

wisdom.' Your ascetic would not know a Madonna from a Gainsborough, an oratorio from an opera-bouffe. Why, I would back—don't look shocked," as Apaideusia looked over the edge of his paper—"I would back a London shoe-black against him. I heard one say once to an old gentleman who had asked him what tune he was whistling, 'You're a hignorant old cove, you are, hain't yer never bin an' 'eerd Forst?'"

Eusebeia put on the air of a martyr as she held out a piece of toast to her pug. "What is morality?" she said at last.

"Morality is a deliberate, consistent and continued effort to attain the highest cognisable end. Of course there are minor ends or aims, one's occupations for the day for example; but these are merely means to higher aims. In fact aims and means are related on each other just as genera and species in a system of cognate genera. Do you not think so?"

"I must be off," said Apaideusia, rising.

"The highest aim is never means," continued Paideia, "the lowest means never an aim, the intermediate aims-like *subalterna genera*—are alternately aims to the means below and means to the aim above, according to what, at the moment, is the object of thought. The means corresponding to *infim species* is labour—mental or muscular—for although labour is not possible without ganglionic or cerebro-spinal excitation, and this latter without volition, which, in turn, depends on motive, these three must be considered rather as causes for which we are not responsible than as means, rather as the involuntary, implanted principles of our physiological and psychological constitution than as actions undertaken after an investigation of, and with a view to, certain results."

"Why, then the heathen could be moral," said Eusebeia.

"The sacrificers of children to Moloch, or of captives to Woden; the Fakir of Benares, and the modern Bishop, all equally so."

Poor Eusebeia could not control her horror. "Still, this is very interesting," she said, "and I can quite understand how education includes religion; the school-board insists on . . ."

PAIDEIA.—"Education is the axis of the tree, culture its branches, refinement its flowers, and taste their perfume."

EUSEBEIA.—"I am afraid future sociological palæophytologists will find the flora of this age chiefly cryptogamic."

PAIDEIA.—"I think I can elucidate this object-matter mathematically. Let us say that education is, generally, 'the gradual self-adaptation of the human organism to its environment' by means of the development of its powers, and let us classify the powers of the organism,—that by which alone variations in the relation of the organism to the environment are rendered possible—thus:—Physical, giving rise to Acts, Mental, giving rise to Volitions, and—for want of a better term—Moral, giving rise to motives. Then education will be represented by three concentric circles, and your ascetic will be concerned only in that narrow, outer rim between the outermost circle representing moral development, and the central circle representing mental development. And do you not think that we might represent Taste as a sector common to these three circles?"

"Perhaps, dear," said Eusebeia, dubiously. "Are you going to the archery meeting this afternoon?"

"Yes. What are you going to wear by-the-bye?"

"Let me see. The Rev. Mr. Saintly will be there. I shall wear my Jersey."

T. A. H.

* *Tusculanae Disputationes*, Lib. V. Cap. 3.

** "On the Sublime and Beautiful."

† "Education as a Science."

‡ Sophocles, *Trachiniae* v. 200.

†† "Lectures on Modern History." Lect. II.

AN OLD SCOTCH PROFESSOR.

A 'VARSITY REMINISCENCE.

MORE than one of his old pupils have reason to remember the subject of this sketch, not a few for reasons the reverse of pleasant. He had an awkward trick of fining the unruly or frolicsome among the students, and of "plucking" the careless or stupid. Yet dame Rumour said some queer things of his own student days. He had been indeed "one of the boys," had borne a leading and distinguished part in many a "town and gown" affray for which his great height and long arm had pre-eminently fitted him. He had helped to swell many a chorus of the "won't-go-home-till-morning" description. Indeed it was due to his propensity for boxing and getting into rows with "the cads" that he did not leave Cambridge as Senior Wrangler of his year, for he was that phenomenon that is seldom, but yet sometimes, found in a University a "fast," yet successful, student. Just before the examinations for the blue ribbon of the University came on, Thomson (for that was my old Professor's name) was informed that a noted bully of the town—a butcher by trade—had been vaunting that he could "lick any man in the 'Varsity as easily as he could skin a bleater." Without a moment's hesitation the young

gownsmen took up the challenge and went to the butcher's place of business without delay. The combatants tackled, and a terrific fight was the result, for the butcher was no mean adversary. He had, however, finally to succumb to the skill of his wiry and powerful opponent. Thomson, was, nevertheless, so mauled and battered that it was utterly out of question for him to show up at either lectures or examinations, and the result was his putting in an *ager* for such a length of time that he lost the chance of the great prize and left the University simply a pass-man. He left it also a poor and deeply indebted man. Like Tennyson's curate, he took his position as Professor in Overdon University "with loads o' 'Varsity debt," and like those of that same unfortunate cleric, poor Thomson's Cambridge creditors

"Stook to him like a leech, they did, and he 'aint got rid on them yet."

At least to the best of my belief, poor Thomson had not got rid of them in the year of grace 1864, nor we fancy did he altogether shake himself free of the incubus until he paid the final debt of all—that which men owe to Nature. This fact and the troubles, disappointments, and annoyances of his life tended no doubt to make him somewhat sour and gloomy, if not in some cases actually vindictive, but he was at heart really a most kindly and social man. He was forced to be very saving in money matters and curious stories are told of his "canniness" in this respect. He was an inveterate smoker and used the very commonest and cheapest "pig-tail" tobacco. Having sent the janitor of the college one morning to a neighboring grocery for a supply of the weed and suspecting that 'John' had helped himself to a piece of the tobacco the professor calmly measured the piece with his finger and said to John "Do you smoke, John?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Ah, I thought so," said the professor, significantly, and John collapsed. In consequence of this enforced economy he dressed rather meanly, and thus afforded a butt for the jests of offended undergrads, jests which were unsparingly hurled at "Davie" or the "Demon," as he was called, on every possible occasion. He was a finished scholar and as enthusiastic a student of Physics as Sir William Thomson himself. His lectures were remarkable for their clearness and exhaustive treatment of the subject. They were interspersed with dry jokes which tradition said he had incorporated in the M.S., of his lectures, and thus gave, year after year, unchanged. One was the venerable definition by *Punch* of mind and matter. "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind." There were a good many others interspersed, over which the class always laughed, especially those who had secret fears of being unable to pass "Davie" at the close of the session.

His oral examinations were a great treat. The unlucky wretch who came up to the black-board unprepared got an unsparing torrent of sarcasm hurled on his devoted head. A student once was engaged in a very hopeless attempt to solve a problem in Statics or some kindred subject, and had got to a point in the operation where an expansion by the Binomial Theorem came in. He had been "going it blind" for a considerable time, but at this stage he came to a standstill. "Go on, Mr.—" said Davie. "I can't, sir," said Mr.—. "Ah! how many x's have you got there, Mr.—?" After a pause "Thirty" was the reply. "Then, mister, you have an excess of x's." (Laughter.) Don't you know the Binomial Theorem, Mr.—?" "I had used to, sir, but I, somehow have forgotten the run of it." That's heresy, Sir. Why, when I was at Cambridge I knew a man, a great hand at classics he was, but as poor as you, Mr.—, at mathematics. But he was wiser than you. He made it a point of conscience to learn the Binomial Theorem, and in his examination papers whenever he saw the ghost of the chance of an *n* appearing he wrote—"Before solving this problem we must prove the Binomial Theorem." Take example by him, Mr.—, if you want to pass. Now, you may sit down, sir!"

I might multiply examples of his keen, caustic wit, but space forbids. He was an efficient and successful teacher, and more than one Senior Wrangler passed through his hands—indeed, one of them now occupies the chair which he vacated "to go over to the majority." In spite of his many eccentricities, in spite too of the hard measure he meted out to more than one of his pupils in the matter of class passes, his memory will long be green in the "Auld Toon" of Overdon, and his jokes will for a long time, we venture to say, form a part of the traditions of

"The sleepy old place

That stands by the murmuring Don,"

Peace to his manes!

A. G.

TWO PARODIES.

THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

To cram or not to cram—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer