

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1889.

No. 16.

THE HYMN OF HABAKKUK.

[Through the courtesy of Prof. McCurdy we are enabled to reprint a rhymed version of the Hymn of Habakkuk (Hab. iii.) which appeared at the end of a volume of sermons and expositions published in 1854 by Dr. Young. As the volume is now out of print and very difficult to obtain, we are glad to have the opportunity of presenting to our readers this evidence of the attainments in the field of Hebrew scholarship and of the literary taste of our late Professor in Philosophy.]

From Paran hill Jehovah came ;
From Teman Israel's holy one.

(Pause.)

Then glorious did he make his name,
And wonders by his hand were done,
Refulgent like the sun he beamed,
A radiance from his presence streamed—
Excessive in its blaze that light
Veiled, while it showed the Lord of might.
Before him passed, on wings of gloom,
His messenger, the dread Simoom ;
And close behind his footsteps came
The Pestilence, with breath of flame.
He stood and looked. Before his looks
The nations were asunder driven ;
The everlasting mountains shook ;
The hoary hills were riven.
—I saw the tents of Cush dismayed,
And Midian's curtains were afraid.
—Was the Lord wrath against the sea ?
Wast thou displeased at Jordan's tide,
That on thy steeds of victory,
And in thy chariots thou did'st ride ?
—His brow was made quite bare,
After the oaths which to the tribes he swore.

(Pause.)

Jehovah, when thy might appeared,
The mountains saw thee and they feared.
The earth was rent. The waters poured
In deluge from the sky.
The sun and moon in their abode
Stood still ; while by thine arrows bright,
Thy people forth to victory rode ;
Thy glittering javelin was their light.
Thou didst direct their conquering path,
And thresh the heathen in thy wrath.
Thus to th'appointed ones he brought relief,
And saved the nation which he chose—
Smiting with utter overthrow, the chief
Of all who were his people's foes.

(Pause.)

Forth, whirlwind like, th'oppressor rushed—
Thy feeble flock he would have crushed,
But whelmed beneath the surging wave,
His haughty princes found a grave.
Thy horses through the waters vast,
The deep and boiling waters, passed.
—Now troops once more against us come,
I heard the rumour and was pained.

My cold and quivering lips were dumb ;
No strength within my bones remained.
Dismay and terror filled my mind :
What refuge (thought I) shall we find,
When once the fierce invading band
Has poured its floods upon the land ?
—But though the fig-tree should not blow,
The vine no produce yield,
Nor fruit upon the olive grow,
Nor meat be in the field ;
Flocks in the fold no more abound,
Nor cattle in the stalls be found ;
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice
And praise my God with cheerful voice.
He is my strength,—he clothes my feet
With swiftness, like the light gazelle,
He brings me to a safe retreat,
And makes me there in peace to dwell.

PROFESSOR YOUNG.

Felix opportunitate mortis.

It would be ungracious to refuse THE VARSITY'S request for reminiscences of Professor Young ; though I cannot but think that had I been excused such mercy would have blest those that gave not less than him who took.

For the truth is, so inadequate, so meagre was my acquaintance with my late colleague, that I find nothing to write worthy either of the theme itself or of his students' eagerness to hear of him, while yet to write that nothing costs me serious effort as well as extreme self-reproach, that I deferred till it was too late to use the opportunities offered me.

I can only plead, to excuse in some degree the scantiness of my knowledge, that two things at least I did fully realize, the extreme pressure on Professor Young's time and interests, and the profitlessness to him of conversations in which all that was valuable would have been contributed by himself.

For with regard to this pressure of which I speak I still recollect well the surprise with which I learnt from the late Principal Buchan, himself an intimate friend of Professor Young, that the latter, in addition to his other work, was a voracious reader of fiction and that few good novels passed unnoticed by him.

The distinguished scholar who has dedicated his life to novel reading was not a type unknown to me : there were in the Oxford of my time two or three Fellows of colleges, and these not the least brilliantly gifted, who were understood to follow this vocation in preference to tutorial work. But here was a man who pursued novels as a by-work only, and combined with them not merely professorial lectures but lectures of unusual thoroughness. Naturally the information did not lessen my unwillingness to intrude on one so fully occupied.

A propos of fiction still, I recollect Professor Young delighting my conservative instincts by sturdily denouncing at one of the President's student-parties the scientific disciples of Brewer and "Useful Knowledge" and insisting that fairy tales formed the best education for children.

My first meeting with him was in 1880, at a dinner party given by the President soon after my arrival. I sat next him, and the first question he asked me, I recollect, was of the position of Professor Green in Oxford. The "cult" of

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.

JOTTINGS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A JUNIOR.*

Such is the title of a small publication, in pamphlet form, which has recently issued from the press of Messrs. Proofsheet & Sons. The author, an undergraduate of our own University, seems to be suffering from the malady, so common in youth, which Job has summed up in the yearning, "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book!" for on no other supposition can we account for his having thus thrust upon the world these immature creations of his brain. The volume professes to consist, as the title indicates, of extracts from a journal which was written from day to day and, as we are assured in the preface, was never intended for publication, a statement which will be only too readily believed upon perusal of the contents. Surely, indiscriminate outpourings of subjective contortions such as these, which are vainly imagined by their victims to be representative of crises in the history of the human soul are answerable for much of the maudlin unhealthy sentiment so prevalent amongst the young people of the day. Lest it be thought that these few words of criticism are too severe, let us quote a few passages most characteristic of the author's style and of his mental attitude, passages which are their own severest criticism.

On the very first page and under the date of January 1st (what an entry for New Year's Day!) we find portrayed the writer's struggles with doubt and *ennui*, in which he is buoyed up only by his contempt for the reasoning powers of others and by his reliance on his own superiority. That these questionings of his have been worn threadbare by generations of scribblers like himself seems to afford him no uneasiness.

"Is life worth living? Emphatically, no! Had we continually before our eyes some noble object for whose achievement we might ever battle bravely, then, ah then, life would indeed be worth living! But where to find such an object? Struggle bravely, some tell us, in the sacred cause of Truth, and though you perish in the van, yet will your life not be vain. And how know that we are in the van of Truth? May not we in our blindness be covering the slow and doubtful retreat of the rear-guard of error? We ask philosophy for Truth and it gives us words! But perhaps Truth is merely words. Who knows?" (Remember, friend, that words are not Truth.) "If the pursuit of Truth is vain, how much more so to follow ambition or pleasure, the butterflies which the many chase? What are we to strive for, what are we to do?" (If we might make a suggestion, Junior, we would advise you to join a gymnasium and take a little healthy exercise.)

We have quoted this entry entire, notwithstanding its length, fearing lest our readers should suspect us, if we omitted anything, of having heightened the colouring by suppressing the saner portions.

The next selection is in an ecstatic, grandiose style which reminds us a little of Whitman. It was evidently written late at night when the wind was howling without and the drifts of snow were eddying and piling against the windows. As an entry in a journal it is unique.

"Jan. 29th.

"What wondrous secrets thou hast treasured up
In thy immeasurable caves, O air.
Some whispered to thy care confidingly
And some shrieked boldly forth. Thou hast heard
The tenderness of lovers whispering low,
The murmur of the mother o'er her babe,
The laugh of childhood, and the groan of age
And all the varied voice of toiling man!
The tramp of armed men, the roar of guns
And all the ranting of bombastic war
Were forced upon thy care. Thou didst respond
To the full melodies of ancient Greece
And of all later days.
Great nature's lisping and her wildest shrieks,
The clanging aëons, and the springing grass,
Alike are locked within thy memory!
Thou art o'erburdened with this growing load

And now goest shrieking, moaning by, in storm
Like to some labouring spirit that would find
A soul to pour its trouble to. Be still,
Whisper thy tale to me, for I can hear."

The less said about such a mad rhapsody the better.

The next selection which we have made returns to the quasi-philosophical tone of the first, of which indeed in its cynicism it would seem to be a natural outcome. It exhibits the writer, lost to all belief in the present or future, turning to the past as the period when life was full-blooded and strong; and manifests a contempt, hideous in one so young, for the lofty aims and aspirations of the human race. The exclamatory style still prevails.

"Feb. 12th. I have just read a critical essay on Shakspeare and his Art. What a faithful mirror of the tendencies of the age! Nothing but prying into things to see how they are made! How the human race resembles a group of children, who, having all morning played and fondled with their doll, in the afternoon grow tired of their game, and turn in idle wantonness to poking out the blue eyes of their toy, tearing off its golden hair, and scratching its waxen cheeks, just forsooth to discover how it had been made! Already as the evening shadows fall many of them are beginning to whimper because they cannot restore that which their curiosity has mutilated!"

This Junior is evidently a student of Natural Sciences, and has as evidently been led to select this course, not from a desire for knowledge but by a thirst for distinction. His moanings on his supposed discovery of the transiency of fame in this sphere are truly pitiable. We strongly suspect that these ill-considered ravings were written shortly after a stiff examination in Mineralogy and Geology.

"May 7th. What a Juggernaut is Science! While the vigour of youth is still strong within, her thousand devotees tug unremittingly at her heavy car—Harvey, Humboldt, Huxley," (again the laboured alliteration!) "fight valiantly with pen and scalpel in her cause. One by one, however, they grow weary—drop exhausted in the traces—and the Goddess in her car rolls sullenly over them, forever blotting out their names and memories!" The bombast of these lines exceeds even that of the former quotations; and that we may not deal unfairly by their author, we will close with a passage which exhibits a very commendable affection for his fellow-students. We are sorry that the old iconoclasm crops up in the parting hit at the Professoriate.

"Oct. 10. This morning I went down to see the Smith boys off for the Old Country, then returned and attended a lecture. I could not, however, fix my attention on the words of the Professor, but kept thinking of my dear old chums from whom I had just parted. It must have been in some such circumstances as these that Heine penned the celebrated passage: 'In a university town there is continuous coming and going, every third year discovers a new generation of students. It is an ever-flowing stream, wherein one half-yearly wave presses upon the other, and in this universal motion the old professors alone remain firm and unshaken, like the Pyramids of Egypt—only, in these university pyramids no wisdom is concealed.'" (Junior, Junior, if you didn't listen, how know there was no wisdom?)

Space forbids us dwelling further on these juvenile ebullitions, whose publication we are sure the author will come to condemn as heartily as we.

CRYPTOGAM.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

Perhaps the waves that toil and tumble,
Perhaps the thunder's roll and rumble,
Perhaps the lightning and the rain,
Driving, flashing o'er the main,
Help to cleanse the pearl from stain.

Perhaps mad passion, seething, swirling,
Grief wild groans of anguish hurling,
Perhaps brief hope and long despair,
Shrouding mist and dazzling glare,
Chasten love to make it fair.

* "Jottings from the Journal of a Junior." Proofsheet & Sons, Publishers, &c., Printers' Lane, Presstown.

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published on Saturdays in the University of Toronto, by THE VARSITY Publishing Company, in 21 weekly numbers during the academic year.

The Annual Subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions and items of College News should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Office of THE VARSITY is at No. 4, King Street East, Room 10 (up-stairs).

MATRICULATION STANDARDS.

Last week we replied, in general terms, to Principal Grant's charge that the University of Toronto was to blame entirely for the low matriculation standards which prevail in Ontario. We met his statement by a counter-statement that the policy of the Education Department was to blame, and not that of the Provincial University. We promised to give the evidence in support of our position; we now proceed to do so.

We may be permitted, perhaps, to state again the conclusions to which we arrived in our last utterance on the subject. We then stated what we believe to be an incontrovertible fact, viz.: that the point at which the Public School programme stops is the pivot of the entire educational system, the keystone, as it were, of the whole educational arch. As a necessary consequence of this it followed, as we pointed out, that if the Public School programme be limited, so will the High School programme be limited, to the same relative degree; and so, ultimately, will the University curriculum be curtailed. Thus our college will be called upon to do an unnecessary amount of elementary work which could and should be done in the Secondary Schools.

Such, indeed, is exactly the state of affairs which exists today, and which has resulted in the lowering of the Matriculation Standard. Principal Grant complains that for this the Provincial University is to blame; this we deny, and shall now proceed to show why we deny it.

The system of apportioning the legislative grant principally on the basis of the work done, or in other words, upon the system of "payment by results" has been at the bottom of much of the disturbance of the standards of our educational system. A good theory, yet in its practical application it has been proved a sad failure. The High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, naturally desirous of increasing their revenues, were anxious to swell their attendance in order to have more grist to send to the mill and so obtain more flour, in the shape of an increased grant. The High School authorities, looking about them for some device to secure this much desired augmentation of funds, seized upon the Public School programme and made it suffer. From the Public Schools their 6th and 5th forms were taken away successively, and the branches thus lopped off from the Public School programme were grafted into that of the High Schools, which in turn surrendered part of their territory to the Universities. Thus the whole interdependent system of standards was readjusted and lowered, to suit the rapacity of High School Boards! For this, it is perfectly evident that the University of Toronto is not to blame, but the policy of the Education Department, which permitted such a retrograde step to be taken, from the effects of which our system of education has never fully recovered. There is still, it is true, a 5th class left in the Public Schools, but it is officially discouraged as much as possible, one of the Regulations of the Education Department going so far as to advise Trustees not to form a 5th class in any city, town or municipality which contains a High School. Thus all local striving after better and higher things is officially frowned upon, and every effort at reform discountenanced. This downward movement has been gradual, but it has also been sure and certain. In 1874 about 10 per cent of the pupils of the High Schools completed a course in the 5th or highest class; from last year's Report we learn that but 2 per cent entered the 5th class. In another year or so the 5th class will be a thing of the past in name as well as in reality, and official blundering will have completed its disastrous work.

In a future issue we shall endeavour to indicate some

remedies for the present very unsatisfactory state of affairs, for which we must again take the liberty of reminding Principal Grant that the Provincial University is not responsible.

THE NEW ENGLISH COURSE.

The recent publication by Dr. Alexander, the new Professor in English, of a volume on Browning and his works leads us once more to refer to the question of the new English course. This evidence that Dr. Alexander is keenly interested in the study of contemporary literature must be gratifying to all those who have at heart the advancement of English Literature as a means of education. One of the most common mistakes, and one of the greatest dangers which universities, and indeed all teaching institutions run, is that of turning their back on the present and relying entirely on the past for inspiration. It would not be too bold a statement to say that all education must be taken with reference to the present; we study the past in the most part for the relation it bears to the present, for the lessons which it teaches to the present, and for the illustrations which it offers of the great natural laws which govern the world. The necessity of this reference requires to be continually kept before our minds; its neglect is the death-blow of all true culture and the sole reason for the existence of pedantry. Into this error our University has too frequently fallen, and one of the examples of this has been the English Course.

We do not say that the study of the old masters of literature in itself is not a desirable end, but we do say that no course purporting to deal with English literature can be in any sense complete unless it traces and demonstrates the laws which have governed æsthetic development in the past and exhibits their operation in the present. By a recognition of modern authors, too, would be abolished the senseless distinction which is too frequently made at present which decides that when a man is engaged in perusing one of Chaucer's tales or an essay by Bacon he is engaged in highly praiseworthy study, but if he read a novel of Thackeray's or an essay by Emerson he is merely amusing himself and passing the time in a harmless way, so long as it does not interfere with what is called his more serious work. The result of this is often the instillation of a dislike of the elder authors, following from forced reading, together with a profound ignorance of contemporary literature, in which, after all, the great bulk of the public are most interested.

We sincerely trust, then, that the new Professor will introduce his evident interest in modern literature into our curriculum, and in any case we hope that he may be left free and untrammelled in the selection of his programme, for we believe that nothing is so detrimental to a course of study as to lack system, to be without, as it were, a plot, which can only be introduced by the intelligent working of one mind, under whose control are left all details.

A TIMELY PROTEST.

It is not without reason that the authorities have deemed it necessary to call attention to the needless destruction of college furniture which goes on from day to day. Broken benches in many a class room testify as much certainly to the ill-usage they have received at the hands of the students as to the defects of their original construction. And apart from the more serious damage occasioned, at times, by impromptu athletic contests pending the arrival of lecturers, there are on all sides to be seen evidences of the destructive tendencies to which students of all the years are prone—even the dignity of Seniors being not wholly exempt from their influence. An occasional protest—inconsistent though it be—finds a place on the desk tops; as, for example, that engraved in one room beneath the Gothic characters in which a Senior's name has been carved:

"From this Teutonic writing doth appear
That Gothis (or Vandals?) have been camping here!"

And truly, such carvings are indeed a Vandalistic, as well as a most uncertain, means of handing down to posterity

names which would otherwise certainly be lost in the shades of oblivion.

But, gentlemen, these things cost money. Moreover, University chairs, as has already been indicated in our columns, have sometimes cost as much as \$3000 each. Further, we must consider the consequences of the wear and tear on that estimable man the venerable Bedel.

If you must cut, then, do not exercise your wood-carving talents on the benches, which, Mr. McKim informs us, are not reliable as chroniclers of student history in hieroglyphics, inasmuch as they must be so often renewed. Nay, rather repair to the Library and cut, at your sweet will and pleasure, the antique catalogues which are no use anyway, and which, we are constrained to believe, will never pass away.

In all seriousness, though, the annual loss from the cause, trifling though each item may appear, is one which the college can ill afford. Economy in small things is the only means of securing liberality in great.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE LADIES IN THE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I read with much interest the letter in your last issue on the "Ladies in the Library" and wish to say a few words on this point. So far as I can see there is no reason why this privilege which is denied the men students should be granted to the ladies. If ladies are to attend our college let them at least comply with the same rules and regulations as other students. Now this admission to the library is certainly a great boon and one which I am sure all the students would earnestly desire; but why should this be granted to a part and not to the whole? The ladies now attend our college in goodly numbers and are too many to be allowed special privileges which might perhaps be permissible when their numbers were fewer. I desire then heartily to re-echo the words of "S. P. Q. R." and say that "the matter requires investigation."

"ANTHROPOS."

March 5th.

[It is of course understood that the notice at the head of the column is not a mere form; correspondents alone are responsible for views expressed in this department. As long as the writers refrain from personal abuse and as long as the subject discussed is of any interest, THE VARSITY will at all times welcome the expression of undergraduate opinion. If objection is to be taken to anything in the above letter or in that of last week, our columns are open for a reply.]

LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I notice in perusing your columns that the decrepit state of the Literary Society is attracting a great amount of attention, and has extracted from several speculative undergraduates, as well as from your editorial selves several various ingenious attempts at explanation. Now I have subscribed to THE VARSITY for many years, ever since I was a freshman, and have kept my file complete up to date and so I am able to enjoy the pleasure of occasionally spending an hour or two with THE VARSITY of the past. Last Sunday morning I allowed myself this indulgence, which by the way I would recommend to all who have it in their power, and I was very much struck by seeing that the discussion which is now exciting interest is almost as old as THE VARSITY. Years ago correspondents cried out on the degeneracy of the times, just as they are doing now, and years ago the editors of the VARSITY wrote leading articles differing in no material points from those of to-day. Can it be that every new generation of

editors starts from its own stand-point in ignorance of the past history of the paper? Or does the knowledge that you are thrashing over a threadbare subject cause you no uneasiness? Can't you give us something new on the subject, VARSITY?
Yours, &c.

ARGOID.

[It is obvious that the stagnation which characterizes THE Literary Society question cannot be laid at the doors of the VARSITY, but must be one more indictment against the venerable society itself].

THE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In several late issues of your paper, I see that attacks, direct and indirect, have been made on the management of the Library. Allow me to say something by way of defence.

So long as there is a library there will always be fault-finders, no matter what system may be practised in it. The usual complaints are that the Library is inaccessible to the students and that the catalogues are worthless. Under present circumstances it would be the height of folly to allow each and every student to have access to the shelves. Were that the case the library might be opened one day but it would as certainly be "closed for repairs" during the rest of the week. This must necessarily be the case when the usual staff in attendance is never more than two and very frequently only one. No man could attend to the wants of the students who are reading in the various reading-rooms and at the same time assist those who have been permitted to come into the Library to do as they would like with the books on the shelves. If those who are such strong advocates for allowing every one access to the Library knew anything of the work such an action would involve, they would say no more on the question.

So far as I know, these gentleman have not been refused admittance, or if they have been denied that privilege, it has been because of some very good reason. Hardly a week goes by but that some student does have the privilege of consulting the books in the Library, and in so doing he or she must adhere to the rules laid down for those to whom this privilege has been granted. If students come at the proper time and in the proper way, their request will be granted.

Then as to the catalogues. A large number of the students do not take the trouble to learn how to use them. If a student wants to know what books are in the Library on any line of work, let him go to the Classified Catalogue in the south reading-room and there under the proper division he will find a list of all the works in the library on the subject. If, however, he knows the author's name, let him go to the Alphabetical Catalogue in the north room, where a few minute's search will be sufficient to learn whether it is a library book.

Those in charge are willing to give all possible information, but if men make enquiries when the assistants are busy it is unreasonable to expect that much information can be given at such a time.

In your issue of March 2nd I find a letter, or rather shall I call it an attack upon the young ladies, by "S. P. Q. R." Whether the charges are true or untrue I shall not say, though I think it is more than probable that when your correspondent saw the young ladies handling the books, that some one of the staff was with them, and that they were adhering to the rules of the Library.

If, then, your correspondent and others like him would reap the first part of this letter they will see that the young ladies have no greater privileges than they may have if they only ask, provided always that requests be made at the proper time. No favours are granted to one which may not be granted to another, and should these be granted, they ought not to be abused, for that would simply mean a refusal to every undergraduate who applied.

The Library staff is not so niggardly that they wish to hoard what is under their charge and let no one enjoy what they cannot even begin to use for themselves: They are willing to do all that can be done to assist students who are honest in their desire to procure help.

JAMES BREBNER.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Mark Twain did not at all exaggerate the extreme vituperative character of Southern journalism in his sketch of the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," nor does the clever humorist, whoever he is, who mimics the wild and untamed outbreaks of Western journalism as seen in the *Arizona Kicker*. But that peaceable Canadians have descended to this sort of writing we had no idea until we came across a vagrant copy of the *Rat Portage News* whose genial editor refers to his rival in highly-coloured and picturesque language as follows (we quote verbatim):

* * *

"That dwarfed humpbacked specimen of humanity, who runs the *Qu'Appelle Progress*, has several times begged an exchange of *The News*, for the sheet published by himself, or rather by "E. J. Weidman," whoever that is, while the renowned and debit ledger notorious James is editor and manager. Because we did not choose to exchange with all such ventures, he makes an attack on *The News*, and in a fatherly way remarks that he started the first paper here. We might incidentally remark that many merchants in the town have not forgotten the fact that James did run a 2 x 4 sheet or thereabouts, for courtesy's sake called a newspaper. And several regret the fact very much. Now James, let us tell you a little story—We never when paying a visit to a town we previously left, found occasion to come at night or leave after dark—nor do we when going away leave on a freight train, or ride on the dark side of a train of box car—neither have we found occasion to walk down the line to the nearest flag station and take the train. Now James, probably our little story will interest you, at any rate it will let you know how *The News* is getting on. At the same time let us close with the remark, that you can have *The News* for \$1 a year IN ADVANCE."

* * *

The two novels, published within the last decade, which have at once created the greatest sensation in all circles and exhibited most markedly two diametrically opposite phases of modern fiction, are Rider Haggard's "She" and Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere." In the latter we behold the extreme development of the analytical novel, with its tedious descriptions of character and omni-present moral purpose, while the former offers us the most extravagant example of unbridled fiction in adventure. That "She," offering as it does unparalleled opportunities for scenic effect and bristling with thrilling situations, should have been arranged for the stage is not surprising. But that the play-wright, who managed this transformation, should have undertaken to perform the same service for "Robert Elsmere" must be certainly regarded as remarkable, and the result will be looked for with considerable curiosity.

* * *

Under the title of "Borrowings of Modern from Ancient Poets" the late Sir John Bowring conveys some interesting information. We make the extracts from his paper in the Royal Historical Society transactions. In some instances he makes his charge of plagiarism clear enough, and we give some of his best parallel passages.

Ægrotat Dæmon, monachus tunc esse volebat,
Dæmon convaluit, Dænwn utante fuit.

When the Devil was sick, the Devil a saint would be,
When the Devil got well, the Devil a saint was he.

—Anon.

Multa cadunt inter calicem, supremaque labra.

There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip.

—Anon.

Qui pingit florem, non pinget floris odorem.

How'er you paint the flow'ret well,
You cannot paint the flow'ret's smell.

Pars sanitatis, velle sonare fuit (Seneca).

'Tis very certain the desire of life prolongs it. (Byron).

Certis rebus certa signa præcurrunt.
Coming events cast their shadows before.

(Campbell).

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow. (Coleridge.)
Natura dedit agros, ars humana aedificavit urbes. (Varro.)
God the first garden made, and the first city man. (Cowley.)
God made the country, and man made the town. (Cowper.)

* * *

A recent contribution to THE VARSITY's literary columns dealt with the life and poems of Mr. William Telford, of Peterborough. It has evoked from the poet a long two-page foolscap letter of thanks with an appendix in the shape of a poem and certain notes on the work reviewed. We have not space to insert the letter itself; it gives quite a different idea of the poet from that derived from a perusal of his book. Mr. Telford appears to be a simple, good-hearted man, who has given up the spare hours of a hard-working life to the indulgence of his knack of rhyming. We print his poem, which is, we think in all seriousness, superior to most of his work; but which the reviewer's conscience would not let him enjoy:

* * *

How sweet to feel the sympathy of men,
While struggling onward on life's rugged road!
It gives fresh vigour to my humble pen;
Its soothing power relieves the crushing load.
It proves to me that I stand not alone
Like a dead tree amidst the forest drear
Braving life's storm; still persevering on
While friends like you my drooping spirit cheer.

* * *

On the reverse of the leaf on which this poem reached us, is the following. The whole is a pleasing mixture of poetry, business and humour: "To any friend on the receipt of one dollar, I will send one copy, postage paid. Five copies \$4.50, and for an order of ten I will send by express, freight paid, 11 copies; one for the person sending the \$10. Only fifty remains.

"When the store becomes diminished,
And the source runs dry;
For want of stock the sales are finished—
Friends won't get one to buy."

* * *

The Ingenious Man read the letter and all its enclosures with much interest. When he had finished them, he glanced furtively at the Poet and remarked on the essential similarity of the writings of all poets. He hinted at Wordsworth's endeavour "by precept and example" to prove the identity of prose and poetry; and went on with a malicious purpose to quote from Walt Whitman, for whom, be it known, the Poet has an idolatrous love. "It is evident," he declared, "that Mr. Whitman is a disciple of the Telford school. When Mr. Telford dilates on 'Mr. P. Morgan's Hotel,' we are irresistibly reminded of

"'Oh, to bathe in the swimming-bath, or in a good place along shore,'

or of the yet more prosaic and definite category:

"'Oh, the farmer's joys!
Ohioan's, Illinoisian's, Wisconsinese', Canadian's, Iowan's,
Kansian's, Missourian's, Oregonese' joys!'"

But the Poet stirred not. The Ingenious one tried yet again, declaiming in theatrical style:

"'I remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and ankles;
He stayed with me a week before he was recuperated, and passed north.'"

In vain! Such criticism was beneath the notice of the Poet; he would not deign a reply. We were disappointed; and the Ingenious Man—who pines for a literary ruction as you, gentle readers, for an election, resigned himself to silence with a sigh.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

ALL reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

The following notice has been sent to the Professors and Lecturers by the President :

"The President begs leave to call the special attention of the Professors and Lecturers to the very large amount of breakage of furniture this year in the lecture rooms. He will feel obliged by their urging on the students more care ; and otherwise endeavouring to lessen this source of waste of funds.

"Univ. Coll., March 3rd, 1889."

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Friday, March 8th. Some ten or twenty curiosity-hunting students lounged into our Oratory to-night to collect impressions of a real 7.30 meeting. Not finding any, the whole thirty of them gossiped about till they might catch the next car—an 8 o'clock meeting. At about 8.30 nearly all fifty went in and sat down to listen to the melody of the minutes. When things warmed up a bit a hundred and fifty of us were sitting, standing, speaking, interrupting, raising partitions to get more room and otherwise demeaning ourselves as members of a declining and effete society.

Periodical and Constitutional Night in one night and a bit of Saturday morning ! The newspapers were put on, not without lively skirmishing. Every member present had a paper ready. Having run out of English papers, we were filling in with German and French, when at last a Hebrew journal was set up. This raised opposition. Whether from religious antipathy or else wherefrom, the students are unwilling to read a Hebrew paper. Having reached but not entered Jerusalem our crusade for papers was ended.

The annual motion on graduate suffrage was moved by Mr. McKay in a conciliatory manner. The main argument for their disfranchisement is that they cannot know the merits of the candidates. The answer is that many undergraduates, especially the Fourth Year, are in the same boat. There was a racy smack of interest but little of the bitter flavour of the last two brewings of this perennial thing.

Messrs. Spence, Cody, Desbarres and Fortune were adverse. Mr. Rodd loved the graduates because they voted straight. Mr. Bristol, a graduate, asked in what way graduates abused their franchise. Mr. Waldron, another graduate, entreated it as a favour. But his entreaties booted nothing. The minority was inflexible, the majority not great enough. When it was settled that the graduates should not vote for undergraduates this March, about a century of members retired to their virtuous couches. The remnant occupied itself for the most part in resisting innovations to the constitution, and took the wings of the morning in time to get an appetite for breakfast.

LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

Frantic efforts are being made to stir up such strife as will ensure an exciting election contest. The common complaint is that we are all much too friendly. However, we have no doubt that the laudable efforts of the party-manufacturers will be crowned with success. The "College Reform Party" has been already marshalled; the "Party of Progress" follows hard on its heels; the "Party of Advance" is looming up; the "Go-Ahead Party" is talked of; and we have no reason to fear that the "Get-There Party" will in the end demolish them all. There is a marked dearth of abusive epithets; the "Coal-Scuttle Party" is the hardest nick-name yet invented. Following are the manifestos issued so far :

"PROVISIONAL" MANIFESTO OF THE COLLEGE REFORM PARTY.

To the Members of the Literary and Scientific Society :

GENTLEMEN,—Believing that in the present circumstances an election is essential to the well-being of the Society, and recognizing the fact that the old party lines were obliterated two years ago, and in order that an election may not take place on the lines of last year, and the year before ; and realiz-

ing that certain reforms are necessary, we submit the following provisional platform :

1. That a special effort be made to promote the interests of the Literary Society, and to make it the Society of all the College Societies.

2. To this end that a proper University *esprit de corps* be fostered.

3. That a bond of union be established between the members of the different College Residences, and those not residing in them, with the object of inducing them to take a more active part in the Society, and in undergraduate and university life.

4. That the club scheme be carried into effect as soon as possible.

THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

To the Members of the Literary and Scientific Society :

GENTLEMEN.—As you are aware, a movement has been set on foot to combine the various College Residences into a Party, to secure, if possible, the control of the Literary Society. To such a proposal we are directly opposed. We believe that the interests, not of any section or sections, but of the undergraduate body as a whole, should be considered. We recognize, also, the necessity of a change in the method of carrying on the Society, and therefore submit the following platform for your consideration.

1. We do not believe that the various residences are the proper basis for a union of all the students of University College, but in such a union the residences *as residences* should be entirely ignored; the various class organizations should be recognized as the basis of union and as societies auxiliary to the general Literary Society.

2. (a) We advocate Inter-class Literary Competition. The classes will meet in conflict on the football field ; why not in the intellectual arena of the Literary Society ? Let each year name the men who shall uphold its honour in debates and other literary work and we guarantee a new and absorbing interest in the Society.

(b) Further, we advocate OCCASIONAL DEBATES IN REGULAR PARLIAMENTARY FORM. Though we are debarred from discussions involving disputed points in Canadian politics, there are many subjects of present popular interest which might well be treated by the Society in the form of a mock Representative Assembly. Those who remember the old Forum know how great was the interest aroused in this very way. Let the President of next year act as Speaker of the House, the officers as Cabinet Ministers, the defeated candidate for Vice-Presidency as Leader of the Opposition. Half a dozen meetings of this kind would excite an immense interest throughout the College.

3. We advocate the union of all faculties of the University in the Literary Society.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

At the regular meeting of the Club on Monday, "Auerbach and his Works" was the subject discussed. The programme opened with a piano duet by Misses Robson and Clayton. Mr. Chamberlain followed with an address in English on the author of the evening, discussing his life, his literary style and several of his works. He read a number of extracts illustrating his remarks. After the close of the address German conversation continued for a considerable time.

On Monday next, Mr. Squair will deliver an address on "The Importance of the Study of Modern Languages." A good programme has been arranged and all friends of the society are invited to be present.

Nominations on Monday ; elections the following week. At the election meeting, matters of importance to the Club and to the Modern Languages Course will be discussed. It is hoped that there will be a large turn-out of all interested in the work of the Department.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Engineering Society held a meeting last Tuesday at quarter past three in the large draughting-room, School of Science, the President in the chair. Mr. Burns, Fellow in Engineering, read a paper entitled "The History of the Steam Engine." He gave a description of the methods em-

ployed by the ancients in raising water and traced the progress which had been made in the steam-engine and its applications from Hero's up to the present time. The paper was well illustrated and proved of great interest to the audience. Mr. T. Russell, P.L.S., read a paper on "Track Laying," in which he gave the general requirements for good work. He also pointed out the necessity of the Engineer seeing that every detail was finished in accordance with the specifications. Several extracts from track-laying specifications were given and proved of interest. The writer concluded by giving a description of the methods of laying sidings and switches; after some discussion the meeting adjourned.

POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

At the regular meeting of this Association, March 13, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, That the members of the Historical and Political Science Association of the University of Toronto have learned with deep regret of the death of Professor George Paxton Young, in connection with whose department this Association was organized, and who, though the teaching of Political Science was not part of his academical work, took from the first a warm interest in the Association and its objects."

The resolution was moved by F. Tracey and seconded by F. C. Cooke.

This being the first meeting of the Association since the death of Professor Young, the Society has taken its earliest opportunity to express its sorrow for the University's great loss.

Mr. Houston, in a short address, paid a touching tribute to the memory of our departed Professor.

Nomination of candidates for offices was then proceeded with. The following are nominees:

President—Mr. Houston—elected by acclamation.

Vice-President—Faskin, Peat, Wilson, W. A., Hall.

Secretary—McEvoy, Boyd.

Treasurer—Sinclair, Sale, Pope.

Councillors—Wilson, U. M., Segsworth, Young, G. A. M., Logie, Woodruff.

The election of officers will take place at the next regular meeting, March 20th.

Mr. Houston gave a short lecture on "The method of studying Political Economy."

Starting with Exchange, and taking as an example a Book and a Dollar Bill, he sketched on the blackboard a plan of investigation.

Exchange, he maintained, was a natural starting point of the study of the science, from the fact that "we are all more or less accustomed with buying and selling." His lecture was well received by the Society.

The next meeting will be the last for the academic year, and a full attendance is specially requested.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society was held in the medical buildings on the evening of the 8th inst. Mr. H. A. Yeomans, Vice-President, occupied the chair. The report of the General Committee was very satisfactory, showing as it did that the past year had been one of the most successful in the history of the Society. The number of books in the library has been considerably increased, the reading-room continually supplied with all the leading publications, medical, literary, etc., and the Society justly claimed that it stood second to no students' organization in connection with any of the universities or colleges of the Dominion. Before leaving the chair the Vice-President referred in complimentary terms to the kind attentions given by the members of the Faculty, particularly Dr. A. H. Wright, the retiring President, to the Society, and the applause of the students proved that these services were truly appreciated. The following were elected as officers for 1889-90:—President, Dr. John Ferguson; 1st. Vice-President, Geo. A. Shannon; 2nd. Vice-President, R. J. Crawford; Recording Secretary, L. Campbell; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Smith; Treasurer, Dr. G. A. Peters; Assistant-Treasurer, Geo. Bowles; Curator, L. N. McKechnie. Councillors—T. Middleboro, J. A. Macdonald, J. Dow, J. E. Wilson, G. K. Shirton.

CLASS OF '92.

The Class of '92 held a meeting in the Y. M. C. A. hall last Tuesday afternoon. The attendance was large and great enthusiasm prevailed throughout. All the officers were present, the chair being ably filled by the president, who delivered his inaugural address in masterly style. The first piece on the programme was the Class chorus, which was sung to the tune of "Litoria." Then followed a well rendered piano solo by Miss Hillock and a song by H. Wales. Both Historians reviewed in an interesting manner the history of the class. The Prophet prophesied and the Orator delivered a brilliant oration. The Poet read an original poem which shewed him to be well worthy of his office. Miss Ackermann gave a very amusing reading, followed by a college chorus which, though not very amusing in itself, seemed to afford great amusement to the audience. W. Bunting addressed the meeting on Athletics which he reported to be in a very flourishing condition. Each part of the programme was closely criticised by the Critic, much to the satisfaction of all. The "Lord High Cock olorum" was there in all the majesty of his office and enlivened the meeting by his pithy remarks. The meeting adjourned, to meet at the call of the Executive Committee.

PERSONAL

F. J. Steen, '88, has been studying law in the States, but has become disgusted with the ways of justice across the border and has returned to his native land.

It is with great pleasure that we learn of the brilliant stand taken by J. G. Hume, '87, at Harvard University. At the recent examinations he stood first in philosophy, winning the Thayer scholarship in such fine style that an exception was made in his favour to allow him to hold the scholarship, notwithstanding that he had not been at Harvard for the required length of time.

We are sorry to have to call the attention of our readers once more to the fact that THE VARSITY cannot be run on unpaid subscriptions. We shall be obliged, we fear, to follow the example of certain fashionable tailors and publish a number of the paper giving up the whole of our valuable space to the names of the dead-head subscribers. In fact, our position is so desperate that we must take decisive measures, and proceed to give evidence of our fixed intention to pillory offenders by naming one of the least important among them—just for a beginning. We regret to say that Albert Edward, '60, (ad eundem) has consistently failed for the last nine years to come to time with his cash. Let us hear from you, Mr. Wales.

LITERARY NOTES.

A committee has been formed in London to erect a memorial to Christopher Marlowe in his native city of Canterbury. Lord Coleridge has been chosen President of the committee so that the movement will likely be successful.

Some time ago a movement was inaugurated in Paris to establish a library in which only the works of women were to have a place. The completion of the scheme has just been crowned by a public opening by Carmen Sylvia, the queen of Roumania, who was chosen President of the Library.

And still the tide flows on! Or rather "the sweet girl graduates in their golden hair" are ever advancing. The latest notable instance is Miss Ethel S. M. Montague, who had won high honours before she matriculated at London University in 1886, and has recently passed the B.A. examination in the first division with first class honours in English. She was the only lady in the class.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt of *Once A Week*, a New York publication. This last number contains, together with its excellent cartoon and numerous illustrations, much first-class reading matter. The twenty-four pages contain well-written editorials, (for this number dealing with Canadian questions) a serial by Frank A. Stockton, and a short story by Edgar Saltus, with literary notes and sketches contributed by a number of well-known writers, W. W. Campbell among them. The society part of the magazine is very ably conducted and contains interesting information.