

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.—By an Order in Council of the Government of Ontario, in January, J. George Hodgins, LL.D., was appointed Historiographer and Librarian of the Education Department, and Alexander Marling, LL.B., was appointed Deputy Minister.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
FEBRUARY 14TH, 1890.

THE destruction of the University of Toronto will be regretted by anyone who has ever looked upon the noble pile of buildings. The sense of loss comes more keenly to the President, the Faculty, and the undergraduates, but to none will the calamity cause more heart-felt grief than to the men who in past years inhabited its halls as students. These precincts are dear still to the graduates, although the passing years have scattered them around the world. It is impossible for one who has been familiar with the University to dwell upon the occurrence without realizing more fully every hour the irreparable loss. As each part of the building, with its own peculiar and sacred associations, rises undestroyed in the memory of the graduate it brings with it an answering pang when he reflects that these halls can never be again as when he trod them. He is again in the Convocation Hall, above him he can see the roof of oak resting its grotesquely carved images upon the walls, reaching up to it their support. That roof has fallen, shattered and charred upon the floor beneath. The memorial window, commemorating, it may be, companions of his own college days, or, if coming after him, they were students of a later date, whose young, glorious deeds thrilled his heart with pride;

if before him, they were heroes whose fame had been storied to his listening ears. That window, sacred to the heroic dead, has been broken by falling rafters, desecrated by fire, destroyed by the stones placed there to protect it. Fiery destruction has rushed along the halls and stepped imperiously upon the winding stairs of the tower, has knocked at the iron-bound, oaken doors with flaming hands that forbade resistance. The portraits of the men held honourable in the College annals have vanished, their features, kept in the memory of the graduates, glow more life-like in the light cast by their destruction. The hoarded annals of years have themselves disappeared, the fruit of patient labour, of talent, of love, has gone in a night. The priceless volumes, gathered slowly and guarded jealously, no longer exist. Even the record of their names can never be obtained. The finest products of art and science, the memorials of history, the achievements of genius, of heroism, of industry, of time, have gone down together before this swift destruction.

Another University will rise more glorious from the ashes of its predecessor; the lines of its architecture may follow those of the old building, except where wider and better things are needed. The generosity of its friends may remove from the hands of those who guide its affairs the burden of poverty, but there still remains the bitter regret, "It can never be again the same." To the next generation the new building will take the place of the old, but not to us, who remember the University of 1860-1890. The University fallen and almost destroyed calls to her sons to aid her, to remember the love she bore them, the pleasant ways in which