

Professor Green in Oxford was even at that time vigorous, though it has attained greater proportions since, and as a distant worshipper in the outer court of that temple I was able to report results and prospects in which my hearer sympathized. His own interest in Green was, if I mistake not, just developing.

The only other occasion, I think, on which I ventured into the neighbourhood of Metaphysics with him was some time later when I was curious to learn his opinions of Dr. Martineau's books, and was glad to find that he agreed with the Master of Baliol and the *London Spectator* in assigning the highest value to an author often ignored.

The truth is, that with regard to Metaphysics I was very unwilling to expose my mind to a keen critic. The Oxford course does not specialize as Toronto does, and Metaphysics are taken in connection with Classics and ancient history. The system is not without one advantage: it secures for each student—however otherwise deficient in the subject—one "note" of the Hegelian philosopher; it enables him to say honestly, when his course is over, that he also like Hegel feels as if he were standing on his head. As a simple and short cut to this philosophic goal, therefore, it has its merits. At the same time I could not help seeing that if Professor Young were also standing on his head, he had managed to reconcile the position with a mental equilibrium to which I had not attained, and the sight prevented me from presuming upon our identity of base.

I referred above to the pleasure with which I learnt Professor Young's admiration for Dr. Martineau; very different were the feelings with which I listened on another occasion to his opinion of one of the "*di majores*" of the Oxford Pantheon, of him

"Whom grief could not make sour, or passion wild,
Who saw life steadily and saw it whole,
Singer of "sweetest Oxford "and its child"

(to parody himself) Matthew Arnold. Candour compels me to confess that Professor Young "did not see much in Matthew Arnold's poetry." The verdict appeared to me audacious, well-nigh blasphemous; if Matthew Arnold was to be lightly spoken of even Clough might not be spared. The reflection opened prospects too alarming to be pondered in cold blood. I dissented in silence then as now in print.

After all, the occasions on which I saw most of Professor Young were the monthly College Council meetings; and here his attitude to the business brought before us gave me continual amusement. It was, as it was bound to be, the attitude of a philosopher who looks upon all sublunary things from a point of view wholly abstract and removed from all considerations of personal convenience or the opposite. Once, for example,—it was, of course, many, many years ago—we had a question of what is euphemistically termed "discipline." Professor Young, with a smile, dropped the remark of unimpeachably sound Platonism, but of little practical consolation to irritated nerves, that the student who does not make a riot in his college in his youth, will never make a mark in the world in his age: to which there was only one retort possible; that the rioter was, as usual, ever since Socrates' days, a student of Metaphysics. On other occasions, again, when the practical spirit of his colleagues clashed with his own philosophical idealism, Professor Young would shrug his shoulders with a smile and a twinkle in his eyes and be beaten by a large majority. On the burning question of co-education I prefer to be oracular and quote Cicero, "*dicebat sententiam tanquam Platonis in republica non tanquam in faece*" *Canadensi*. To be more definite would be not only to reveal state secrets, but to deny to all concerned the pleasures of imagination.

Much has been said of Professor Young's modesty; a modesty which strove to conceal his knowledge, and in my own case, I admit, succeeded only too completely. On the only occasion, so far as I recollect, on which he consulted me on a question of classical scholarship—the meaning of a somewhat obscure term in Lucretius—he deprecated with so much evident sincerity his own right to form an opinion, that even the correctness, so far as I could judge, of the translation he had suggested did not open my eyes to the extent of his acquaintance with the language. It is only since his death that I have learnt from the President and others how considerable was his classical knowledge.

In the same spirit on the two or three occasions on which he gave me his mathematical pamphlets for transmission to a mathematical friend of my own in Owens College, and spoke with natural pleasure of the compliments paid him by Professor Cayley and by the pupils and successors of Euler, he generally apologized at the outset for troubling me with references to questions "so technical and unpopular and of so little general interest." (I think the compliment which pleased him most was a passage in a letter of a French mathematician who wrote that "Euler would have been glad to live to see his own special problems solved.") Conversely on the few occasions on which I had myself come before the public in print or in the lecture-room or in connection with the Greek play—occasions certainly not enhanced by the dignity attaching to abstruse speculations—no one was more kind or encouraging.

But it is superfluous to dwell on that modesty which was conspicuous at the last public utterance of his life, when he deprecated with quiet humour the lofty eulogy of his students. One fancies that—apart from the natural gratification of the occasion—he was amused to see the Brocken-spectre, so to speak, of himself projected against the cloud-land of youthful idealism; and to contrast the two Professors: the Professor's Professor and the students'. Perhaps he thought the occasion not merely a verbal testimony to the excellence of his teaching but a living illustration of that principle of subjectivity and the influence of "the personal equation," which had such attractions for himself, and which he made in his lectures so attractive to others.

MAURICE HUTTON.

P S.—Some ill-natured person has said, I believe, that a woman's correspondent may safely skip everything in her letter except the postscript. Whether this be true or not of feminine correspondence it is certainly true of the present communication. I have just had the good fortune to receive from one of Professor Young's former students a letter which reports one incident more interesting and also more important than my own reminiscences. ". . . I should like to tell you of my last meeting with Prof Young . . . he asked me about the expense of living in . . . and came with me, when I was going away, as far as the door, as if there was something he still wished to say. Blushing and in great confusion, he said, 'It is expensive living in . . . and should you find yourself in need of money, will you please let me send you some?' There was such a womanly delicacy lest he should wound my feelings in any way in making the offer that it went to my heart. I thanked him, and again he said, 'Please do not hesitate to let me know: it would be such a pleasure to me.' . . . I had scarcely reached . . . when I received a letter from Dr. Young enclosing a cheque for \$75. He was afraid apparently that I would not ask him." I should be sorry to think that every college could not furnish some such anecdote. There is at least one such lecturer, as I have reason to know, in Worcester College, Oxford. Still such generosity is rare and deserves record, if only because its authors, in the only cases with which I am acquainted, observed so closely the spirit of the precept, "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth."

"EVEN IN PENANCE!"

Ah, chidest thou, sweet one? Vainly dost thou chide,
Veiling thine eye beneath that drooping lash
Lest from its traitorous depths, unbid, should flash
The light of laughter that thou fain would'st hide.
And sternly dost thou bid me from thy side?—
Yet hold'st me still with that dear hand; indeed
A willing captive, that would but be freed
To be more firmly bound, and closer bide!

Ah, dear one, vainly, vainly had I striven
Thy pleadings to resist—that tenderest voice!
Yet much I fear—thy frown is such sweet pain!—
My wilful heart will tempt thy wrath again;
Once more offend, and once again rejoice
To know that sweetest joy—to be forgiven!

Eoin.