

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, June 10, 1887.

No. 22.

A SONG OF PAIN.

On these eyes that burn and tremble,
Sweet, if you your lips should lay,
'Twere a charm to cool this fever ;
As old books of leech-craft say.

Overbold my thought is, Sweetheart,
Overgreat this thought of mine ;
'Tis not meet that e'en in blessing,
All too lowly you decline.
'Twould suffice if just the fingers,
Of one apple-blossom hand,
Swept these aching lids as lightly,
As the seed-stars brush the land.

No ! Love,—I could not but take it
To my lips ; draw down that hand,
Leave within the palm's soft hollow,
Hot and quick, my kisses' brand.

Still I crave too rich a favour,
Still too much would you bestow ;
Let me see you as I saw you
First, so many years ago.
Snow of face and wrist and finger,
Snowy gown so simple-neat,
Dark green branches waving o'er you,
Sun-lit grasses at your feet.
Halo-circled, softly radiant,
Still you stand there, Little One,
Like a moon in mild September,
When the Summer's heat is done ;

In your grave eyes rest and comfort,
And a graciousness divine.
Ah ! 'twere healing for all anguish,
Just to see you, Sweetheart mine.

BOHEMIEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Since our last issue University College has suffered a signal bereavement in the loss of her first President, the Rev. Dr. McCaul. The blow was not an unexpected one, for the deceased gentleman had for a long time been in declining health, owing to a malady which some years ago compelled him to retire from the field of active duty. Yet, when the announcement came, it fell heavily on the hearts of older University men everywhere in Ontario. For, what quarter of this wide Province was without a witness to the excellence of the intellectual training with which this presiding genius of University life had endowed the youth and growing manhood of Canada? His influence is felt to-day in every seat of learning in Ontario—felt and cheerfully acknowledged by all who had the inestimable advantage of pursuing their studies in humane letters under his guidance and direction.

When Dr. McCaul came to this country nearly fifty years ago, academic training and classical culture were but little ap-

preciated, for in the then sparse settlements of Canada, and in view of the difficulties which beset the early settlers, the field of educational operations was necessarily very restricted. But when, after two score years of unremitting toil, Dr. McCaul relinquished the chair of classical literature in University College, what a transformation had his life-work effected ! The motto which his refined taste selected for the University crest : "*Crescit velut arbor ævo*," aptly expresses the growth and development as well of his work, as of his own reputation. The sapling which he planted and has so diligently tended, has already grown into a mighty tree, so that a nation may be said to repose under its branches. The lamp which his genius lighted—*parum claris lucem dare*—in Western Canadian wilds, like the courier-fire from Mt. Ida, has transmitted the torch of learning from University city to growing town, and from growing town to thriving hamlet, until every corner of the Province has been penetrated by the benign rays of the central beacon-fire. *Velut arbor crescat ; velut lampas luceat !* Men who have illustrated every walk of professional life, men who have adorned the bench and presided in the nation's council-chambers, and especially those men who have devoted their talents to the service of the country in the noble profession of teaching, have not been slow to ascribe their success in life to the habits of exact study and the thorough intellectual training which they received in the institutions over which Dr. McCaul so ably presided.

To the College man, those memories of the worthy old Doctor, which most nearly concern and affect him, are naturally those connected with the College life spent (*Consule Planco*) during his Consulship. And it is the best tribute to the worth of the deceased gentleman that these are so largely interwoven and over-wrought with many kind words and acts, with much friendly advice and affectionate counsel. His urbanity, his genuine good humour, his undisguised interest in the well-being of his pupils, his real concern for their advancement in life, and his anxiety that they should give a good account of the time spent in the College and reflect credit on its instruction, were patent to everybody. He almost invariably excited in the minds of his students feelings of affectionate regard and esteem ; and this, too, notwithstanding that some of his amiable foibles—for, like most great men, he was not without his trivial weaknesses—were a constant source of merriment to them. He had a singular faculty of unbending before his pupils, of laughing and chaffing with them, of exploiting freshmen and enjoying their discomfiture, of detailing his own experiences with Ciceronian self-complacency, of felicitating himself on the excellence of his own jokes, but he could well say with Horace, *Dulce est mihi desipere in loco*. He always observed the limits of becoming mirth. He would recover his self-possession instantaneously, and proceed with his lecture after he had got his audience in good humour. This, it will be admitted, was a rare and even dangerous faculty. But no one ever took advantage of it or trespassed on the proprieties. No one ever ventured to question his authority. On the contrary, he was generally regarded with unbounded veneration. Of the excellence of his lectures themselves it is impossible to speak too highly. After his kindly greeting to the class, one readily recalls the quiet dignity with which he entered upon the lesson. Having got the attention of everybody, he would produce his silver snuff-box as an indispensable preliminary to a right understanding of the author, and the lesson began. His lecture was a series of suggestions, of hints, of explaining difficulties, of pointing out beauties, of portentous references to the knotty character of some passage when first