

# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

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## EVENING STAR.

The East is rosy, prophesying dawn ;  
Like golden fleece the wind-strewn cloudlets are.  
The West is barriered with a golden bar ;  
But soon the glory from the cloud is gone,  
From all the sky the golden is withdrawn  
To make one quiv'ring drop—the Evening Star.

Thus into one all beauties of the earth  
Do concentrate by subtle alchemy ;  
I gaze on lake and river, flower and tree,  
Of golden sun how well I know the worth,  
But all their glories fading bring to birth  
One evening star—the face and eyes of thee.

WILHELM.

## SIX HOURS IN CAMBRIDGE.

### I.

In the two past weeks we had been trying to live for three months in London and the strain had been more or less severe, according to the respective amounts of sleep which we had been able to catch. Although I was quite tired out on the last Friday night, I was fain to avail myself of R—'s kindness and to pay him, at Cambridge, the visit which he had asked. Having made up my mind, then, and having found that my train would leave King's Cross very early on the morrow, I bethought me that, if I would breakfast, I must pay tribute to the haughty gentleman who so often in the morning had kept me waiting long for my grill and coffee when I would have gone elsewhere. Such tribute having been paid, I came away and left the gentleman. In the middle watches of the night, one of his minions waked me, saying, "Six o'clock, sir." Having suffered keen grief from the aggrieved air of the haughty gentleman downstairs and having been put in his debt still more by his having found me a hansom, I, in the lowest of spirits, left the hotel. But the sunlight in the streets, already alive for another noisy day, and on the church spires and house tops cheered me again and, as my train burrowed its way out from the great city into the open, the chill of the gentleman's hauteur left me and I was myself again.

Two hours later I reached Cambridge. On the platform R— waited for me, his face alight with open joy at the sight of one from his old college home.

"But I say, old man," he said, "as he took note of my attire, I should have told you not to wear a pot hat. Few of the fellows do it up here, you know. And that's an awfully tall stick you are carrying, too."

I answered modestly that the people in Piccadilly had seemed to think that my cane was a thing to be admired.

"Well, never mind," said R—, as I handed my ticket to the guard at the gate, "it can't be helped now."

He himself was dressed with characteristic neatness, so I was not abashed by my own magnificence.

### II.

Scorning the tram which crawled up the long road from the station, we walked together, glad in the bright spring sunshine. Soon, from R—'s conversation, I learned that he was the same whole-hearted fellow who had left Toronto University a year before, a little changed, perhaps, in habits of speech and even in manners of thought, but not more so than would have been strictly consistent with an honest desire to adapt his uncorrupted Canadian characteristics to circumstances of an older growth than those in which he had lived at home.

When we had left the long road and the open country, as it were, and had come to the town, and when already I breathed an air which seemed to be stuffy with the dust of ages, I remarked that there were few students in the little old streets.

"Oh, yes," said R—, "I should have told you. Most of the fellows are still down, you know."

I did not understand.

"Well, you know," R—explained, "the Easter vacation of three weeks is just drawing to a close and most of the fellows are still down at their homes. Those who are here don't come out until the afternoon, generally. You will see them then."

### III.

We went into a museum whose stone colonnades fronted on what seemed to be the main street. The paintings on the walls were not without charm for me, but R— was most anxious that I should see a collection of Turners, the pride of the place. In the National Gallery I had seen the greater Turners and had been impressed duly, and now I was quite resigned to a sight of more of those quaint little water colours which show so much to the artist and so little to the man who has seen more of Plaster of Paris than of Parian Marble. But R— had reduced to a science the exposition of the brilliancy of the gems in the little collection, taken so carefully from its cabinet by the curator, and I was enlightened further and grateful accordingly.

### IV.

In and among the old college buildings I could have passed a lifetime. Great or small; covering all their ground, or standing in the middle of wide courts; simple in design or architecturally gorgeous; shrouded in clinging ivy or showing bold fronts of bare stone, they were all beautiful. Whether each block remained as hard as the living rock from which it had been hewn, or the hand of kindly time had softened the lines cut by the old sculptors, the buildings were like an artist's dream. In halls and corridors whose ceilings and wainscots age had painted black and where hung portraits of learned professors of the olden time; in stately chapels on

whose tiled floors the noonday sunlight played through old stained glass; in an odd little Temple Church, modelled on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, and whither some old crusader, whose name I most unwillingly have forgotten, used to ride from London to worship of a Sabbath morning, I drank deep of the draught of ages, until the time of day told me that I must put it from me.

In common with most of his fellows, R— had read Ruskin's strictures on the architecture of the old buildings and seemed inclined to put faith in that dictator's views of Taste and Art, so long as they were not directed towards his darling Cambridge.

## V.

Having crossed the Quad of King's College, where R— is studying, we came to the stream and one of the handsome little bridges which have given a name to the great university town. There is an avenue of stately limes, of which all the world has read, and in whose tall tops, bare of leaves at that season, large colonies of aristocratic but loud-mouthed rooks, which have been there since the morn of creation, have nests like big piles of sticks. On the magnificence of the trees and the astonishing pedigree of the birds, R— spoke at some length, and then led me off to the rolling greens where the young men of the colleges engage in the sports of the field.

Having viewed the greens and paid a flying visit to the handsome quarters of the Students' Union, where government of the students, by the students and for the students would seem to be the result of a higher state of civilization than that in which we had lived at Toronto, we went to R—'s chambers for luncheon.

## VI.

R—'s chambers were on the first floor of an odd old house on one of the side streets and within three minutes of his college. Kindly memory had helped him to furnish them in a style akin to that which prevails in Residence at Toronto. He had fallen short, however, of the mark at which, in that latter abode of great men, rankest disorder becomes high art. He informed me that most of the men at Cambridge lived in similar chambers. Some of them showed a taste for the most gorgeous furniture, but such men were often members of The Fast Set.

He volunteered information as to the significance of that term in Cambridge and left me to discover if it had the same significance in Toronto. He said that The Fast Set in Cambridge did not necessarily waste its substance in riotous living, nor did it eat great dinners and late suppers, nor keep long hours. Generally it sought an early couch. But it was arrayed splendidly, lived in magnificent apartments, drove blooded horses tandem, if it could escape the observation of the Dons, and spent gold freely. Two of R—'s friends had dinner with us and considerably showed no interest in a colonial, from whom the rude air of his native wilds had not been blown away yet. After their meal, they charged their pipes with strong English tobacco, deftly handling little nickle instruments in which, on a single pivot, were hung appliances for all those things which your true lover of the pipe does to his bowl with his knife and callous finger tip before lighting.

R— found occasion to regret that he had not brought with him from Canada a full store of Missouri Meerschaum, because nobody at Cambridge ever had seen a corncob pipe and it went without saying that there was no other pipe like it.

## VII.

It was not without awe that I approached the river, when, after he had finished his pipe and his friends had taken their

leave, I accepted his invitation to go down and see the Boats. I was to see the river which was famed throughout the wide world for the making of giant scullers; the river on which those giants had gathered strength for struggles with giants as great as themselves on strange waters. Casting to the winds all truths that I might have had from reading, I was ready to see a mighty stream, on which great ships sailed.

But when we had reached the bank my dreams fled away. On those green waters never sailed ship of greater build than that famed Bugaboo which the College Song Book sings. This bank was crested by a towpath, well trodden. The other was distant only so far as one wall of Convocation Hall, at Toronto, is distant from the other. On it, in a row, stood the boat-houses, of pleasingly varied shapes, a shape for each college. Towards it moved a barge of no shape at all, propelled by no visible means, but carrying three or four young men, who seemed to be bent on crossing the stream. The farther bank was alive with other young men, clad in a thousand colours. They were getting into or out of boats, which held one, two, or eight oarsmen. On the stream many other boats moved about, coming up and going down, fast and slowly. An eight-oared crew dashed away, a noisy young man on a quiet old horse coaching them from the towpath.

"This is a fairly good day," said R—, "when you consider that very few of the fellows are up yet. Then, too, the college races are over now, and the supremacy of the river is decided for this year. I suppose you know how that is done?"

I remembered.

The reach from lock to lock is, say, a mile and a quarter long. Obviously, two crews cannot row abreast, when the wash from the oars of one leaves the blades and sweeps the banks in the same moment. So the crews are started in a row at the upper lock and are distant from each other only a few yards. In the race, the crews, which are overtaken, or bumped, must fall out. Thus the contest is narrowed down. At the end of it, the crew which has not been bumped is supreme.

"Before the Bumping Races had been finished," said R—, in continuation, "the river used to be crowded with boats. Motion was almost impossible at times. Let me give you an idea. At the lower lock, at the end of an afternoon, I have seen as many as eight hundred men in boats. That would mean eight hundred crews, you know."

But I was not reconciled. It was almost absurd to imagine that the great Cam was a stream which could flow easily through Convocation Hall and never rise higher than the dais of three feet.

## VIII.

"But who are these?" I asked R— when we found ourselves again in the streets of the town.

By this time the students were abroad for the sports of the field and were walking through the streets in flaming blazers, jerseys and flannels. In the western sky at sunset never shone so many, so bright, and so strange colours as those in which the young men were arrayed. The young men themselves were all unconscious that there was anything notable in their picturesque parade in the public highways. For centuries the town had been theirs and their fathers' and the townspeople had been sojourners, tolerated because of their usefulness. There was no attempt at assisting their scant clothes. The young man who showed his hard and shapely muscles through a red and blue jersey and white flannel bags felt as secure from observation as would the young man in Toronto who modestly had covered his football suit with trousers and a long ulster.

I said something like this to R—and he answered that it was nothing. I soon should get used to it if I were at Cambridge. It would not matter much, however, if I did not. They would do it still.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that there are few caps and blazers alike?"

I had.

"Well," said R—, "the reason is this. If a couple or three fellows come together a couple or three times, they form a club or union which has for its object the adoption of a uniform cap and blazer. It may happen, of course, that some, or all, of these fellows are members of other such unions and have a cap and blazer for each of them. How they manage to hit on new combinations of colour, is something I can't understand, but the result of it all is that, not only do you seldom see two caps or blazers of the same kind on the same day, but you seldom see the same man wear the same cap or blazer on two consecutive days."

At this point I became mystified.

#### IX.

I remarked in R—'s life at Cambridge, so far as I had been able to observe it during my short stay with him, a calm which was almost Sabbatic. Such an air seemed to be breathed there. Having spoken to him on the point, he said, as he stood on the platform, waiting until my train should start, "Yes, we are all so here. Our life is a quiet one, much quieter than you live at home. We are in a land of dreams."

J. A. G.

#### MY IDOL.

Hearts oft bow before strange idols,—  
Strength of power and breath of fame,—  
And, forgetful of life's morning,  
Dream of noontide's gilded name;  
But the idol that I cherish  
Knows no glory e'en in part:  
'Tis the simple faith of childhood  
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,  
When each star has veiled its face,  
Turn I fondly to my idol,  
Full of heavenly light and grace:  
Then my step grows firm and steady  
Down the mystic path of night,  
For the simple faith of childhood  
Guides me, leads me ever right.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

#### ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE TADDLE.\*

*Tempora mutantur*—how pleasant to be once again where a Latin quotation, however hackneyed, is not out of place—*tempora mutantur*, but we "old boys," we from whom youth is flying so fast, he seems to be entering on the home gallop, to be putting on the final spurt, we whose barbers tell us—all unconscious of the pang they cause—they see "a few grey hairs, sir; yes, sir, a few grey hairs," we, despite all that age may do, do not change *in illis*. No; it is you hopeful, careless undergraduates who change.

\* Perhaps this classic stream ought now to be referred to as the ex-Taddle or the *quondam*-Taddle. So far-reaching is the restless hand of the innovator that not even Nature's works are by him allowed to rest in peace, and what was once a purling brook is now a burnt-clay conduit!

Whither have fled your gown and mortar-board? Whither the Grand Mufti—although I have reason to believe that this latter high functionary does still exist *in posse* if not *in esse*? And who are these who with lightly-tripping footsteps and demure, or quasi-demure, look share with you the library and lecture-room? A dainty sight to see, in truth, but is it not an enticingly distracting one? I know not how I, *consule Planco*, and especially *calidus juvenis*, should have regarded it; but, methinks pink cheeks and flashing eyes would have had for me more charms than all Professors' or Fellows' words of wisdom, charmed these never so wisely. Grey-haired though, as my barber assevers I am, I cannot look upon these Atalantas† without tender feelings, such as in olden times were only aroused on some such exceptional occasion as a *Conversazione* or a Residence Dance. No, it is you who change, not I.

What, too, means all this busy building on every side? Knox I know, and the Observatory I know, but the School of Practical Science, McMaster Hall, Wycliffe College, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Biological Laboratory, the Parliament Buildings—what are these? I am old, I am conservative; I would, I think, that our majestic Mother had been left in her serene and dignified loneliness. Does it add to her glory that in her retinue she now numbers a faculty of Medicine, a faculty of Pharmacy, a faculty of Dentistry? Above all I do not like to see her graceful trailing robe besmirched with politics, trampled on by Ministers and M.P.P.'s. Already have education and politics had too much in common; what will be the outcome of a closer communion? I fear me much that the grasping fingers of the political wire-puller will sully the already hardly spotless garments of the Provincial University. Could the Government have chosen no other site for their expensive pile? Is Parkdale not now about to be a ward of the city? Or if Parkdale objected to the wrangling horde, is there not space and to spare east of the Don? Near the Asylum or close to the jail I would have found them a place.

Nor is the contiguity of a House of Commons the only link between education and politics lately forged by "the authorities"; there is now, I hear, a chair of "Political Science." To this I object not; rather I welcome it. All the more, too, if, as is to be most devoutly hoped, this chair of Political Science prove antidotal to the baneful influences of Political *arts*, be a species of vaccination, shall I say, to ward off the morbid germs that infest the halls and members of popular assemblies. I trust the learned politico-scientific vaccinator will thoroughly inoculate his pupil-patients.

Yet another chair too, I learn, has been founded and is soon to be filled. This change also I am Whig enough to welcome. English in England's most English colony is wofully man-slaughtered. Truly I hope that he to whom presently this comfortable seat is offered is one who shall find no difficulties with his "wills" and his "shalls."

However, change on, changeful undergraduates. "Old boys" always, I know, are too apt to think there were giants in *their* day, with the unexpressed hint that there are none in yours. I, despite all my fossilification, will not be so churlish, —indeed will go so far as to say that, perchance, unknown to us grey-haired children of our common Mother, you her last-born make use of a new standard of measurement, so that who to us were giants are to you dwarfs. If so, and if so it be that these changes have had aught to do with the increased stature of those nurtured by our Mother, I too will welcome them, and will do my best to be able truthfully to say *et nos mutantur in illis*.

T. A. H.

† Does Rumour inform me aright when she declares that one of these fair Atalantas was tempted from her arduous race by the golden apple of matrimony?

## THE VARSITY.

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### ATTENDANCE AT LECTURES.

The letter of our correspondent, "Sophomore," calls attention to an annoyance to which the Senate's recent decree has subjected the undergraduates. No statement of the reasons for the step taken has yet been advocated; no information has been given as to the number of lectures necessarily to be attended, nor as to the consequences should the student fall short of the requisite number. Whether he who has failed to attend 50, or 60, or 75 per cent., as the case may be, will be debarred or not from taking the examinations in May is as yet a dark secret, on which the official announcement throws no light.

Such uncertainty is most unpleasant. The case of our correspondent shows how necessary is some immediate explanation of the Senate's position in this matter. The doubt as to its intentions may itself prevent some from taking up certain subjects which they would otherwise add to their regular course of study. It is certainly no encouragement to our correspondent to take up second year English, that he is left in uncertainty as to whether or not the work he may do will be recognized by the Senate at the end of the year.

### THE UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM.

A very encouraging statement of affairs is reported by the committee who have in charge the collection of funds for the proposed University Gymnasium and Students' Club. A glance at our college news column will show, that by the report printed there, the sum of \$3,000 has already been secured with very little trouble by the Committee. Such being the case, it is reasonable to expect that when an active and thorough canvass of graduates and undergraduates has been completed, the Committee will have every reason for congratulation. The scheme is worthy of the enthusiastic and loyal support of every member of the University—past and present. No more worthy enterprise has engaged the University public for a long time than the building of a suitable headquarters for the literary, scientific and athletic associations which are connected with our University. Since these societies are among the chief factors of undergraduate development, and being controlled by them, it is only fair to expect that they will do their share towards realizing the hopes which the projectors of this University Students' Club have formed, and which should be, and are, we doubt not, shared by all students alike. The graduates will do their part, we are all well assured, and there is also every reason to believe that the University authorities, as well as private friends, will supplement the efforts of graduates and undergraduates in a manner worthy of the importance of the scheme. THE VARSITY bespeaks for the Committee the cordial and hearty co-operation of all, and will do its best to assist in a work which promises such genuinely good results for future generations of University students.

### CHEAPER TEXT-BOOKS.

Professor Baker deserves the hearty thanks of all students of the university for his recent action in introducing into the Senate a resolution respecting the purchase by students of

text-books and books of reference at cheaper rates than are in vogue at present. The resolution in question proposes that for the furtherance of this most excellent scheme, the instrumentality of the Library be invoked and utilized. This has been secured and further reinforced by the hearty support and co-operation of Mr. Vandersmissen, the Librarian, who has thus been empowered by the Senate to use the credit and reputation of the University to secure for students those special and important privileges and facilities which the Library authorities possess in the European book markets.

There is no doubt that books form an important item of expenditure to students, and the mediation of a local *entrepreneur* naturally raises the prices. Co-operative ventures among students in Toronto have usually gone to pieces, from want of having competent officers and a permanent organization. Under the new proposal, the University Librarian will be enabled to make purchases of books for students on the same terms as he does for the Library, and at the published prices, instead of at any fancy price which circumstances might permit to be demanded here in town.

The Librarian will send his orders to Europe at the end of Michaelmas term, and at the beginning and end of Easter term. He will give two weeks' notice of the time for closing receipt of orders, and will thus enable students to order their books at the end of each year for the following year. Upon ordering books, 25 per cent of their value must be deposited with the Librarian, and the balance is payable upon the delivery of the books. Forms for the purpose have been approved by the Senate and are now being got ready for distribution. Professor Baker and Mr. Vandersmission are to be warmly congratulated upon the inauguration of a wise and generous policy, by which students will reap very considerable advantages, which we are sure they will not be slow to acknowledge and avail themselves of. We wish the new scheme every success.

### "MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

On Wednesday last, the 28th of November, the Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy reached the venerable age of three score and ten. The event was made the occasion of a presentation by the students to Dr. Young, who for the last eighteen years has filled the Philosophical Chair in the University of Toronto. Of his distinguished service to the University and Province as an educationist, of his brilliant attainments as a scholar, and of his great abilities as a teacher, it is not necessary for us to speak. They are as well known as they are conspicuously great. It is allowed to very few public men to win and retain the respect and affection of others. But Professor Young has succeeded in doing so in a manner almost without precedent. THE VARSITY desires, therefore, on behalf especially of his former pupils, to wish him very many happy returns of his birthday. Long may he be spared to occupy his present position! Of him it truly may be said:

"He wears the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience."

### CLASS ORGANIZATION.

We beg respectfully to call the attention of our exchanges to the following circular letter which has been issued by the Senior Class Society Committee. We shall esteem it as a special favour if those of our contemporaries who can, will send to the editors of THE VARSITY replies to the questions asked in the circular, together with any other information regarding Class Societies, which might be of interest and service to the committees of those Societies which are just now being formed in the University of Toronto. The following is the circular; it speaks for itself:—

*The Secretary of the Graduating Class:*

DEAR SIR,—Up to the present time no regular system of class organization has existed in the University of Toronto. During the past year, the matter has been much discussed and a strong feeling has been manifested in favour of such organi-

zation. This feeling has now taken definite shape in the appointment of a provisional committee of the fourth year, to collect all obtainable information and to draft a constitution under which the class of '89 may be permanently organized as a society.

As secretary of the Provisional Committee, I am asked to write you regarding the constitution, aims and methods of such societies in connection with your college. We should be glad if you would give us what information you conveniently can as to their methods of procedure before and after graduation; and as to their success in

1. Preserving a degree of intimacy among members of the classes after leaving college; and

2. Fostering a spirit of loyalty to the college.

We are specially desirous of obtaining information regarding the following points of practical importance:

3. Whom do you admit to membership? Are only those *graduating* together admitted; or are any others eligible?

4. What provision, if any, is made for lady members of the classes?

5. What officers do you elect?

6. How often, and at what times, do your class societies meet (a) before, (b) after graduation?

7. What form do such meetings generally take?

8. What methods are employed to keep track of members of the classes?

9. What publications, if any, are issued by the classes?

In short, any information you can give in regard to such organizations, we shall be very glad to get.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

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

### THE POLITICAL SCIENCE CURRICULUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:

SIRS,—You may enter my name on your list of renewals. A few words with reference to the Political Science curriculum may not be out of place. While recognizing the inexpediency of criticizing the new curriculum just now, I may indicate what it appears to me should be the proper line to pursue by students in this department. The multiplicity of books presented will have a tendency to cause "cramming" and superficiality if not carefully guarded against. Permit me to suggest that it is much more important for the student to acquire habits of thoroughness than to be able to say he has read a host of authors. Hitherto, not much has been exacted from students in Political Science at examinations, beyond a knowledge of book-work; now, the student of the higher years should be able to grapple with questions demanding independent thought and original investigation. He should study the *subjects* presented, and read the authors as *aids* in mastering the subjects. No valuable results will be attained in knowledge or culture unless the graduate in Political Science can, after leaving his college, grapple with the living problems of the day; and this can be done only by a severe mental training during his college course. *Take nothing for granted* is a good motto in this study, as in Metaphysics and Ethics. Do not simply *absorb* the theories of others; investigate for yourself, and especially investigate those problems in the political and commercial sphere which lie close at hand, and have a living interest for us as Canadians and Americans.

W. J. ROBERTSON.

St. Catharines.

### THE SENATE AND COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:

SIRS,—The recent resolution of the Senate, making attendance at lectures compulsory, seems to need more definite ex-

planation of its intention than has yet been given. Are we to understand that no student who has not attended a certain percentage of the lectures in a given subject will be allowed to take the examination in that subject at the close of the year?

In a recent editorial you recommended that every student in every year of his course be required to pass an examination in English. Some of us, without the stimulus of Senate regulations, are ambitious of keeping up the study of our mother tongue, and naturally desire to get credit for that study at the annual examinations. Many of us, too, who are taking the honour course in Metaphysics, Science, or Mathematics, with the intention of teaching after we leave college, would like to qualify as specialists in English according to the regulations of the Education Department, which require the honour work of the Second Year, together with the pass work of the Third and Fourth Years, as laid down in the University curriculum. Must we be debarred from taking the examination in English because we choose to miss the lectures in English for those in our own department, or because we could, with a great saving of time, get up the work at least fairly well without attending lectures? Students attending training institutes during the fall term are often granted dispensation. Are not those actually in attendance at the College entitled to at least equal consideration?

Surely the Senate will explain just what is meant by the regulation in question.

SOPHOMORE.

### MUTILATING NOTICES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY:—

SIRS,—Although not a regular undergraduate of Toronto University, I hope I shall be pardoned if I draw attention to an abuse which seems very prevalent at the College. I come up to the building every day to attend lectures as an occasional student, and in looking over the notices in the vestibule, or in perusing the manifestos in which the Professors or Lecturers set forth the time-table they propose to follow, my eyes have frequently been offended by additions made in pencil, and by a different hand, apparently, from that which drew up the original document. I am not now so young as some of those whom I meet in the halls of University College, but it seems to me that when I was at the age of the ordinary student (though I was then unable to take advantage of the benefits offered by the University, a defect which I am now endeavouring to remedy) we would never have been guilty of such undignified conduct.

I do not refer especially to the fact that some of the students take pleasure in mutilating notices which have been posted by members of their own order, and obviously for their own benefit; though surely, when a notice of a meeting is posted and students are *urgently* requested to attend, there is very little wit shown in erasing the first syllable and leaving the word to read *gently*. Such tricks are worthy of boys in a public school, but surely not of young men who are striving after culture and truth.

But that, in a notice of resolutions passed by the venerable body which governs the University some impertinent hand should have seen fit to write the word "fossils" after the word "Senate," seems to be another proof, added to the already overwhelming body of evidence, that reverence for old age and grey hairs is becoming rare in the present generation. Again, that a Professor, who has but lately come to the University, and who has at least the right to expect the courtesy usually accorded to a stranger, should be insulted by having criticisms of his caligraphy appended to his notice, will surely give him cause to think disparagingly of the young men of this country.

I do not know whether the body of the undergraduates discountenance or approve of this vulgar proceeding, or whether it will be considered as presumption in one who has no direct connection with the University to refer to the subject, but I hope at least that these few words will do something to abate the nuisance.

AN OCCASIONAL STUDENT.

### ROUND THE TABLE.

If there is a social nuisance that at all rivals the mother-in-law in the frequency of its occurrence as the butt of newspaper jokes, that nuisance is the book-borrower. Compared to him, even the book-agent occupies an unimportant portion of the public hatred. And yet it has been my fortune to unearth a dragon, before whom the borrowing-vampire dwindles to the mere remembrance of a nightmare, to discover a devil, all the more terrible that he comes in the guise of a ministering angel, bearing the lamp of knowledge in his hand. Whilst visiting a friend some days ago, I was surprised to see, stowed away under the bed, and covered thickly with dust, a pile of handsomely bound standard books. On being questioned, he related the following story :

"You know I am a great reader, and always on the lookout for new books. Some time since I met a man whom I will name B — with whom I was immensely taken ; we found that our tastes were congenial, for he was an omnivorous reader and talked enthusiastically about what he read. One evening, after a long and interesting discussion of one of his latest literary acquisitions, B — delighted me by saying that he would bring the book over for me to read. I begged that he would allow me to call around for it, but he would hear of no such thing, and at an early hour the next morning the servant delivered to me a parcel, which had been left at the door by a gentleman, and which of course was the promised volume. Such punctuality as this was a new experience for me, and I was ready to worship my benefactor. I took a dip into the first essay (it was a collection of essays) at breakfast that morning and resumed it for a short time in the evening, but was unable to touch it on the following day, and so when B — turned up that evening I was still only half through the second essay. What was my horror when he drew from his overcoat pocket a rather fat looking volume and throwing it on the table remarked that he thought I would like to look at it.

\* \* \*

"And so it went on. Every time he came to see me he would bring a book, sometimes two or three, and, besides, he would call at all times of the day and leave them at the door. I tried with all my might to keep pace with this supply ; I came home early from the office, I read at my meals, I neglected all exercise, I encroached on my hours of sleep ; but all in vain. The inexorable pile of unread books grew steadily, while my health and spirits began to give way. I was at length compelled to visit a doctor, and was told that if I continued the manner of life into which I had fallen, I would be a dead man in six months.

"We held a long consultation, and finally hit on this plan : that I was to take all the books my friend brought, pile them away and pretend to have read them ; then periodically to give him a load to take home. The plan worked well for a long time, I recovered my health and began to take pleasure again in B —'s society, for he was, except for his one failing, a thoroughly good-hearted fellow. A month ago, however, his visits ceased abruptly, and he has since refused the most cordial invitations to renew them. I begin to be afraid that he has found out the deceit ; but even if I lose his friendship, I must be fervently thankful that I have escaped with my life."

\* \* \*

The *King's College Record*, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, is an enterprising college paper and is doing excellent work in its constituency. The editor, Mr. Goodridge Bliss Roberts, a brother of Professor Roberts, makes an announcement that during the coming year the *Record* intends to publish "a series of extended biographical and critical papers on Canadian poets, to be followed by a like series dealing with Canadian prose-writers. These papers will be prepared with careful research, by different writers, and will form a valuable addition to Canadian literary history." This is truly an admirable scheme and one which cannot fail to prove of real value to literary students. The *Record* deserves congratulation for its enterprise.

Worshippers at the shrine of the poet Browning who vehemently assert that the obscurity of his writings is more apparent than real, and that one only needs to be imbued with the true Browning spirit to understand passages which to the uninitiated are merely sounding brass and tinkling cymbal, will doubtless receive a severe shock in reading the following anecdote related some months ago by his son, the artist, to a gentleman in this city. The gentleman referred to is something of a wag, and in the course of a conversation in regard to Browning senior, asked the son if he had ever read his father's poetry. "Some of it," replied the artist. "Do you understand it?" was the next question. "Some of it," was again the prudent reply. "Do you think your father understands it himself?" was the final staggering inquiry of this irrepressible Philistine. "As to that I can't speak absolutely," said the cautious son, "but I will tell you a reply my father gave to a certain fair admirer who asked him to explain the meaning of a passage in one of his poems which had puzzled her." "My father," continued the artist, "read the passage carefully, and then turning to the lady with a merry twinkle in his eye, slowly said :—'That passage certainly did have a meaning to me some years ago when I wrote it, but I have really forgotten now what it was.'"

\* \* \*

Among witty applications of Scripture phrase is that of the Rev. Dr. Mountain, who desired a certain vacant bishopric from Charles II. In pleading his cause before the king, he solemnly said : "Sire, if thou hadst but faith as a grain of mustard-seed, thou wouldst say unto this Mountain, 'Be thou removed into that sea.'"

\* \* \*

At Oxford there are three University journals. *The Oxford University Gazette*, published every Tuesday of the collegiate year at the Clarendon Press, is the official organ of the University. In it are published the calendar for the term or for the week ; the notices of professorial, combined college, and other lectures ; advertisements of private tutors, etc. ; also the lists of those who have given in their names for examination in any school or department, and the class and pass lists resulting, and all other notices and news concerning the University.

*The Oxford Undergraduates' Journal*, issued every Wednesday, is the oldest-established of unofficial periodical publications in the University. It contains current news relating to undergraduate life, and a reprint of the sermon preached at the University Church of St. Mary the Virgin on the Sunday preceding its issue. The small attention paid to literature is remarkable.

*The Oxford University Magazine* is a younger journal, now only in its sixth year. In literary merit it considerably excels the *Journal*.

\* \* \*

The *Niagara Index* poses as a paragon of literary excellence and presumes to stand in the doorway of its glass house and cast the stones of criticism at men and things in a very superior fashion. It would be well if the *Index* confined its animadversions to the outside pages of the journals it assails, for when it strays farther it loses its way and its regard for amenity. The *Index* is an apostle of mediævalism in everything except the one virtue which shone amid the darkness of the Middle Ages—that of chivalry. From the heights of the Olympus on which it sits the *Index* looks down and lays its destroying ban upon the work, literary and journalistic, of all women who presume to enter the arena of letters and the press. Remove the rafter from thine own eye, O *Index*, ere thou pluckest the mote from thy sister's.

\* \* \*

Some time ago the Paris correspondent of the *London Times* wrote that Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, was dead, but that report is now denied, and as a proof, one of his English followers produces a telegram from Father Schleyer himself. Strange to say, it is not written in the new language, but in plain matter-of-fact German.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

## MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The club held its usual weekly meeting in the Y. M. C. A. building on Monday last, November 25th. The attendance was unusually large. The works of Schiller formed the subject for the evening, and a great part of the programme was consequently in the German language. Miss Watterworth opened the programme with a piano-solo, and was followed by Mr. W. C. Hall in a German reading. Next, "Die Wacht am Rhein" was given in good style by several members of the Glee Club, after which Miss Clayton read an essay, in German, on "Wallenstein," prefacing her remarks on the play with an account of the life of Wallenstein himself. A scene from the same drama, in which the parts were taken by Miss Robson, Miss Jones, Miss Hillock and Mr. Rodd, closed a most enjoyable programme. German conversation followed for some time, after which the club adjourned.

As announced last week, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., will give an address on Longfellow, with readings, on Monday next. The meeting will be open to all students and their friends, and a large attendance is looked for.

## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The Engineering Society held its third meeting this session on Tuesday, 13th ult., at a quarter past three o'clock in the chemical lecture room, School of Practical Science, the president being in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, after which several new members were admitted. A vote of thanks to Mr. J. Galt, C. E., for sending complete drawings of details, &c., of a bridge for the Society's Library was proposed and carried. Mr. D. Burns, Fellow of Engineering, then read a short paper on draughting. He brought out many points of interest regarding choice of instruments and the manner in which they could be kept in order to do good work with them. In the latter part of his paper he gave practical hints touching the different modes of preparing drawing paper and execution of drawings in general. Mr. Fawcett also read a short essay treating especially of architectural draughting. The methods of colouring, tracing and erasing mistakes, &c., were treated of at some length in the paper. A discussion ensued which was participated in by several members and proved of considerable interest. A motion empowering the general committee to buy several engineering magazines and reviews for the library was moved by Mr. Burns and carried. Mr. Roseburgh, B. A., then moved a resolution concerning the stand which the Engineering Society, in conjunction with the societies of University College, should take concerning the name and management of the Literary and Scientific Society annual conversation. This resolution was discussed for a considerable time; Mr. Shillinglaw, however, succeeded in carrying a motion to lay the matter over until the society had learnt what action the Mathematical and Physical Society and Natural Science Association had taken. The meeting then adjourned.

## LITERARY SOCIETY.

The ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, the President in the chair. There was no essay nor musical selection on the programme, the time usually set apart for these being given to Mr. Grant Stewart, by whom the meeting was highly entertained for upwards of three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Stewart read "The Curfew," "The Charity Dinner," "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as read in different countries and by different people, and gave a musical sketch; all of which were heartily applauded. In hearing Mr. Stewart the Society enjoyed a rich treat, and should he ever come among us again we predict for him a crowded house.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved, that the confederation of the B. N. A. provinces has been a failure." The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. N. MacMurchy and D. Munroe, and on the negative Messrs. W. C. P. Bremner and A. W. McMurchy; Messrs. Hunter and Coatsworth also joined in the discussion. The President, after summing up the debate, gave his decision in favour of the negative, at the

same time complimenting the gentlemen who had engaged in the debate, this being the first time they had spoken in the Society.

The *Dominion Illustrated* and the *New York Daily Times* were ordered to be placed on file in the reading room.

The date of the Society's next public meeting was changed from Dec. 7th to Dec. 14th.

## THE GYMNASIUM.

A meeting of the undergraduates of University College was held in the University Y.M.C.A. building on Saturday evening, November 24th, to receive a report from the Club and Gymnasium Committee.

Vice-Chancellor Mulock occupied the chair. The secretary, Mr. Strachan Johnston, read a communication from Mr. D. B. Dick, the university architect, accepting the commission of the Building Committee to prepare and submit plans at as early a date as possible.

The advisability of securing a permanent cricket crease to adjoin the gymnasium was discussed at some length.

The chairman gave full information as to the nature and construction of such creases at some of the American colleges, especially at Harvard: and it was moved by Mr. A. T. Kirkpatrick, and seconded by Mr. D. W. McGee:—

"That the Building Committee be requested to consider the advisability of securing a permanent cricket crease, and to instruct the architect accordingly."

The work of collection has begun, and considering the short time the committee have been at work, the reports have been most favourable.

Mr. Kirkpatrick reported the following subscriptions received from undergraduates:—Messrs. D. W. McGee, A. T. Kirkpatrick, M. Currie, F. A. Kerns, H. D. Symmes, W. J. Moran, D. Armour, G. H. Ferguson, J. C. Breckenridge, J. McNicol, H. E. Rose, G. Hammill, J. P. MacLaren, A. F. Rykert, W. Malloch, G. A. Harcourt, W. Little, \$15 each; C. A. Stuart, \$5.

Mr. T. D. Dockray reported subscriptions as follows:—A. J. McKinnon, \$15; W. A. Phillips, T. D. Dockray, \$5 each.

Professor Baker reported subscriptions as follows:—Sir D. Wilson, \$50; Prof. Baker, \$50; Prof. Wright, \$60; Prof. Hutton, \$50; Prof. Pike, \$5; D. R. Keys, \$20; Dr. Ellis, \$25; H. R. Fairclough, \$20; W. Dale, \$25; W. H. Fraser, \$15; J. Squair, \$20; W. J. Loudon, \$7.50; Dr. Oldright, \$50.

Mr. Creelman reported as follows:—Vice-Chancellor Mulock, \$500; Hon. Edward Blake, \$300; Hon. S. H. Blake, \$150; John Hoskin, \$150; H. T. Beck, \$75; C. R. W. Biggar, \$75; W. F. Maclean, \$75; G. Sandfield Macdonald, \$75; R. E. Kingsford, \$75; Wm. Creelman, \$75.

Subscriptions previously reported:—Dr. Reeve, \$60; Dr. Ferguson, \$50; D. B. Dick, \$50.

These subscriptions total up the sum of \$2,392.50.

Saturday evening, December 8th, was appointed as the date of the next meeting. The meeting then adjourned.

## BIRTHDAY GIFT TO PROFESSOR YOUNG.

There was quite a large gathering of students in Dr. Young's lecture room on the morning of the 28th inst., to witness the presentation of a chair, a substantial, comfortable one, and to hear an address, which is given below, which chair and address were given to Dr. Young on his attaining his seventieth birthday, by the students taking the department of which he is the professor. The room was full to overflowing, mainly consisting of the students taking philosophy, but there was also a sprinkling of men taking other courses as well, some lady undergraduates, and of the Faculty, Mr. Squair, Mr. Keys, and Mr. Duncan, Fellow of the department. Great enthusiasm was displayed by the students, and they have good reason to be enthusiastic. After Dr. Young had come to the room, F. Tracy read the following address:

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG, M.A., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

"Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."

DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of great thankfulness to Providence that we meet you bearing the burden of your three score years and ten, on this day the anniversary of your birth. We offer our hearty congratulations, praying that you may still be spared for many years of usefulness, and that in your

eventide there may be light: Not only have you lived many years, but much; for:

"He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

We esteem it a great privilege, that we have been permitted to attend your unrivalled lectures on Philosophy. A study which in the hands of many would be dull and uninteresting, becomes under your Promethean touch all instinct with life.

Your own burning enthusiasm and earnestness kindle, as nothing else could do, a corresponding enthusiasm in your students.

We render homage to your broad and ripe scholarship, to your keen and discerning criticism. We express our obligations to you for countless subtle influences we can hardly put in words, but above all, for the constant exemplification in your language and life, of the candid, truth-loving spirit. You have ever set before us the paramount importance of truth; you have urged us to be truth-seekers and truth-lovers in all things, and have been yourself a living embodiment of your precepts.

Your influence ends not in the class-room, nor in the college, but extends into after years, and is to many a graduate the strongest tie that binds him to his *Alma Mater*. Nor has your influence abated. Your voice has still its old-time power, you are like Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior,"

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

We deem it one of the greatest privileges that could be afforded us, that as undergraduates we are allowed to join in celebrating this anniversary of your birth, and we ask you to accept this chair as a memento of the occasion, as an expression, however inadequate, of our esteem, reverence and affection and as a memorial of the halcyon days we have spent in the lecture-room under you, our guide, philosopher and friend.

"We pass, that path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God."

Signed on behalf of the classes in Philosophy,

T. C. DESBARRES, W. G. W. FORTUNE,  
F. TRACY, C. A. STUART,  
GEO. LOGIE, S. STONE.

At the conclusion of the address Dr. Young said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I do not think that I was ever placed in a more embarrassing position than the present. I have no gift for public speaking and never did have, so that I am utterly unable to express the feeling which I experienced during the reading of the address, and which I now entertain. I am afraid that the expressions used in the address are a little strong, but I know that much must be put down to the enthusiasm of youth. I now, more than ever, have that desire so well expressed by the poet:

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as others see us,"

in order that I might see myself as you see me. I appreciate very highly this mark of your esteem and respect for me. There may be teachers who are indifferent as to what opinion their students may hold with regard to them. I am not one of those. I value highly your good-will. The address has spoken of me as a truth-seeker and such I am. I have sought with all the earnestness of my nature to find truth, both for your sake and for my own; I have had no other purpose but to know the truth and then to make it known. I have nothing further to say. I wish that you may all meet with success both in college life and afterwards, and that it may be your aim to live noble, manly, God-fearing lives and that old age may find you famed, honoured, and beloved.

#### VARSAITY VS. NORWOOD.

On Friday morning eighteen of the Varsity Association F. B. Club left for Norwood, where they were to give a concert on that evening and to play a football match on the following day. A lengthy description of the concert need not be given; suffice it to say that all were stars, the only difference being in point of magnitude. The boys were all well pleased with their performance and the audience managed to survive it. Saturday morning was spent in skating and seeing the town,

and on Saturday afternoon came the match, in which the 'Varsity boys covered themselves with glory. Norwood assumed the offensive for the first few minutes, but after the boys steadied down the game assumed another aspect. The 'Varsity forwards, ably assisted by the half-backs, pressed the Norwood defence, Wood and McLay on the left and Paterson in centre doing good work. At last the ball was centred to Hugh Fraser, who scored a beautiful goal for the 'Varsity. After the kick-off the ball again displayed a great partiality for the Norwood goal, but, though the whole Norwood team was playing a splendid game the 'Varsity were evidently a little the stronger. Casey Wood sent a beautiful corner kick which was put through, scoring a second goal for the 'Varsity, just before half time. During the second half the play was very even. About ten minutes before time was called Fraser managed to score again. No more scoring was done, and a good game thus resulted in favour of the 'Varsity by 3 to 0.

The Norwood team played a most determined up-hill game, and that too against the best team the 'Varsity has sent out this year. Football was introduced into Norwood only two years ago, and if it keeps on as it has been doing the Norwood Football Club will rank alongside of Berlin, Galt and the 'Varsity in a comparatively short time. The boys returned to the city on Saturday night, firmly convinced that Norwood is the most enterprising—at least in the way of football—and most hospitable town in Canada.

#### PERSONAL.

C. H. Pinhey, '87, J. Rogers, '88, F. A. Martin, '87, and N. T. Ritchie, '88, all of the School of Practical Science, have just passed their examination, qualifying for Provincial Land Surveyors.

G. W. McFarlen, '88, graduate of the School of Practical Science, is serving his time with Unwin, Brown & Sankey, P.L.S., of this city.

Prof. McCurdy delivered an interesting address on Tuesday evening last in the lecture-room of the Canadian Institute, on Semitic vowels.

We learn that Mr. J. O. Miller, '88, graduate of Wycliffe College, and formerly one of the associate editors of THE VARSITY, has been appointed Principal of the new Church of England Boarding School which is to be established at Springbank, St. Catharines.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and is published every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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