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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. X.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1891.

No. 14.

Editorial Comments.



THE report of the Athletic Committee, which was presented to the Literary Society on Friday night is a very important document—so important that the Society thought it advisable to postpone the consideration of it until after it had been published in THE VARSITY and thus placed in the hands of every student. For several years back the matter of athletics has been comparatively untouched by the Society, and now this report which deals with the subject in a sensible, business-like way calls for more than the ordinary amount of consideration at the hands of the Society. The members of the committee have apparently devoted considerable thought to the problem of the support of athletics around the college and as a result they are prepared to offer a solution of that very important question. Whether the proposals in the report are the best that can be made remains for the members of the Society to decide.

The report directs attention to the annual games and the usual financial failure that attends them and suggests that the Society take them under its control. The capacity of the Society to shelter everything under its big broad wing seems being put severely to the test, but there is very little reason to fear that this will be the proverbial last straw. The Society is becoming so thoroughly a representative of the whole student body that it will not require a very great stretch of the imagination to fancy it managing the annual games. One thing is certain and that is that the annual games must be retained and, as the Society will probably do in the future as it has done in the past, that is, make up any deficit in the accounts of the games, the assumption of control by the Society appears to be the best possible thing to do under the circumstances.

The committee gives the Society credit for a knowledge unpossessed, we venture to say, by the great majority of the students. That one dollar of the fees annually collected by the college from the students was once applied to the support of athletics will be news to very many. Ignorance of this will render the probability of a similar state of affairs in the future none the less welcome. The Society should at once proceed to interview the authorities on this subject and endeavor to effect a return to the old order of things. There would then be a sum of \$700 or \$800 at our disposal and this would place athletics on a sound basis. It is to be hoped that an effort will be made to procure greater space for field sports of all kinds. The Senate has appointed a committee to consider this matter and memorials to that committee may probably have a greater effect than they would to each and all of the bodies named in the report. Though not distinctly saying so, yet the inference is that the committee believe that the lawn at the rear should be so arranged that an entrance

fee may be charged. This will doubtless be viewed with disfavor by some and their views are entitled to the highest consideration. If the efforts to obtain the one dollar fee should prove successful their position would be very much strengthened. The Association Football Club might be gainers if a fee could be charged, as the Western Association, anticipating that the Varsity team will always be in the finals, has legislated our club out of the right to play on our home ground, the lawn, but were the charging of a fee shown to be disadvantageous to the whole student body the Association club will doubtless be found ready to waive its right in the matter.

It is to be regretted that the formation of an athletic association cannot be proceeded with at once, but the committee is right in advising postponement of definite action until the above-mentioned questions are finally settled. The members of the committee are deserving of praise in having presented such an interesting and practical report.

At the last meeting of THE VARSITY directorate several changes were made in the constitution of this paper which will, it is hoped, simplify and render more easy the management thereof. The most important amendment is the merging of the two offices of Business Manager and Treasurer into one and the addition of an Assistant Business Manager. The experience of the present year has shown the desirability of such a change, and the experience of next year will undoubtedly justify the action of the present directorate. Henceforth there will be but one representative from the Medical School on the directorate instead of two as at present, and the place of the one dropped will be taken by a representative of the School of Science, thus leaving the number the same as before, but giving representation to a very important section of the students. It will be a pleasure to those who were most intimately connected with the preparation of the present system of managing THE VARSITY—it will be a pleasure to be informed of the very satisfactory manner in which it has worked.

Mr. J. S. Scott, '91, has found it necessary to send in his resignation as an associate editor of THE VARSITY. We are pleased to announce that Mr. McNicol, '91, and Mr. H. W. Brown, '92, have been appointed to fill vacancies made in the staff.

Mr. G. H. Needler, B.A., has been appointed Fellow in Moderns, and expects to commence work at once. Since graduation Mr. Needler has, we understand, travelled in Europe, which has made him thoroughly capable of filling his new position. THE VARSITY congratulates Mr. Needler on his appointment, the lecturers on procuring such a valuable assistant, and the students of modern languages on obtaining such an efficient instructor.

LOVE'S QUEST.

I.

The Four Winds of Heaven
Swept past me one day,
I questioned them each
As they sped on their way:
"Who will carry me safely,"
I said, "on Love's quest?
Of all four, who will bear me
The soonest to rest?"

II.

"Say, what wilt thou give me,
O North Wind?" I cried.
"I take, but I give not,"
The North Wind replied.
From the South came a breath
That seem'd blown from above;
It whispered, "I fly
To the Dreamland of Love."

III.

"Hope lives in the Future,
There is none in the Past;
Come with me," said the West Wind,
"Ere the skies overcast."
"What riddle," I asked,
"O East Wind, do you speak?"
"Nothing new, nothing good,
In the World can'st thou seek."

IV.

I answered: "It matters not
Whither I go;
To the warmth of the South,
To the North, with its snow;
"Love, I turn to thy dwelling,
Wherever it be;
For what is the East
Or the West to me?"

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."*



YEAR ago the name of Rudyard Kipling was unknown to us. To-day there is none more familiar. He is flashed into prominence on the literary horizon like a meteor, fresh, original, vigorous, strong with a strength that seems likely to outlive even the blighting effects of a too easily gained popularity. His short stories of East Indian life first brought him before the public; to-day everybody is reading his first novel, "The Light That Failed." The publication of this story has been awaited with a great deal of interest by the literary world. Speculation was rife as to whether Kipling could acquit himself cleverly in a continued story. He had already proven himself a master in short stories, his success as a novelist was yet to be assured.

"The Light That Failed" has set all speculation at rest. Kipling has shown himself to be more than an interesting story teller; he is a novelist of a very unique order. In this last work he has told a story of an intensely interesting nature in a style which at first, perhaps, only arouses one's curiosity, but which in the course of the narrative captivates one by its vigor, its naturalness, its truth to everything real in life. There is a strength about the whole book that denotes the hand of a master, and such an amount of freshness and originality as does one good to read; it is like a breath of sea air, a draught of sparkling water on a dull and sultry day. One is aroused, one is refreshed, one longs for more.

The realness of the story is what impresses one. "Dick Helder" and "Maisie" stand forth on the very first page

* Lippincott's Magazine for January.

as living, breathing, actual beings. There is the joy of life thrilling through them, and in the stir and movement of the first few chapters, the reader feels himself almost an actor in a living drama, not a spectator at a lifeless, dumb-show. We are hurried from the bleak, dismal sea shore, with its poppies shivering in the night wind, where two lovely children are at play with an old revolver, and where "Maisie" "spoils Dick's aim," to the glittering sands of the deserts of Egypt, where, in the shock and tumult of battle, we see Dick once again, now facing death, revolver in hand, now tottering in the arms of a comrade, and moaning deliriously that some one has "spoilt his aim." We are wonderfully taken with these two characters. As children, they are quaint, naive, unusual; endowed with a wild carelessness for everything but each other that is almost savage in its naturalness. As man and woman they do not change. There is the same freedom from restraint, the same impetuosity and passion as in days of childhood. Dick has a wild, wolfish, untamable spirit that Maisie alone can subdue and soften; and Maisie herself in womanhood loses none of her childish imperiousness and wilfulness until Dick's awful misfortune calls forth the deeper, truer feelings that have been lying latent in her tender, womanly heart. The Bohemian life of these two in London, their friends, their occupations, their surroundings, are all intensely interesting. We find ourselves sympathizing with Dick in his imprecations against Art, and pitying poor Maisie, who is sacrificing herself upon that altar. There is no better passage in the book than Dick's outburst against "Art," and in it are seen many of the peculiarities of Kipling's style.

"Dick dragged forward a canvas laid face to the wall. 'Here's a sample of real art. It is going to be a fac-simile reproduction for a weekly. I called it "His Last Shot." It's worked up from a little water color I made outside El Maghrib. Well, I lured my model, a beautiful rifleman, up here with drink; I dored him and I redrored him and I tredrored him, and I made him a flushed, dishevelled, bedevilled scallawag, with his helmet at the back of his head and the living fear of death in his eye and the blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man. . . . I did him just as well as I knew how, making allowance for the slickness of oils. Then the art manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent—man being naturally gentle when he is fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more color. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as to an art-manager. I took my "Last Shot" back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots—observe the high light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipe-clayed his helmet—pipe clay is always used on active service and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank heaven, twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent."

"And do you suppose you are going to give that thing out as your work?"

"Why not? I did it. Alone I did it, in the interests of sacred, homebred Art and Dickenson's Weekly."

What a picture! What sarcastic bitterness in every word of this tirade! We feel that Kipling is quite at home here in an attack upon what he calls "Sacred Art." Probably he too has felt its shackles weighing upon his genius, and, having felt, knows how to sympathize with Dick in his savage struggles to overthrow this Juggernaut that seems bent upon crushing out all truth and reality in the works of the artist. In the above extract we have seen that Dick, in a moment of bitter cynicism that we can well understand, (for even genius will allow itself to play tricks with the public in a spirit of revenge) consents to efface his personality at the decree of "Sacred Art" and yield to

the overwhelming pressure of that "public opinion" he hates and despises. But not so with Kipling in *his* work. He is a strong man and will not yield. His strength, his fearlessness of hostile criticism, above all, his intense love of the real and the true, is displayed in every line. He is a realist in the best sense of the word; one that we can enjoy throughout and never feel a sense of degradation and impurity creeping over us as we read. He paints things as they are and yet with the instinct of the true artist shuns such models as would draw from us the sickening cry, "Unclean, Unclean." The first soldier in the "Last Shot" is emblematic of Kipling's work. Before everything it is real and true to life; we can see the desperate figure standing forth upon the canvas as though alive, blood-stained, powder-blackened, torn and dishevelled, every lineament real as life, the whole figure pregnant with strength and action, yet with none of the disgusting detail of the modern realist, or mawkish sentimentality of the second rate novelist.

Some of the word pictures in "The Light that Failed" are very gorgeous. Kipling seems to be endowed with the true eye of the artist, revelling in a wealth of warm, glowing color, and delicate gradations of light and shade. Dick and "Torp," the war correspondent of the "Central Southern Syndicate," are talking of old times on the Nile. "Recollect some of those views in the Soudan?" said Torpenhow, with a provoking drawl.

Dick squirmed in his place. "Don't! It makes me want to get out there again. What color that was! Opal and amber, and amber and claret, and brick-red and sulphur—cockatoo—crest sulphur—against brown, with a nigger-black rock sticking up in the middle of it all, and a decorative frieze of camels festooning in front of a pure pale turquoise sky." He began to walk up and down. "And yet, you know, if you try to give these people the thing as God gave it, keyed down to their comprehension, and according to the powers He has given you—"

"Modest man, go on."
"Half-a-dozen epicene young pagans, who have'n't even been to Algiers, will tell you first that your notion is borrowed, and secondly that it isn't Art."

Another thrust at "Sacred Art"! Kipling speaks in the bitter tone of a youthful genius whose first picture has just been refused by the Academy, because it is in a realm of Art too far above the heads of the public to be appreciated or understood. Perhaps Kipling's first attempts were neither appreciated nor understood either. Mayhap the iron at one time entered into his soul also, and now, even in the days of prosperity, rankles when he thinks of the past. At any rate there is an undertone of bitterness running through some of Dick's remarks that is too sincere, too real, not to have sprung from a chord in Kipling's own breast, vibrating in brotherly sympathy with the struggles of genius against the shackles of so-called Art.

But we have almost forgotten the story in "The Light that Failed." We have seen the two orphan children playing in the evening on the desolate sea shore, where Dick swore to be true to Maisie and Maisie vowed eternal fidelity to Dick; and then we had a glimpse of Dick alone in the Soudan, wounded perhaps unto death, and "calling aloud to the restless Nile for Maisie—and again, Maisie! The next time we see them they are together again—this time in the roar of London, each struggling for fame and fortune by means of brush and palette, Maisie, desperately and with head bowed submissively to the decrees of Art, and Dick savagely kicking over the traces with a grim determination to be free and succeed in spite of all. And Dick gains a glorious success; but Maisie labors on patiently, desperately, hungering for fame and yet finding it not; so wrapt up in her Art, that she has neither time nor inclination for the wealth of love that Dick lays at her feet. She is no longer the child that pledged her troth by the sea-shore. She is now a woman battling blindly against fate, striving for a fame that is beyond her reach, her whole soul given up to her profession. She confides in

Dick; tells him all her hopes and fears; asks his advice; calls him by the old pet names of childhood, and yet she cannot love him. It is the same wilful Maisie that we saw in the old days down by the sea, tormenting Dick and "spoiling his aim."

And then the days begin to darken and the light to fail. Dick's strong ungovernable spirit is at last subdued by the awfulness of the misfortune that falls upon him. Day after day he sits in his studio, stone blind, appalled by the surrounding blackness that seems to press upon him as though it would suffocate him with its intensity; playing with his last three letters from Maisie who is studying in France at Vitry-sur-Marne, and hugging them to his breast in his hours of loneliness and misery. He will not write to her of his misfortune. He wants her love but he will not have her pity. He could not win the former in his days of strength—can he expect anything other than the latter in his hour of infirmity?

But at last she hears of his affliction. She too has had her sorrow. Her hopes are all blasted. Success, fame, fortune, she begins to realize, are all beyond her. Her soul is sick for a little human sympathy, and she longs now for that steadfast love that a few months ago she had only spurned and repelled. But Dick doesn't write. Her last three letters are unanswered and she feels she is forgotten and alone. But Torpenhow comes at last and tells of the strong man childishly playing with the three letters he cannot read, in the darkened studio in London. The next scene, and the last, is in London. Maisie and Torpenhow ascend four flights of stairs. They enter the studio, the door clicks behind her and Maisie finds herself alone with the man who loves her.

Dick thrust the letters into his pocket as he heard the sound. "Hello 'Torp! is that you? I've been so lonely."

His voice had taken the peculiar flatness of the blind. Maisie pressed herself up into a corner of the room. Her heart was beating furiously, and she put one hand on her breast to keep it quiet. Dick was staring directly at her, and she realized for the first time that he was blind. Shutting her eyes in a railway carriage to open them when she pleased was child's play. This man was blind, though his eyes were wide open.

"Torp, is that you? They said you were coming."

Dick looked puzzled and a little irritated at the silence. "No! its only me," was the answer in a strained little whisper. Maisie could hardly move her lips.

"H'm," said Dick composedly without moving, "this is a new phenomenon. "Darkness I'm getting used to; but I object to hearing voices."

And then he sets to work to discover whence came that voice, and at last he touched her with his groping hands.

"It's Maisie!" said he with a dry sob.

A. P. NORTHWOOD.

ÆSCHYLUS' AGAMEMNON.

(vv. 958-973.)

There is a sea, and who shall drain it dry?
There is a sea, which breeds the costly dye,
And can incarnadine full many a robe.
And Agamemnon's house—through Heaven's smile—
Is not a beggar, nor knows poverty.
Right willingly would I have vowed to tread
On countless robes, if so the oracles
Had ordered, when I prayed for thy return.
For while the root which bears the tree lives on,
The foliage reaches to the house and spreads
A shelter 'gainst the sweltering summer heat:
So when thou comest to thy house and home
'Tis like warm winds in winter; but in summer,
When heaven is ripening the sour grapes to wine,
Then come there cooling winds upon the house
When the true master turneth to his home.
Ah, God! thou God of strength, now grant my vow,
And Thine own counsels quickly perfect Thou!—M. II.

The Varsity

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BY

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FEBRUARY 3, 1891.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



PUNCTUALITY is not one of the virtues which the students of University College reverence. It was half past eight by the clock before the Executive Committee issued from the parlor, and fifteen minutes later when the Literary Society proper filed into the hall and spread itself along the back seats. A considerable shrinkage had taken place in one week. There had been a reaction after the M.P. night, and only a drowsy skeleton drew itself together to listen to the minutes.

A notice of motion was read for Mr. Donald, that the annual grant of \$50 be given to the Glee Club.

The Secretary of Committees introduced a couple of recommendations from the Executive which he tried to bunch but couldn't (*i.e.*, the recommendations, not the committee). Recommendation No. 1 was to have a Public Debate on Feb. 15. Carried. In recommendation No. 2 the Executive wanted power to straighten out inconsistencies in the constitution. Here the Society began to object. Mr. G. H. Ferguson said that more than inconsistencies required straightening out, and pointed to a loose screw in the membership part. Mr. C. A. Stuart called attention to a similar loose screw in the franchise part. Then ensued a conversation between these two gentlemen and the President, in which Mr. A. M. Stewart assisted. The

last named introduced and finally carried a motion instructing the Executive to do something or other, and also to set apart a night for the Society to put the finishing touches on that unique work of art, its own constitution.

The Literary Programme. The first item was a strong comment on Mr. Donald's notice of motion. The President called on Mr. Donald for a song but that gentleman was not present. There was to have been an essay read. The essay was there but had forgotten to bring its author along; and no one could be found to decipher the writing. Mr. A. J. Hunter read "The Little Jackdaw of Rheims," and for a time cardinals, monks and friars, rings, mugs and pokers, red stockings and Jim Crow passed rapidly before our vision. The debate that followed was on the subject: "Resolved that the Southern States were justified in seceding from the Union." It was '91 versus '92. The members disposed themselves in various attitudes according as they knew more or less about the American history; or thought they did.

Mr. N. I. Perry, '91, opened for the affirmative. He treated the subject historically, beginning with the War of Independence, then constitutionally, after that politically—somewhere along here we learned that slavery and the tariff were involved in the subject—next prophetically, and finally morally. And from these standpoints and all others, the south was noble, honorable and glorious, the North tyrannical, unjust and infamous.

Mr. J. H. Lamont, '92, opened fire for the negative, and proceeded to demolish Mr. Perry's fortress. He talked about elections and planks in platforms. Mr. Lamont's speech—so at least the President said—was like that of Menenius "in the belly and its members," for which see Livy and Shakespeare.

Mr. S. J. Rothwell, '91, then stepped into the breach, and thought that the North had trampled on the rights of the South, and that the South was right in rising against tyranny. Mr. Evans, '92, closed for the negative, and said that the affirmative had all the time been off the point. Slavery was the only question at issue. Accordingly Mr. Evans got sentimental, but the Society had no tears. Mr. Perry closed the debate.

The President reviewed the arguments on both sides very thoroughly, and entered at some length into the subject itself. Then modestly remarking that he knew very little about it, he left the decision in the hands of the audience. Modesty did not trouble the Society. They apparently knew all about the question, and had followed the debate very closely, and so were all the more eager to vote. '91 and '94 were not so many as '92 and '93; therefore the negative had the preponderance of argument. Business was again proceeded with. Mr. A. P. Northwood is to represent the Society at Trinity Conversazione. Mr. H. C. Pope read the report from the Athletic Committee, which will be found in another column. Mr. Odell introduced a report from THE VARSITY Directorate, recommending a few changes in its constitution. This was adopted.

Four speakers for the Public Debate were chosen (McGill could not send representatives). When nearly everybody had nominated everybody else, some nominees began to retire for various reasons. Mr. Strath would be incapacitated. Mr. Perry was to be sent to Kingston for six days. The ballot resulted in the election of Messrs. J. McKellar, J. C. McLennan, F. E. Perrin and W. C. Clark. Mr. J. W. Graham will be the reader, and Mr. A. B. Leacock, the essayist of the evening.

When the end of the order of business was reached Mr. Stringer wanted to return, but the Society was suspicious and preferred to adjourn.

The O. A. C. Review is a newsy monthly published by the students of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. It is edited with considerable ability, and is doubtless a very interesting paper to the students at that college and to all interested in agriculture.

GALE'S LETTER TO THE Y.M.C.A.

MY DEAR FELLOWS,— I have been a very poor correspondent, I must confess, and yet I am sure of consideration and forgiveness at the hands of undergrads, who know how hard it is to be up to the mark in the line of correspondence. I am in Seoul, and at the mercy of Koreans, who make my oriental quarters a club house, and really give me but little time to myself.

Hardie is here now, and it is needless for me to say how much I enjoy his and Mrs. Hardie's company. The Meds and the Varsities were always bound together, even though their friendship showed itself only on grim occasions, as when they marched against the Bobbies, or fired off the heavy guns in Queen's Park. We remind ourselves once in a while of the fact that we were there.

Hardie and I are to be together if it is at all possible. In the event of other missionaries going to Fusan, which now looks settled, we shall strike north and try the Yaloo river district, which marks the boundary of Mauchoonie. No one has lived in that province as yet, nor do I anticipate any difficulty in getting settled if one goes quietly. I hope to start just as soon as I hear from you through the committee.

My heart is down south still, but the summer that has gone by has showed me conclusively that if a choice can be made I should choose as far north as possible.

I am very sorry that I was delayed in sending you some report for 1889. I shall send one for 1890, which I hope will reach you before spring.

This has been a year of earnestness in our work here: Heron and Davies both gone. Yet—

"Things like these you know must be
At every famous victory."

I can give those of you who have no idea of Korea only a very imperfect picture by letter. There are mountains everywhere; that is the first thing you notice. These near Seoul are white-topped and wrinkled-looking as though they had been planted here before the world began. A prophecy stands in the Wizard books of Korea, reading thus: "When the river Han is navigable to the city, and when the mountains round about are capped with white, then this present dynasty will end." This has come to pass, and the King lives in terror that his days are numbered. Shut off from all communication with other nations there is a look of dead loneliness in everything, and the expression of ignorance in these tilted eyes and dusky eastern faces adds to it all, and makes it a something beyond expression.

In Korean life one must not forget the regular round of diseases which sweep our whole district every season of the year. They are scarcely noticed; those who die drop off and the survivors go shuffling along in a way quite indifferent. We have no newspaper reporters to write up cholera and small-pox, and make them terrible. In America a few cholera symptoms plus a newspaper reporter can terrorize the whole continent. Here for a time this autumn we saw cholera victims every day, and it looked quite ordinary after all—as Dickens says, "Old fashioned death."

Amid the confusion of voices each day I am working hard at the classics to master if possible the language of the educated of Chosen. These are the books of Confucius, just as they have in China. They are interesting but more difficult even than old German or Gothic.

I am hoping and praying that this may be a prosperous year in the Y.M.C.A., and that you may be really blessed. I think Y.M.C.A.'s might be far more powerful than they are if they were only filled with life by the Holy Ghost. By His power only can we offer acceptable service to Christ our Master. Through Him only can we overthrow these mountains all round about us. It is not by any means smooth sailing out east as a missionary. Life that is all sunshine and picnic isn't worth the living. Let me quote from Carlyle, speaking of King David:—

"David's life and history, as written for us in those psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of man's moral progress and warfare here below. Is not man's walking in truth always that—a succession of falls. Man can do no other. In this wild element of a life he has to struggle onward: now fallen deep abased: and ever, with tears of repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again, still onward. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one; that is the question of questions."

This is life exactly. As young men I think we have greatest cause for thankfulness when God overwhelms us with difficulties, or plants great craggy mountains in our way. May the light and joy revealed through the Holy Scriptures be the inheritance of every Y.M.C.A. member.

Pardon me for again writing a line from Carlyle, but he is like an old Hebrew prophet, and his words pass often through my mind. Speaking of Luther's birth: "There was born here once again a mighty man; where light was to flame over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another birth-hour in a still meaner environment. Eighteen hundred years ago—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there? The age of miracles past? The age of miracles is forever here."

Now good-bye for a little. To all the fellows my love and Christmas greetings.

JAS. S. GALE.

Seoul, Dec. 1st, 1890.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

A precedent has been formed by several of the senior men bringing their lady friends to the School of Science to show them the building; not that the latter has any marked beauty, but they, no doubt, endeavored to work the "impressible" scheme. As this may appear to be a forecast of co-education in the School of Science, the matter is looked upon with distrust (?) by the Engineers.

Mr. Newman, '91, who was laid up with typhoid last term, is back again, and intends to go on with his year. It is a pleasure to see his beaming countenance again in the corridors.

The graduating class and the Executive Committee of the Engineering Society had their photographs taken at Dixon's last Wednesday.

The Engineering Society met in Lecture Room No. 2 on Tuesday, Jan. 27, President Robinson in the chair. The Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Sylvester, read an interesting communication from Mr. J. A. Duff, B.A., '90, the former President of the Society, who now is in Patter-son, N.J. In this letter Mr. Duff offered some new schemes for the Society's welfare. He proposed a radical change in the Executive Committee, substituting an editor and sub-editor of the Society's Engineering "pamphlet" in place of the 2nd and 3rd year councillors. This important question will be discussed at the next meeting. Following this came a paper on "Dynamics," written by the same gentleman. This paper was prepared especially for the first year men who have examinations on this subject. It dealt with all the intricate investigations and wearying formulæ in such a simple manner as to be of the greatest use to the first year men next April. It was resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Duff for his able paper. Mr. Virgil Marani then read a most interesting paper on "The Sea and its Waves," replete with illustrations, both practical and humorous. He accounted for the many ocean currents, the disturbances of the sea, and other many curious phenomena of a like nature. He concluded with a personal anecdote of thrilling interest, illustrating the force and height of ocean waves. The chief feature of the story was the extraordinary conduct of an immense wave, the height of which, by careful observation at the time, was found to be equal to that of "Varsity's tower."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.



HERE is not a primary student in our department who is not proud of that part of his course. He thinks, and rightly so, that it is superior to that of any other medical college in the Dominion. The painstaking zeal and the careful consideration of the professors in their various departments are both well appreciated. It may not seem so at times—doubtless Dr.

A. B. McCallum thinks so occasionally,—but they are, nevertheless.

But the course is not by any means perfect. I am sure the faculty will agree with us in that. Possibly, to them, a suggestion or two with reference to some modifications which seem necessary might not be amiss. In a great many instances, in matters relating to some of the minor points in the course, the students are in a better position to judge than the professors themselves. But we do not wish them to think that we speak in this way because we like to get a chance to “kick” on something. We don't. We are not chronic kickers. No class of students are more easily satisfied. None are more disposed to put up, good-naturedly, with all kinds of inconveniences.

The *Materia Medicas* and *Therapeutics* of our course is a matter of some importance. We do not intend—indeed, we have no idea of attempting—to dictate to the Faculty how these subjects should be taught. We merely wish to throw out a few suggestions with regard to the matter, perfectly certain that our idea is that of every primary student.

First, we think, these subjects should be taught together. The lecturer in *Materia Medica* should, when taking up the drug and its preparations, give, also, its *Therapeutics*. The two subjects are so inseparably connected together, and so interdependent, that, to divorce them, lessens the pleasure in their study. It does more. It makes both much more difficult. Nothing helps so much to fix the character of a drug upon the mind of the student as a comparison of the therapeutical values of its various preparations. *Materia Medica*, studied alone, is too dry and uninteresting. Being so, it requires far too much time to get it up. And, then, think of the hard plugging required? Why not make it more interesting, hence easier and more pleasant to learn, by taking up the *Therapeutics* along with it? The object of all teaching is, or *should be*, to place the truths before the mind of the student in their most attractive form. Why not do it in this case? Why scatter more thorns than necessary upon our pathway?

Again, we think there should be an exam. given the Freshmen at the end of their first year. Let their limit be the first one hundred and fifty pages of Mitchell Bruce, which treats of the *Materia Medica* of the alkalies and alkaline earths, the metals, non-metallic elements and the acids. Let the *Therapeutics* of these preparations be taken up also. That amount would be sufficient. It would be all the easier for them to get up, as it would be exactly parallel with their studies in *Inorganic Chemistry*. The rest of the *Materia Medica* would fit in with the *Organic Chemistry* of the second year, in that year.

The advantages of this would be: First, the students of the first year would learn something of the subject in that year, and not have to get it all up during the second year. Any one knows that students, pressed with work, will neglect a subject upon which they have no exam. The *Biology* of our first year is pretty heavy, and it is no wonder a subject, that can be, is neglected. If there were an exam. staring them in the face, the *Materia Medica* of a small limit would be got up, but not otherwise.

We pay twelve dollars of a fee for *Materia Medica* during the first year, and, to a great many of the students, the profit from the lectures does not amount to as many

cents. The reason is, not because the lectures are not good, but because the students do not attend. The lectures, in themselves, are good. You say, then, it is the fault of the students only? It is not their fault wholly, by any means. It is much more the fault of the Faculty in not having an exam.

We offer the above suggestions in the hope that they will be taken up by the Faculty. We are the students, and, consequently, in a better position to judge on that particular phase of the question than any of the Faculty. The sheets supplied the students this year certainly improve matters very materially, especially to the second year; but, in the case of the first year, matters are not so much improved as has been supposed. Indeed, we believe that only such a system as we have suggested can effectually remedy matters.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The lovers of German literature met on the afternoon of Monday, January 26th. to discuss and hear discussed the merits of Gotthold Lessing, who is known to our undergrads chiefly on account of being the unfortunate writer of “Laokoon.” Perhaps the memory of the many weary hours spent over him was the reason so few of our members showed no anxiety to learn more about him. We suppose the absence of the lecturers was owing to some other reason.

Mr. J. H. Cronyr, '92, opened the program by reading a selection from “*Minna von Barnehelm*.” The selection was well chosen, showing the peculiarities and the happy style of Lessing as a comedian, and the charms of the original were preserved by the good accent of the reader. Mr. A. P. Northwood, '91, followed with an essay on “*The Life of Lessing*.” The writer treated his subject in a masterly way, pointing out particularly the relation his various works have to his life, and the reasons of his succeeding so well in so many departments of literature. Miss H. Birkenthal, '93, closed the program by reading one of Lessing's letters to his mother. Miss Birkenthal is evidently quite at home in German, for her reading was true, and sustained so well that the audience had no difficulty in following her throughout. Rather more than half of those present remained to indulge in the pleasures of German conversation.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

The *Swarthmore Phoenix* contains a photogravure of the new President of Swarthmore, Hon. William Dudley Foulke. The *Phoenix* is a large monthly, and well filled with fairly interesting reading matter.

The *Red and Blue*, from the University of Pennsylvania, is a new arrival to our sanctum, and we accord it a very hearty welcome. In its Christmas number there are several very interesting stories, some very fair verse and a judicious mixture of college news.

The *Tuftsionian* always gives us a very high idea of the college whence it comes and of its college men, and its Christmas number heightens our good opinion. We are sorry to confess that before the *Tuftsionian* came as an exchange we had never heard of Tufts College, but now we have a very distinct idea of Tufts as a splendid school, with an equally splendid college journal. The exchange department of the *Tuftsionian* is always especially interesting.

The *Woodstock College Monthly* expresses surprise that “a journal so wise in its conclusions as is THE VARSITY under its present management should give any uncertain sound on the matter of hazing.” As THE VARSITY has not yet spoken on the matter, it can hardly be accused of giving an uncertain sound. We can assure the *Monthly* that when the question of reviving hazing in either its old or any other form shall assume sufficiently large an aspect as to be considered a factor in our college life, THE VARSITY will express its opinion with no uncertain sound.

REPORT ON ATHLETICS.

THE ONTARIO RUGBY UNION.

To the President and Members of the Society:

Your Committee begs leave to submit the following report of progress:—

1. Your Committee regrets that, owing to the lack of general financial support by the student body, and to the fact that there are no grounds at their disposal to which an admission fee may be charged, the various athletic clubs are put to such great expense in maintaining the honor of the University on the Campus. In view of these circumstances, your Committee recommends that the Board of Trustees, the Senate and the College Council be memorialized to level, fence and otherwise prepare the ground behind the University so as to accommodate the public.

2. Your Committee desires further to recommend that the Society assumes forthwith the control and management of the Annual Games, by appointing a Committee for that purpose, to collect subscriptions and to perform all other duties in that connection, the Society assuming final financial responsibility.

3. The Society is aware that the dollar of the fees annually collected from each student, which formerly went to the support of the gymnasium in Moss Hall, has been collected by the Registrar ever since its demolition three years ago. Your Committee, therefore, recommends that the Society takes immediate steps to have this sum placed to the credit of the student body, who formerly controlled it, for athletic purposes.

4. Until some definite arrangement has been arrived at in regard to grounds and gymnasium, or both, your Committee deems it inadvisable to go further in the formation of an athletic association.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. C. POPE,

Convener, Athletic Association Committee.

DI-VARSITIES.

ON PUBLICATION.

I love the honest editors
Who, on acceptance, pay;
But when they print my jokes, I wish
They paid the other way.

A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule:
"Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort:
"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade,
Poor Atom hoped he'd metre;
But she eloped with a rascal, base,
And her name is now Saltpetre.

Mrs. Newley: My daughter is to be taught only the most aristocratic branches. Teacher: Yes ma'am. Mrs. Newley: You will teach her higher mathematics immediately—no vulgar fractions or anything of that sort.

Editor: How's this, I thought you said you were an old newspaper man? Reporter: So I am. Editor: Consider yourself discharged. You say the man lost \$1,000 in the deal. An old reporter would have said \$100,000.

Skiffmore: Young Smith was rather mournful toward the end of supper last night; did you notice it? Bighead: Yes; but he usually does get more'n-full at every supper he attends, as far as I can see.—*Yale Record*.

Twenty men are now training for the Yale University crew, and no candidate has yet been dropped.

The spirit of reform has been abroad in the Rugby football world during the past season, and exerted considerable influence at the annual meeting of the Union held at the Rossin House on Saturday. The gathering represented all the principal clubs in Ontario, delegates being present from Trinity, Hamilton, Toronto, Osgoode Hall, London, Sarnia, Stratford, Queen's, Ottawa, Ontario and Varsity, who, with the present executive, formed a very *recherche* gathering. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed that the Union is in good condition both financially and otherwise. After their submission the meeting devoted about five hours to the discussion and alteration of the present rules, and thereby effected many very important changes.

In making these changes the object was to prevent the continuance of those very objectionable modes of play which have characterized the game during the past season, and which have tended to make it very uninteresting to the spectator. Very stringent rules were therefore made against offside play, lying on or handling the ball in a scrumage, and against the present manner of playing on the wings. The penalties imposed for the infraction of these rules are very severe, consisting in a free kick, or advance of five yards, for the opposite side, or, in case of frequent recurrence, in the suspension of the offending player, and of any club which plays with or against him during such suspension. If a player continually disputes the referee's decisions he shall be also subject to the same penalty. These rules give the referee much more power than he formerly possessed, but should result in a very close observance of the rules on the part of the players.

Other changes in the laws of the game are of minor importance, and will not materially affect the mode of play. They are briefly to the effect that the goal posts are twenty feet high, instead of thirteen, that a majority of points shall decide a match, that a drop on goal shall count five instead of four points, and a safety touch two, that the trick of punting the ball into touch at the kick off is illegal, that after a try the ball may be brought out from between the goal posts, and finally that field captains are abolished. By this last change and the appointment of touch-line judges and goal judges the task of the referee will probably be easier than formerly.

Many other important changes were suggested but not adopted. The proposal to reduce the number of men composing a team created very considerable discussion but did not meet with much approval. The scheme to allow the members of the executive to vote by proxy, and thereby not necessitate their attendance at meetings, was thrown out. It was proposed to revert to the old challenge system, the Hamilton delegation strongly supporting the proposal, but the meeting did not consider the change advisable, and next year the ties will be again in vogue.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: T. H. Stinson, Hamilton, President; Edward Bayly, Toronto, 1st Vice-President; P. Taylor, Ottawa, 2nd Vice-President; J. F. Smellie, Osgoode Hall, Hon. Sec.-Treas.; W. Logie, Hamilton, J. A. McKeown, Stratford, W. H. Bunting, Varsity, A. J. Boyd, Toronto, H. B. Cronyn, London, T. G. Marquis, Queen's, E. C. Senkler, Osgoode Hall, Committee.

The newly elected executive will remain in office for the purpose of revising the rules, until the 25th of April, when the meeting, which was adjourned until then, will again meet and receive the committee's report and make any other changes that be deemed advisable.

Uncle Josh: How's your father? Miss Belle: Very well, thank you. Uncle J.: How's your mother? Miss B.: She's well, too. Uncle J. (after a three minutes' pause): How're your parents?—*Yale Record*.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Miss Alice Jones, B.A., is teaching in Mt. Forest.

Miss Ryckman, '90, has accepted a position in London Collegiate Institute.

Miss Lawlor, of '90, has charge of the department of English in the Stratford Collegiate Institute.

Mr. H. C. Pope, 91, was summoned home on Sunday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his mother.

The committee of the Class Society of '92 and the second team of the Association football club sat for photos on Saturday.

A. T. DeLury, B.A., was at the University for a short time last week, on his way to his new home in Vancouver, B.C.

The next meeting of the Modern Language Club will have for a subject "French-Canadian Literature," with special reference to Fréchette.

The subject of discussion at the Philosophy Seminary last week was "Theism," with special reference to Kant. Mr. W. Cooper contributed the essay on the same.

Before Dr. Gordon left he was presented with a handsome gold locket by his fellow footballers. It bore the inscription: To Eddie, from the Varsity F. B. C., Champions of Canada, 1890.

The cup emblematic of the championship of the Toronto Football Association has been received by its winners, the Varsity second team, and can be seen in the General Secretary's office in the Y.M.C.A.

The members of the Glee Club are kept busy filling their very many engagements, the number of which seems to be increasing. Last week the club sang at St. Paul's Methodist Church and Chalmers' Church.

THE VARSITY is informed by a local politician that the early dissolution of the Imperial Parliament is a settled fact. As our informant has good opportunities of knowing, we call the attention of the *Globe*, *Empire*, et al, to his statement.

On Thursday evening as many as possibly can attend are requested to turn out to the Carlton Street Methodist Church. Arrangements are being made for another engagement in Hamilton. A committee has been appointed to confer with the orchestras in the city with a view to giving a union concert.

The first consignment of class pins for the class of '94 arrived on Thursday. Any one desiring to see them will be able to do so by corralling a Freshman and inspecting his tie.

They are of two kinds, one suitable for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen, and present a very neat appearance.

Mrs. Fraser gave a delightful "At Home," on Saturday evening, to the ladies and gentlemen of the fourth and second year moderns classes and other friends. The weather was very disagreeable, but the warm welcome of the hostess, and her very excellent arrangements to entertain her guests, entirely dispelled the ill effect the bad weather would otherwise have had on their spirits, and made the occasion exceedingly pleasant.

Messrs. Wood, Tennant, Wales and Murray took part in a discussion of the Ricardian Theory of rent, in a meeting of the Political Science Association of '92. The debate was well worth hearing, the clear and argumentative form of the speeches being excellent. The subject for the next meeting is: Resolved, That the claim of the British Parliament to supreme legislative authority over the colonies is consistent with the rights of a colonist. It is a subject on which any Canadian might think seriously.

Everything in connection with the Library is moving splendidly. It is proposed to proceed at once with the preparation of a card catalogue. An order has been given for about a thousand books which are necessary to relieve the pressing needs of the different departments, while donations of books are arriving every week. The latest are three cases of books from Yale, and two cases from Germany, both of which consignments are expected in a few days.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Ingres-Coutellier School of Languages which appears in another column. On Friday evening next, and not on Thursday, as stated in the last number, Mr. Coutellier will continue his lecture on "Paris, Les Parisiens et Les Parisiennes," and has procured the large assembly room of Association Hall to avoid the overcrowding that was so unpleasant at his last lecture. With reference to the course in French and German literature, single lectures or the whole course may be attended.

The Varsity residence men held a banquet in the dining-hall, Thursday night, to which all the residents, except the gentlemen of the first year, were admitted. Mr. I. R. Carling occupied the chair and Mr. W. Cowie the vice-chair. Among the invited guests were Messrs. D. O. Cameron, B.A., G. C. Biggar, B.A., J. S. MacLean, B.A., J. F. Snetsinger, B.A., S. D. Shultz, B.A., E. C. Senkler, B.A., W. E. Woodruff, B.A., A. T. Thompson, B.A., J. A. McKay, B.A., and other former residents. The proceedings were enlivened by vocal and instrumental music, recitations and speeches.

The regular meeting of the Philosophical Society of '93 was held on Saturday morning. The subject of discussion was "Theories of Sense-Perception," introduced by an able paper presented by Miss Garrett. The Society is pleased to announce that at its next regular meeting on February 14th Prof. Baldwin will deliver an address to students of philosophy. '93 extends a cordial invitation to all of the undergrads interested in the study to come and hear the Professor on that occasion. The meeting will take place in the College Y.M.C.A. at 10.30 a.m.

Y.M.C.A.—The regular meeting of the Association, on Thursday afternoon, was attended by a comparatively small number. The subject, "Sowing and Reaping," was opened by Mr. Watson, and in the discussion a very large proportion of those present participated. Delegates have been appointed to attend the conference at Kingston, which commences Thursday afternoon and continues until Sunday evening. Mr. Hugh B. Fraser, the General Secretary, leaves on Wednesday in order to be present at a meeting of General Secretaries to take place prior to the general meeting. The delegates are, N. I. Perry, '91; J. W. Wheaton, '92; J. A. Dow, '93; and R. H. Glover, '94.

THE DRAWBACKS OF JOURNALISM.—*Dick*: "Why couldn't Harry go to the theatre with us to-night?" *Tom*: "He couldn't possibly do so; had to write the criticisms of the plays for to-morrow's paper, and have them in by eight o'clock."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE MODERN CHILD.—*James*: "Miss Elsie, your mamma wishes you to go out for a walk in the park this afternoon." *Little Elsie*: "Tell her that I do not wish to go, James. I have made up my mind to go to the opera this evening, and do not want to get tired; and say, James, couldn't you hook me another pot of jam from the storeroom?"

Prof. Goldbergman: "Herr Kannst-nicht, you will the declensions give in the sentence, 'I have a gold mine.'" *Herr Kannstnicht*: "I have a gold mine; thou hast a gold mine; he has a gold his; we, you, they have a gold ours, yours or theirs, as the case may be." *Prof. Goldbergman*: "You right are; up head proceed. Should I what a time pleasant have if all Herr Kannst-nicht like were."



STUDENTS ATTENTION!

This is a fac-simile of our pins, made from the metal from the College bell, which we are selling at a moderate price. Every student should have one, as they make an interesting souvenir of the fire.

J. E. ELLIS,
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.