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THE FATE OF LOVE.

The sundering years, all Lethe-like, have flowed
On since that moment which but once can come
Freighted with joys that leave the spirit dumb
In ecstasy too passionate to forebode
The pains that ambush all the dreary road
Of labyrinthine life that leads wherefrom
And whither no man knows—'tis said by some
We reap hereafter what we here have sowed.

Fled is that hour with all delights it knew,
Love's dawn has grown to rayless gloom, ah me!
Dank is the gold bright hair that crowned her brow
Of peerless majesty, low lying now,
Entombed beside the illimitable blue
In winding-sheet of hopes that were to be.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE PROFESSOR YOUNG.

In complying with the request, which comes to me at a busy moment, that I should make public some of my recollections of our departed friend, I am compelled to do so in very general terms. The caution, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is unnecessary, for in all my intercourse with Professor Young during many years, I found nothing but good to record. Not that he was a tiresome mass of perfections, very far from it; he was thoroughly human, with his own idiosyncrasies—an occasional hasty word, and a transient flash of temper. But no man could have been more conscientious than he, more just and honourable, while at the same time he was kind in deed and charitable in judgment, and, with all his learning and rare philosophical genius, as humble as a child. I know of no instance in which he ever used tongue or pen to injure a fellow-creature, nor in which he lent himself, even in the most distant way and for the accomplishment of what might seem a good end, to the crooked policy that invades alike our Canadian halls of legislature and of learning.

It was never my privilege to sit as a student at the feet of this master of Philosophy, but from my intimate acquaintance with many who have studied under him, I know that, throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion during the present generation, no teacher has inspired and kept alive the same enthusiasm in the search for knowledge. Rather more than twenty years ago I came into intimate relations with him in another capacity. I was a young minister in Toronto, and he was an honoured member of my congregation. Deputed to visit him and press his acceptance of the elder's office, I went with much misgiving to his study and stated my errand, knowing well how uncongenial and irksome to one of his retiring and scholarly habits were the duties he was asked to assume. To my surprise and delight, he frankly, and without hesitation, accepted the responsibilities; and, thereafter, during all my brief incumbency, faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of his office. Occasionally he took part with me in the public services of the church, when his preaching displayed the clear insight of truth, the humble piety, and fervent appreciation of the love of God, so characteristic of the man. Occasionally we met in social gatherings, where he was always cheerful, always accessible to the youngest or humblest

present who had anything to say; but his heart was not in that kind of life, and there was ever a look in his eye that seemed to seek his study and his books. In the study he was a delightful companion, devoid of all official or literary assumption of superiority, as ready to listen to the theme uppermost in his visitor's mind, as to unburden his own of the rich stores it contained. But it was in holiday time that I learned to know Professor Young, and, with others, who enjoyed such a succession of pleasant summer seasons as fall to the lot of comparatively few, in his company, to appreciate his many excellencies.

Canada had its Lake School, and he was one of its fathers. Like him and influenced largely by his example its sons are doing good work in the world of letters and instruction in a quiet unassuming way. It was so far as numbers go a select school, not a crowded Chataqua, and its chief business was healthful recreation for body and mind. There was nothing irksome in its services; the Sunday services were as delightful as the walks and talks, the songs and pastimes, of the rest of the week. To that Lake School the presence of Professor Young was a great boon. Lolling on the verandah, in the hammocks under the trees by the camp-fire, among the moss-covered rocks of the chapel, under the bright summer skies, he delivered his unconventional lectures to those who, like myself, had then not been long engaged in the active duties of life, but are now beginning to turn grey. The University knows many of them, and others have achieved reputation outside of its walls. Sometimes poetry was the theme, Browning and Tennyson, or some German master singer; again it was general literature, or the biology that illustrates psychology, or the harmony of nature and art; but his own questions or those of his intelligent auditors would generally lead into the realm of philosophy proper in which he alone was master. When he did not know a thing, he was wise man enough and learned man enough to be able to say so frankly, and never in consequence fell in the estimation of those who joined in the literary converse. His singular modesty injured him at one period of his life. He knew nothing of natural science, for which however, he had a profound respect. No man could have been more out of place in a chemist's laboratory, at the microscope, or at a biologist's dissecting table; not because he was above the study of detail, for, as his mathematical researches show, he was a most laborious and exact thinker, but because of the tendency of his mind towards abstractions. His head was in the skies, yet he revered the men whose accumulations of knowledge were raked in from the surface of the earth. The soul of candour and honesty, he trusted these men implicitly, and, as they had probably deceived themselves, they succeeded in deceiving his acute intellect. He never could see the reason people had for telling or thinking lies; yet in time philosophy reasserted her dignity in his soul, although he never entirely recovered from the shipwreck that opinions in physical science well-nigh made of his philosophical and religious faith. I have often thought of our Saviour's words regarding those who offend the little ones that believe in Him as pertinent to these writers whose opinions placed a stumbling block in the way of this devout and simple-hearted man.

It must not be thought, however, that Professor Young was a mere talker, instructive and interesting though he was as such. He joined in all the sports of the Island Home. Did not he and another divine row against Dr. King, of Winnipeg, and myself in the double scull clergy race, and beat us too! Did he not run another race on a level strip of sand beach with his brother elder Mr. William Alexander, in which I think he