

had a large family, one of whom is the wife of the present worthy and genial occupant of the chair of Greek in our University—Prof. Hutton.

Dr. McCaul towards the end of the seventies became somewhat feeble, and in 1880 was forced to resign his position as president of the University, and also all professorial duties. He, however, lingered in very poor health till April 16th, 1887, when after an illness of two days he died.

In conclusion I quote from Morgan, a contemporary, who says, "Foremost among the learned and distinguished professors who adorn our Canadian colleges stands Dr. McCaul, a profound scholar, orator and wit, urbane and kind as he is learned."

And also from an editorial in the *Globe* commenting on his death: "By the death of Rev. Dr. McCaul, Toronto has lost a venerable citizen whose name was a household word in Ontario. He had been withdrawn from public life for some years, but the younger generation have the tradition of his eloquence, learning and geniality. His effect upon the education of the Province was excellent, for he had the tact and address to carry a weight of erudition in such wise as to make learning attractive"

During the period of Dr. McCaul's administration from 1849 to 1880 there graduated from the University of Toronto 1148 men, as follows: 638 in Arts; 108 in law; and 402 in medicine; and among them some of Canada's foremost men in the professions, politics and business.

On the present Arts staff of the University are President Loudon, Prof. Baker, Prof. Wrong, Prof. A. B. McCallum, Prof. Fletcher, J. Squair, W. H. Vander-Smissen, W. J. Loudon, P. Toews and D. R. Keys; at the School of Science are Prof. Galbraith and Dr. Ellis; and almost every member of the medical faculty.

Chancellor Boyd, Judge Armour, Judge Meredith, Judge Falconbridge, and Judge Street, who are the chief "dealers in justice" in Canada, were all undergraduates in the time of Dr. McCaul.

In law we find at the head of the profession, B. B. Osler, A. B. Aylesworth, T. G. Blackstock, and S. H. Blake.

In medicine the names of Dr. I. H. Cameron, Dr. R. A. Reeve, Dr. McPhedran, Dr. McDonagh, and Dr. Aikins stand out prominently.

In politics we find also leading men, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Wm. Mulock, Hon. R. Harcourt, Hon. J. M. Gibson, and many more.

Oronhyatekha was also a graduate in medicine in 1866.

This is certainly a goodly list of prominent men, and is an additional evidence of the high place the University of Toronto has in equipping the youth of Canada to fight their own and their country's battles in any of the various walks of life. G. W. Ross, '99.

SIGNS OF THE TIME.

We have heard much of late with reference to the achievements of the Victorian era; yet it may be that few have noticed in the celebration of the jubilee a tacit acknowledgment that the era is all but closed. We have heard so much of the history of this epoch; of the great progress made in every line of human endeavor, that we have perhaps considered but little the tendencies and movements of to-day. Let us now glance at this present hour with regard to this and a yet wider setting, for with these last years of the Victorian era the century too is drawing to a close, and it is as though the coincidence of these two cycles (if such we may term them) were making a double impress on the character of the time.

The history of the race, we know, is like that of the

individual. It has its seasons both of work and of inactivity. It has its moods and sentiments even. There are times when it seems as if the whole race were moving to a common impulse, and again there comes a lull when no advance is visible. This is a strange fact, that individuals no two of whom are wholly alike, whose ideals are often directly opposite, should compose a race which, viewed in the broadest aspect, acts and thinks as one.

However different men may be in opinion, they must come in touch with each other in all great fundamental facts, the facts on which opinion is to build. It is impossible for a man to reap the benefits of society and not fall under the influences of his time. Only the man of genius dare let go the thought of his age and pass on to spheres beyond the common ken. He alone may keep aloof from the influence of the spirit of the hour,—the race will not divide nor follow, until it has exhausted the possibilities of the present. It moves as one, and has a life and development like the individual. Its hours of labor are our years, its day a century,—around whose colossal dial the shadow is now falling to the night.

In the present case this is something more than a mere figure of rhetoric, for, strange as the coincidence may seem, there is now the feeling of a universal pause, as though the race were resting from an effort which had been too great for it. It is as though behind us lies the day within whose compass so much has been done, and now, dreamy and retrospective, we are standing in the twilight of the century.

It has been said that the life of those who accomplish most moves like a star, without haste, without rest. Though this may be true, it is not the universal method of advance. There are single times when truth after truth bursts upon our vision, and in almost feverish haste we work to make the discoveries our own. And then after the novelty no longer allures and the strong-strung will has relaxed, we turn from our work with wearied discontent. The harder the effort has been, the stronger is the revulsion. So, if from the dawn of democracy a century ago there has been marvellous achievement, on the other hand there has grown up in our own time more than in past centuries that feeling of world weariness, which is voiced in all the literature of to-day.

There is a significance in this fact which is easily overlooked, for from it even more than from the positive achievements of men, we may judge of the personal character of the race. Its progress, we have guessed, is not from spontaneous effort. It is the result of obedience to single leaders, and yet while the race is in action we cannot decide how much is natural, how much has been forced. But in these times of pause the natural instincts are seen more distinctly. External impulse is removed and the race stops short; with hardly a gleam of intelligence in its eyes it looks at the work it has been lead to do, apparently convinced that it has done of its own accord. And with a still blanker look it fronts the future. These are the times to read the mind of the race. One thing at least we may deduce. That the individual whom the race most resembles is not the genius. Let us say rather the dullest of the dull.

The man of true genius works with a tireless energy; his eyes are always on the scene before him. No idle dreaming, no self-gratulation which brings discontent. He uses the memories of the past only as experience for present aid. When one difficulty is surmounted he will turn to the next with an eagerness that foretells success. Not so the race. Like a child set to a task, it does its work; and like a child, when it has finished, stands gazing at what has been done. No thought of what it shall turn to next, no thought of the great world of truth it has yet to compass! Its resting periods are spent in retrospect, never in outlook over the future. Hence the sadness instead of expectancy in these times of reaction. The eye