

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1898.

No. 10

The Varsity

Published weekly by the students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, One Dollar, payable strictly in advance. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

W. A. R. KERR, *Editor-in-Chief.*

ERIC N. ARMOUR, *Business Manager.*

A. N. MITCHELL, *Assistant Business Manager.*

Editorial Board.—Miss Downey, '99; G. W. Ross, '99; V. E. Henderson, '99; W. H. McNairn, '99; Miss Hughes, '00; E. H. Cooper, '00; G. F. Kay, '00; A. N. W. Clare, '00; Miss Forrest, '01; G. F. McFarland, '01; P. A. Carson, '01; R. Fudger, '02; W. Foreman; R. Roaf; F. McNaughton; S. P. S.

Business Board.—Miss Burgess, '99; J. B. Hunter, '99; Miss L. Wright, '00; A. J. Isbester, '01; P. J. McGregor, '02; V. Neelands; A. Smith, S. P. S.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1898.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

I take it for granted that during my College career I had my share of the worries, troubles and disappointments which seem inevitable at all stages of life, but I certainly do not remember them. The kindly finger of time has rubbed out all the unpleasant and disagreeable features of the picture, and there remains to me only the memory of three entirely happy years. No doubt this was due largely to the class of men whose set I was lucky enough to get into. I am obliged theoretically to admit that there had been before them, and have been since, at the Varsity just as jolly, agreeable and happy a set as ours of that year in the early seventies, but in my heart I very much doubt it, and speaking only to myself, I shall never admit it. Its members have gone into many countries (all, alas, far from me), and into more occupations (even clergymen and capitalists among them now!), but I believe that there are no two of them that would *not* rejoice to meet again, and have one more "night of it together." All the classic and scientific lore that a College can give one are of secondary moment compared with friendship such as this. It is the most valuable relic of my College course and the best of my course of education, during those years.

Occasionally we paid some attention to that less important part of the work which is laid down in the Curriculum, and thus were brought into contact with the President and Professors: McCaul, Wilson, Young, Chapman, Croft, Vander-Smissen, Pernet, and last, but

not least, the present head of the Institution, President Loudon, and with the assurance of youth, passed judgment, and, I believe, in most instances, sound judgment, on their respective characters and attainments. On the whole, the teaching and governing staff of that day commanded the loyal and hearty respect of the students. There was at least a unanimous feeling respecting President McCaul—rather face a herd of lions, led by a deer, than one of deer led by a lion; and Dr. McCaul stamped his kindly and genial spirit strongly upon us, who were, I fear, in great part little better than the unregenerate. He was emphatically a gentleman—a fine old Irish gentleman, I believe, but at any rate good enough to be one—he had courtly manners, which I shall always associate with snuff-taking—one of his old world vices. But his manners were merely the outward sign of his inward and spiritual grace of kindly feeling and genuine sympathy. In my first interview with him (he always made it a point to talk privately to each new-comer), he entirely captured my heart, though I remember feeling almost as embarrassed in his presence as Mark Twain reports himself to have been in General Grant's. This favorable impression deepened with further knowledge of him. His lectures were a liberal education, not only in the old classical languages, but in all the softening influences of refined life. He prided himself on having the royal memory for faces, and indeed seldom forgot any of his students at whatever lapse of time. One of our before-mentioned unrivalled set took only the pass course in Classics, and was not caught in any delinquencies sufficiently flagrant to bring him before the President, who consequently had no reason for specially remembering him. After a lapse of about fifteen years, the two met again for the first time on the street in Toronto, when Dr. McCaul was much broken-down and enfeebled, yet he immediately recognized his former pupil, addressed him by name, and enquired into his career and prospects. Such a gift cannot go alone, it is only a part of a powerful understanding, and whether or not Dr. McCaul was profoundly learned, he was an able man and a model President. His influence will live as long as his students and their descendants. Some of my happiest memories are bound up with University College, and my sincere hope is that it and your paper, which is the voice of its undergraduates, may flourish forever.

A. R. DICKEY.