

it contained, simply because the essayist failed to make himself heard beyond a few who occupied the front seats. This is too often the case; an essayist seldom delivers his essay in a style to show up its merits or to do justice to himself. The debate followed on the question. Resolved, 'that the recent lamentable events in the Soudan were owing, in a large measure, to the vacillating and inconsistent policy adopted by Her Majesty's Government.' A weighty question for a presumptive law student to discuss in a fifteen or twenty minutes' speech, we admit, but one which we are pleased to say was discussed in a manner that showed the debaters had at least given the subject careful consideration.

Mr. Wallace gave a concise history of the Egyptian troubles from their origin down to the present time, and endeavoured to show that the Gladstone Ministry had at least been responsible for the prolongation of the war.

Mr. Atkinson playfully and critically handled the wording of the question, and styled it as peculiarly partisan in its formation and phraseology and in the uncertainty of any definite meaning it might convey. He ably combatted the arguments brought forward by Mr. Wallace, and closed his remarks with a fitting and excellent tribute to the honesty, energy and ability of England's greatest statesman, Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Arnold followed and ably traced the British Government through all its actions in connection with the Soudan troubles, and thought the Government had been sufficiently dilatory in grappling with that question to cause the honest people of England to hurl them from power. After making the ladies the subject of his wit, and after delivering a very effective speech, he resumed his seat.

Mr. Masten then followed, and by clearness of argument and by the production of solid subject matter, fully proved that the Gladstone ministry had done all that could be done under the circumstances, when they had to carry out the undertakings of the former Beaconsfield administration.

The question was left to the audience, who decided in favor of the negative. A vote of thanks was tendered to Judge McDougall in such a manner as to show him that the whole audience appreciated his presence. The meeting then adjourned.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

DEAR 'VARSITY,—The funeral of the late Dr. Todhunter took place on Tuesday last, the first part of the service being read in the Chapel of St. John's College, when there was a large attendance of members of the University who wished to show the last mark of respect to one who had made himself so distinguished. At a quarter to twelve all the members of the University who wished to attend assembled in the Hall of St. John's College, and when the hearse drove up to the gate at twelve o'clock, the procession was formed in the first court of the College in the following order:

The College Porter.	
The College Choir.	
The Junior Dean, officiating.	
Fellows of St. John's College.	Fellows of St. John's College.
THE BODY.	
The Family and Mourners.	
The Vice-Chancellor.	
Heads of Colleges.	
Professors, Doctors, and University Officers.	
St. John's College.	Late Fellows.
	Lecturers, Officers, etc.
	Masters of Arts.
Other Masters of Arts.	
Bachelors.	
Undergraduates.	

As the procession marched slowly to the Chapel, the choir sang 'Rock of Ages.' After the service, which was full choral, was over, the anthem, 'I heard a voice from Heaven,' was beautifully rendered. The procession then left the Chapel in the same order, and as they again passed through the first court of the College the choir sang 'Jesus lives! no longer now can thy terrors, Death, appal us.' The service was concluded at the Mill-road cemetery. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was beautifully decorated with calla lilies, white lilac, and camelias.

One sad result of the late Lent boat races has just been made known. The stroke of the Queen's College boat was very

unwell at the time of the races, but he nevertheless persisted in keeping his seat in the boat throughout. He did so, but was directly afterwards laid up with an attack of pleurisy, from which he died a week later.

Mr. Henry George, who has given so much attention to 'Progress and Poverty,' delivered a lecture on land-nationalization at Oxford last Friday, and here at Cambridge on Monday. The meetings at both places were most unruly, and at Oxford Mr. George said the audience was at once the most intellectual and the worst behaved that he had ever addressed. Mr. George showed wonderful quickness in answering all the questions that were put to him, notwithstanding that the object of his interrogators was not so much to gain information as to trip him up.

I fear I have already made my letter too long, so I must say farewell—a longer farewell than usual, as our Easter vacation begins in a few days.

Yours very truly,

T. C. S. M.

Cambridge, March 12th, 1884.

General College Notes.

Dalhousie College is about to organise an Athletic Club.

The *Chronicle*, of Ann Arbor, paid \$185 above expenses in 1882-83.

The Scandinavian kingdom has about five hundred industrial art schools.

Princeton College is to have a building devoted exclusively to art. It will cost \$50,000.

The freshman class at Cornell has representatives from Russia, Spain, Brazil, Central America, Germany, Australia, and Canada.

Foot-ball has been abandoned at Amherst, and all the energy of the college hereafter will be employed in support of the base-ball nine.

The University of Pennsylvania will hereafter hold its annual bowl fight in the Athletic grounds, instead of on the streets as formerly.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* has an excellent article on the need of a college Residence. It also complains of the want of a Science Course at the University.

MORNING—THE COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY FOR 1884.

By DUGALD J. MACMURCHY.

ὦ δῖος αἰθ' ἦρ καὶ ταχ' ὑπτεροι πνοαί,
 παμμήτορ τε γῆ,
 καὶ τὸν πανόπτην κύκλον ἡλίου καλῶ. —*Æschylus.*

IN THE CITY.

It is a cheerless morning as we step out upon the damp pavement. The air is sharp and piercing, and the uncertain light that begins to glimmer seems rather to increase the gloom of the scene. The houses are grotesquely large; the sidewalks are bare, and look half expectant of the great human tide that will flow back over them with the return of day. The streets are noiseless and empty. Even the darkness, as if reluctant to leave, lingers yet in shady corners and down dark alleys. Out on the broad street the perspective of the long lines of houses is harder than ever. The street corners never seemed so mathematical, the church spires never so fantastic. As we pass along and look up at the windows, here and there a drawn blind betrays the sleeper within, while down below articles exposed for sale and left over night look odd and out of place. Next we reach a cross street, and expect to see some living being. Not a soul is stirring, and the long street ends only in a dim mist, that suggests miles and miles away in the country—the home of the green fields and the summer clover, where nature rules alone, and all is innocence, and purity and hope. Dreaming, however, of them brings the fields no nearer. As we wander on we see for miles around us acres and acres of the roofs and chimney tops of the great city. You would almost fancy that the whole population had fled during the night, till a stray beam of light falling upon the pavement attracts our attention, and, looking up, we see that the dim ray of a lamp has struggled out through a closed shutter, only to die in the first light of day. Perhaps, too, with that same dim ray struggles out the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man. For within the other rays of the low-burning lamp fall across the feverish face of the sufferer, who welcomes the morning but to wish it gone, and only sees the day decline to long for it back again. As the first light steals in on him, his thoughts wander away back to the old home