

all this could be avoided by a little judicious oversight on the part of the High School teachers. Let the latter make the matriculation their regular course and let them learn early the proclivities and intentions of each scholar and thus direct his or her work so that it won't be wasted. There are some schools whose teachers do this, but they are notable exceptions; the good results following from their work is but a proof of what might be universally so. Let the University be made in fact as well as in name the top stone of our educational system and many of the evils of which we have been speaking will disappear.

Space will not allow us to make more than a mere mention of the plan that has been proposed to the Senate looking to the more effective teaching of the pass subjects in the first and second years. For a long time it has been seen that something had to be done to relieve the jam in the pass subjects of the lower years; the classes have become so large that it is almost impossible to do any really effective teaching. To overcome this it is proposed to divide these large classes into smaller and more workable ones, to exercise a supervision over the pass work, and to allow marks for attendance at lectures and class work done during the term, to count on the general result. Relative standing will be allowed the candidates being ranked in grades as are the honor men. To carry out this plan additions to the teaching staff will have to be made in the language and mathematical departments. These are certainly moves in the right direction. It is to be hoped that the new plan may be put in operation next fall.

In our article on University Publications in last week's issue we inadvertently neglected to state that the Engineering Society of the School of Science publish a pamphlet in which the papers read at that Society are preserved. We have much pleasure in congratulating the Engineers on their enterprise; we hope their good example may be followed by the University.

Well, it's done! For the last time we have filled the editorial page, solicited literary articles, rejected poems—by the way, we are just escaping the deluge of spring poems which was about to fall upon us—read and revised reports, written locals, filled and refilled the waste paper basket and satisfied the voracious and impatient printer—and all for the last time. To-day the last number of the current year is issued, and now it is the time to write the orthodox valedictory after the orthodox fashion. To do this will not take much space nor time. We have worked hard to make THE VARSITY a success. We have done our best. If we have done any good we are glad; if we have failed it was not for lack of good intentions. We have praised some things and criticized others; in doing this we have not assumed that we knew everything and that we alone were right, but from the data at our disposal we have drawn our conclusions and expressed our opinion. The professors and instructors have shown an interest in our paper, the graduates have been sympathetic, the undergraduates enthusiastic; all this has been especially pleasing and helpful to us. Of the future we are hopeful. The new editor-in-chief is the man for the position; his staff will doubtless be the best he can procure. If faithful work is done and the same feelings entertained towards THE VARSITY as in the past success is certain, and we have one announcement to make. A Commencement Number will probably be published on June 9th, the day we graduate, the powers being propitious. And now we are done. The editorial pen is exhausted—it will write no more.

The editors hope to be able to publish a Commencement Number of THE VARSITY on June 9th.

LINES.

Whence come those visions beautiful and tender,
Stealing within me, bearing me along,
Holding me captive, when, in rapt surrender,
I strive to paint them in melodious song?

Whence come those thoughts, that like a river flowing
Stream o'er my spirit in a silver flood,
Why do they vanish, whither are they going,
Fading forever with a fickle mood?

What is that music every sense eluding,
Those soundless melodies only souls can hear,
What is that Presence o'er me cloud-like brooding,
Unseen, unheard, but felt in spirit near?

They are the fair forms of a vast creation,
Whose celestial beauty man hath never seen,
Ever around him, with their inspiration
In the artist's vision and the poet's dream.

W. W. E.

BROWNING'S RING AND THE BOOK.



THE Ring and the Book is one of the most important poems to me that I have read, and also one of the most unsatisfactory. Like most early students of Browning, I had first attempted his lyrics and shorter studies, which seemed very perplexing and uninteresting after the reading of more spontaneous poets. Then, on the advice of a friend, I plunged hopefully into the longest of his works, and now that I have accustomed myself to his manner of thinking, I possess, as it were, a key to his mysticism. This result, together with the deeper understanding of human action which the poem in its entirety produces, constitutes the importance of the poem. The unsatisfactory element referred to is this, that whereas any other poem that possesses the like power of appeal, repays and demands constant perusal; the present work, owing partly to its stupendous length and partly to the uncouthness of the structure, forbids a second reading. Portions of it I can recur to again and again—passages of the most supreme pathos, passages incisive with keen-edged satire, or afire with vehement narrative. Throughout the poem there are the drollest dramatic touches abounding in a kind of titanic humour—I remember most vividly the rollicking description of the rival advocates. Still, in the confined limits allotted to me I must forbear to dwell upon much that is beyond my power to forget, notably the picture painted in Stygian hues of Guido's ghastly household, a companion picture of Guido with the death-dew on his brow (B. R. I. I. 1272 foll.), and the pale, pleading face of Pompilia lying in the solemn hospital like a devastated flower. Her piteous presence haunts us through all the narrative, and literature has nothing more pathetic than the book designated by her name.

The philosophy of the poem is the philosophy of fact, its Protean and evasive qualities, and the vain opinions it evokes from the foolish.

"the world's outcry
Around the rush and ripple of any fact
Fallen stonewise, plumb on the smooth face of things."
—(B. R. I. I. 840.)

This philosophy is foreshadowed in the introduction, illustrated in the many-sidedness of opinion upon one and the same occurrence throughout the poem, and is culminated in the concluding statement:—

"our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind."

The significance of Fact existent and informing all our