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SONG—BLUE AND WHITE.

It was within June's portals where
The world and love are young,
My love and I strayed happy there,
The rose-crowned fields among.
I coned her sweet and dainty face,
When, filled with wild delight,
She let me lean, and softly place,
A knot of blue and white.

"White and blue,
Strong and true,
So my love is burning,
Just for you,
Pure and true,
Speak—and ease my yearning."

And 'twas when autumn's shadow fell,
On summer's golden crown,
By fire-touched hill and misty dell,
We idly wandered down,
Content I was. For in her breast,
Above her heart so true,
That beat for me—there lay at rest,
The knot of white and blue.

"White and blue,
Pure and true,
Same our song as ever.
Years may die,
Youth go by,
Love is King forever."

—E. M.

UNIVERSITY LIFE.

Some time ago I undertook to write a short paper on University Life, and more particularly on the different forms of University life, as known to myself in a Scotch University, and in the University of Oxford. On reconsidering this promise or engagement, I became aware that so long a period had elapsed since I was familiarly acquainted with those institutions that my reminiscences and inferences would probably be of no great interest at this time of day. Yet, on the other hand, there are some reflections which arise from such memories, which may not be without a certain value at the present time; and happily there are living here around us not a few who can tell us of the present condition of the Scottish Universities and of the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. If only these dim memories of a state of things belonging to the past shall stimulate some of these to give us their fresher impressions of the state of things nearer to our own time, what is here written will not be in vain.

There may seem to many a certain degree of absurdity in comparing a small, Scotch University with a great institution like one of the two English Universities—for, until lately, England had only two Universities like Aberdeen. Indeed, a certain story, now forgotten—I know not its name—is said to have begun with the startling statement: "Aberdeen, like England, has two Universities." Aberdeen has now, to its profit, but one University, and England has about as many as Toronto enjoys!

But whatever other qualities those Scotch Universities possessed, they were at least of native growth, part of the educational system of the country, and well adapted for their purpose, all of which, of course, might be said of the great English Universities, but no more. Another thing; the Scotch Universities did not produce the fine scholarship which adorned the English Universities. Yet they produced the best Latin-Grammar known before the present century—Ruddiman's large grammar, which, I believe, has been reprinted in Germany in the present century; and many of their students wrote and spoke Latin as easily as English, and somewhat more idiomatically.

The Scotch Universities, whatever their limitations, taught their students—and all their students—to think. This could hardly be said of the English Universities. Cambridge, in former days, was so given up to Mathematics that it would not grant classical honors to anyone who had not previously taken honors in Mathematics. Then its classical studies were of a somewhat narrow and technical character. Oxford had always engaged in a somewhat more liberal study of the Classics—especially of Aristotle. Old Oxford men, like Mr. Gladstone, never forgot their Aristotle and their Butler.

The tutorial system of Oxford and Cambridge had great advantages over the Scotch system by bringing the students into closer relations with their teachers. At Aberdeen we had as many as a hundred in a class. There were two Colleges then, and there is but one at present, so the classes would now be much larger. At Oxford the number of men attending lectures would vary greatly, but they would never rise to such a number that the tutor could not know well all his pupils.

On the whole, the Scottish system of lecturing was good, helpful, stimulating. Our Professor of Chemistry, for example, Dr. Fyfe, was a man of note, and a most interesting instructor. We could not help knowing a good deal, even if we were, as many of us were, inclined to idleness. The same might be said of our Professors of Natural Philosophy, of Moral Philosophy, and so forth.

And here I should like to say that, in my own humble judgment, the method of these professors was, in a general way, greatly preferable to that adopted by some of our contemporaneous Cambridge professors, and imported into this country by some of their pupils.