, “a monument more lasting than bronze.” In the past it was generally by the favour of courts that the literary man obtained the leisure that enabled him to devote himself to his art. The educated and wealthy public is the literary man’s patron of to-day, and neither Australia nor New Zealand has yet produced a class free from the engrossing cares of the market-place.

But it is probably premature to look for, or to expect any outburst of literary activity in so new a country as ours. There must be something to stimulate the growth. In a dull age of material progress, poetry at
least, if not other literary forms, does not rise to a high level. There must be something to kindle the poetic spirit, to fill the poet with ideals, to tune him to the right pitch. Accordingly we find that it is at periods when national life has been awakened, when some stirring event or movement has made men’s pulses thrill with enthusiasm, that the greatest poetry has been born.

So will it some day be in this new continent and these new islands of the Southern Sea. We may hope that our awakening may not be attended with the upheaval that gave America her national life. Some crisis we shall have to pass through, some hardening process that will consolidate us into a nation, and make a national literature a possibility. Whatever the future holds in store for us we may be certain that a distinctive national literature will not be evolved until we are thoroughly awakened to a sense of our national existence.

Another circumstance that must play a large part in the evolution of our literature is the character of the land in which we live. This little Britain of the South possesses natural beauties that no land on earth can surpass. Our Alps with their towering peaks, their rolling glaciers; our calm, deep lakes; our cool green forests; our fiords with their leaping cascades, the wonders of the geyser, and the volcano—all these must stimulate the poetic mind. Such a land cannot fail to inspire sweet singers.

In Australia, on the other hand, there is little natural beauty. Her wide, almost desert, places, the monotony of her forests, the often drought-smitten fields, give little inspiration—nay, they are apt, instead of stimulating, to depress, and perhaps to that may in part be traced the sadness that characterises many of her poets. However, this may be but the pessimism of youth; and in two of the best known of her poets, Gordon and Kendall, it is in general measure due to the circumstances of their own lives.

To revert once more to New Zealand. Besides being beautiful, she is already the home of romance and poetry. The brave native race which we have dispossessed has already clothed mountain, lake and stream
with poetic legend and fable; and we, their successors, cannot fail to be affected by the glamour which they cast over the land. Then the story of an heroic, chivalrous race struggling for freedom against hopeless odds has already given us a romantic past, has already given our poets a theme, something that rises above our ordinary dull commercial life. Our earliest, and perhaps our greatest poet, Alfred Domett, found in the Maori the subject for his poem Ranolf and Amohia; while in the realm of music the legend of Hinemoa gave Alfred Hill a theme.

Australia, however, has little of the romantic past that we can claim. There is in the Australian black nothing of the poetry, the romance, which surrounds the Maori. He has no legends, no past, and, we may add, no future. Nor is there in the early history of Australian settlement anything to compensate for this want. Its beginnings as a convict station have indeed had an effect on its literature, but can hardly be said to have inspired its poets. The convict days, the days of the gold-mining rush, and the lawlessness that characterizes them, have found an echo in Australian books. Two of the best known are Marcus Clarke’s “For the Term of his Natural Life,” and Rolfe Boldrewood’s “Robbery Under Arms.” There is something in Australian early life very suggestive of the life of Western America, and this picturesque life, the life of the mining-camp and the bushranger, will probably furnish themes for many stories, and many another “Starlight” will entrance and delight readers with his wild and daring exploits.

Another aspect of Australian life that has already been reproduced in its literature is station life. Much more has this been the case in Australia than in New Zealand. Our station life has been described by Lady Barker in her “Station Life in New Zealand,” and in other books; but it has not found an expression in literature in the same way as it has in our sister colonies. The huge Australian stations, and the wilder life of the stockmen have seized on the imagination of writers, and indeed the local colouring is at present the most distinctive feature of Australian verse. Perhaps it is rather unfair to lay too much stress on this aspect of Australian literature,
for there are many writers who aim at higher things. Much that has been written smacks of the stock-whip, the steer, and much more of the “horse.” This is probably largely due to the influence of one of the earliest and greatest of the Australian writers, Adam Lindsay Gordon. “How We Beat the Favourite” and the “Sick Stockrider” are better known than any other Australian verse. Many who have never heard of Domett, or Bracken, Kendal, or Stephen, know the name of Gordon, and can probably recite one or other of his characteristic racing-poems. In many of his other poems we see the vein of sadness that is a marked characteristic of much Australian verse, probably in unconscious imitation of Gordon, or perhaps because of the sense of dreariness that the wide spaces of Australia itself produce.

Next to Gordon, or perhaps even higher, stands Henry Kendal. He is regarded by Australians as the greatest of the poets that have yet appeared there. His best known work is his “Songs of the Mountains.” Kendal’s poems distinctly suggest the influence of the English poets of nature, and especially of Wordsworth.

This is indeed the outstanding characteristic of both New Zealand and Australian verse, that it is largely imitative. Gordon is the most original poet we have yet produced, and he has a host of imitators. Such are Lawson and Banjo Patterson. In their verses, mingled with the influence of Gordon, is evident that of Kipling. The novelty of the latter’s style, the directness, not to say occasional brutality of his verses, have a considerable fascination for many readers of our day. It is only natural that the free and somewhat rough life of young Australia should find expression in a style eminently suited for it.

But while no doubt verses full of open-air life and freedom have been the outstanding feature of Australian verse, there have been many writers who have aimed at higher things. Next to Gordon and Kendal may be mentioned James Brunton Stephens, whose poems have won more than local fame.

Many of the younger poets of Australia have found expression through the pages of the “Bulletin,” a paper which, both for good and ill, has had a great influence on
Australia. Among the sweetest of these young singers may be mentioned Victor Daly. Many of his poems, like so much of the serious verse of Australia, has a strong vein of sadness.

Another young poet, revealing similar characteristics, is the sonneteer William Gay. What he has written breathes with the spirit of true poetry, and a competent critic has stated that his “Ode on Australian Federation” comes nearer the voice of the true national Australian poet than any other single poem. These are but one or two of the school of poets. Time will but permit the mention of O’Hara, Ogilvie, Quin, and many others, specimens of whose best work is collected in the Golden Treasury of Australian Verse.

In his “Long White Cloud,” W. P. Reeves says, “There is no New Zealand literature.” This seems somewhat severe. The name of Domett stands first and also, perhaps, highest in the roll of our poets and verse-makers. His “Ranolf and Amohia,” a long narrative poem combining philosophic reflexion with descriptions of nature and accounts of Maori legends, earned the warm approval of both Browning and Tennyson.

Next to Domett ranks Thomas Bracken. But however proud we may be of him as a “local product,” we cannot truthfully say that he rises to the higher flights of poetry, and some of his poems are no more than facile verse.

Few New Zealanders have published volumes of poetry, for to publish is expensive, and the lovers of poetry here are few, and their purses light. I note in this connection that the edition of the “Old Clay Patch” is not yet sold out. In the “Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes” are collected the best and most characteristic of Canterbury verses; and in the Golden Treasury of Australian Verse all the most noteworthy of our verse-writers find a place. Among these we may mention W. P. Reeves, Miss Veel, Mrs. Wilson, John Liddle Kelly, William Lawson, Jessie Mackay, Miss Dora Wilcox, Arthur Adams, and Miss Bingham.

It is a noteworthy fact that so many of our best New Zealand poets are women. Perhaps it is that to their
finer natures the beauty of New Zealand makes its strongest appeal.

In the realm of prose we have done hitherto rather less than in that of poetry. Our achievements in the direction of imaginative prose literature are, it must be confessed, somewhat meagre. Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life," a fine, though harrowing, picture of old convict days, is probably still the most outstanding work of fiction Australia has produced. Miss Ethel Turner is another Australian writer who has gained considerable success; and her stories of Australian child-life are well worth reading. Mr. Steele Rudd, the author of many back-blocks sketches, has a considerable fund of humour, and his works have found many readers.

In New Zealand we cannot point to much prose literature of a permanent form. There are books dealing with the Maori, and the Maori war, a narrative of travel and Alpine climbing. Of such books Mr. W. P. Reeves' "Long White Cloud" undoubtedly deserves a foremost place.

Some young New Zealanders have attained to prominence in the realm of fiction, among them being Mr. Fergus Hume, and Mr. Marriot Watson, the latter figuring in that very delightful book of J. M. Barrie's, "My Lady Nicotine." Mrs. Grossman, another Canterbury College student, is a writer of considerable power, and deals chiefly with social problems. Mr. Arthur Adams, already referred to as one of our poets, and now editor of the literary side of the "Bulletin," has also found it necessary to leave his native shores to seek a wider audience. Among Australian novelists that have found it necessary to appeal to an English audience are Mrs. Campbell Praed, Ada Cambridge, Haddon Chambers, and Guy Boothby. One reason for this is the want of a wide and cultured audience here, though this fact has more influence on the production of poetry than of prose, especially prose fiction. One great reason for the exodus is that we do not put any confidence in our native authors, or in our own judgment. We want a book approved of by English critics; that stamp once given, a book will "sell like hot cakes." But, lacking that, we
are inclined to look with suspicion on the home-product, and wonder whether any good thing can come out of Galilee. Another reason is that other professions and avocations offer to young men and women more certain hope of success and profit, so that few are tempted to devote themselves entirely to a literary career.

And after all, we are but babies in the family of nations. Our material bodies have grown so fast that our minds and brains have not kept pace with them. We are adult in body, but not in mind. The ability of strength that has manifested itself in our commerce, in our outdoor life and sports, will, in due time, let us hope, be manifested in our literature.

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WRITTEN FROM OXFORD.

I move 'midst men whose name the world will know—
In sure course towards the zenith rise the stars—
I talk with men o'er whom is cast a glow
From fathers wreathed in fame by fire or Mars;
But all my thoughts are with my friend, at ease,
Starless, but mighty thewed, across the seas.

The books I read were oft in poets' hands.
The hands long dead, the poets living still,
Rich garners these, the wealth of countless lands
Of crumbled ages, brought to me at will.
Ah! give me prattle of an untaught child,
Speak he of home, of hills, of bush-tracks wild.

Here cloven towers rise massive to the sky,
Yon porch with antique ivy overgrown,
The very windows have a reverend eye,
And grey beards hang respect to every stone.
Maiden Victoria is more fair to me
Where unadorned she stands above the sea.

—J.T.
Olla Podrida.

Wanted, by married couple, with boy, nearly 3, private Board and Residence, wife temporary. Terms to Storeman, Evening Post.

* * *

Shock ing morals of the working classes!

* * *

New Zealand Times, Aug. 27th, 1912:—Maypole Soap for Home Dying—in all colours.

Not so messy as the razor-method, and produces the same effect as an apoplectic seizure.

* * *

"For the sake of peace, and in order to preserve unnecessary friction."—G. C. J.-k-n.

Evidently describing the tactics of the Librarian.

* * *

Wanted, unfurnished Room, fireplace, where baby boy (1 year and 4 months old) could be cared for during day. Apply Kindness, Evening Post.

"He will never have such a roasting time at Any other place or any other climate!"

As the old ballad hath it.

* * *

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR IN CUBA STREET.

We don't often have a Sale, but when we do, we DO!"

* * *

AND NEAR PLIMMER'S STEPS.

"John R. L.—, Tailor; Suits Cleaned and Pressed; First Flat Upstairs."

* * *

IS GERMANY AWARE OF THIS?

"An alien enemy cannot sue himself in England."

—Prof. A - m - s - n.

* * *

FROM A LOCAL MILLINER'S WINDOW.

"Bargains with a Vengeance!"

Still, there seems to be something lacking.
"Painless Extraction, 1s.; with Gas, 2s. 6d."
—Dentist's Advt.

Pain AND Gas—all for 1s 6d! It's ours!

"The aspirants for Red Federation fame left the scene of their exploit sadder but wider men."—Dominion.

_Even the 'Minion can't deny the broadening influence of the 'Reds.'_

Wretched!

Situation required as Driver by: steady, reliable married man, just out.—H.W., Adelaide Road.
—_Evening Post._

_Oh well, let bygones be bygones._

"His best tactics are to get in close to his opponent, rest his head under his chin, while he pumps body blows right and left."—_Evening Post._

_Even Jackson can't manage this._

Lost a sovereign on Waterloo Road, or given to the person who bought a benefit ticket in mistake for 1s. change. Apply Honesty.—_Evening Post._

_Change of this sort is always beneficial._

Readers of our last number will remember a gentle thrust which we made at "Liber," of the _N.Z. Times_, for ascribing the remark "the demnition bow-wows" to Mr. Micawber.

The cream of the jest is still to come. We have received a triumphant communication from a nameless correspondent, who solemnly points out that "unfortunately for the importance which should attach to your correcting paragraph 'When found make a note of' is credited to Mr. Mantalini instead of Captain Cuttle." If we might do so without impertinence, we would suggest "Duns Scotus" as a suitable nom-de-plume for our critic.

Two other accusations are levelled against us, to one of which, with all due humility, we plead guilty. Yes, Mantelini
should be Mantalini. "Make a note of" the indictment says should be "make a note on." This we referred to our printer’s devil (a hockey enthusiast), who reports as follows:—

Chapter xv.—Of, 2; On, nil.
Chapter xxiii.—Of, 1; On, nil.
Chapter xlix.—Of, 1; On, nil.

SPRING IN WELLINGTON.

I shall walk by gracious ways,
By the parks and pleasant places,
Look for yellow daffodils,
And the sweet, pale primrose faces.

I shall walk the Terrace slope,
Where a garden fair is blowing,
Lusty pear-trees massed with bloom,
Blossoms on the grass a-snowing.

I shall walk by Kelburne Park,
See the willows gowned in green there,
Bending, breeze-kissed, o'er the creek,
Nodding at the beauty seen there.

I shall walk on Wadestown Hills,
Where the pink-tipped daisy's growing,
And the sweet and golden gorse
Sets a hill-side slope a-glowing.

I shall walk the house-filled streets,
Walk by wharves and coalyards grimy,
Looking for Spring's radiance
In the faces passing by me.

I shall wander homeward then,
Back to Kelburne's wind-swept spaces,
Bearing with me in my mind
Thoughts of weary, work-worn faces.

—A.O.
VICTORIA COLLEGE.

No heritage of honour born of time
Has dowered thy halls, unheedful on their hills
That far beneath the vessels'd tide-wave swills
The busy quays. Yet in the upward climb
For Knowledge, Culture, Truth, the heights sublime
Of merit, power and wisdom shalt thou gain;
Still shall thy children gather at thy fame
To learn thy lesson in the afterward.
And ere the years shall woo thy glorious name,
And hoary Time thine ivied Halls shall wreath,
Thy children, sons and daughters, shall bequeath
A priceless dower of Honour nobly won.
And those who sought thy glory—yea, each one
Thy loud-voiced later children shall acclaim.

—Piri Kerei.

Of Clubs.

(By "Simplicitas."

You will observe that I take my heading after the manner of Montaigne, Addison and others of the greater literary periods. Consider it not presumption, gentle reader, for it is but a subterfuge to take the mind back from an age of Cycling Clubs, Surf Clubs, Skating Clubs, Societies, Institutions, Circles, and so forth, to the intellectual ages. From an age of tabloid knowledge, information, directories, encyclopædias, muddle and many religions, to the time of the poets, the nation, culture and the coffee-houses, when men thought it more desirable to live honourably than merely to live.

Surely none of us dare keep a diary and write therein every incident of our life and balance it yearly like a ledger, placing on the one side the time spent in mechanical tasks, in mere routine, the duties whereby we feed and clothe ourselves, and on the other the time spent in thought and meditation, the consideration of the beautiful and the ideal, the really ennobling things that
feed the soul. Would not our animal occupations so greatly outweigh those of the intellect, whereby we are different from the lower animals, as to bring a great shame upon us?

Perhaps if we confine our investigations to New Zealand alone these thoughts will appear less extravagant. Reflect for a moment. How stands our Literature in the scale of things? Our Art? Our Science? Are we not so busy following the achievements of older countries, reading their Literature, admiring their Art, applying their Science, that we ourselves are non-productive, or, at the best, but foolish imitators? Our gaze is fixed steadily outward when it should be turned searchingly inward.

The Student at the University is forced to acquire what is, after all, a superficial knowledge of many subjects for examination purposes. His time is very limited. Would it not be better for himself and the State if he became great, famous, in one subject, rather than a mere nonentity at many? The remedy is plain. We must adopt a self-reliant policy of internal examinations, and induce both the University College and the individual student to Specialize. The road to greatness for our country is straight and long, yet we have not yet started upon it. Our ideas still come, with our fashions, from London.

Now to our Clubs. Public opinion in New Zealand is entirely at the mercy of the Newspapers. They play with it as a cat plays with a mouse. The uneducated, perforce, must echo the opinions of the Editor of their particular brand of Newspaper. The educated are too engrossed in their pursuit of coin collecting to shout their opinions from the housetops, and are content to exchange them over the 5 o’clock drink or in the tramcar. However valuable their thoughts and reflections are on various subjects, they must perforce lie buried and lost, for there is no way of circulating them for their face value.

Emerson says, “I need only hint the value of the Club for bringing masters in their several arts to compare and expand their views, to come to an understanding on these points, so that their united opinion shall
have its just influence on public questions of education and politics.” Again, “Wisdom is like electricity. There are no permanently wise men, but men capable of wisdom, who being put into certain company or other favourable conditions, become wise for a short time, as glasses rubbed acquire electric power for a while.”

Thus I would bring you to the serious consideration of the necessity of placing club life in New Zealand on a new footing. Also I would have you consider it as though the foundation, the origin of such clubs were to come from the University. And why not? The true University is the home of a country’s Culture, the originator of its Thought, the Mother of its Statesmen, Scientists, Soldiers, Poets, Writers, of its all. So far as that is it from being a night-school. Her status, her scope, must be so raised that her students may be the country’s great men, and the country’s great men her students. The day may yet come when lectures will be delivered at Victoria College on Art, Science, Literature, and so forth, that Mr. Baeyertz and Frank Morton would be pleased to attend.

Then will there be a University Club where “masters in their several arts will compare and expand their views,” and it shall be for a power in the land well befitting the status of a University. Thus you see, gentle student, we have far to go before lifting ourselves entirely from the imputation of being a night-school for law clerks and school teachers. The real value of specialization has not yet been thoroughly grasped by our legislators, and the Students’ Association cannot be accused of having shown an undue interest in the University’s welfare in that direction.

As for the Clubs, it is well known that at a certain dinner during last Capping Carnival time in Wellington a number of University men “capable of wisdom were put into certain company and other favourable conditions,” and did “become wise for a short time”; magnificently, eloquently, wise. But let me digress a little while.

Terrible rumours were abroad. Some said it was a Secret Society, formed for the commission of dark and dreadful deeds. Others, that every man had sworn to “sink a pint mug of beer with every toast” except that of
the Professorial Board, when they were to sink two. So I went round. A guard of constables was at the door, and they saluted when I approached. Giving the Sergeant my boots to hold, I crept upstairs. The passage was littered with boots of all sizes and shapes. One pair was remarkable for its size and the peculiarity of its bumps. With a phrenological curiosity I examined it closely, and found that each boot was neatly stuffed with paper, in order, I suppose, that it might retain its shape. Inside were the initials N.Z., or V.Z.—I am not sure which. The origin of this peculiar custom of removing the boots, I found, lies in an accusation once brought against the Club of rowdiness on the way home one morning. As I entered on tip-toe a young man was standing at the head of the room (wherein were two long tables), delicately fingerling the stem of a wine-glass containing, as afterwards he told me, a little of Messrs. Thompson and Lewis's famous Raspberry Fizz. The moment was a strikingly impressive one. In tones of mingled sorrow and indignation he was relating that some malignant and unscrupulous scoundrel had spread the ingenious story amongst those whom they held dear at Salamanca that there was to be liquor at the gathering which he now addressed. Amidst all the heartbroken sobs and cries of indignation which greeted those words, I retained sufficient control over my feelings (for my heart went out to them) to observe two faces that made a lasting impression upon me. The one was that of a man somewhat more aged than his companion's. Never have I seen more wonderfully depicted the emotion of surprise. Two blonde eyebrows were raised as no ordinary man could raise them, and two frank, pained, blue eyes gazed in astonishment at the speaker over a pair of spectacles resting carelessly low down upon a delicately aquiline and truly aristocratic nose. His clean-shaven lips were drawn back in a half credulous smile, which gradually changed to an appearance akin to sternness. The other was that of a kindly-faced gentleman with a fair moustache and reflective blue eyes. His grey tinged hair surmounted features that might betoken a man who had spent his whole life without doing one act of harshness to man or animal. He alone, of that whole assembly, retained an appearance
of perfect calm, the calmness of one who knows not of
guilt or fear or any such. Gazing thus quietly at the
decanter in front of him he impressed me greatly as one
whom politicians might envy.

In a few moments arose one who, from the smile
that played around the corners of his mouth, appeared
to hold the key to the situation. He addressed them
with a mingling sweetness of philosophical reassurance
and political wisdom, that turned this gathering of in-
dignant men into one of happy, careless, undergradu-
ates. Truly, I thought, my informants were mis-
taken; and my heart went out to them a second time as
my eyes dimmed with memories of Old Heidelberg, for
never since those happy days had I been so near to the
old undergraduate life. He spoke a few appropriate
words concerning the saying of things on the house-
tops that should be whispered in the chamber, and
much else besides. He was indeed an excellent jester.

Many were the old College songs that echoed round
those four walls, many the stories, and great the laught-
er. The world appeared to me to be a happy place,
and, after taking a large mug of Ginger Ale which a
pleasant-mannered fair young man handed me when I
beat him down from 5s 6d to 3s 9d over some money he
wished me to give him, I sank into a quiet reverie, which
seemed, perchance, like slumber. I know not now
whether I handed it to him or he took it as thus I lay—
and how much he took.

Later came the sound of dim voices and laughter
and that self-same aristocratic gentleman of the spec-
tacles appeared to be speaking. He spoke impassion-
ately of his youth and of his ambitions. How he had
striven with all the cunning of a janitor and the enthu-
siasm of a freshman to be wicked. This appeared to
me to be strange in such a polished gentleman, and I
gazed intently. Then, indeed, I saw the callousness of
that smile, the cunning of those frank blue eyes, and the
tell-tale lines upon that forehead. With trembling voice
he related his fleeting successes in tea-rooms, at bar-
counters, front rows at theatres, the whole pitiable tale—
and my heart went out to him as he told how he had
failed dismally through insufficiency of money. Brave
man indeed, he said he would strive on, for the sake of the past. Then again that drowsiness overtook me, and I sank slowly in a whirling sea of clinking glasses, song, and story.

Truly that night shall live long in my memory, and I shall go forth and seek again those merry souls: yet no silver shall I bear with me.

---

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Oh, speed your way while the sun is bright
With the flush of the early east
To the hills a-frown with mystic might,
Ere the throb of the dawn has ceased:
To the burning thrall of the broken west,
To the winding trail and its weird unrest,
And the spell of the siren's feast.

And be there a lilt in the joys we shared
To lighten your life in its waning day,—
Be it whirr of wheel on the reeling slope,—
Be it fire of hoof on the falling way,—
Be it bursting bud of a blossoming hope,
Lay it in lavender; fold it away.

We have watched the warmth of the westward seas,
And the blue of the serried south;
We have drained of life to the withered lees
In the barren days of drouth;
We have caught the hush of straining peaks,
And trailed the carol of crooning creeks
To the angry river mouth.

And be there a charm of the joys of the west
To gladden your life in its autumn day,—
The dreamy deeps of a shroudless sky
Or flaming dust of the scattered way:
Oh, garner its spell ere the glamour die,
Lay it in lavender, fold it away.

—F.H.J.
"Invest me with a graduate's gown
'Midst shouts of all beholders,
My head with ample square-cap crown.
And deck, with hood, my shoulders."

THE CAPPING CEREMONY.

This year, contrary to custom, the Capping Ceremony, instead of preceding, followed the Carnival, and was held in the morning instead of in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the latter arrangement, the Town Hall was well filled by a large audience of interested parents and friends, past-graduates and under-graduates, the last-named displaying, now and again, a somewhat invalid wit. The proceedings were, as the papers said, "of a most orderly nature," the size of the great hall and the presence of a most distinguished visitor somewhat diminishing our levity.

The stage, hung with curtains and containing some of the scenery from the night before, appeared, to one sitting in the gallery, as a murky cave in whose background could barely be distinguished the familiar forms of the Professors and College Councillors; while towards the front, more in the light of day, sat His Excellency the Governor (Lord Islington), the Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce, British Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, U.S.A., and Dr. F. Fitchett, Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Dr. Fitchett, who presided, introduced into his ten minutes' speech some examples of statistics and a truly harrowing description of the financial poverty and architectural unloveliness of Victoria College, and ended by dwelling in hopeful prophecy on the future liberality of Parliament.
Lord Islington made one of his typically clever and tactful speeches, and was applauded vigorously by the gallery. The next speaker was the Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce, for whose words we were all waiting in eager expectancy. He was introduced by His Excellency, who appealed to us to give our visitor "the most cordial of Victoria College welcomes, and then an attentive hearing," which we did. Mr. Bryce is a speaker who grips the attention of his audience at once, and keeps it till he brings to an end his finely flowing speech of lucid, thoughtful sentences. We reprint the following report of his speech from "The Dominion":—

Mr. Bryce thanked the gathering for the cordiality of the reception. "Let me," he went on, "thank my old friend, His Excellency the Governor, for the terms in which he referred to me; but his words, I think, were spoken more out of old acquaintanceship than in strict adherence to the truth. He said that I have made many speeches to University audiences. I am almost ashamed to say how many... However, having listened to many a weary speech in the House of Commons, I should be the last to delay you with a long address." Graduation at the University, continued Mr. Bryce, was not the end of education, but, rather the beginning of it, and the teaching obtained at the institution was to teach people how to teach themselves, and thus make life one long process of education. A famous man of a former day had said: "I shall die always learning." Learning ended only with life. They should cultivate a love of knowledge, and a love of truth. He remarked that the woman graduates were a leading feature of the New Zealand University, and one of those features which gave a peculiar charm to it. On Thursday, he said, he had had the privilege of being present at the opening ceremony of the New Zealand Parliament, and he had thought how close a connection there should be between the Parliament and the University. It should be of the greatest importance and value if the Parliament included University-educated members, who would bring to the House their full knowledge. He hoped that University men would offer themselves for service in public life, and fill honoured places in the Legislative Assembly. (Applause.)

New Zealand had many difficult problems of University education before it, said Mr. Bryce. Some of these problems were peculiar to New Zealand. There was the peculiar difficulty of knowing how to reconcile the claims of the four cities for their four colleges. New Zealand had to spread its work, and its effort, and its money over the four institutions, while in England
they had a proportionately smaller number of universities upon which to bestow their attention. New Zealand had produced men of high capacity, such as Professor Ernest Rutherford and Professor R. C. McLaurin, who had been drawn away by the larger salaries and the somewhat larger field, which the other countries offered. It was hard that when a country possessed a man of exceptional gifts he was apt to be taken away from the land of his birth. The New Zealand University had also the difficulty of having an Examining Board which was not in such close connection as some would like to see it with the teaching work of the colleges. (Applause.) He felt, therefore, that there was a great deal of difficulty in endeavouring to adjust university teaching to the peculiar needs of the Dominion. He was certain that the Government would endeavour to place University education upon the best possible footing. He hoped that public attention would not be diverted from the subject until a serious effort had been made to solve these problems of magnitude.

Mr. Bryce thought that he might be allowed to make three remarks, based on what he had seen at Home, in Canada, and in the United States, where the problems were sufficiently like New Zealand’s to enable him to speak with some confidence. The first counsel he would give was that it seemed to him that New Zealand would be obliged to try to specialise work. The difficulties of concentrating on one centre were obvious in a country of the shape of New Zealand. One must admit the difficulty there would be in creating one great university out of the four colleges. But if that could not be done, it would be best to allot to each college some special field of activity in which it could extend and develop, so that, instead of four institutions all imperfectly developed, they would have four institutions each of which would be especially equipped in some particular direction. It was not necessary that a student should obtain all his education in one institution. In a country which stood second to none in the higher education—he meant Germany—it had long been a practice for students to begin their education at one university, go on to another, and then even to a third, thus following on to the colleges which gave the highest education in the direction which the student desired.

For instance, they could have at (say) Otago the medical faculty, at Auckland mechanical and mining engineering, at Christchurch agriculture, and at Wellington law, political economy, and finance. It had very strongly been borne in upon him how important it was to have an agricultural college of the highest excellence. New Zealand had agricultural resources hardly equalled in any part of the Empire, and it was New Zea-
land's duty to develop those resources. There was no truth greater than the supreme importance of cultivating science for the purposes of agriculture. If a member of the Legislature were present, he would say to him that there was no service the Legislature could render greater than the making of the most liberal grants for the development of an agricultural college along wise lines of the greatest efficiency. This had lately been done in Canada and in the United States, and in many parts of those countries the productivity of land and the value of stock had been doubled in the last twenty years through the application of proper scientific methods. Supposing that one branch of science was allotted to each university they would be able to apply effort and money to produce the best possible result. New Zealanders should not suppose that because this country was far from the Old Countries, modern languages were not of importance. There was never a time when a knowledge of Spanish, French, and German was of greater importance to commercial men in every part of the Empire. The second counsel which Mr. Bryce said that he wished to give was that they should not forget the theoretical side of education while paying attention to the practical side. Upon the theoretical depended the practical. It was through the cultivation of the mind, and the development of its powers, that nations grew and advanced. And, lastly, it should not be forgotten that university education was a most important factor in public life. New Zealand had an immense number of problems to solve, and was proud of trying to solve those problems which had puzzled the Old World. The university consisted of teachers, and the best possible teachers should be obtained. The only way they could get and retain first-rate teachers was to pay high salaries. They were in danger of losing their best men to Europe and Canada, as they had lost Professor Rutherford and Professor McLaurin. They had, on the other hand, the chance of getting young men out from Home. He hoped that the Legislature would not scruple to give most liberal grants in order that the country might procure men of the highest attainment.

"I have only one more word," said Mr. Bryce. "I have now been a month in New Zealand. I have been received here with a kindness which I can never forget. I have admired the grandeur of your scenery, which combines the glories and the splendours of the mountains of Switzerland, the lovely colours of Scotland, and the landscape of the Norwegian fiords. I have never seen a country where the beautiful hues of mountain and sea blended in such exquisite perfection. I have admired the wonderful resources of this Dominion, with its rich soils, its climate, and its fruits. I have admired its resources in water-
power. I have admired, also, the wisdom with which your Government and your Legislature have endeavoured to set apart scenery for the enjoyment of the nation of the time to come. No one can fail to be struck with the marvellous future before your country, and this is enhanced when you remember that you have a population of the purest British stock, a population which had sprung from a population which contained a large number of men of the highest patriotism, public spirit, and intellectual capacity. Many of their descendants are still among you, and their memory you will always cherish and value. It is with a sense of gratitude that one comes to a country like this and sees how deep an attachment its people cherish for the Old Country. When I return I will venture to tell the people of the Old Country, and the people of Canada, how strong are the ties that bind you to them, and I tell you now how strong are the ties that bind them to you. As I have to leave New Zealand this afternoon to visit Australia, may I thank those who have been so kind to myself and my wife. May I say that the warmth of your reception will never be effaced from our memory. May I say I sincerely wish that all the prosperity which a beneficent Providence has showered upon this happy land may continue. I trust that a leading part in the life of this country may be the lot of University and College; and, I wish for the students, careers of honour and usefulness in the life of this great Dominion."

The right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud and prolonged applause.

Professor von Zedlitz then emerged from the dark background of the stage, and stigmatized the Government’s timidity in the matter of financial aid for Victoria College. He was followed by Mr. Chas. Wilson, Chairman of the College Council, who pathetically called our attention just once more to our appallingly poverty-stricken condition.

The Vice-Chancellor then presented the degrees.

THE PROCESSION.

On looking up our copy of THE SPIKE for October, 1910, we find that the procession of that year was described as “a successful innovation.” The description goes on: “For several weeks a band of enthusiasts devoted their time and their energy to the preparation of such a students’ procession as those which for some years past have marked diploma day at our sister Colleges.”
Our Procession can no longer be termed an innovation, but, unfortunately, the second part of the above description is not so applicable as of yore. A committee was as usual set up to make preliminary arrangements, but in spite of all their efforts they were met with such a half-hearted response that for a time they almost despaired. There was a general lack of enthusiasm, and an unwillingness to help in the work of preparation. There seems to be at College a large body of students who, for want of a better term, may be described as pseudo-blase. Their one cry is for something new. They certainly offer suggestions (many of them of a weird and wonderful kind), but should they be asked to carry out these self-same suggestions, they remember that they will unfortunately be detained at the office on Capping Day. They appear entirely oblivious to the fact that from a sordid monetary point of view this procession is one of the best advertisements our Students' Association can have, and by its means we are enabled to fill the Town Hall, and incidentally the coffers of the said Association.

So much for those who could, but did not, take part in the procession.

By an oversight on the part of Mr. Bates, the morning of Capping Day was wet; but an urgent telegram from our indefatigable Secretary cleared this up, and from twelve to two the rain was stopped. It was found convenient for all parties to avoid the steep descent from Salamanca, and so the start was made from St. Peter's Schoolroom. A motley assembly foregathered, and were duly subjected to the camera-men. By a quarter past twelve we were under way. As usual, two mounted policemen were sent (quite unnecessarily) to add an air of dignity, and these were joined by a diminutive Tod Sloan on Auckland's lost racehorse (a Corporation draught-horse). We missed our old friend the dragon—(superannuated, and at present residing in the recesses above "the hop-floor on the top-floor" of the gym.)—but the Maoris, the Band (Oh, that Band!), the Territorials, and the Passive Resistors, were all there. Auckland's burglar scare was depicted very movingly—the burglars being finally caught and "run in" at the Lambton Police Station. Home Rulers, charming damsels, suffragettes,
governors, "wowsers," were all there. Captain Scott was seen making his historic dash for the Pole.

An eloquent address in favour of Home Rule was interrupted by a lady, presumably of Irish extraction, who climbed on the waggon and refused to descend until she had explained the true position of Home Rule in Ireland.

Brightest and best of the innovations were the ballet-girls in costumes reminiscent of Johnston Street. They ogled policemen, Members of Parliament, wharf labourers, and flappers quite indiscriminately.

The Procession wound its way through the main streets, arriving at the Post Office at one o'clock. Here the various tableaux became separated, and each tried to explain to a laughing crowd why it was there. Beneath one waggon our worthy Mayor was seen listening to a representation of himself presenting one William Cornish with the Freedom of the City for bravery in defying our country’s laws.

The homeward route was of an unrehearsed nature—many hurrying away to get to work in the afternoon—others heading for Kirk’s and dinner. One gay Lochinvar, with his lady-love mounted behind him, attempted to ride his horse into one of the leading hostelries, but was ejected by the management.

On the whole, though not so strong numerically as in previous years, the procession was a success, as was proved by the well-filled hall which greeted the raising of the curtain in the Town Hall in the evening.

THE CARNIVAL.

Owing to the occupation of the Concert Chamber, our Capping Carnival was held this year in the big Town Hall, which, contrary to many gloomy prognostications, was filled to overflowing. One serious drawback to our performance in the big Town Hall is the fact that the choruses sound pitifully weak, and that the majority of the performers in the extravaganza were inaudible to half the gallery, and to those sitting at the back and sides of the hall. However, despite this drawback, the Carnival was a great success.

The first part of the programme consisted almost entirely of vocal items, the Glee Club singing two lulla-
bies so realistically that many of the on-lookers could not conceal yawns. It is a pity that this excellent club does not choose songs of an exhilarating nature, more suitable than lullabies to the festive occasion.

About the farce which followed, rumour had been busy; so the reality was eagerly awaited. The play was smart rather than clever, and contained some very excellent hits; but the scenes did not fit smoothly and easily into one another, and the ending was not so strongly dramatic as one of the previous scenes. Mr. Broad's cleverly caught Irving snarl, and Mr. Cad-dick's well-sustained and excellent imitation of "Naey-ertz" were two important factors in the success of the piece. The sprightly devils looked refreshingly fiendish amid the gloomy scenery from Mrs. Hannah's clever brush.

After the concert was a dance, the most memorable feature of which was the appalling mêlée in the corridor, while programmes were being distributed. The dance itself was very enjoyable, and seemed, as all good dances do, to come to an end too soon.

This year there was no Undergrad's Supper, but instead there was a very jolly afternoon tea for all students. On Friday evening, June 28th, a dinner was held in honour of the graduates, and it proved a most pleasant ending to the Carnival gaieties of 1912.

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**WARNING.**

You whose days are bright with sun,  
Questing maid of twenty-one,  
    Life is very tragic!  
Pain with pleasure intertwining,—  
Joy's silk hood with sorrow's lining,—  
    Even in Love's magic  
Poison in the philtre lurking,—  
Satyrs in the shadows smirking,—  
So you'll find, ere life is done,  
Questing maid of twenty-one.  

—ANUS.
Past Students' Column.

Miss M. E. Gibbs has been appointed General Secretary for New Zealand for the Missionary Settlement for University Women.

Miss A. W. Griffiths, the New Zealand representative of the same mission, has been here on furlough from India. She is to be married shortly, and her future home will be at Bombay.

A. B. Fitt, who gained one of the free passages granted by the Shaw, Savill Co. for N.Z. students, left last year for Germany, there to continue his studies.

F. R. Lankshear is now at Victoria University, Manchester.

Allan Macdougall has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in English Literature at Nottingham University.

Miss Annie Smythe, who is a missioner at Tokio, Japan, is due here next year on furlough.

Miss Dulcie Williams has been appointed one of the doctors on the Napier Hospital staff.

Diamond Jenness is in New Guinea, sent there by Balliol College, Oxford, to do Anthropological Research work.

Miss Zoe Poynter is teaching in Pretoria, South Africa.

J. G. Bee is teaching at the D.H.S., Masterton.
Miss E. Fell, who has been studying at Cambridge, is returning to New Zealand at the end of the year.

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In June last, at Nelson, Miss Vera Saxon was married to L. Coombs. The SPIKE wishes them every happiness.

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Misses O. Haddrell, A. E. Currie, and D. Glasgow are teaching at schools in Auckland.

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On September 14th the Victoria College Graduates' Association gave a dinner in honour of the graduate members of the new Ministry.

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TO A RECALCITRANT BELT.

From your seclusion come, my belt,
    And seek your once accustomed channels,
And feel once more the joy you felt
    At sight of jersey, shorts, or flannels.
A belt that once decked Joan or Sue
    Might like to lie and rest in camphor,
But surely that's a thing that you
    Don't care a dam for.

Most like your relative afar
    Who clasps the waist of slim Orion,
You too embraced a shining star,
    Or shall we say Olympic lion;
Who, be the foeman wild or meek,
    Would, drawing you a little tighter,
Into the middle of next week
    Dispatch the blighter.

Remember, those spectator folk
    Who have us always at their mercy,
Would greet my usual brilliant strokes
    With shouts of joy and "Well played, Percy."
And if by chance I made a duck,
    Then Bertie would explain to Freddy
That it was awfully rotten luck,
    I wasn't ready.

Remember too those glorious tries
    Achieved by runs both fleet and dodgy,
Which hallowed me within the eyes
    Of maidens coy and mothers stodgy;
How, when the hostile lines I sent
    To taste defeat's most bitter doses,
You shared, my belt, my subsequent
    Apotheosis.

But that was nearly half a score
    Of limping years agone, old leather,
And now they ask us just once more
    To try our old-time luck together.
So round you go, we'll show at least
    Our ears aren't deaf to such entreating;
What's this? Your ends, you graceless beast,
    Refuse the meeting!

—S.E.

Helen and I.

Helen and I have been engaged since the Persecution. At least, it's settled now. Until last Thursday there was some doubt on the point. I said we were; Helen said we were not. She said it was purely platonic—nothing but good-fellowship.

Of course I objected. I told her that her feelings might be platonic, but as for mine, they were decidedly the reverse. I told her that if there was one thing more than another that I utterly detested, it was this idea of platonic friendship. I questioned whether Plato, even in his most ridiculous moments, had ever been in favour of such a thing, and I requested to be informed if she had read Plato in the original. She had not. I assured her that it was only by reading him in the
original that an intelligent appreciation of his views could be arrived at, and I gave it as my reasoned opinion that Plato was fundamentally opposed to anything of the sort. Finally, I mentioned as an indisputable fact that Plato was dead. I spoke warmly.

"That sounds all right," said Helen, "but it's wrong. I know it is."

"But this platonic business is contrary to human nature," I argued.

"It's not," said Helen; "I'm sure it's not."

"Why, dash it all," said I, "how the dickens can you explain your behaviour that day Daphne introduced us? If we're not engaged, the whole thing's dashed improper."

"Oh, that," said Helen, a little troubled; "that's all right. You looked so horribly upset. And I was sorry. That was quite platonic."

"Well, I'm not going to have any of it," said I.

"You can't help yourself," said Helen; "I know I'm right." I groaned. I flatter myself I can argue, right or wrong, with most men, but the logic of a woman makes me gasp. I gave it up.

"It's quite understood that I'm not feeling platonic," said I.

"Oh, quite," said Helen, with a friendly smile. I cursed, and cleared out to think it over. But there didn't seem anything to do, except await developments.

I stood it for a deuce of a time, but developments didn't seem to develop. At last I decided to enlist Daphne.

I think I've mentioned before that, despite her failings, Daphne's not a bad sort of a sister, and on this occasion she played up like a brick. I told her the whole yarn, and humbly asked advice.

"You don't believe in this platonic idea, do you?" I asked.

"Certainly not," said Daphne, very decidedely. She saw me looking at her, and blushed. Daphne and George Harvey—but that's a secret yet.

"Well, go ahead," said I. "What's to be done?" Daphne sat down and sucked a pencil. It was an ink pencil, and she got her tongue all blue, but Daphne
doesn't mind a little thing like that. When she got herself nearly inky enough to warrant my interfering on humanitarian grounds, she sat up.

"I've got it," said Daphne. She expounded.

"What you've got to do," said she, "is to cultivate a platonic friendship yourself."

"Not me," said I. I always believe in sticking to my guns.

"For another girl," said Daphne, impatiently. "You can easily get some girl or other." I grasped it now.

"D'you think it will work?" I asked. I was a bit dubious.

"Of course it will," said Daphne. "She'll get jealous; you'll see.

It seemed a risky thing, but I tried it. In a manner I suppose it may be said to have worked, but it didn't work in the right direction. I suppose I overdid it—I know I did. Anyhow, Helen took it badly, and refused to speak to me at all.

This was no good—things were getting worse, and seemed likely to stay that way. Of course, I blamed Daphne, and Daphne cried, and I felt a brute. And of course Daphne tried to mend matters, and got snubbed. And things were miserable all round until Bub took a hand.

Bub is my bull-pup. I have no false pride, and I am willing to admit that his appearance is not Bub's strong point. He has the most frightful face ever seen outside a nightmare—something extra special even as bull-dogs go. But his heart is the heart of a saint. We call him Bub because he's such a bally ass. His one ambition is to be friendly with the world, and he spends half his time making friendly overtures to everything that lives, and the other half accepting terrified rebuffs. The baker, a nervous man, has refused to serve us, and the grocer leaves his things at the gate. And I know that if there are any two men on this globe with whom Bub desires to be on terms of more than usual intimacy these two are the men. But such is his life—a living tragedy.

The Brats (alias Bobby and Jimmy—fraternal relatives and staunch friends of mine, aged 7 and 5)—have not the slightest respect for him, and it is one of their
greatest pleasures in life to make a football of the delighted animal. But perhaps the favourite game with both Bub and the Brats is a sort of simplified "tag." The Brats run off with hoots and yells, and Bub gives chase. He is not built on speed lines, and he seldom overtakes them, but when he does it is one of the rules of the game that he jumps at them.

But to get back. Last Thursday Bub and I were sitting on the verandah ruminating on the rottenness of Denmark, when the garden gate opened and Helen came in. (She still came to see Daphne, though they were a lot cooler.) I got up to clear out, but Bub, always the gentleman, went to meet the visitor.

Now, I don’t know whether Bub was feeling particularly lively that afternoon, or whether he thought that Helen looked the sort to relish a game of "tag," but anyhow he assumed that he was "it," and started to play. Helen saw him coming, stopped—and took to flight.

That was all right from Bub’s point of view. She was clearly a good sort. He put on an extra spurt in the amiable endeavour to make the game a bit more interesting. Helen met his effort on a £ for £ basis. Down the path to the summerhouse they dashed, while I looked on, wondering whether to laugh or not. A ladder was lying against the little bower, and Helen dashed at it as a hope of escape. She climbed to the roof, breathless, and very frightened.

Bub was a bit confused. The Brats never did anything like this. But his enthusiasm never flagged. He attempted the ladder, but failed. He tried to jump, and beat his previous record of six inches by a clear inch. He then sat down to think it out.

It was at this moment that the idea struck me. Here was the possibility of a drama—the stage setting, the injured heroine, and the villain (in this case also acting the part of comic relief). But the show was minus a hero. I stood up. I would be the hero.

I strolled down the path and took a seat on the garden roller. Bub wagged what he calls his tail, but Helen stood to her dignity.

“Don’t let me interrupt you, Bub,” said I. I lit my pipe. Bub got to work again, and finding a window at
the back, made strenuous assaults on it. His idea clearly was “once within the window and the girl is mine.” He assaulted for three minutes, and then gave it up.

He came round to the front again, obviously a dog with an idea, and left me to keep an eye on the ladder while he sought assistance. Before Helen could attempt to escape he was back again, bringing his friend Bob. Bob is a terrier—sharp as a needle. Bub rather looks down on him as a fellow without a soul above rats and the like, but whenever there is any thinking to be done, he calls in Bob.

The two arrived in a state of great exhilaration. Bub sat down and waited for Bob to elucidate. The latter toured the building, and then sat down too. He gave it as his opinion that it was No Go—the position was beyond him. He then left.

But Bub did not know when he was beaten. He again attempted the ladder, and got as far as the third step when he got excited, and fell off. He then tried a new plan. He retired to a distance and rushed the ladder.

Helen shrieked. Bub grinned, and did it again—a better one. I honestly believe that with a bit of practice Bub could have reached the fourth step. But this was enough for Helen. She threw her dignity to the winds.

“Oh, take him away,” said she. Here was my cue.

“Bub,” said I, in a sorrowful tone; “Bub, old man, I’m afraid I shall have to shoot you. There’s that tramp you put in the hospital—£5 I paid him. Then the old boy you mangled—you know what a lot of trouble I had with his relatives. And then the baker yesterday—a nice penny he’ll cost. You’ll have to be shot, old man; your tastes are too expensive.” Bub rushed again. He was getting elated. Helen retired to the middle of the roof.

“Oh, please,” said Helen, “take him away.” I was adamant. Bub took another run and jump—a beauty.

“I’m afraid you’re annoying the lady,” said I. But Bub thought differently. They were having a high old time. He retired for another jump. I decided that the time was ripe. I called him over, and stood up.
Helen cheered up immensely. "That's right," said she, with a sigh of relief; "take him right away, please."
"Please what?" said I.
"Walter," said Helen.
"Walter what?" I returned. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot. Helen said nothing.
"What do I get if I do?" I asked. "It's a dangerous job."
"Nothing!" said Helen, indignantly. Bub got tired of waiting, and started again. Helen drew up her feet hastily. I determined to labour the point.
"What do I get if I do?" said I. Bub grinned again. He looks awful when he grins. Helen collapsed.
"Anything," said she.
"Give up Plato?" I asked.
"Oh, yes," said Helen, "anything." This was enough.
"Bub," said I, "there's the Butcher's Dorg at the gate." Bub is on very friendly terms with the Butcher's Dorg, and he lumbered away to pass the time of day. Helen, with an eye on Bub, started to come down the ladder. I waited at the foot. Bub went out for a run with the Butcher's Dorg, and she transferred her attention to a worthier object. She came down slowly. At the third step she paused.
"Oh!" said she.
"What's up now?" I asked. Helen looked troubled.
"It's that horrid girl," said she. I grinned.
"Oh, that's all right," said I. "That was quite platonic. You ask Daphne."
Helen, thank the Lord, has a sense of humour. She looked angry for a minute, and then she smiled.
"I think I've been silly," said Helen. She blushed. "I know you have," said I, cheerfully.
Helen came down slowly. Bub watched from the gate.
I had to help her over the broken rung at the bottom, and—well—
Helen and I are engaged now.

C. A. BERENDSEN.
Ah, Woe is me! unutterable Woe!
I have attended Lectures, and I know
That vile, relentless torment of the damned—
Victoria College! where the Students go.

Garrow I knew, and Law of divers sorts
I studied once, and I have played at Orts
And Crosses, and by many subtle shifts
Have whiled away the lagging hour of Torts.

Zedlitz was there, inspiring, god-like, grand!
Zedlitz I hated—he deceived me, and
The time will come when all men realise
That Von is very hard to understand;

Mackenzie too, Gigantic Pachyderm!
With whom men sigh and sleep, and waking squirm:
I learned the loves of Shelley and Carlyle,
And nothing more, in over half a term;

And other ills it boots not to rehearse,
All just incentives of a righteous curse:
Hunter is bad, and Picken Very Bad—
But parsons! parsons infinitely worse!

Peace! Peace! I die. Not Jove could now restore
This wasted frame to vigour as of yore.
The final malediction of my soul
Descends on War—.

(Deceased wrote nothing more.—Ed. SPIKE.)
Twelfth Inter-University Tournament
Wellington, Easter, 1913.

Eleven years ago the first University Tournament was held at Canterbury College. The objects of the Tournament were to bring the isolated University Colleges into closer touch with each other; to infuse a University, as distinct from a parochial, spirit into the life of each; to embue them with the healthy stimulus of emulation; and to uphold the true spirit of amateur sport in New Zealand. Each Tournament brings us nearer to the attainment of our goal. By the spirit of emulation, by personal friendship and intercourse, the four Colleges are brought to feel that they are close kin to each other.

If we consider for a moment the record of Victoria College in these Tournaments, we shall see that we have a high reputation to sustain, so many doughty students have we had in our ranks in the days gone by.

**Athletic Shield.**—Won in 1908 and 1912; in the intervening years V.C. have been runner-up. This year we secured 8 out of 13 championships in athletics.

**Tennis Shield.**—Won in 1907. Canterbury has won the Shield during the past five years.

**Debating Scroll.**—Won in 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1911, 1912. An inspiring record!

This year the Tournament will be held in Wellington. Here we must show our mettle. We must try to retain the Athletic Shield and the Debating Scroll, which already find home amongst us. The Tennis Shield has stayed too long at Canterbury. We are particularly weak in women players, but hope to blossom in glorious strength next Easter.

The success of the Tournament depends on our enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of athletes, tennis players, debaters, and last, but not least, of the lookers-on. These last-named can create a fine atmosphere by their
hospitality in billeting, by their courtesy, and by their enthusiasm.

No matter what other enticing alternatives suggest themselves for next Easter, the Tournament should have prior claim. The programme is as follows:

**Good Friday.**—Visitors arrive and are billeted.

**Saturday.**—Mayoral reception.

Tennis Championship (probably on Wellington Courts).

Debating Contest (Town Hall).

**Easter Monday.**—Athletic Sports (Basin Reserve).

Moonlight Picnic (Day's Bay).

**Tuesday.**—Lawn Tennis Championships.

Tournament Ball (Town Hall).

In addition, there will probably be Boxing and Swimming Contests.

Let us hope that not only for the sake of Victoria College, but for the University as a whole, we shall do our best to make the twelfth Inter-University Tournament an outstanding success.

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**Review.**

(Poems. By Hubert Church. Published by Thomas C. Lothian, Melbourne, and printed in England. S. and W. Mackay. Price, 3s. 6d.)

We readers of the SPIKE, quaffers of the divine nectar, have known Mr. Church for a long time. But we have been accustomed only to Philip sober, sometimes even a little beyond our comprehension in his puritan sobriety. As he himself would put it, he was writing pueris et virginibus et professoribus, and so could not be too careful. Now, however, freed from these cramping fetters, he bursts upon us in a bright and transcendent blaze of new glory. In his latest book, bright little love lyrics, which have many of the virtues and none of the vices of
the Herrick-Suckling-Lovelace school, bubble and effervesce beside the quiet and deep pools of philosophic verse we know so well.

Turning over the pages at random, we are surprised that our Mr. Church should be aware of the fact that

At Fyndedun Castle the girls
Walk like a schooner’s glide;
The wind that shakes their curls
Loosening loves that hide
In filleted hair
Finds none elsewhere
Like them o’er the wold and tide.

or that

Rosalind has come to town!
All the street’s a meadow,
Balconies are beeches brown
With a drowsy shadow,
And the long-drawn window panes
Are the foliage of her lanes.

Hardly have we overcome our surprise at this light play of fancy on the part of one whose accustomed haunt we suspected to be Metaphysical Thought, when we make another pleasant discovery. Mr. Church is a musician; the tone of his words blends melodiously with the sentiments they express. In his stanzas “To my dog,” the verse

Underneath a stunted branch
Evermore our sleep shall be,
Waked not by the avalanche
Or the huddled revelry
Of the cataract to the sea,

has a wonderfully peaceful and soothing sound, as of sea-breakers in the distance. There is, too, something sweet about and haunting:

The rose shall lose her diadem,
The nightingale shall weep his singing,
And Love shall hear his requiem
From bells that Sorrow sets a-ringing.

from “Favonius.”
In the choice of his figures Mr. Church has also been very fortunate. For instance, in the stanza beginning “Is daylight fading, Margaret?” (alas, poor Margaret, how often has that fateful rhyming facility of your last syllable made you the conjured of poets), the last two lines:

“Does Darkness gather in her net
The stars that in the sunbeams hide?”

contain a very pretty fancy.

For the thoughtful and philosophic of his readers, Mr. Church’s book contains much that will interest, hold, and busy. Busy, for that branch of his work is still not lacking in a few obscurities. Mr. Church seems to grasp and put into words an idea with such rapidity that he forgets in some cases that his readers, who have not the inside information he possesses, may be at a loss to understand. Perhaps this is because Mr. Church is an optimist, and has too exalted an idea of the average intelligence. We should rather see him a pessimist, however, if that would cause him to take just a little more trouble in illuminating the few corners that are left in darkness.

Of the philosophic poems, the one that appeals most to us is one that has already appeared in these pages, the “Ode on Metaphysical Thought.” The last verse of that

Some diviner, Argonaut
Of the drifting sail of thought
Shall discover all the main
We have trembled for in vain.
Under Truth’s pavilion cloud
Men shall wander pure and proud,
Ear shall hearken to a word
That no sophistry hath blurred;
Time shall fold his wing behind,
Death be youth and beauty blind.
Every heart shall burdened be
With more joy than it can see.

seems to be the prophecy of another Prometheus chained to his rock in the fastnesses of the Southern Alps.
The SPIKE being ever a joyous and bibulous, rather than a serious and sober rascal, is delighted to find that Mr. Church has a side that is merry and bright, though he has in the past not often turned it in the SPIKE'S direction. It feels now that it could pat him jovially on the back, and even challenge him to a game of snooker. In the meantime it strongly advises all its friends to take their pipes or knitting, as the case may be, and hie them to the sunny woods with a copy of Mr. Church's poems, for the summer weather.

DEPRESSION.

My mind is like a wretched room,
   So bare, so drear;
Dull with a heavy, ugly gloom,
   No light, no cheer.

My thoughts are like the beetles black,
   That creep the floor,
Scurry and hide in yawning crack
   In wall and door;

My feelings like the meagre light
   My candle gives,
So faint, so fearful of the night,
   It scarcely lives.

My outlook through a dingy pane
   Distress and sin—
Or if I turn me round again
   To look within—

My room is but a sordid place,
   The paper torn,
Nothing of beauty there, nor grace
   All mean, forlorn.  

-M.L.N.
Correspondence.

A PLEA FOR CHIVALRY IN THE RING.

(To the Editor.)

One reads but recently of a professional boxing match in Australia between the New Zealander Bill Rudd and an American, whose name I have for the moment forgotten. In this encounter, however, it is significant that a professional and a New Zealander should set the example in a matter which is popularly supposed to be confined to the amateur ring. The circumstances were as follows:—Rudd, who led from the start, forced his opponent into a corner, and proceeded to "paste him," as the saying is, for all he was worth. Seeing, however, that his man was quite done for the time being, Rudd stepped back in an admirably chivalrous manner and allowed his opponent to get away amidst great applause. His generosity was not unrewarded, for he won easily.

One remembers being taught the rudiments of "the noble art" in one's callow youth at Wellington College. One of the fundamental maxims imbibed there (it was almost an unwritten law), was "never to take an undue advantage of an opponent." No doubt of course the same thing is taught in other schools, and one would think the point hardly needed elaborating further were it not that there are many similar excellent maxims learnt at school that we are in danger of forgetting on plunging into the hurly-burly of life.

In my humble opinion this maxim seems to mark all the difference between a boxing contest and a prize fight. In the former it does not matter so much who was the winner so long as the fight was waged well and valiantly on each side. In the latter case, however, it is a question of a man's livelihood, and that of course is a different matter, being purely a commercial transaction, and it is a plain matter of business to put the other man "out" as soon as possible.

Hence it is, again in my humble opinion, something that should strike us with double force when we have such an excellent example set us by a professional boxer. Such men deserve to win, and win not only the purse, but laurels as well.

It is not intended, of course, that any particular application should be made to the Victoria College Boxing Club, but occasionally one sees, perhaps in that most uncertain class, "the novices," a case where a competitor is plainly "streets ahead"
of his opponent, and yet persists in hammering away as if his life depended on it.

As the University Boxing Club seems to be in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to continue so, it is only right that this matter of chivalrous conduct towards an opponent should be brought prominently to the fore, and made into one of the traditions of Victoria College. It is a worthy tradition, and one to be upheld in these days of strife and competition, and in no way can it be displayed so admirably as in the boxing ring.—I am, etc.,

MINIMUS.

DEAR MRS. SPIKE,—

For some considerable time I have been climbing the hill that leads to Victoria College and to learning. During that time I have attended the statutory number of dances, attended two tournaments, played football, cricket and tennis at and around the Old Clay Patch, and now in the fullness of time I have decided that I shall swot.

First let me explain my position. To begin with, as a simple freshman, imbued with enthusiasm and full of knowledge gained at a Secondary College, I succeeded in keeping first year's terms. During the second year, having become better acquainted with College, I joined more gaily in the social life (Cherchez la femme). As a result I lost much of the enthusiasm and all of the knowledge previously acquired, and had perforce to face the dread ordeal of November with nothing but the Goddess Luck to help me. Result: English, third-class; Rest, failed.

The third year I lived with a genius. He was the sort of man who could go to balls, come home in the milk-cart, read twenty pages of Anson, of Salmond, even of Garrow, and remember them afterwards. I attempted to imitate him, with the result that in November my two guineas went to swell the revenue of the University.

This year I decided that things must change. I therefore cultivated the acquaintance of a student—a studious student. I enquired of him his method of work. He immediately invited me to stay the night with him and receive a practical demonstration, and, made rash by my new-born enthusiasm, I accepted. Armed with a hand-bag full of copyrighted notebooks, I proceeded to the sanctum of this student—this studious student. Allow me to digress a minute while I explain that his parents had made a mistake in his early youth, and named him Arthur—
he should have been called "The Spartan." I entered  
the sanctum, the student pointed to a chair, stated that we had just  
two and a-quarter more hours to work, and went on with his  
swotting. By nature I am conversational; my friends have  
even termed me garrulous, but beneath the stern silence of that  
Spartan my loquacious powers were completely overawed. At 11  
p.m. the Spartan announced that we might stop, and spoke of  
bed. I grew enthusiastic, but before being allowed to retire it  
appeared that I must take a vigorous course of exercise similar  
to that indulged in by Hackenschmidt, Sandow and others.  
Then I was allowed to go to bed. Previous to this night my  
experience of beds had been limited to iron bedsteads, spring  
mattresses, and the like, but the bed provided by the Spartan  
reminded me of the sort of sleeping couch the Roman soldier  
was in the habit of using when on the march. After spending  
some two hours bruising myself in attempting to find a soft  
place, I slept.

During the night the alarm went off. I did not mind, as I  
had often heard alarms go off before; but imagine my disgust  
when I found the Spartan standing over me with a candle, tell-  
ing me I had to get up and swot. Naturally I protested, but he  
was adamant. I next attempted to wheedle him into allowing  
me to read in bed, but he stated that I would only go to sleep  
again. I replied that that was the height of my ambition, but  
it was no go. I had to submit to another vigorous course of  
Sandow to get my circulation up, and was then told to swot  
again. Whenever my feet got too cold to be felt I was given a  
skipping-rope, and told to warm myself up. As there were  
some twenty degrees of frost outside, the rope was in frequent  
requisition. Romeo's anxiety to leave Juliet when day was  
lighting up the home of the Capulet's was as nothing compared  
with mine to leave the Spartan's home, when the pearly dawn  
began to show up the dirty smoke of the destructor chimney.  
However, for two more hours we kept on, and then at last, in  
the fulness of time, when the hour of breakfast seemed long  
past, I was allowed to go to my bath and home. Such was my  
only experience of a night with a studious student. Like  
Celeridge's wedding guest, "A sadder and a wiser man he rose  
the morrow morn." I am at present looking for a job in the  
Government, this apparently being the nearest approach to Mr.  
Euclid's royal road to learning.—Yours mournfully,

HERE TANIERA.
DEAR MRS. SPIKE,—

May I write you a gossipy letter? It's ages since I wrote last, but I'm sure you don't mind that; perhaps you are glad. However, I thought to myself, "It's never too late to mend." So I began reading up the "Ladies' Column" and the "Women's World" in our intellectual dailies to acquire the correct style for a social letter. It appears that if one cannot truthfully be called pretty, one is described as "charming." If one's frock is merely muslin, it is "girlishly dainty." If an afternoon party is dull, it is "most enjoyable"; if there is bridge, it is "smart." The more minute the details of dress and the more intimate the descriptions of a drawing-room, the better the report. Well, after studying this kind of thing for one day (two morning papers and one evening), I arrived at the conclusion that after working under Professor Mackenzie for two years, I could not spoil the purity of my English prose, so I shall cease to aspire to be "correct," and shall give an account of things in (to use a Froggyism) "my own bright, unexpurgated style."

Well, we have had some very delightful dances this year. All the usual people there, all the usual chaperones, all the usual lavish decorations, all the usual things for supper. The Men's Common Room Club gave one sign of life—a dance in the first term. It was a very jolly one, a striking feature being some unusual programmes, with pictures on them. Then came Capping. Words fail me with which to describe the brilliant scene. There were strangers there, heaps of them, many noticeable for their elegant toilettes, many for their variegated sox. This term the Cricket Club gave a dance, an awfully swanky one. The gym was decorated with flags (rather passé, certainly), and the chaperones had a carpet and an electric heater in their usual corner! The Glee Club intends giving a concert and dance after term exams., and this reminds us of a grievance. The Women's Common Room wants a concert, but the Profs. unkindly refused permission. We want some new furniture and rose pink electric light shades, and all the comforts of a home, but we cannot afford them. So we shall apply early next year, and we are sure to make lots of money, because a College girl should be given every opportunity to enjoy the refining influence of home-life, and the sweet, womanly ease of a drawing-room, but how can we when everything in the Common Room is old and ugly, and used by everyone else whenever there is any function?

Isn't it lovely our having lockers in the Cloak Room? They don't lock, certainly, but they look very attractive, and are quite a credit to the students who made them, to whom our thanks.
I hope the winding-up social is a success, which means, being interpreted, I hope it's a dance.

By the way, I've heard of two engagements, Miss G. Williamson to C. H. Taylor, and Miss N. Hunt to T. Brooker.

Ever yours affectionately,

       JULIETTA.

Savage Students' Korero.

"KIA ORA NGA MOIHOWAO KATOA!"

Such was the greeting—in the mother tongue interpreted by "A Health to all Brother Savages"—which adorned the title page of the programme at the Second Annual Korero of the V.C. Savage Students. We were reminded also that "Savages are but shades of ourselves" in that striking phrase of Ovid's, and these sentiments formed a pleasing prelude to an evening of much pleasure and social intercourse.

The menu was excellent, and full justice was done to it by all present, our attention being drawn to it by the saying "Titiro," which means "Look here"!

The speeches were, without exception, eloquent and suited to the company and the occasion. We think Savage von Zedlitz carried off the leaves, though Savage Stevenson made the assembly sway with merriment in his toast, "The Professorial Board." One noble Savage rose and spoke on behalf of the ladies, and proposed to bring them happiness through their martyrdom; perhaps his name should be here left out, lest unkindness meet him at their hands.

Space will not permit us to speak of the programme of song and story provided, or of the spell cast by certain instrumentalists, yet these things shall come again, and all shall know of them.

When nothing remained of the final events on the menu or on the programme the parting words, "Haere ra ki te moe!" (Good-night, and peaceful slumbers), rang through the night, and the guests proceeded homewards, wondering—perhaps, why such pleasant banquets were so seldom spread.
"Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious vessels were, and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all."

—Omar.

As the Plunket Medal Competition, the Women’s Oratorical Contest, and the Presidential Address are all reported elsewhere in the magazine, the report of our doings this term is necessarily brief. There have been some exceptionally good debates, and some that might have been of a higher standard. The outstanding feature of the latter part of the year has been the persistent method in which Mr. Bates has dogged our footsteps with rain-making experiments—practically every debating night has been at least damp. This may account for the paucity of our auditors; whether that is the reason or not, it is certain that the audiences this term have been on most occasions exceedingly disappointing. Even the members seem to lose interest in the Society in the second term. This is a problem which will have to be solved next year—probably by means of a better arrangement of the syllabus than in previous years. Of course, it should be pointed out that some ten or fifteen members are always keenly enthusiastic, and rarely miss a debate, so causing keen competition for both the Union Prize and the New Speaker’s Prize. But we do want more of our members to take a keener interest in the meetings—to come themselves, and bring others to form a larger audience.

One of the most entertaining meetings of the year was the irregular debate in the short vacation, when Miss Coad and Mr. Jackson hurled at each other the respective merits and demerits of separate University Colleges for men and women. Needless to say, the “Separationists” were routed with considerable discomfort. The debate was characterised by most daring statements on the part of the would-be reformer as to the effects of the feminine element in the College; personalities of a somewhat pertinent nature were by no means lacking.
The Presidential Address, which was set down for July 27th, was, owing to the abominable state of the weather, postponed until Friday, September 27th. The substance of Mr. Ward’s interesting address is published on another page.

On August 10th a debate was held on the motion, “That the time is now opportune for the federation of New Zealand with Australia,” moved by Mr. Seaton, and opposed by Mr. A. B. Sievwright. After a discussion, in which all the old arguments pro and con, and not a few quite original ones, were brought to light, the judge, Mr. H. H. Ostler, LL.B., placed the best speakers in the following order:—Mr. Watson, 1; Mr. Burbidge, 2; Mr. Stevenson, 3; Mr. Hall-Jones, 4; Mr. McEldowney, 5.

The next debate, on September 7th, was of a striking nature, Mr. Quilliam moving, “That the measures adopted in suppressing the recent strike in Queensland were such as can and should be adopted in New Zealand under similar circumstances.” This was seconded by Mr. Treadwell, and opposed by Messrs. Con Strack and McEldowney. The judge, Mr. J. A. Hanan, M.P., gave the Society some exceedingly useful hints on oratory. His judgment resulted as follows:—Mr. McEldowney, 1; Mr. Cornish, 2; Mr. Watson, 3; Mr. Mazengarb, 4; Mr. Hall-Jones, 5.

Attention of members is drawn to the four debates which have been chosen for next year’s syllabus.

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**PLUNKET MEDAL COMPETITION.**

“...And he surnamed them Bonnerges, which is the sons of thunder.”

The eighth annual competition for the Plunket medal showed no lowering of the standard of previous years. The list of heroes still unhonoured is apparently now becoming small; for some of the heroes, conspicuous at this competition, have previously been honoured. There was, in some cases, an honest attempt to estimate the worth of some of the men chosen for discourse, notably of Charles James Fox and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The choice of a man whose work was in New Zealand was a concession to the critics, who had now to fall back upon their second ground of criticism, and state their regret that a lady had not as yet come forth to do battle with the strong. We would have been glad to note that the habit of dismissing the “efforts of the young orators” with supercilious
encouragement had become unfashionable. Signs are not wanting that a change is coming, and we shall be pleased to see prevailing a more sensible fashion, which will frankly admit the high merit of the speeches and the usefulness of the competition. The impartial spectator found all the speeches praiseworthy.

Mr. W. T. McEldowney presided; His Excellency the Governor was present, and with him the Minister for Education, and all others who should be present.

The Chairman’s introductory remarks were more than introductory. Possibly that was why the Governor had to speak “extempore,” to quote the infallible press.

Mr. O. C. Mazengarb, M.A., began the competition with a hero of Ireland, that “first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.” Mazengarb greatly pleased the audience with his dramatic style and gesture. His note of humour was welcomed and his pathos successful, when he described how O’Connell had watched and hoped for Ireland. “He had laboured and prayed for Ireland. There was but one thing needful—that he should be in jail for Ireland.” His peroration was excellent.

The judges came to the conclusion that the speaker had really kissed the blarney stone, and accordingly held that Mr. Mazengarb was entitled to the Plunket medal.

Mr. A. E. Caddick, M.A., was not specially happy in his choice of a subject. Milton’s life did not lend itself with Mr. Caddick to passionate treatment. The matter of the speech was good, and the speaker’s quotations from Milton judicious and effective. His delivery was somewhat monotonous, but it was with real feeling in his voice that he pictured Milton in his old age “the blind old Samson—helpless amid a throng of jeering Philistines, heedless of their taunts, waiting with resignation his release from bodily pain.”

Mr. E. Evans surprised the audience with his subject, Count Camillo di Cavour. The audience were content to take Mr. Evans on trust when he described Cavour as “no sentimental dreamer, no fanatical conspirator, but a wise statesman, the one indispensable person who wrought all the other agencies into wise and effective action.” It was not quite plain how Garibaldi could cross the Alps and join with and shake hands with Garibaldi on the plains below.

Mr. J. F. Stevenson found his hero in Hampden. The subject was not new, but Mr. Stevenson’s legal treatment was. The matter was somewhat heavy and platitudinous—there was too much tonnage and poundage, too little fire and passion. The
speech was too digressive, but the delivery was strong. The speaker was happiest when he eulogised Hampden’s ‘perfect rectitude of intention to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.’

The subject matter of Mr. G. G. G. Watson’s speech on William of Nassau was easily the best. The speaker soon reproduced the turbulent times, and made his hero stand out as a man of great achievement. His frequent use of the word “No,” sometimes in answer to a rhetorical question, sometimes with no such estate of freehold to support it, appeared to the captious critic to be unwise. The imagery was good, and the description of ‘battles and sieges, mining and counter-mining, fighting on land and sea, the wild waters rushing through the broken sea walls,’ possessed literary worth, and lost nothing from the forcible delivery. The assassination of William afforded a fitting ending to a fine speech.

Mr. R. H. Quillam gave an accurate estimate of Charles James Fox, but did not greatly attract the audience. He did not hesitate to drag Fox’s frailties from their dread abode, but the story of the life of the man for whom at nineteen a borough was hired, did not give the speaker great scope to work upon the audience. The speaker’s platform presence was good, and his speech restrained, clear and well constructed.

Mr. C. N. L. Treadwell chose as his subject Sir George Grey. The speaker’s manner was free and his delivery excellent. Mr. Treadwell confined himself mainly to the work of Sir George Grey in New Zealand, and his historical contribution was interesting. His references to the appropriation of the South Australian money was pleasing to the audience, and apparently commended itself to the Minister of Finance. It was a fitting night, concluded the speaker, to speak of one who had laboured for New Zealand, and who on that very night fourteen years ago had been laid to his rest.

Mr. Jackson was unfortunate in his subject, and unfortunate in his delivery. There was, however, a piquant candour in his treatment of Jean Jacques Rousseau, especially in the contemplated work of posthumous slander. Mr. Jackson may have been abashed by the doings of Rousseau, but in any case failed to meet the audience, and drew inspiration from the footlights. The speaker finished well, after being rather badly confused at the beginning. Mr. Jackson gave a good picture of Rousseau’s personality, with some bright touches.

The College Glee Club item was characterised more by excellence of motive than by brilliance of result,
The judgment of the judges (Right Rev. T. H. Sprott, Bishop of Wellington, Edward Tregear, Esq., I.S.O., and A. R. Atkinson, B.A.) was now, according to the programme “prepared.” It was long in coming. Mr. Atkinson remarked that oratory was suspect by the Anglo-Saxon, and that they order these things different in France, but the audience was impatient of the reasons of the Court and anxious for the award, which was as follows:—

1. Mr. O. C. Mazengarb.
3. Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell.

His Excellency presented the medal. The President of the Society thanked everybody, and the meeting concluded.

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Women's Debating Society.

"This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his deep dismay.
"

—"Paradise Lost."

We rather imagine that Milton was here describing the Debating Society of Orcus; but we are fain to believe that in prophetic flight the sage foresaw our meek endeavours of 1912.

Three meetings of the Society have been held, two of which took the form of debates, the third that of a story-telling evening. The last-named was held on Monday, August 5th, when stories of varying degrees of interest were told by Misses Hursthouse, Tennant, North, Houghton, and Tolley.

A debate was held on Friday, August 23rd, when Miss Palmer, seconded by Miss Hursthouse, moved: “That European influence on Maoris is inimical to the welfare of the race.” Miss Ross, seconded by Miss Nicholls, opposed the motion. On the whole, the subject of debate proved most interesting.

At the other debate, held on Friday, September 6th, Miss Nicholls, seconded by Miss Thornton, moved: “That adversity is necessary for the development of the highest type of charac-
Miss North, seconded by Miss Tolley, opposed the motion; and an animated, if somewhat limited, discussion ensued. Indeed, one member became sufficiently violent to rise to a point of order, a rare occurrence in the Women's Debating Society.

We have to thank Messrs. McEldowney, Watson, and Skinner for acting as judges at these meetings.

The attendance at these debates was not a thing to be rejoiced over. At a social evening, however, held on Thursday, August 15th, much enthusiasm was evinced in point of numbers. On this occasion Dr. Agnes Bennett spoke to us on matters of general interest to women. We have to thank Dr. Bennett very sincerely for an address not only most interesting, but one which provided much food for thought. Thereafter we wended our way to the gymnasium, and supped in haste, owing to stringent gymnasium rules, which the music, recitations, and talk forthcoming made us loth to obey.

The only other thing we have to remark on is the acquisition of several books on debating, which we have obtained through the generosity of the main society.

WOMEN'S ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Of one good effect, at least, of the Women's Oratorical Contest we may be sure: It makes the average attendance of the Debating Society's meetings go up at a bound. The large audience which gathered on the 24th August to hear the contest gave particular point to the Secretary's pathetic "nine." [We quote from the minutes of the former meeting, read on that occasion.] The audience was not only large, but also appreciative. There were only five competitors this year, as opposed to eight of last year; but a sixth, Miss Small, was unfortunately unable to be present. The speakers were Miss Jenkins, who spoke on Helen Keller; Miss North on Philippa of Hainault; Mrs Hickey on Hypatia; Miss Casey on Elizabeth Fry; and Miss Tolley on Mme. de Stöel.

The speeches were, on the whole, good, and very various in style, ranging from emphatic denunciation to simple and rather monotonous statement of fact. We counted no tears among the audience, in spite of the sufferings, even martyrdom of the heroines; nevertheless, the speeches were listened to sympathetically throughout.

By vote of the audience, the speakers were placed as follows:—1, Miss North, whose address was uniformly good, clear
of enunciation, and musical of phrase; 2, Mrs. Hickey; 3, Miss Casey.

While the votes were being counted the men provided an amusing interlude with impromptu speeches on various incongruous subjects, including cats and Mr. Lloyd George.

We are glad to see that the contest is going to be an annual one, as was hoped last year. Its success on both occasions is a good augury for the future.

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**Friends’ Hostel.**

As an important institution in connection with Victoria College, we claim a place in its annals. We are afflicted with a grievance, for which we crave the ever ready sympathy of The Spike. We hear often of the Women Students’ Hostel, of the Bishop Hadfield Hostel; but people still ask, “What is the Friends’ Hostel, anyway?”

Please allow us to make known, once and for all, that the Friends’ is a hostel for women students. It is less than five minutes’ walk from College, and is under management of which we are justly proud.

“A sound mind in a sound body” is the order of the day here. Mumps made an attack on our citadel, and succeeded in laying low two of our number, but the victory, we rejoice to chronicle, ended there.

Two evening parties have been the chief features in the social life so far this year. We can only hope that our hosts of the former evening, and our guests of the latter, enjoyed the functions as much as we did.

We cannot but grieve over the apparently extinct condition of the V.C.L.H.C. We discover in our midst more than one brilliant representative player at past tournaments. In the realm of sport what glory might not have been ours!

This term we are disciples of Carlyle: our doctrine is “work”; our motto, “Swot while it is called term, for the examination cometh, wherein you wish you had.”
"It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware;
But still it distinctly resembled an air."

—Bab Ballads.

We are sorry that the report of the Glee Club for this term can not be in such blithe strain as that of last term. As in former years, the Club has been made well ware of the fact that examinations are drawing near, and that all distractions must be put to one side. Quite a number of members have signified their inability to continue their membership for this term, owing to having to give all their time to "swot." Nevertheless, the Club is experiencing a fair amount of success, and the attendance at the practices fairly constant.

As in other years, the Club assisted in the Capping Carnival. Three glee's were sung, two slumber songs, and "To the Death," and these were performed very creditably, as shown by the great applause given by the large audience. The rendering of the glee's showed that the high standard of work set in former years has been fully maintained.

The Club is busily engaged at present practising for the Annual Concert, which it hopes to give at the end of the present term. This concert has become one of the features of the second term, and is looked forward to by many as being a pleasant ending to the College session, and also as being a good break between the term and November examinations. The Committee hopes that all students will make an effort to attend this concert, and thus give the Club the support and sympathy it well deserves.

Opportunity has not yet been afforded to the Club of giving its concerts at the Missions to Seamen or at Porirua. These
will be given before the end of the year, and, we trust, with as much success as on former occasions.

We could not let this opportunity pass without giving a word of praise to Miss Clachan for the able and untiring manner in which she carries out her duties as accompanist. Praise is also due to Mr. Stainton, the conductor, for the way in which he has endeavoured to make the Club a success.

The Heretics' Club.

"Philosophy shall lap us round
To dream of spheres where all is well,
Not troubled by the uncertain sound
Of those that prate of Heaven and Hell."

In the belief that every institution, social, religious, political or philosophical, is to be judged by its works, and by its works only, it is proposed in this report merely to summarise the meetings held under the auspices of the Heretics' Club since the June number of The Spike, and to leave it to the reader to decide whether or not the Heretics' Club is justifying its existence.

The third meeting of the year was held on Friday, 31st May, when Mr. John Gammell read a paper on "Old Testament Criticism." In the course of his address, the lecturer discussed the main points of modern criticism as regards the Old Testament. One thing had become abundantly clear—no sane person to-day could believe, for one moment, that the Old Testament was an inspired revelation given by God to a chosen people. Its rank now was that of a code—an ethical code, of permanent value. The defects in the orthodox representation of the Old Testament were many. As one instance, among many, might be given the fact that, chronologically, the Book of Amos should be placed first, and Genesis after Malachi. The "confusion worse confounded" that existed in orthodox theology to-day was not surprising in the light of such fundamental errors as these. Mr. Gammell completed his survey of the three divisions of the Old Testament, and then briefly referred to the question of the Bible in schools. There could be no objection to the teaching of the Bible in schools, provided it was taught scientifically. The lecturer concluded by stating that one thing was still our best heritance from the Old Testament, and that was the sublime, monotheistic idea of an ultimate, omniscient God.
At the fourth meeting, held on 14th June, Professor MacKenzie read a paper on "Ethics: The Source of Enlightened Religion," and at an early stage put his case in a nutshell. "Ethics is a human necessity; Religion, a human luxury." As a matter of history, there could not be the slightest doubt that Ethical sentiments were of earlier emergence than Religious. Religion was the product of the moral and spiritual experience of man. Men work up to it inductively. Enlightened religion, on the other hand, proceeds deductively. The great necessity for religion was to keep in touch with contemporary life. As our ethical horizon broadened so should our religions.

The fifth meeting was held in the short vacation on 4th July. Miss Christie delivered an address on "Theosophy," and gave an outline of the general principles of her subject. Theosophy is a subject which to the ordinary man is clothed in mystery, and it is not therefore surprising to note that one short lecture was insufficient to dispel the clouds. However, those who were fortunate enough to hear the lecture were provided with ample food for thought. Next year's committee might well place in its syllabus a further lecture on a Theosophical subject.

At the sixth meeting, held on 2nd August, His Honour Sir Robert Stout read a paper on the "Problem of Religion," and outlined fully the questions which one had to face to-day when considering religion. Recent scientific discoveries had completely altered one's views of life, and a readjustment of our religious views was now a necessity. For instance, we had to consider how we obtained our knowledge; what were the origins of religion? Had we approached any nearer to a solution of the problem? The attitude of the agnostic seemed a very reasonable one to-day. His Honour concluded by referring to the moral code enunciated years ago in China, and questioned whether we had advanced far beyond it.

The seventh meeting was held on 16th August before a large audience. Professor Hunter delivered an address on "Some Heresies of To-day," and treated in turn five subjects. The first was "The Exemption of Church Property from Taxation." After giving an historical outline of the practice of "Tithes" in England, the Professor pointed out that much the same practice existed in New Zealand, inasmuch as Church lands are exempt from rates and taxes. This was an extraordinary thing in view of the efforts of the Church to overthrow the State's system of secular education. Practically it amounted to no less than this, that the State was subsidising its opponent in its deliberate attempt to wreck the national system of education. The next subject was "Oaths." It was pointed out that, with very little practical value, Oaths were now a dangerous instrument in the
hands of the unscrupulous. The subject that appealed to students most closely was the third, "Oral Lectures in a University." Professor Hunter argued for the reform of the present oral system by substituting the issue of printed lectures and class discussion. In regard to his fourth subject, "Burial," the Professor pleaded for a saner and more sanitary mode of disposing of the dead than earth burial. The last subject, "Civil Marriage," was also one that appealed to all. Since marriage had fallen under clerical domination, it had become a most dangerous instrument. The discussion as to the "Ne Temere" decree, and as to the validity of marriage with one's deceased wife's sister, clearly showed the necessity of reform, and that lay in civil marriage—compulsory in every case.

The eighth meeting was held on 30th August. Rev. B. Horace Ward delivered an address on "Religious Belief," and treated his subject in three divisions—Religion, Faith, and Religious Faith. The address was interesting all through, and was appreciated by all. Of special interest was the account of Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the Greek Religion, and their comparison with Christianity. Indeed, the lecture was marked by a complete absence of bigotry and intolerance, and was expressive of sentiments so much in accord with the views of the Heretics present, that one remarked, after the lecture, "If this is orthodoxy, we shall have to change our name."

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**Christian Union.**

**MEETINGS.**

At the meeting held on May 25th, Mr. E. R. Peacock, who has travelled in many lands, gave us some vivid ideas of the conditions obtaining in the mission fields of the Far East.

On June 8th Professor Picken delivered, by request, the address on "Christian Heresy," which he had previously given at a meeting of the Heretics' Club.

The meeting held on June 22nd was addressed by Mr. A. P. Webster. Mr. Webster traced the growth of Labour unrest, and emphasised the need for scientific study of labour problems, making a plea for the closer union of Church and Labour.

During the visit of the Rev. F. L. Paton, at the beginning of the second term, five meetings were held, three being general meetings.
On Saturday, July 27th, the Rev. Paton delivered an address on "The Modern World’s Challenge to the Universities." There is a known need existing among the nations of the world. It is an intense and urgent need. Man is undoubtedly a "religious animal," and what do the religions of the world offer him? He may be compared to a man struggling in a pool of water. Mahomet comes to him and says, "Allah be praised! It is fate." Buddha says, "Struggle on and all will be well." Hinduism says, "Pray for a new incarnation in the next state." Christ says, "Take My hand."

A meeting for men only was addressed on "The Spiritual Factor in College Life"; one for women only, on "The Daylesford Movement," great stress being laid on the power and work of the Holy Spirit. Missionary addresses were also given at the last two general meetings held in connection with this visit.

Professor Hunter addressed a meeting held on August 31st on "Some Notes on the Ethics of the Bible." He outlined the development of the ethical sense in man, showing how various incidents in the Old Testament correspond with stages in the development of this ethical sense. He emphasised the high standard of the majority of the humanistic teachings of Jesus Christ; but considered that harm had been done by His teachings with regard to the supernatural.

The annual social was held on Saturday, August 17th. It will be readily understood with what reluctance the Union makes reference to its own social achievements and render account thereof. So far as the Union can judge, everything went with a good swing, and a most sociable evening was spent.

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University Christian Social Service League.

This League is the outcome of the spirit of social service manifest in the students of most Universities at the present day, and which was in New Zealand brought to the point of definite expression by the Christian Union Conference held at Cambridge, Dec. 1911-Jan. 1912.

The objects of the League are thus stated in the Constitution:—
(1) The study of social questions, and of the application of Christian principles to these questions.
(2) The enlistment of members in social work on Christian lines.
(3) The securing of the interest and co-operation of past students.

The founders of the League, believing that an ultimate solution of social questions can be found only by the application to them of the teachings of Christ, have limited the right to hold office to active members who make this declaration: "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ"; but the Constitution is so framed as to give to associate members (being those who, while not prepared to subscribe to the above declaration, are willing to assist in the practical work of the League) the right to vote on all matters at a general meeting.

The work at present undertaken lies among the boys and girls of Central Wellington.

The Women's Branch has begun a club for girls between 10 and 17 years old, living in Tory Street and the surrounding districts.

At present the Club meets only once a week, when classes in drill and sewing are followed by competitions and supper. It is hoped that a house will soon be obtained, and work carried on somewhat on the lines of the Sydney University Settlement.

The Men's Branch has control of the educational and religious work of the Boys' Institute. The educational classes are for the benefit of those boys who, having left school after passing the 4th standard, desire to obtain certificates of proficiency in the work of the higher standards. The religious work includes the holding of a Sunday evening service for the boys of Wellington and the conduct of a Bible Study Class.

There is abundant scope in this work for the employment of diverse talents. So a hearty invitation to join the League is extended to all who desire to give something of their time and abilities to those less fortunately situated than themselves.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

Some women students began the formation of the Girls' Club by collecting small children from the cheery lanes in the vicinity of Tory and Taranaki Streets, and telling them of the proposed arrangements. Interest was further stimulated by a wild and unruly picnic to Island Bay, with eight or nine children, who enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The first meeting was held in
the Vivian Street Sunday Schoolroom, the temporary clubroom, and there little groups of eight or nine children sew eagerly at mysterious articles, which reveal themselves, on closer inspection, as tea-towels, oven-cloths, kettle-holders, and dusters. These are all intended for “our house—a house o’ dreams—which is so real in each child’s thoughts that pennies are actually saved from the clutches of that penny snatcher, the sweet shop man, and kept to help towards “our house,” as they term our club-room which is to be.

A listener might hear startling remarks sometimes about the students in command, who may possibly have been encountering small children, and coming off decidedly second best, the climax being reached when a small child turned and muttered angrily “mingy devil.” Of course, most club nights end with one dispute at least, but in spite of the oft-repeated threat, “We aren’t coming no more,” the injured infants invariably turn up next time, smiling amiably through the dirt.

What the children think of the Club is told by a composite letter from them, written amid great excitement:

“I am now going to tell you a little of the performance we go through at our club, in a room at the back of the Baptised Church. When we get to club, we begin to drill, which I like very much. If we are early, that is seven o’clock, we get a red wafer alongside our name. We then all divide up into groups, A, B, C, D. A’s group sews dusters, B’s group sews tea-towels, C’s group sews kettle-holders, D’s group sews oven-cloths, as we are all very busy making things for our own house, which we hope to have soon. We enjoy the evening very much, but the most pleasing time is watching the wafers being put up. One is for punctuation (?), one for the best driller, and another for the one who improves most in four days.

“After supper, we have to get a hymn book each, and then we choose a very pretty little one, and a teacher plays the organ while we sing. When we have finished we go home, hoping next Thursday will soon be round.”
Bishop Hadfield Hostel.

At last! We had scarcely hoped to have this triumph to report, but half-back Richmond's exquisite golfing style, Lennard's little trick of scoring, Foden's solid Taranaki training, with the sundry no less strenuous efforts of other individuals, both hockeyites and leading footballers, and the captaincy of Clere—that was a combination not to be effectively resisted, even by a team including in its personnel three members of the First XV. Four goals to nil was our score against Training College, two being placed by Lennard to our credit and his, and one each by Foden and McKenzie. For three years have we suffered in silence; may we be pardoned now for having at length reported the matter to the Press? However, if we talk too much about it the world will harshly judge our victory an accident that will never occur again. Let us turn to other things.

We devoted time and energy to the working up of a Capping Procession item. Our ideas were perhaps not without some merit; but we found, what indeed we might have known before, that one small lorry was scarcely large enough to hold, together, two such men as Mr. Massey and Sir Joseph Ward, Bart., much less to give them scope for the pulling of the strings with which we had provided them. As a matter of fact, in the Post Office Square we pushed Sir Joseph from his pedestal; but he and his followers were more successful on that occasion than they have been since in climbing back again into their places and into the way. Another thing we forgot was that details do not count: that we, as politicians, should have said and done only what would catch the ear and the eye of the public.

When we have said that McKenzie and Nathan have played throughout the season for the First XV., and represented College in the matches against Auckland and Canterbury, we have practically come to the end of our tether. A serious outbreak of the work epidemic has put an effectual stopper upon such diversions as debating; and not only does it mean that there is very little to report, but we find also, when we call for some imaginative man to volunteer to fill the gap by writing us an article, that this craze for hard work seems either to result in the deadening of the imaginative faculty, or to have the very valuable effect of rendering men modest. Let us hope it is the latter.
CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

This Society exists essentially for the promotion of ideas in Chemistry and Physics among students. One of the main objects of the Society is to instil in the minds of the students the idea of research, by making them acquainted with research work actually carried out by the author of the paper. But the difficulty of obtaining papers on original work done at the College, or by the author himself elsewhere, is one that the Society has to face from time to time, and so another object of the Society has been to bring before its members the most recent discoveries and explain them. In accordance with this idea, at two of the meetings this year, papers dealing with important recent researches were read. At one meeting Mr. Burbidge reviewed the work of Trouton on “New Methods of Osmotic Pressure Measurement.”

At the other meeting, Mr. McDowall read a paper on the “Synthesis of Rubber,” showing how rubber has been obtained from isoprene, which can be obtained from oil of oranges, and also from fusel oil.

At one of the meetings the work of Mr. Rigg, a well-known member of the Society, was reviewed by Professor Easterfield. He showed how Mr. Rigg had succeeded in separating and identifying the various constituents of moutan wax, the composition of which had never been satisfactorily explained by previous investigators.

Cricket.

The prospects of the Cricket Club are brighter this season than they have possibly ever been before. The high position which the Senior Eleven attained to in the Championship, the financially strong position of the Club in its relations with the Wellington Cricket Association, and the accession of several new members of proven prowess all combine to make us hopeful for great things.

The abandonment of the proposed tour of a team from Sydney University is to be regretted, but it is quite unavoidable. On the other hand, so far as University cricket within the Dominion is concerned, this season should be a notable one.
Last year three inter-College games were played. We met Auckland and Canterbury, and Canterbury met Otago. This year Auckland is to play us here, and we play Canterbury and Otago in the South Island. Otago is also to meet Canterbury. Thus, for the first time, a complete University Cricket Tournament is to be played. Members of the Club are again urged to participate in the Southern tour at Christmas time. It is quite useless for the Club to send a weak team down South to attempt to snatch victory from the strong combinations that will be opposed to us in Christchurch and Dunedin.

Only one further matter need be mentioned—finance. And only the stringency of the Club's financial condition causes it to be mentioned here. One does not wish to be at all misanthropical, but it is necessary to remind members of the Cricket Club of the plain duty before them. Every season the Club has to overcome grievous financial difficulties. Here is the position: The normal income of the Cricket Club is at least £15 less than the normal expenditure, and this amount has to be made up somehow. The one method—entertainments—has been resorted to regularly in the past, and will have to be resorted to in the future. Now these entertainments are most lamentably supported by members of the Club. It is an indisputable fact that no member beyond the actual committee assists financially or practically. And this is, as some one has said, very—er—let us say, regrettable. But to meet the expenditure there is another method, which the Committee should attempt to enforce this season, and that is this—the rules of the Wellington Cricket Association provide that all subscriptions by playing members shall be paid by 1st November. Our constitution provides that any member whose subscription is in arrear shall be liable to a fine of 2s. 6d. per month up to, but not exceeding, 7s. 6d. in all. If this rule were enforced it would have the salutary effect of causing all players to pay their subs. at once, which is in itself a big advantage, but in addition to this, the extra income derived from the fines of dilatory members would materially assist the Club in its financial difficulties.
Boxing.

“Revel of blows and fierce flushed faces of fighting joes.”
—Gordon.

This year has seen the dawn of a new era in the history of the Victoria College Boxing Club. Its membership has doubled, and the standard of boxing has improved to such an extent that the Club can now hold its own with any. The most improved boxer is E. Stewart. This talented young boxer early demonstrated his ability by winning the Welter Weight Championship of Otago.

At the Wellington Provincial Championships, Victoria College was represented by Stewart and Dudson. Stewart again upheld the prowess of Victoria College by winning the Light Weight Championship. Dudson, though successful in the preliminary bout, had to acknowledge defeat in the semi-finals of the Welter Weight Championship to J. Murphy (Provincial Champion).

At the New Zealand Amateur Boxing Championships, Victoria College was again represented by Stewart. This time, however, Stewart’s right hand, previously sprained in a training bout, failed him, and in the semi-finals was the cause of his defeat. Had his hand been well, there can be but little doubt that he would have won the Amateur Light Weight Championship of New Zealand, and represented the Dominion at the Australasian Championship. This would have been a well-merited success.

ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

Although last year’s tournament took the form of a contest with the Star Boating Club, this year the great improvement in membership and development in boxing, made it possible again to hold a College Tournament. A new departure was made in charging for admittance, but the number of interesting bouts which took place amply justified this. Details of the contests are as follows:—

Open Championship.—Preliminaries.

Dudson v. Jackson.

Jackson boxed himself to a standstill, and Dudson’s superior condition won him the fight.
Brosnan a bye.

Stainton was unable to compete against Brosnan owing to an injured ankle. J. Murphy boxed a very willing bye with Brosnan.

**Final.**

Dudson v. Brosnan.

Brosnan was very tired, and found Dudson very elusive. A terrific upper cut by Brosnan in the third round just failed to "land the goods," and Dudson, finishing strongly, gained the decision.

**Light Weight Championship.**

Boyle v. Pallant.

Boyle's wicked left swings found their mark, and gained him the victory.

**Feather Weight Championship.**

Stevenson v. Roe.

Stevenson's experience gained him the verdict after a close struggle, but Roe's hefty left worried him not a little.

**NOVICE EVENTS.**

**Welter Weight.—Preliminaries.**

Yeats v. Foden.

Although Foden ducked cleverly several times, Yeats attacked strongly, and eventually won a closely contested bout.

Sievwright v. Heron.

Sievwright's aggressive tactics won the verdict, but Heron's plucky effort will be long remembered.

**Final.**

Sievwright v. Yeats.

Sievwright's aggressive tactics again proved successful, but Yeats shook him up several times with right swings.

**Middle Weight.**

Gray v. Cammock.

Gray "came back" successfully, proving too clever for his heavier opponent.

**Heavy Weight.**

Hall-Jones v. McKenzie.

After a very willing "go," the referee declared the contest a draw.
"With all my heartstrings I love the lovely bully."
—Henry V.

MEN’S HOCKEY CLUB.

Another season has drawn to a close, so far, at least, as the Senior Championship is concerned. There still remain two games in the Junior and Third-Class grades. The Club is to be congratulated on a very successful season. The Senior team again occupies the position of runners-up. IIA are third in their championship. IIB hold 11th place, and the thirds win the wooden spoon.

Seniors.—Bowler has filled the vacant place in the team, and has fully justified his inclusion. The play of the season has on several occasions been disappointing, and though the personnel of the team has been often severely criticised, the Committee feels certain that without exception it was the best team available at College. C. and G. Strack again filled places in the Representative team, while Burbidge and Thompson played for the B Representatives, Burbidge being also emergency for the Representative team. Hogg and Cleghorn are to be congratulated on obtaining places in the Junior Representatives.

Juniors.—IIA have held together well, and, but for hard luck, would have been higher up the ladder. The play on the whole has been very good, and there are several promising recruits for next year’s Senior team.

IIB have battled manfully, and towards the end of the season developed into a very strong combination.

III.—One might write “Least said,” but all honour to those, the valiant few (for Hockey accounts an average of eight men a match a very few), who Saturday after Saturday, under Edwards the Indomitable, faced overwhelming odds.
SUMMARY OF MATCHES.

Senior.

v. Metropolitan.—Won 4—3. College had by far the better of the game, but bad shooting by our forwards and speculating by the backs kept the score down. Griffiths, Salek, Beere (2), scored.

v. Wesley.—Won 9—0. A day out. Beere (3), C. Strack (2), Griffiths (2), G. Strack and Salek, scored.


v. United.—Lost 4—2. College and the Referee were both bad. Also missed Burbidge. Smith and Griffiths scored.

v. Wellington.—Won 5—2. In the rain again. The forwards did not repeat their form of the first round. The backs were safe, but should remember it is their duty to direct the ball to the forwards, who ordinarily have enough running to do without having to get the ball from the halves. G. Strack scored twice; three times C. Strack.


v Wesley.—Won 4—1. "An uninteresting and unscientific display" till the second half, when College awoke, to play well. C. Strack (2), G. Strack, and Beere were the scorers.

v Mets.—Lost 1—0. A hard, exciting game, of which we had decidedly the better. Mets were dangerous on two occasions only. Towards the end, College made frantic efforts to score, but the superb defence of Cleave and Baker thwarted our efforts. By the loss of the game came the loss of a chance for the Championship, re-won by Karori.

IIA.

v. Hutt.—Won 7—0. Hutt Park is more suited for hide-and-seek than for hockey, and when a pass develops into a successful put, large scores are impossible. Delamore (3), Hogg (2), Foden (2), were the scorers.

v. Government Insurance.—Won 6—1. McDowall and Castle were the men. Goals to Cleghorn (3), Delamore (2), and Foden.

v Wellington.—Lost 4—3. Forwards bunched affectionately and lost unaccountably. Delamore (2) and Foden scored.

v. Karori.—Lost 4—0. A glorious defeat. Two men short, but the game was even and scoreless until the last 20 minutes. But then we had Thompson.
v. United.—Won 6–0. We managed without our emergency, necessitated by the commercial leanings of the foe, who counted and objected. Cleghorn (2), Foden (2), Delamore and Watson scored.

v. Wesley.—Won 11–0. Result of 1st spell. We were 9 men and Eichelbaum, and Wesley relied unwisely on 5 men and a boy.

v IIIb.—Won by default. Kind IIIb.

IIIb.

v. Wesley.—Lost 4–3. This was Wesley's only win. Nothing like being unselfish. Kelly and Eager scored.

v. K.Y.M.I.—Lost 4–2. Also the only game K.Y.M.I. won. Burgess was our mainstay.

v United.—Lost 7–1. Winder scored.

v St. Mark's.—Lost 4–2.

v Govt. Insurance.—Won 3–2. The other side were 3 short. Eager and Hawkins scored.

College has won two other games, but the modest Captain has sent us no report of these.

III.


v. Wellington.—Lost, 11–1. Lennard scored.

v. Kilbirnie.—Lost 5–1. We're tired of Lennard's name.

v Greggs.—Lost 3–1. Great improvement, and Lennard again.

v. Wellington.—Won by default. Our first win.


RESULTS.

Senior (position Second).—Matches played, 10; Won, 7; Lost, 3. Goals for, 42; against, 21. Points, 34.

IIA (position Third).—Played, 10; Won, 7; Lost, 3. Goals for, 56; against, 17. Points, 43.

IIIb (position Eleventh).—Played, 11; Won, 3; Lost, 8. Goals for, 12; against, 43. Points, 6.

III (position Sixth).—Played, 10; Won, 2; Lost, 8. Goals for, 34; against, 68. Points, 4.

During the year a visit was paid us by Auckland University College, and, in the ensuing game at Duppa Street, the visitors (six of whom were in the Auckland Reps.), defeated us by 3–1. Our Club billeted the team during its stay, and combined with the Association in entertaining the visitors. Victoria must return the call.

Again we have no hesitation in recommending to all students the game of Hockey, not as being the best game, but the best game for students,
BY THE CLUB CAPTAIN.

Looking back over the past year’s play, one is apt to ask oneself wearily how much longer it will be before we follow Otago University’s example and make our way up the Rugby ladder. And yet all through life the fellow at the bottom has always been the best of sports. You must often have noticed that yourself. While others climb and climb towards the goal of their ambition, he philosophically sips his pint and smokes his pipe and moralises. So let it be with College. Although we are still very close to the foot of the ladder, we have played the game, and played it cleanly. And in these days, when professionalism is gradually advancing in public favour, there is only one thing that will turn the tide—clean football.

It were vain repetition to unearth the long list of defeats and the—alas—much shorter list of victories, and to discuss the merits and demerits of the players. That has been done more or less generously by the daily papers. What is more to the point is to discover our weaknesses and see if they cannot be remedied next year; and so, Mr. Editor, with your kind indulgence, I shall briefly touch on a few points that came under my personal observation.

First, there is the question of selection. Was the selection carried out in accordance with the motion passed at the annual meeting? No, I think not. And could not the teams be published earlier in the week? To this latter cause alone is due the fact that on several occasions, in both Senior, Junior, and Third grade games, we were forced to take the field with anything from eleven men upwards.
Another important point is one that I have consistently urged in the columns of the SPIKE. Let us follow the lead of the Cricket Club, and hold our annual meeting early. Let us get into some sort of training before our first match. A good start is half the battle.

v. AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
V.C. Won, 12—8.

I was extremely lucky in being one of the three V.C. onlookers at what was undoubtedly the finest exhibition of the game that our Senior team has ever made. Prepared for the worst when we left Wellington, we were lucky in securing the services of Sol Phillips half-way up the line. True, we had to resort to bygone press-gang methods, but the end justified the means, for with his thorough knowledge of the game and his solid defence, he was, with Ryan, a splendid pivot for the backs to work on. Both back and forward divisions worked like Trojans right up to the final whistle, and time and again provoked a round of applause from the fairly numerous audience. Personally, I consider that the final score—12 to 8 in favour of Victoria College—was a fair index of the merits of the play.

Any mention of the match would be woefully incomplete without a reference to the hospitality advanced to us by the Aucklanders. From the moment they met us on the station till the last handshake, they one and all strove to make our visit a thing to remember. Let us hope they will be able to say the same after their visit to Wellington next year.

v. CANTERBURY COLLEGE.
V.C. Lost, 12—3.

Played at Wellington before an audience of about thirty, and resulting in a win for the visitors by 12 to 3. This game was, so far as our team is concerned, as poor an exhibition as the Auckland match was a good one. Few and far between were the College attacks, and the ball seldom passed through more than two pairs of hands. The "ginger" of the Canterbury backs was in striking contrast, and was responsible for the slight applause of which the small handful of spectators was capable. No doubt the professional game at Newtown Park was responsible for the small number of spectators, but I am compelled to enter an emphatic protest against the want of interest displayed by the students generally, women as well as men, in these inter-College games. It is disheartening to our own men, discouraging to the Committee, and a poor compliment to the visiting
team. One has only to see a similar match played in Auckland, Christchurch or Dunedin to realise that in other centres a very different state of things exists, and it is to be hoped that on occasions when other University teams pay us a visit, no matter whether it be Rugby or hockey, all our Sports Committees will unite in a genuine endeavour to procure the attendance of a respectable number of College enthusiasts.

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY TEAM.

It is a matter for regret that the efforts of the New Zealand University Football Club to arrange for a tour this year were defeated through the inability of the Sydney University to procure a suitable team to go on tour, the more so as the Club had every reason to believe that the tour would have resulted in a distinct financial success.

THE PLAYERS.

I sincerely hope that all this year’s players will see their way to donning the green jersey again next year. It is vitally important that we should take the field with a generous sprinkling of older and more experienced players. It is to be hoped that the rumour to the effect that such capable exponents of the game as P. J. Ryan and Faire are retiring, is unfounded; the Club cannot spare them.

We parted some few weeks ago with one of our best and staunchest players—Arthur Curtayne—who has entered the ranks of the legal profession at Wairoa, Hawke’s Bay. Curtayne has always been an exponent of clean, bright football, and his departure leaves a gap which cannot easily be filled. However, we wish him every success in his new field of labour.

In conclusion, the Club expresses its sincere appreciation of the keen interest shown by Professor Hunter in College football. He has on many occasions put himself to great personal inconvenience to attend the gymnasium practices and coach the teams, and if the results have not always appeared to justify his enthusiasm, it is the fault of the players themselves, and not of their President and Instructor.

SUMMARY OF CLUB MATCHES PLAYED.

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1st XV.

(Captain: P. J. Ryan).

v. Petone. Lost, 44-o. Petone indulged in some frolicsome gallery play, much to the annoyance of our men. On the day's play, Petone probably were slightly the better team. College played eight Juniors.


v. Poneke. Lost, 11-0. We had a strong team, and expected a win, but Poneke forwards enjoyed the mud and rain better than ours.

v. Southern. Won, 18-3. Just to show that when we want to win we can, and that handsomely. Ryan was in great kicking form, and piloted the ball in from difficult positions on two occasions. Faire scored twice, and Salmond and Paulsen once each.

v. Wellington. Lost, 13-9. College played a splendid game in the rain, and had hard luck in not winning. Newspaper reports distinctly encouraging. Ryan kicked two goals, and Curtayne scored. The winning try was a very doubtful one.


v. Poneke. Lost, 12-0.

v. Petone. Lost, 27-9. College made a much better showing, although their team was weak. O'Shea was responsible for all College's points—a very creditable performance.

v. Old Boys. Won by default. At least, so the "Times" hath it.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The members of this team have played very well, notwithstanding the fact that they suffered from a chronic shortness of players. This was chiefly due to the demands of our rapacious Seniors.


v. Southern. Won by default,

v. Athletic. Lost, 0—9. This team was second in Championship.


v. Selwyn. Lost, 0—15. Eleven men.

v. Melrose. Won, 10—3. This match was played on Polo No. 4 during a severe storm of rain and sleet. McKay and Cammock scored. O'Shea converted both tries, the last goal being kicked from the sideline after heated disputes with Melrose and the referee.

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3rd XV.


v. Petone. Lost, 48—3. But we had only half a team. Play lasted only 25 minutes.

v. Marist Brothers. Lost, 19—0.

v. Waiwetu. Lost by default.

v. Southern. Lost, 20—0.

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EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—“New Plymouth Boys' High School Magazine,” “Government Insurance Recorder,” “Napier Girls' High School Magazine,” “Otago University Review,” “The N.G.C.,” “Wanganui Collegian,” “The Scindian.”
Freshman: (1) It was originally a Library, but has since been equipped for training in kindergarten methods. (2) Playing "trains," a really ripping game, though Adamson did put his foot down, and nearly spoiled the whole show, the mean thing!

J. St-v-n-s-n: The mode is to brush the hair straight back, in the manner known as "bringing out the intellect." Spencer mentions it.

C. A. L. Tr-dw-ll: Certainly. Jack never is as good as his master . . . but we thought your name was "Archibald."

Dr. Truby King: Glad to hear you contemplate an F.A.F. for women students; we hope your efforts will meet with all the success they deserve.

Prof. C. W. v-n Z-dl-tz: Cheer up! There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Perhaps Psalm cxix., verses 5, 83, and 45, might afford some consolation.

J. S. T-n-n-t: Yes, yes. What John Milton thought about education is all very well, but we could name at least one of your colleagues who considers that John Brown's opinions on the matter are worthy of more consideration than you bestowed upon them.

Prof. McK-nzie: As you say, 7.15 is rather early, but never mind, 7.45 will soon be round; to adapt Shakespeare, "time and the half-hour runs thro' the roughest lecture."
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE.

Back Row.—G. Strack, Miss G. Lawry, F. G. Hall-Jones, Miss I. Tennant, Miss F. Cooke, F. L. G. West, P. W. Burbidge.

Front Row.—Miss M. L. Nicholls, R. H. Quilliam, P. B. Broad, J. C. McDowall, Miss H. Jenkins, G. C. Jackson.
GRADUATES OF THE YEAR.
1st FIFTEEN.

Back Row.—MacKenzie, Beard, Miller, Dundon, Grey, Faire, O'Shea (Secretary).
Middle Row.—Middlemas, Nathan, Davv (Club Captain), Ryan, Quilliam, Paulsen.
Front Row.—Walker, Stinton, Davey.