

The Varsity

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OCTOBER 11, 1893.

QUEEN'S PARK.

WRITTEN IN MY FRESHMAN DAYS.



ONE of my favorite places of resort in Toronto is the Queen's Park. A child of rural Canada, the dust of cities and the din of paved streets jades me and wearies me: and as one who in a foreign country cherishes the relics of his own land that he has brought with him, so do I turn with grateful relief from the busy city to this quiet grassy nook, reserved for meditation and suggestive of the fields and meadows that surround my natal cot. The native verdure of my soul seems here to find an externality harmonious and correspondent with itself. Hither, therefore, I betake me at such times as I feel the need of quiet and reflection.

Entering the park from the south off College street, one of the natural beauties that first attracts the eye is a small circular-shaped garden, surrounded by a picket fence and filled with flowers and shrubs carefully laid out in regular plots. We pause and lean upon the picket fence, gazing apprehensively meanwhile at the patrol-box that stands close by. Examining the garden more carefully, we see planted within it and frowning out upon us the Russian cannon from Sebastopol. Here they rest in undisturbed old age, forgetful of the stormy scenes of forty years ago and the fortress that once they helped to defend. Sleep on, ye dogs of war! and never may the savage thunder of your throats be roused again to belch forth ruin and destruction from your iron lips! May ye be memorials of an irrevocable past rather than portents of a troubled future!

But we hasten on, past the garden-plot, past the magnificent pile of the new Provincial Parliament buildings, to the grassy campus behind, for this is our favorite spot in the Park. Here we stretch at full length on the grass, or repose on one of the commodious benches that a thoughtful City Council has provided as a resting-place for the weary passer-by. The trees around are sighing softly in the autumn breeze. From afar the din of the busy world strikes murmuring on the ear. All things invite the mind to serious thought. In meditative mood, therefore, we gaze at the Parliament buildings; "and what a snap it were," methinks, "to have some fat government situation, to feel myself the proprietor of an office in this noble edifice with nothing to do, and a handsome salary for doing it! Surely this were the summum bonum!" But even as the souls of Homer's heroes in days of yore spake to the physical frame wherein they were tenemented, so spake my soul to me as she heard these thoughts: "Poor wretch! Is this the height of thine ambition? Is this thy summum bonum? To rake in the shekels for dealing out red-tape to thy fellow-men? Gaze westward yonder, where riseth another stately dome. The place thou knowest, for thou art a denizen thereof. Thither go the sons and daughters of learning to drink deep draughts from Wisdom's sacred fount. Surely to dwell there and quaff her inspiration were better than to draw a salary for doing nothing! Is not wisdom better than riches and red-tape?"

So spake my soul within me. Filled with the grandeur of the conception she set before me, I was too absorbed to notice the rapid flight of time, till, startled to behold the sun now sinking in the west, I roused myself again. Already his last rays were gilding the pinnacles of the Parliament buildings; a moment more and he was hidden from view. I would fain have strolled through the Park still further and commented on its beauties; but the desire for supper was upon me, and an anxious fear lest my landlady would not keep it waiting for me if I tarried too long. I hastened homeward therefore, compelled to abandon my survey of the Park almost ere I had begun it.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A., who has for several years been lecturer in Greek and Greek History, has left us. We mourn our loss; and now the Pacific slope claims him for its own. Leland Stanford, Jr., University is to be congratulated upon its new professor; and VARSITY wishes Mr. Fairclough every success in his new sphere.

Dr. Kirschmann, who has been appointed lecturer in Psychology, comes to us with the highest recommendations. The doctor was formerly assistant to Professor Wundt at Leipzig, and this alone speaks much for the ability of our new lecturer in his chosen line of work.

Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., LL.B., who was, last year, lecturer in Political Science, and prior to that, fellow in the same department, has now settled down to the practice of law. The critical acumen which distinguished Mr. McEvoy in his discussions of subtle constitutional points will stand him in good stead in his practice.

Mr. C. A. Stuart a distinguished graduate of '91, has been appointed fellow in Political Science. Mr. Stuart, subsequent to graduation, held for some time a fellowship in History at Columbia College. We are sure that with such an addition to the already able staff, the Political Science course will be more popular than ever.

Fred Hellems, '93—we don't give his initials for everybody knows Fred—has been appointed fellow in Latin. Mr. Hellems received an offer of a fellowship from Chicago University, but preferred to cast in his lot with old VARSITY. Mr. Hellems is one of the most brilliant graduates of last year, and his well-known ability in classics, coupled with his wide reading, make his lectures attractive, even to those who are but little acquainted with the classic tongues. We wish Mr. Hellems all success, both because