

medium to tell them, in the best way we can, what we mean by the American life and the American ideal.

The outlook for the future is very bright. Next winter the number of lecture halls will be increased to 150, and the corps of 450 lecturers now on the staff will be supplemented by the addition of many men from other cities, eminent in their particular lines of investigation. Lectures will be delivered in English, Italian, Yiddish, and some will be arranged for in French and German and possibly in other languages. In this way it is hoped that almost every class of this great cosmopolitan city will be reached and to some extent provided for. The shortening of the hours of labor is bringing the workman increased leisure, and the proper environment must be given him to wisely use that leisure so that the hours after the day's toil shall become not the most insipid and languid, but the most joyous and uplifting.

IN MEMORIAM.

EDITH MARY CURZON, B.A., '89. Drowned at Go Home, Georgian Bay, Aug. 23rd, 1903.

"Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death."

Many of us at various times during the past few weeks have been thinking of the premature death of Miss Curzon, by drowning, at her own island in the Georgian Bay. For some of us, especially for those who occupy houses at the University Settlement on the bay, her fate, following the similar death of Mr. Anderson, has saddened the whole summer, and perhaps permanently darkened the radiant atmosphere in which their summer home is set.

Miss Curzon belonged to that department of the natural sciences from which have come all the women who have hitherto held places on the University staff, the department of chemistry. A strange and whimsical instance of nature's irony it seems, or of poetic justice, that the department, whose former chief not so many years ago was the most outspoken unbeliever in coeducation on the staff, should have been the first to welcome, even before the departure of the same unbeliever and after his conversion, three women in succession, to a share in his duties or to duties of a similar character. Miss Curzon was originally assistant to Professor Ellis in the School of Practical Science; subsequently she was appointed to a position on the staff of the Massey Institute, which she held at the time of her death.

Her last public appearance probably was during the Teachers' Association in April, when she read a characteristic paper on the scientific aspects of ordinary domestic service; on the illumination which science can cast, the interest it can furnish, to the humblest and most prosaic if necessary, or, as they used to be called, of menial duties, on the possibility that by means of science these duties may not only be discharged more efficiently, a smaller and a secondary result, a by-product, in fact, but, what is much more important and more difficult to reach, may be accepted more cheerfully.

Miss Curzon was groping, as we all are, after a reconstruction of family life, disorganized now by democracy and education and the revolt against domestic service. She saw, as every thoughtful man and woman sees, that domestic service, when discharged faithfully in the old days, was discharged either by servants without education or imagination—whence the adage commonly and sometimes truly uttered, "the best servants cannot read or write"—or by servants satisfied religiously or otherwise with their menial position.

She saw that democracy had brought with it the education of the imagination and the aspiration after a larger life, and that democracy and education concurrently, though along different lines, had relaxed the religious consolations of the poor. "God's law" and "the estate whereto it shall please God to call me" have been translated for many Canadians into "man's injustice" and "the wrongs which it has pleased society to put upon me." She saw, as we all see, that the result is not only full of discomfort for the wealthier classes, the smallest evil in it, but in the long run threatens disappointment and unhappiness for all, since humble tasks and menial labor will continue to be necessary. And she looked to the new force in the world, the new religion of this age, an age of faith, if ever there was an age of faith, only its new object is science, for a solution of the problem, and she suggested, as others have suggested, that the spirit of science might help to replace the waning spirit of duty, and that labor, humble, monotonous and unceasing, once faced cheerfully as being the will of God and therefore so to be performed as in His sight, might still be made to seem tolerable by being better understood and more scientifically handled.

This, perhaps, is an idealist's solution; only to the idealist, perhaps, will it seem possible that the best servant, who necessarily is a man or woman of action, working with hands, will be identical with the scientific student working with his head. The best servants probably will continue to be poor thinkers, and the best thinkers poor servants. But it was better for Miss Curzon that she held her idealist's faith, and it was characteristic of her.

She seemed to have in all things the keen and sensitive spirit of the idealist; she followed the fine tradition of the scientific side of our University, and was deeply interested in ordinary daily things outside her science, especially in the advancement and education of her own sex, and in the promotion of a Residence for the women students of University College, and in all similar good works.

She seemed to rebel in a wholesome, good-tempered way, not by harangues or agitation, against the conventional limitations of women. She was bound to be able to do what men could do, to camp out, for instance, in the summer on the Georgian Bay, to navigate crazy crafts upon its agitated water during the day and watch the procession of the August sky at night through the curtains of a tent. It was perhaps only an accident of feminine impatience that she did these things before adding to her other capacities the manly accomplishment of swimming. Without it she was a permanent anxiety on the minds of her older, more experienced, less idealistic masculine neighbors, some of whom prophesied positively to her of an inevitable end. And now Cassandra's fate is theirs: their prophecies have proved true and fruitless, and they are left to mourn with the rest of us the passing during one summer of two ardent, impatient spirits.