

Further, the new lectureship was ostensibly created as an assistance to the venerable professor who has filled the chair in Oriental Languages for so many years. But Mr. Hirschfelder did not ask for assistance, and the new position was created without his knowledge or advice.

The position, however, having been made, Mr. Hirschfelder recommended for it a distinguished graduate of our own University whose competency for the office can not be doubted. But Mr. Hirschfelder's recommendation was ignored and the Toronto graduate unceremoniously set aside. We hold that other things being equal, or nearly so, our own graduates should have the preference in all appointments.

Then, as to the relative needs of the various departments. Will any one say that an additional lecturer in Oriental Languages was required so badly when one unfortunate lecturer is compelled to carry the burden of all the English and Italian of the college with the recent addition of Gothic? Is this a fair or reasonable division of the subjects—two lecturers to the comparatively few students who take the optional subjects of Oriental Languages and only one to the multitudes who are compelled to take English! Then, what chance is there that Italian will receive due attention when only a paltry \$300 a year is granted for teaching it?

Touching the remainder of the letter we have a few words to say. It is quite idle for Mr. Wrong to speak of the "Ishmaelitish propensities of the editor." We have found it necessary at times to deal in adverse criticisms, but our readers can judge if, when occasion offers, we are not readier with our eulogies than our censures. As VARSITY is the recognized organ of Convocation, it is our duty to inform the graduates all over the country, and in other countries, just exactly how matters are going in their University. If abuses exist we cannot help it, but we must expose them to those whose right it is to know them.

Yet the VARSITY is not a personal or party organ as we have often said. It is simply a medium for the expression of graduate and undergraduate opinion. Mr. Wrong differs from our opinions, and we publish his article as readily as our own. We do not know what more can be expected of us.

It is not true that the VARSITY has conducted a crusade against theological colleges. One of the editors, acting not in his official capacity, but simply as an individual, wrote a signed article which called forth considerable discussion. But Mr. Wrong cannot justly say that we did not give the fullest liberty of expression to those who opposed him. Even when that liberty degenerated into the license of personal abuse we did not attempt to restrain it.

Nor is it the case, as Mr. Wrong alleges, that we have criticized some of the lecturers of University College. Not a single line has been written on this subject by any person connected in any way with the VARSITY. The letter to which Mr. Wrong refers was the work of responsible undergraduates, and we made no editorial comment on it whatever. However, we assert our right to criticize any of the college officials if we feel called upon to do so.

But Mr. Wrong concludes by saying that our "utterances have not been politic." Granted, we have never tried to make them so. We do not conduct the VARSITY on that basis. It is enough for us if we have been truthful without being politic. It is "policy" that we have been fighting against, and against which we shall continue to fight to the end. If our opponents do not like the battle let them draw off their forces; we shall not draw off ours.

Another disease is the Didactic Disease—*i.e.*, telling instead of teaching. Put shortly, this is an attempt to do everything for one's pupil—as if the teacher could digest for him. Dr. Arnold (*Life I.*, 115), as a rule; did not give information except as a kind of reward for an answer; and often withheld it altogether, from a sense that those whom he was addressing had not sufficient interest or sympathy to entitle them to receive it.—*Rev. W. Hales, in "Evolution."*

Literature.

THE PHANTOM FLOCK.

(It was believed among the Indians that food must be buried with the dead, to sustain them in their long march over the barren and desolate region to be traversed before the happy hunting grounds were reached.)

By the margin of the river, where the moaning rushes quiver,
Watching our decoys in silence, low lay Indian Joe and I,
Watching while the flaming splendor, wondrous, solemn, melting, tender,
Faded slowly, faded softly, from the cloud-rimmed sunset sky,
As the angel of the twilight hovered, open-wing'd, on high.

Then, as told by Indian sages backward o'er successive ages,
Indian Joe began to tell me, as we lay beside the shore,
This old legend, dim and hoary, sad as ever told in story.
As his fathers' fathers told it, thrice three hundred years before,
So he told this sad and sombre tale of legendary lore.

Winter, winter cold and dreary! Ah, the village hearts are weary,
Weary waiting for the spring-time, slowly dying one by one.
As the spirit of starvation hovers o'er the desolation,
All the days are dark, and night is darker; neither moon nor sun
Pierce the shadow which will brood there till the ghastly work is done.

Deep the snow within the forest, deepest now their need is sorest,
But the famine-stricken hunters bind the snowshoes on their feet,
Roam the wo dlands, faint, despairing, bitter loads of sorrow bearing,
Hearing in the wind the moan of loved ones they will never meet,
Down they sink, the snow descending wraps them in a winding-sheet.

Lowly in his wigwam lying, Wondago the Great is dying,
Wondago, their well-loved father, Wondago, the hero chief,
And the remnant gather near him, broken-hearted come to hear him,
And he speaks: "My children, weep not. Dry your eyes and calm
your grief.

I am old; the Reaper comes to garner in the ripened sheaf.

"Ye are weeping. Calm your sorrow. When ye bury me to-morrow,
Keep the food that ye would give me for my journey from the grave,
Give me bow and well-filled quiver; 'tis enough beyond the river."
Thus he died, and dying thought of how he might his people save,
And they wailed their well-loved chieftain, Wondago, the good, the
brave.

But they said: "Our noble-hearted father chieftain has departed,
In his life he would not eat but gave to us; for us he died.
That he may at no place tarry, to sustain him he must carry
Through the black and barren region far upon the other side
Food in plenty for his journey through that region bare and wide."

With his body, then, they laid it; for his wish, had they obeyed it,
Would have troubled them full sorely, dread although their need might be.
Then the weak died, and the stronger prayed for life a little longer
Till the melting rain and sun would set the ice-locked rivers free,
That their nets might sweep the rivers and their eyes salvation see.

But there came no gleam of gladness to dispel their cloud of sadness.
Cruel leaden skies frowned o'er them; icy hands were on their hearts;
Spectral shadows glided by them, moaning voices murmured nigh them—
Shades and voices of their kindred, visions that the night imparts
To the trembling, troubled dreamer when he wakes from sleep, and starts.

All forgotten with each other were the ties of friend and brother.
Wolfishly they glared and waited, waited in their savage greed
For the horrid feast that Death would yield them when the straining
breath would

Leave each hunger-worn and tortured body, that the rest might feed
At the grim and ghostly banquet in their grim and ghastly need.