

Province. The progressive party appealed from this decision. The appeal was sustained without dissent and the Court decided that the appellants were entitled to the property in question. The Court was composed of Chief Justice Hagarty and Justices of Appeal: Burton, Patterson and Osler. The learned Chief Justice, in delivering judgment, said that it was competent for the Society to alter its discipline and forms, and that in reality it was the conservative section that had seceded from the regular and legal organization of the Society. The Chief Justice further declared that "attempts to crystallize, as it were, some of the most profound mysteries of our common faith into dogmatic propositions of verbal exactness and obligation have wrought more evil and caused more disquiet and discussions among Christian communities than almost all other causes or subjects of dispute." These remarks are especially significant, coming as they do from one who is universally recognized as the highest judicial authority in Canada.

The Modern Language Club has become without doubt the real literary society in connection with University College. The literary essays which are read by the members of this club in their meetings show evidences of the most careful and intelligent study and would reflect credit on many an organization of greater pretensions. This is no doubt largely due to the fact that the writers have had a whole year in which to collect their thoughts and prepare their essays. We are not sure, however, that critical writing is the best form of exercise for students. As a means of acquiring and fixing information, this plan is certainly very valuable. But it may be largely worthless when considered as an agency of mental cultivation and development. For it requires an exceptionally strong mind in such a case to resist the temptation of merely repeating the various judgments of acknowledged critics upon the author. But if criticism is to be beneficial in the highest sense, both to the writer and to the reader, it must be the writer's own. It must be original, individual, sincere. An essayist should not be a mere retailer of second-hand opinions, but a living expression of independent thought. But pure criticism of even the highest kind must forever hold a lower place than creative effort. Hence we should like to see fewer critical essays from our young writers and more original sketches based upon personal observation and personal experience. If Canada is ever going to have a national literature, it will be made up of work of this kind. We can only write well what we know well, and our best knowledge is gained at first hand. To this end our topics should be Canadian and our treatment of them individual and characteristic. If our native writers cannot find literary subjects, or natural beauties, or interesting personal experiences at home, then their writing must be done under artificial conditions and is necessarily dead and profitless. But originality and enthusiasm, even if dealing with a common Canadian every-day scene or event, is sure to inspire interest and admiration. Let us be ourselves, and not Europe or America.

Among the list of distinguished graduates of Toronto University who, by their own efforts, have come to the front in educational and scientific circles, few stand higher than Rev. John Campbell, M.A., Professor of Apologetics and Church History in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. Born in Edinburgh of Scottish parents, Professor Campbell has resided in Canada for over a quarter of a century. His father is Mr. James Campbell, the publisher, of this city. After a short residence in London, and a visit to Germany, where he studied for a while, Professor Campbell's parents came to America, finally settling in Toronto. In 1861 young Campbell matriculated in the University of Toronto, and commenced his brilliant course as a student. He won a scholarship upon entrance and in every subsequent year of his college course, taking two in his third year—for metaphysics and modern languages. He finally graduated with gold medals in both these departments, taking also the Prince's prize, then awarded for general proficiency at gradu-

ation. In addition to these honors, his literary successes were numerous. He won many college prizes, including those for three prize poems and several prize essays. During the final illness of Rev. Wm. Hincks, Professor of the Natural Sciences in University College, young Campbell, at that time a student, was appointed to fill his place temporarily. Professor Campbell was made President of the Literary and Scientific Society in 1865, also of the Metaphysical and Natural Science Clubs of his time. His University career was thus a singularly well-rounded one. He graduated in 1865, and was immediately appointed a member of the Senate of his *Alma Mater*. Subsequently he was elected to the Senate by his fellow-graduates, when the elective principle was introduced into the Senate. Professor Campbell's religious education was received at Knox College, under Drs. Willis, Burns, and Caven, and at New College, Edinburgh, under Dr. Candlish. His first charge was the Charles Street Church, in this city, during his incumbency of which he lectured on Church History in Knox College. Shortly afterwards, he removed permanently to Montreal. Professor Campbell's studies did not terminate with his college course. His post graduate studies, principally in History, Ethnology, Philology, and Palæography, have been most extensive and thorough. He has contributed the fruits of his learning and experience to various journals, in England, the United States, and Canada. He is a member of various learned societies at home and abroad, and has received the insignia of several foreign orders of merit, given for his eminent services to Science. Montreal Presbyterian College is especially fortunate in numbering among its Professors one in whom such thorough scholarship, wide culture, broad views, and a liberal Christian spirit are so happily united. Professor Campbell honors his *Alma Mater* by each successive distinction he achieves. He has paid back a thousand-fold her lavish gifts to the student, by the contributions of the scholar to the advancement of knowledge, and to the increase of culture in our Dominion. We have need of many such men.

Leading Article.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GERMAN UNIVERSITIES DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Felix Auerbach has recently furnished to *Nord und Süd* an interesting account of the development of the German Universities within the last fifty years, based on carefully compiled statistics of the thirty-two Universities which have existed within the boundaries of the present German Empire. The greater number were founded between the end of the 14th and the beginning of the 17th centuries—the period of the German Renaissance. Eleven of these ceased to exist between 1798 and 1816, having been unable to outlive the political storms raised by Napoleon. Among these defunct Universities were some of great note, Wittenburg having played a most important part in the Reformation, and Ingolstadt having had at one time 4,000 students, as many as Berlin possesses at present.

The geographical distribution of the 21 Universities is of some interest: Prussia has 10, Bavaria 3, Baden 2, and Württemberg, Saxony, Hesse, Mecklenburg, Thuringen and Alsace-Lorraine, each one—while the small Duchy of Baden has two, Posen and West Prussia are destitute of any, and while Giessen and Marburg, and Halle and Leipzig are almost within sight of each other.

Breslau and Königsberg are in no danger of interfering with their nearest neighbors. There is a University for every two million inhabitants, a proportion somewhat lower than that which obtains in Holland and Switzerland, similar to that in Norway and Sweden, but higher than that in Italy where there is only one to every three million inhabitants. No comparison is instituted in this respect

with England, France or America, on account of the different conception of the University in these countries.

In 1830 there were fifty students to the 100,000 inhabitants, a proportion which fell rapidly till it reached the minimum of 32, between 1857-62, and which has again risen steadily since the war to the same figure at the present time. Expressed in another way, this means that at present, one out of every sixty German males of the proper age enters a University. There was great intellectual activity in Germany in the twenties, which no doubt accounts for the large number of students repairing to the Universities in the succeeding decennary. Since that time the Philosophical (our 'Arts') Faculty has rapidly increased in importance in comparison with the others, chiefly at the cost of the Theological Faculty, a result due in great part to the secularization of the teaching profession and the development of science in Germany. In 1840 only one-seventh, now one third of the students enter themselves in the Philosophical Faculty, but while those devoting themselves to the Humanities and Mental Philosophy have only increased three times their former number, the students of the sciences have increased ten times.

This rapid increase is due to the development of the "Real," or modern schools, which necessitated a larger teaching force in Mathematics and the Natural Sciences, and soon furnished an increased number of students to the Universities, where, in 1870, their leaving examinations were accepted as qualifying for entrance to certain departments of the Philosophical Faculty.

Since that time one half of the "Real abiturienten" go to the University and now stand to the "gymnasial abiturienten" in the proportion of 11 to 100.

Those interested in the curricula of the "Realschulen" and gymnasien of Germany should consult Matthew Arnold's account of these institutions, which records their progress till 1865. The greater liberality shown to the Realschulen since that time as to entrance into the Universities has resulted according to Auerbach in an overfilling of the Philosophical Faculty, and an over-production of candidates for the civil service. We would almost be disposed to exclude "Real abiturienten," were it not that they are better prepared for the departments they may enter than the "Gymnasial abiturienten."

Auerbach next discusses the geographical distribution of the students both of the Universities as a whole, and of the several Faculties. He finds that Hesse and East Prussia furnish proportionately the greater number of students, Alsace and Lorraine the least. The Medical Faculties are chiefly recruited from Hesse, and those of the eastern parts of the Empire where the Jewish element predominates. Hesse, Mecklenburg and Saxony furnish the highest percentage of Philosophers, while Württemberg, which furnishes the fewest Philosophers, stands at the head of the list in regard to the supply of Theologians.

An interesting chapter for Mr. Galton would be that which discusses the occupation of the students' fathers, and the influence of heredity on their choice of Faculty. One-third of all the students are sons of professional men (including teachers of higher schools); this is a very large proportion in view of the fact that these professional men form only 3.4 per cent. of the fathers in Germany. Of this third one-half—16 per cent.—are sons of clergymen, while the other half are almost equally divided between lawyers, doctors and teachers. The excess of clergymen's sons is more striking when one remembers that, although students are pretty equally divided between the legal, medical and theological faculties, only Protestant clergymen have sons to send to the University. One third of the clergymen's sons themselves become clergymen, while the remaining two-thirds of the members of the theological faculty are recruited from the lower classes.

Among the lawyers only one-sixth are lawyers' sons, the other five-sixths are recruited from the upper classes. A somewhat higher percentage of doctors' sons become doctors, while more than

one-half of all the apothecaries' sons enter the medical profession. Auerbach endeavours from other considerations to arrive at a statistical expression of the tendency in a whole family to follow the father's footsteps. He arrives at the result that only 22 per cent. of clergymen's sons become clergymen, 16 per cent. of doctors' sons doctors, 13 per cent. of lawyers' sons lawyers, while only 10 per cent. of the sons of former members of the Philosophical Faculty enter the same Faculty as their fathers.

At present 5.6 per cent. of the students at German Universities are foreigners. Switzerland, Russia, Austria, North America, furnish two-thirds of these; if they be taken as a criterion of the celebrity of an University, the more famous of the German Institutions will be found to stand in the following order:—Leipzig, Berlin, Göttingen, Heidelberg, Munich, Halle, Strassburg.

R. RAMSAY WRIGHT.

Literature.

A LOVE SONG.

To sit beside thee in the tender gloam,
To feel my shoulder by thy cheek caressed,
To let our dearest hopes together roam,
Is perfect rest.

To feel the soft clasp of thy hand in mine,
To know thy heart and its warm pulse of fire,
To bathe my face in that sweet breath of thine,
My best desire.

What though the world may cast its canker blight
Upon life's plans, and friends may fall away;
With thee I laugh at fate and brave its might,
And dare to stay.

Let me but keep the love I now possess;
Keep thou the love and trust I give to thee;
Then let wild winds and billows wreak distress—
Calm is my sea

P. G.

IN A TRINIDAD FOREST.

"CHACUN POUR SOI."

Throughout the great republic of the vegetable world, but more especially among tropical woods, plants take as their motto, "Every-one for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Reckless competition, over-reaching tyranny, the temper that fawns and clings as long as it is down in the world, and when it has risen, haughtily kicks over the stool by which it has climbed, such traits are exhibited by plants as well as by the genus homo. Now and then one comes across a lowly plant in which ambition is dead, now apparently content with the straggling sunbeams and stray rain drops that filter through the dense foliage of the giant monopolists overhead, whose ancestors mayhap fought bravely but vainly against those of the tyrants who now have them beneath their feet. On the other hand, right and left we see feeble plants that by a species of cunning have overcome odds that brute strength would have been useless against, flourishing as climbers and parasites where otherwise extinction must have followed defeat.

This struggle for existence in tropical woods is fierce in its intensity. Under 80 inches of annual rainfall and 80 degrees of heat the pulses of nature beat with a velocity that can scarcely be imagined by one who has not witnessed the facts.

Growth and decay are alike rapid. I have seen the flower-stalk

of an aloe grow nearly three feet in one night, and many species of gourd rival in rapidity of growth that of Jonah of old, while one can actually see the leaf of the banana or plantain push up and expand while one is watching it. A slashing in the forest is grown up into impenetrable bush in a year and the forest traces or bridle-paths must be cutlassed twice a year to render them passable.

Decay is equally rapid. Fallen trees are resolved into water and carbonic acid with a swiftness of decay that seems incredible. The carbon that in our frozen north accumulates as leaf mold and peat on the forest floor is here kept in an unceasing whirl under a tropic sun and tropic rains, and the "eddies in the whirl of molecules" are sharp and short. I saw a soft wood tree—the "Mahant" of the creoles, nine inches in diameter, girdled. In less than six weeks it had fallen by decay and the attacks of Termites, and in six months I observed its empty grave, both trunk and roots having melted away into the atmosphere with magical rapidity.

One's first feeling on entering the "High woods," as the primeval forests are called, is one of confusion, helplessness, almost terror. There is such a bewildering sameness in the infinite variety that one would lose himself in ten minutes without a compass or a landmark of some kind. The eye retains only the impression of countless perpendicular lines, which, as soon as one becomes accustomed to the gloom, are seen to be trunks of trees, lianas, and creepers, all straining upward in fierce competition towards the sun food above. Trunks of all sizes and shapes, fluted and cylindrical, smooth and prickly, are supported by huge buttresses or are lifted high in the air, supported by a labyrinth of roots, among which you may walk with the giant bole over your head. Trees whose bulk almost appals you, are thus lifted bodily in the struggle going on beneath the soil. The surface of the ground is covered with boalike coils of roots, that, unable to find space beneath the soil, roll along its surface in fantastic coils like families of snakes.

On attempting to move you find that the atmosphere is full of strings and threads, roots of parasites, perched up aloft, dangling down to the ground, tendrils of creepers, stretching their sensitive points in search of support, and climbing vines innumerable. The cutlass must be used at every step, and even with that indispensable weapon one gets stuck fast every few minutes unless great care is taken.

Now for a rapid look at several of the parasites that abound around us.

A long madder-brown root $\frac{3}{8}$ in. in diameter drops straight as a plumb line from a bough a hundred feet overhead. By carefully pulling on this we bring the plant down, together with a shower of parasites, wild pines and ferns, that were growing on the bough. The plant is a pretty one, with dark, green, glossy, laurel leaves and bright, madder-colored bark. A broken twig exudes a milky sap that tells the botanist that this is the celebrated parasite the "matapalo," or "Scotch Attorney." In fifty years this insignificant plant would have been a stately tree, standing where its first long air-root first entered the soil. Its life history is as follows:—Birds eat the green egg-like fruit of the matapalo. A seed is dropped upon some tree-top, where its gummy coating secures it. It germinates, throws up a tiny shoot into the air, and begins to let down its long root towards the ground. At length this is reached, the root takes firm hold of the soil, sends out side-fibres, calls down from the rapidly growing plant above other roots, until the whole bole of its host is enclosed in a labyrinth of roots that squeeze the life out of the doomed tree with their ever-tightening folds.

Soon the limbs drop and the trunk decays, and in the place of the stately tree stands the matapalo, a rapidly coalescing tangle of roots and stems, master of the soil on which stood the patron of its treacherous infancy. In a few years these stems will have completely coalesced into a compact smooth bole which will bear no trace of its complex curious origin. Its common name, "The Scotch Attorney," is given it by the creoles because they say if a Scotchman gets the attorneyship of an estate he becomes proprie-

tor in a very short time by certain methods, that they rudely say, are closely analogous to those of the matapalo.

This Matapalo is a fig, its nearest relative being the great ban-yan of India. How curiously it has been modified from the typical members of its family is seen in the fact that its seeds will not grow in the soil, although the latter part of its life is passed rooted in the ground like any other tree.

C. B.

(To be Continued).

THE NEW CANADIAN DRAMA.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

As befits the historical drama, Mr. Mair seizes upon those stirring incidents which belong to the period he describes; and in his treatment of them they seem to be re-enacted with all the play and movement of the time, fired by patriotic speech and loyal, manly sentiment. The second act deals with the summons to Tecumseh and his chiefs to meet the American general (Harrison) in Council at Vincennes, "to bend," as Tecumseh fears,

"to lawless ravage of our lands,
To treacherous bargains, contracts false, wherein
One side is bound, the other loose as air."

Tecumseh and the other chiefs conclude to go, but fearing treachery, some four hundred Indian warriors accompany them, and on arriving at Vincennes, Harrison expresses surprise at this invasion of the braves, each of whom, the Shawnee chief pathetically urges, represents a wrong. Harrison, rising in the Council, thus addresses Tecumseh:—

"I asked Tecumseh to confer with me,
Not in war's hue but for the erds of peace,
Our own intent—witness our presence here,
Unarmed, save those few muskets and our swords.
How comes it, then, that he descends on us
With this o'erbearing and untimely strength?"

TECUMSEH (rising): "You called upon Tecumseh and he came,
You sent your messenger, asked us to bring
Our wide complaint to you—and it is here;

[Waving his arm toward his followers.]

Why is our brother angry at our force,
Since every man but represents a wrong?
Nay! rather should our force be multiplied;
Fill up your streets and overflow your fields,
And crowd upon the earth for standing room:
Still would our wrongs outweigh our witnesses.
And scant recital for the lack of tongues."

Space forbids our following this interview further, which is marked by many fine passages, put in the mouth of the conciliatory Harrison and thundered forth by the justly indignant Tecumseh, with other fierce invectives by the chiefs who accompanied the latter to the Council. Very pathetic is an observation of Tecumseh, "the red man's memory is full of graves," and doubly pathetic his reminder (to Harrison) of the early dominance of the Indian race on the continent, in the passage commencing—

"Once we were strong,
Once all this mighty continent was ours,
And the Great Spirit made it for our use,
He knew no boundaries, so had we peace
In the vast shelter of His handiwork,
Till from the East our matchless misery came!
Since then our tale is crowded with your crimes,

* "Tecumseh: a Drama." By Charles Mair, author of "Dreamland, and other Poems." Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., and Williamson & Co., 1886.

With broken faith, with plunder of reserves—
 The sacred remnants of our wide domain—
 With tamprings, and delirious feasts of fire,
 The fruit of your thrice-cursed stills of death,
 Which make our good men bad, our bad men worse,
 Ay! blind them till they grope in open day,
 And stumble into miserable graves."

The third act narrates the outbreak of the War of 1812, and the rising of the Indians in the West, with the fatal issue at Tippecanoe, and the subsequent crossing of Tecumseh and his warriors into British territory. The fourth deals with the mustering of the Canadian volunteers to repel invasion, and introduces us to General Brock at Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, and to the pusillanimous Proctor, at Amherstburg. Here the drama, in the formative hands of the author, rises to its true mission, to preserve the memory of an heroic period in the country's annals, and to stimulate national interest in the events and characters of the time. The latter glow with the ardour of an intense patriotism; and their love of country is finely expressed in many lines of vigorous thought and noble sentiment. The author's fine historic observation, no less than his poetic discrimination, keeps him to the salient features of the history, and relieves the drama from the tedious recital of unimportant incident. The action is therefore swift, dignified and singularly effective, while the romance portion furnishes many happy interludes, and the Indian wrongs numberless passages of tender, appealing pathos. We might remark, however, that our neighbors across the line won't take kindly to the rather slangy prose dialogues introduced, as representing the local speech and feeling towards the Indians among the white settlers of the Republic in the Western States. Nor will Brock's colloquy with the same seditious class in the Ontario peninsula, against whom the Alien Act was at the period put in force, be any more palatable. But the author will doubtless claim that the introduction of these rather jarring episodes is not only true to history, but is needed as an effective foil to Canadian loyalty. If we do not agree with him in this view of the matter, he will understand that we prefer that Canadian literature should do nothing to revive the now slumbering acrimony which the separation at the Revolution brought about, and that Canadian loyalty, while it may be justly indignant, is too lofty a virtue to give needless offence.

The fourth act (pp. 130-3) has a fine poetic description of the western prairies, which Lefroy has visited with Tecumseh, and which is here recited by the poet-artist for Brock's delectation. Equally fine is the closing scene of this act, dealing with Hull's surrender of Detroit and Brock's chivalrous recognition of Tecumseh's services. The final act opens with a lament over Canada's mishaps in the year 1813—General Prevost's ill-timed armistice, Brock's valour and death at Queenston Heights, the destruction of the capital, the reverses to the fleet on Lake Erie, and Proctor's weak refusal to make a stand at Amherstburg and his retreat upon the Thames. The latter decision calls forth some spirited speeches by Canadian officers, who see ignominy in retreat, and a scathing denunciation of Proctor by the valiant Tecumseh. The end comes swiftly with the subsequent stand at Moravian Town, the death of Tecumseh, and the rout of the British and Canadian troops. On the disastrous field Iena, dressed as a young brave, intercepts a bullet aimed at her lover, Lefroy, and touchingly yields her life a sacrifice to love. The drama fitly closes with a noble tribute to Tecumseh in the mouth of the victorious general, Harrison:

"Sleep well, Tecumseh, in thy unknown grave,
 Thou mighty savage, resolute and brave!
 Thou, master and strong spirit of the woods,
 Unsheltered traveller in sad solitudes,
 Yearner o'er Wyandot and Cherokee,
 Could'st tell us now what hath been and shall be?"

The conclusion is elevated, but restrained; and the whole drama, which is full of lessons of the highest patriotism, is a great and permanent gain to Canadian literature. Though pitched in a high key, and throughout aiming at ambitious results, we have found but two or three lines unworthy of the theme and its treatment; while the work, as a whole, shows unmistakable genius and well-sustained power, lit up with delicate poetic feeling, exalted patriotism, and tender sympathy. A study of the work will lead every reader to thank Mr. Mair for thus elevating and extending the somewhat narrow domain of Canadian poetry, and for giving to the Canadian people an imperishable record of a stirring period in the nation's annals. Appended to the book are some valuable historical notes and explanations of literary and other allusions. The publishers' work, it may be said also, has been well done, and merits commendation.

G. MERCER ADAM.

A MESSAGE IN SYMPATHETIC INK.

God writes some lessons, and his best ones, in sympathetic ink—so that for years, mayhap a lifetime, we may look upon the page and never see the writing. Thus it was with me. I remember now the time with wonder and a feeling of thankfulness that it is over. How could I for these many years have stared so closely at the page and seen nothing there? At a time when my mind blazed with the fiercest intellectual fire, through the years of university competitive struggle, I gazed at that part of God's great book of nature and saw a blank.

Flung then by some rare chance among the miserable and hopeless of a large city, and sharing myself in some portion of their woes, there began to appear on the blank page lines of divine meaning. In the rags of the beggar, in the haggard face of the outcast, in the moaning and wild silence of hungry children, in the hard lines on the grasping hoarder's face, in the sleek roundness of the selfishly comfortable, in all lay written, with terrible plainness now, the secret lines of a divine command.

I cannot speak of the awe that came over the soul as it read and understood the words. It was to waken at midnight out of deep slumber and read on the walls around plain letters of fire. It was to see everywhere in broad daylight on human faces the message from God, which he wrote with his finger steeped in the gall of violated nature.

And now I can never rest with these words branded, eating into my soul, until the shame and wrong are done away of human souls entering our world with god-like powers and hopes, only to have them blasted. The very thought of my own better eternity makes the sight of it all maddening.

Whoever has seen this writing dare not, would not disobey. No need of the daggers of conscience; for the wakened soul has a natural, irresistible longing, a desire unquenchable, to right the wrong, to give peace to tortured brothers.

And the many men and women who have read the writing are leagued together in the sympathy of their common desire. On the altar of their hearts is burning the intense, white flame of the purest of all ambitions. Love for wronged fellow souls is the breath that quickens the flame.

GUEUX.

EUCLID'S CONFUSION OF GEOMETRIC PRINCIPLES.

A point is position without magnitude—space of no dimension. Points, then, exist everywhere, as is implied in Euclid's first postulate. A line is length—space of one dimension—distance. Lines also, which are real but not material, exist everywhere and run in every direction between all possible points. Their existence is independent of our wishes. We can neither destroy, create, di-

vide, extend, move, or draw them. There they are, as far as we are concerned, forever. Straight lines between any three points not in the same straight line bound a triangle. Triangles, therefore, of every shape and size, exist everywhere, and we cannot help it. The same may be said of every geometric figure.

In geometrical reasoning we consider lines, circles, etc., which already exist; and to assist our weak conceptions we make rude material pictures of the figures under consideration. We need not and can not construct geometric figures. In practical life it is sometimes useful to be able to construct rapidly and accurately material pictures of such figures, but this has no connection with the proof of geometrical theorems. Euclid has failed to make this distinction, and the result is confusion. His theorems are proved, but by devious methods in many cases, and with unnecessary complications in nearly all. His problems as they stand are ab— but wait till you hear the evidence.

Euclid's confusion begins when he says, "Let it be granted that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to any other point." We may grant what we think true or even possible, but we cannot grant what we know to be false; and we know—taking Euclid's own definition—(1) that a straight line can not be drawn, and (2) if it could be drawn it would be utterly useless since there are already straight lines from any one point to every other point. This postulate is therefore absurd and useless; and the same may be said of the other two. Beginning with his postulates Euclid proceeds to construct various triangles, lines, circles, etc.—for what purpose? To enable him to prove his theorems? No; for, as already stated, these proofs depend upon the existence of the figures and not on our constructive skill. The fact is, again, that these geometric figures already exist, but cannot be constructed, so that the problems, as given and applied, are impossible and useless.

If the problems were simply useless they might be left as a setting for the theorems, but they become a serious hindrance to many students by introducing confusion in the use of terms. A student reads the definition of a line, and thinks he understands. Then he reads the postulates and the first, second, and third propositions, and by this time begins to have a hazy idea that geometric circles, triangles, etc., can be constructed. And every succeeding problem or construction helps to confound his idea of a geometric with that of a material line. The bright student is not confused, but the lame and the blind stumble and fall.

Then why not discard the problems, and with them the clumsy proofs of many of Euclid's theorems? Why not simplify elementary geometry as far as possible and smooth the rugged path to knowledge, instead of heaping up rubbish for the learner to climb over? Begin, for example, with *Eucl. I. 5*. Let *ABC* represent a triangle having the equal sides *AB, AC*; and let *AD* represent the line bisecting the angle *BAC* and meeting the base in *D*.—"??!" Well, what if it is not Euclid's plan? There is such a line there. I could not draw it if I were to try a hundred years, so I neither try nor make believe nor assume it done. I simply make a mark somewhere near it to help you to remember what line I am talking about. Then the triangle *ABD* is equal to the triangle *ACD* in all respects (*Eucl. I. 4*), therefore the angle *ABC* is equal to the angle *ACB*, etc.

It will be said that Euclid's problems furnish a good mental drill. Yes; good and bad, for they train the student to take roundabout methods, make useless assumptions, and mix things generally.

Euclid's Elements are a monument of the logical ingenuity of a master mind. But to ask us to follow him exactly in Geometry is as unreasonable as to require that every sea captain who sets out for America should take a similar ship and run over the same course taken by Columbus. A rational course in Geometry should consist of a progressive series of theorems in pure Geometry, un-mixed with either mechanical drawing, landscape painting, or expeditions to the north pole. A parallel set of problems in mechan-

ical drawing, using at first only rule and compass, would be valuable to the student but would not be Geometry.

T. P. HALL.

Woodstock College.

BION, IDYLL III.

Fair Aphrodite, while I slept,
Before me stood; her infant Love,
In slumber nodding, safe she kept
In soft embrace; and there above
My couch, these words the goddess spake:
"Take Love and teach him song, dear swain."
So saying, she was gone; and I,
Poor fool, my simple lays would try
To teach the boy (as he were fain
To learn), would tell what gods on high
Have wrought that men might music make,—
The pipes of Pan, Athene's flute,
The shell of Hermes, Phoebus' lute,
All this I tried to teach; but he
Was ever heedless of my words,
Would sing his own love songs to me,
And teach me all those fond desires
His winsome mother's will inspires
In men and their immortal lords.
Thus quickly I forgot the lore
Wherein Love's teacher I should be;
And now my heart sings evermore
The songs of love he taught to me.

R.

University and College News.

PROFESSOR HUTTON'S LECTURE.

On Saturday afternoon Professor Hutton delivered at Trinity College, an able lecture on "Pagan Virtues and Pagan Theories of Life," before a large and intelligent audience. That the address carried with it the speaker's breadth of culture, and was with all its learning lucid and attractive, we scarcely need assure those of our readers who have had the pleasure of hearing Professor Hutton give expression to his thought, *in forma oratoris*. Those who have not had this pleasure will be glad to hear that, at the request of a large number of students, he has expressed his willingness to deliver the same lecture a week from Saturday next, in University College.

Y. M. C. A.

A very important era was marked in the history of the University College Young Men's Christian Association by the opening of their new building on Tuesday last. The Association, inaugurated thirteen years ago in a college lecture-room, and of late years holding weekly meetings in Moss Hall, has for some time been greatly hampered by the lack of suitable rooms and conveniences for their work. A little over a year ago, after much prayerful consideration, a project was set on foot by the members which has resulted in the handsome structure that now graces our College grounds. The building, which is the design of Messrs. Gordon & Helliwell, comprises an entrance hall, with a large lecture room and library on the right and on the left, a secretary's room, committee room and parlor. In the basement are furnace room and lavatory. The whole building has been elegantly furnished by the

ladies of Toronto, whose kind work is heartily appreciated by all the students.

On Tuesday afternoon the rooms were the scene of a brilliant gathering, the occasion being a reception of the students by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Among the ladies present were :—Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Harvie, Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. H. B. Gordon, Mrs. DesBarres, Mrs. Dickinson, Misses Caven and Evans, Mrs. Jeffrey, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. W. McMaster and others. Refreshments, music and conversation furnished a pleasing programme.

In the evening was held the formal opening and dedicatory services, when the hall was crowded. After devotional exercises, conducted by the President, Mayor Howland took the chair and gave a brief yet forcible address.

Dr. Wilson then delivered the dedicatory prayer, after which Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A., presented the report of the building committee, giving a brief history of the Association and the movement which led to the erection of a building. The amounts subscribed for this purpose are briefly :—By the Faculty, \$190 ; by the Senate, \$1,055 ; by the graduates, \$1,038 ; by the undergraduates, \$863 ; by the friends of the institution other than those above, \$2,688 ; total, \$6,104. He also referred in warm terms to the kindness of the Ladies' Auxiliary. In testimony of Mr. McLeod's zeal and services he was presented with an address by the Association.

Rev. S. W. Stewart, B. A., gave a stirring address enforcing the necessity for more Christian work in the way of "attack," and urging in earnest terms the appeal of the word of God to the intelligence as well as the heart of thinking men.

Mr. L. D. Wishard, general secretary of College Y. M. C. A. work, addressed the meeting, giving some sound advice and good counsel under the guise of a clever and witty description of College life and Y. M. C. A. influence. He gave a short history of the intercollegiate work, showing its great advantages and necessity. Mr. Wishard, as a college man, appealed forcibly to all those present.

Dr. Wilson then made a short speech defending the memory of Moss Hall, and offering a suggestion in the way of a name for the new building.

Prof. Young being loudly called on, heartily congratulated the Society on its progress.

The meeting was enlivened by singing from the Association choir, among whom are to be noticed many members of the Glee Club. After the closing hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Stewart.

On Wednesday evening a large audience assembled to hear Mr. Wishard, who, in a short appeal, pressed home the claims and benefits of personal work upon all Christians, calling upon them to follow the example of their Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

The first regular meeting of the Association in their new hall was held on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Mr. C. W. Gordon, B.A., conducted the meeting. His subject was "Consecration." Special emphasis was laid, both by the leader and others who spoke, on the importance of a thorough consecration of ourselves to God for any Christian work we may have to do. "Follow me" was the continually recurring phrase with Christ when He was on earth and it should have as much force now as it ever had. Trying to do practical, aggressive work for Christ will greatly facilitate entire consecration.

It was positively announced that Mr. Studd, whose arrival had been unavoidably delayed, would reach here on Friday. Meetings will be held on Friday and Saturday, both afternoon and evening, and another on Sunday, at 3 o'clock. Further notice of these meetings will be given on the bulletin board.

Special meetings will be held during the remainder of this and the beginning of next week by Mr. Studd. The hours of meeting as at present arranged, are as follows :—Friday and Saturday at 4 p.m. Sunday at 3.30 and 8.15 p.m. Further meetings will be announced. A hearty invitation is extended to every student in Toronto, and it is earnestly hoped that every one will avail himself of this opportunity of hearing Mr. Studd.

On Saturday at 8 p.m. Mr. Studd will hold a meeting in Shaftesbury Hall.

Mr. Studd is one of four brothers, three of whom were together on the Cambridge cricket eleven in 1883. While taking a foremost part in every branch of athletics, they were in the habit of conducting prayer-meetings in their own rooms, preaching out of doors on Sundays, and teaching in the Sunday-school. The second brother, Mr. C. T. Studd, considered the best all-round cricketer in England, lately gave himself and a fortune of \$500,000 to the China mission. Before his leaving England, mission services were held, and forty other students were induced to join him in this noble work. Mr. J. E. K. Studd has lately been taking a tour through American colleges, and his missions have been in every case accompanied by great power and blessing. His arrival here has been delayed by unavoidable circumstances.

Drift.

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

Not a kiss in life ; but one kiss at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend !
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

—H. C. BUNNER.

Oh, these boarding houses, these boarding houses ! What forlorn people one sees stranded on their desolate shores. Decayed gentlemen with the poor wrecks of what once made their households beautiful, disposed around them as they best may be, coming down day after day, poor souls ! to sit at the board with strangers ; their hearts full of sad memories which have no language but a sigh, no record but the lines of sorrow on their features ; orphans creatures with growing tendrils and nothing to cling to ; lonely rich men, casting about them what to do with the wealth they never knew how to enjoy, when they shall no longer worry o'er keeping and increasing it ; and young men and young women, left to their instincts, unguarded, unwatched, save by malicious eyes, which are sure to be found and to find occupation in these miscellaneous collections of human beings.—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.*

I should think myself a criminal if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any scepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith and his aspiration are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough. Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn and driven defeated from a hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be

discouraged at his apparent little influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on into the smoke, into the fire and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain, for some day, and every day, along the line there is a cry, "They fly, they fly!" and the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress where it never waved before. And even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following is it to go in with the wasting regiment; to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy's works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.—From *Backlog Studies*, by Charles Dudley Warner.

PYTHAGORAS.

And, knowing these things, can I stoop to fret,
 And lie, and haggle in the market place,
 Give dross for dross, or everything for nought?
 No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,
 Waiting with hope for that miraculous change
 Which seems like sleep; and though I waiting starve,
 I cannot kiss the idols that are set
 By every gate, in every street and park;
 I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul:
 For I am of the mountains and the sea,
 The deserts and the caverns in the earth,
 The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

—THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Communications.

THE PRIZE POEM.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—Your remarks in the last issue of the VARSITY on the subject of the Prose and Verse competitions are timely and judicious. As to the time of announcement of the subjects for the year, I am informed that they are always set by the 1st of November. The delay is owing to the printers, who do not print the list until they bind the examination papers of the previous year in which it is included. In future it would be well to post up the list as soon as it is issued.

There has been great dissatisfaction among the University poets for some years with the manner of the competition for the prize poem. In 1884 the subject was "Columbus," when the prize was taken by Mr. T. B. P. Stewart, and, though it is not my intention to offer a criticism upon the poem, which I thought very good, I think he will agree with me that it is not equal to other productions of his. In 1885 the subject was the "Death of Thomas Newcome," perhaps the finest passage in Thackeray's writings. I have reason to believe that not one of our men who are known to write respectable verse competed for the prize last year. This year it is to be "The U. E. Loyalists," a more unpromising subject than either of the others. Probably the sort of spring we have will decide whether the prize will be given or not, though it is not always safe to prophesy.

But I have a suggestion: Why not abolish the setting of subjects altogether? It is not fair to cramp the intellect in the high-

est possible way in which it can do original work. There are only too few opportunities to a student as it is, to do the best kind of work. Would it not be a good idea, instead of demanding a poem on a given subject, within a given time, to take the best poem of, say over fifty lines in length, published in the VARSITY during the current year, written by an undergraduate, and give the prize for it? The writer may, in that case, consult his own taste and feeling as to his subject, and may, if he wishes, take the whole four years of his course to elaborate his thought. The limit of fifty lines may be objected to, but my reason for suggesting it is that, if there were to be no restriction at all, there would be an opportunity for offering matter not quite original, and though it is not probable that difficulties of that kind would arise, yet, if all an editor's secrets were made known, it might be found that at some time in his existence second-hand matter had been offered him as original.

There is a further reason for my suggestion. The VARSITY is doing really good work of a literary kind, and the University authorities would be doing a graceful act in thus recognizing it as a factor in our educational system.

J. O. MILLER.

February 26th, 1886.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—In a letter which appeared in your issue of the 13th, the following sentence occurred: "To prevail upon the students to attend both minor and general societies seems impossible, so again are we faced with the question, Must the Literary Society go?"

As long as the old order of things is retained by the Society, little interest will be taken in its proceedings. The College Council will not allow us to discuss questions of party politics, nor kindred subjects. Something else, then, must be found that will attract students. The Modern Language Club has found no difficulty in securing a good attendance at its English meetings, at which a considerable amount of good work has been done. I see no reason why such work should not be taken up by the Literary Society, every second Friday being devoted to it. This would give plenty of opportunity for essay-writing, readings, and even for speaking. A programme could be made out and published before the end of the year, thus giving everyone fair notice of what is to be done.

Besides a change of programme, something else is perhaps necessary, viz.: a change in the hour of meeting, say from eight to four o'clock. The newer clubs have found it advisable to meet in the afternoon. On Friday night there are generally outside attractions.

There is one other point. During the past year a spirit very nearly resembling that of rowdyism has made its appearance. How can it be expected that students will go to the trouble of writing an essay, or preparing a speech or reading, when they know that they will be interrupted by all sorts of absurd and ill-timed remarks, which are intended to pass for wit. It is high time that those who indulge habitually in this practice should be made to understand that such conduct will not be tolerated. We can all be wearisome at times, and should, on that account, be willing to bear with others when they do not come up to our high standard.

If, then, we had a change of time, treatment of speakers, and of programme (for the Society now is literary only in name) there might be a new lease of life, and with it increased usefulness for this one of our oldest institutions.

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 Christian."

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March 7th—
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A noose paper—a marriage license.

A whisper.—Eight weeks from Wednesday
 next, is the 5th of May.

Johns Hopkins intends to establish a
 school of medicine.

The great English university boat race
 will take place on Monday, April 5th.

The latest.—Me Lord, the barbarians are
 upon us and every peanut stand in Rome is
 capchured.

Harvard is considering a proposition to
 shorten the length of the course to three
 years.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, has pre-
 sented Cornell University with a complete
 electric lighting plant.

"And there is another class, the lawyers,
 I've got them on my list." Oh, Chestnuts
 Chestnuts! No, you're mistaken, Kokonuts.

Among many strange and inexplicable
 psychological facts in this world is this one :
 that is in a race between a man and a goat
 the sympathies of the public are always with
 the goat.

"It is unlucky to have thirteen persons at
 table." Jones says he agrees with this ; that
 it is an unfortunate thing, especially when a
 man is hungry and the cook's estimate has
 been on the presence of six.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when
 the bluest.

The grass, unlike man, is most delightful
 when greenest.

The moon, unlike man, is the most bril-
 liant when the fullest. (Next).

Father : "Well, my boy, how do you like
 College? Your Alma Mater has turned out
 some very fine men."
 Young Hopeful : "Yes, she has just turned
 me out."

It may be said of a person who has lost an
 eye, that he has left a vacancy for a pupil.

We know of a young lady whose case is
 worse than that above. She has a student
 in her eye.

That was a cautious old tramp who, upon
 being asked whether he would have a drink
 of whiskey as he was beginning a job of
 sawing wood, or when he had finished it,
 answered : "Well, mum, I think I'll take it
 now. There has been a pile of sudden
 deaths lately."—*Ex.*

Wesleyan University, U. S., must be a
 fine institution. Recently fifteen students
 were suspended for attending a performance
 of Richard III., and lately we hear that the
 Faculty, after discouraging for some time the
 College paper, have stopped its issue alto-
 gether.



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An Arkansas editor, in retiring from the editorial control of his paper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of the paper; but we have the pleasure of knowing that the gentleman in whose hands we leave it is abler financially than we are to handle it. A gentleman too, well-known in the community. He is the sheriff.

A Yankee, guilty of any tongue but his own, was haranguing on a German railway platform a porter who was in the same predicament. An Englishman, seeing the expenditure of words with no corresponding result, offered his services as interpreter. "No, thank you, stranger," said the gentleman hailing from the land of the Stars and Stripes; "I guess English is the language of the future, and he's got to understand it."

The proprietors of a museum in Chicago lately received the following letter:—

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It may be right occasionally to take the bull by the horns, but it is always well to keep in mind the fact that the horns belong to the bull.

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