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## "I HAVE A FRIEND."

The weary traveller in a desert land,  
'Gainst whom by full-orbed sun from heavenly seat  
Are launched his quivering shafts of yellow heat,  
And scorching breath is blown from desert sand,  
Doth madly long beneath the palms to stand,  
Where kiss of waters cool his lips may greet;  
But often tempted by the mirage fleet,  
He wanders on where shadeless wastes expand.

Thus wearily I journeyed, many a year,  
Athirst for ever by mirage beguiled;  
But now no more the sand-choked well I fear.  
The living spring whose waters undefiled  
Can quench my life-long thirst I know at last—  
I have a friend: the desert days are past.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

## "THE HIGHER EDUCATION."

It is somewhat unusual, I admit, to offer views on co-education, but with a confidence born of similar failures, I flatter myself I have some original theories to advance—and for such I may be pardoned. I hope I shall not be misunderstood—my intention, like that of the general public, is to be perfectly clear—and to prevent misconception, I may be allowed first to state the negative side, that is what I should not do if I were writing on the subject of co-education. To plunge boldly, perhaps rashly, into this side of the matter seems advisable.

In the first place, my opinions would not be propagated in short stories with a purpose, reminding one of the old expedient of taking a disagreeable powder in a bit of jelly which might or might not be agreeable. But with that all resemblance ceases. The comparison cannot, with any fairness to the jelly, be carried out. The powder in the stories gets so hopelessly mixed with the imitation jelly, that to an ordinary palate one seems as bad as the other. The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the authors. Let us examine, for instance, some of these sketches which have lately been foisted on an unoffending public. In one, the author's views are made known by reports of conversations imagined (a long stretch of imagination is necessary) to have taken place between lady undergraduates, and by descriptions of such young ladies, needless to say, a wide knowledge of the subject or subjects is shown. These strangely fictitious damsels, who seem to be artificial in more senses than one, are evidently familiar studies to the authors and their dialogues are faithfully recorded. No trace of learning is discernible in their conversation; they are not permitted to talk as rationally as the everyday boarding-school girl, or even the talented young lady from the country who has taken a third-class certificate. The author is evidently labouring under the idea that the public generally consider college girls as prigs, and that it is his painful duty to prevent any misconception on the point.

He does so now. None would suspect his heroines of taking any other intellectual recreation than the "Duchess" or Miss Braddon. For instance, girl No. 2 blushes at the audacity of girl No. 1 in even mentioning the subject of marriage, whereupon girl No. 1 is called upon to become "prettily affectionate" and reassure the timid damsel.

From a scientific standpoint, too, the conversation is all that could be desired. "The invisible wall between the two worlds is never so thin" as in the environments of the University, is the flirtatious (the author is our authority) and at the same time learned remark of the heroine, at the end of which she finds it necessary to look up at the hero with the eyes of a nun. The connecting link is hardly obvious in spite of the pietistic tendency noticeable in the vague allusion to another and better sphere. But why an inoffensive nun should be dragged in here at the end of the sentence and robbed of her eyes to illustrate what the author rashly stigmatizes as a moralizing remark is not easy to determine. But no matter—the question is left open. The "invisible wall," moreover, seems to have a vague air of mystery which it would be profanity to disturb, so that we are limited to the conclusion of this same speech where Miss T— "moralizes" a little more and coquettishly begs the hero, Mr. F—, not to laugh at her for so doing. Mr. F— is evidently a man having an incurable lack of humour or else his facial muscles well under control. He does not laugh. This interesting dialogue is worthy of further note, but the young ladies themselves, who ought in all gallantry to have been introduced first, now claim our attention. There is something strangely unfamiliar about the girl of dusky red and white colouring who carries a note-book to match her dress, uses a brush to her bangs, has to look over both shoulders to see her skirt and makes a spray of asters (growing wild among vines around a stump!) tilt on its stem in order to hide her embarrassment. Yes, as the author says, she *is* original. No one will dispute the point with him.

Her companion, who has the regulation large eyes and fair hair, writes out 17 rules to guide her over the quicksands of a university career. These rules are, for reasons best known to the author, left to our imagination. From the keen analysis of female character he has given us we can easily evolve a few of them and suppose them to run as follows:

I. Always carry note-books to match your costume (it will be necessary, therefore, to patronize booksellers who will be ready to furnish books in the fashionable shades, such as terra cotta, eau de Nile, crushed strawberry, &c.).

II. Attend all lectures—as a delicate mark of attention to the lecturer.

III. Moralize when it seems likely to be "taking." This holds good even when science is dangerously tampered with in so doing.

IV. Always apologize for whistling in a gentleman's presence, he probably is not used to it.