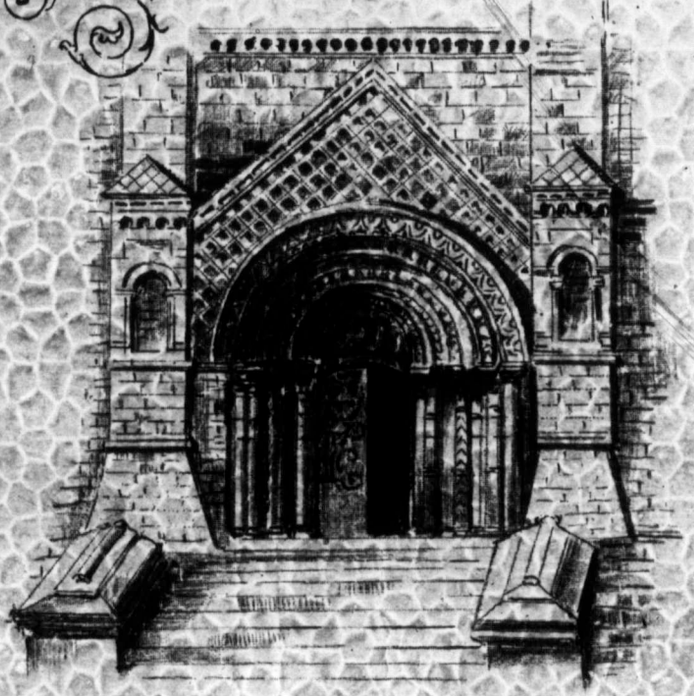
1892

University Class Book



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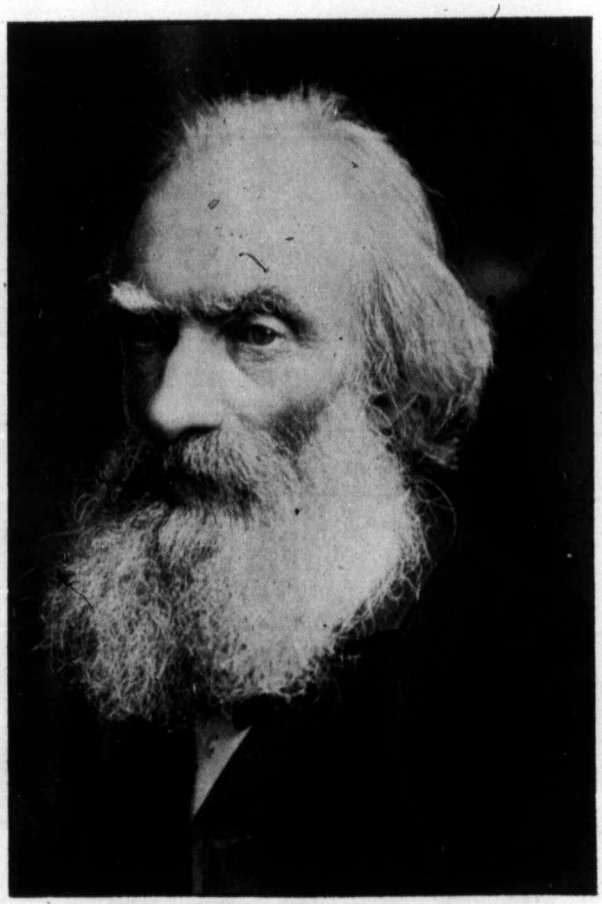

THE

'VARSITY CLASS BOOK

OF

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PUBLISHED BY THE WILLIAMSON BOOK CO.,
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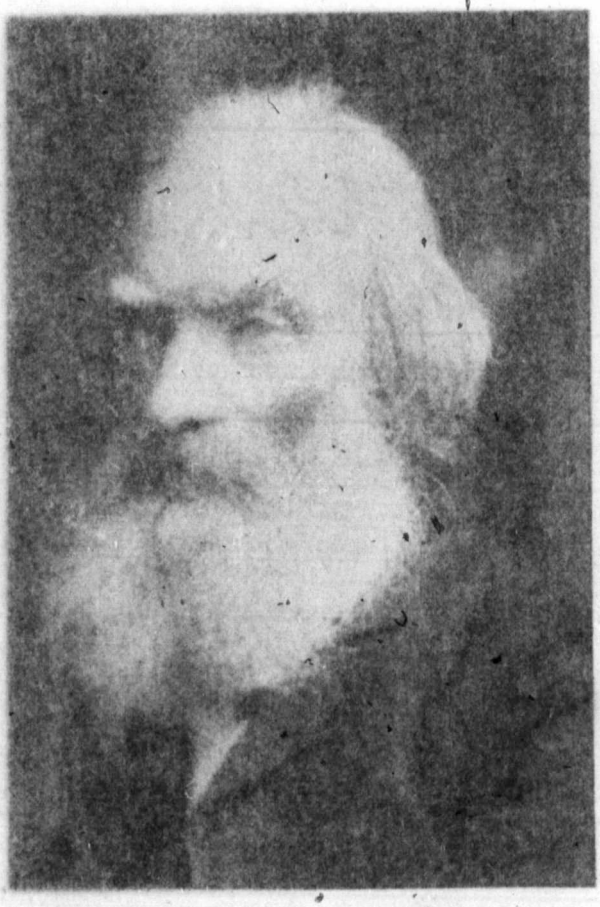

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CONTENTS.

'VARSITY CLASS OF '92.

CLASS OF '92.

I. The Society shall be known as the "University of Toronto Class of '92."

II. The objects of this Society shall be the promotion and maintenance of

1. Friendly relations among the members of the Class.
2. A spirit of loyalty to University College, by the members of this Society, both before and after graduation.
3. Athletics in the College, and any other matter of general interest to the Class of '92.
4. Schemes for aiding the College in such ways as may seem expedient to the Class.

III. *Membership.*

1. All Students in Arts in actual attendance at University College, of the same academic standing as the Class of '92, while they are with the Class.
2. All those who have spent one year with the Class.
3. All those who graduate with the Class of '92.

IV. *Officers.*

The officers shall consist of: President, 1st and 2nd Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, two Historians,

and a Director of Athletics, which officers shall comprise the Executive Committee, and also a Critic, Orator, Poet, Prophet, and Wit.

V. *Election of Officers.*

The Election of Officers shall take place yearly at the annual meeting.

VI. The President shall preside over all meetings of the Society, and the Executive Committee enforce the due observance of the Constitution, decide all questions of order, announce the result of all voting, and give the casting vote in case of a tie.

VII. The duties of the President shall be performed by one of the Vice-Presidents in case of the absence of the former.

VIII. The Secretary shall keep a full and correct account of the proceedings of all the meetings of the Society, duly notify all members of meetings, and conduct all correspondence.

IX. The Treasurer shall receive and account for all moneys of the Society. He shall keep a Roll-Book, in which shall be entered the name of every member of the Society, with the date of his admission and of each payment of fees made by him.

X. The Poet shall recite an original poem at each meeting of the Society of which meeting he has received due notice.

XI. One of the Historians shall prepare a brief historical account of the Class, and shall read it at the first regular meeting, and at each meeting of the Society thereafter, a short paper dealing with any points of interest connected with the College, the Class, or its individual members.

XII. The Critic shall criticise, with a view to the general improvement of the literary and musical programme, and the rendering thereof at each meeting of the Society.

XIII. The Orator shall prepare and deliver an oration upon some subject of his own choice, at any meeting of the Society of which he has been given due notice by the Executive.

XIV. The Prophet shall prophesy at the meetings when moved by the spirit or by the Executive Committee.

XV. Wit.—No person shall be eligible for this office unless he be a person of known wit and probity. He shall contribute to the entertainment of each meeting.

XVI. The annual meeting will take place sometime in October, and ordinary meetings throughout the year. All meetings shall be held at the call of the Executive Committee.

XVII. The Constitution of the Society can be altered at any meeting by a two-third vote of those present: but one week's notice of all such alterations of Constitution shall be given to the members of the Society.

XVIII. *Academic Costume.*—The Executive Committee has full power in matters regarding the wearing of academic costume.

XIX. A fee of 25 cents shall be annually levied on the members of the Society for the purpose of clearing general expenses. The franchise shall be extended only to those members who have paid their fees.

XX. The Literary Society rules of order shall hold in any case which these rules do not cover.

XXI. The Executive Committee shall publish yearly a "Year Book," containing the work of the Orator, the Poet, the Historians and such other matters as the Executive may see fit.

OBLIVION.

Come, friend, there's going to be a merry meeting
  After the play. Our masks we'll throw aside,
And after chaff and chat and friendly greeting,
  Our glasses fill and all, like cronies tried,
Drink draughts whose richness was so devil-cheating
  The ancients drank until their casks were dried,
Then lost the art of making more such wine;
And we'll on long-forgotten viands dine.

"Who will be there?" you ask. Why, you and I,
  And all good fellows who were never great;
No warrior there will roll commanding eye;
  No statesman, weary with affairs of weight;
No prosy sage to proselyte will try;
  No bard will drone; no orator will prate;
To pine in pompous glory they have gone,
But we'll be merry in Oblivion.

The watchword of that banquet hall's "Forgotten,"
  And if forgotten, why, we will forget
Our foolish dreams, the mocking goals we sought in
  The days when hope could lure and failure fret;
The weary days when all our souls were caught in
  The snare of life that, like a tangling net,
Holds us in agony and durance till
The spoiler stretches forth his hand to kill.

Methinks that there, my friend, both you and I
  Can fleet away eternity content;
No curious fool into our lives can pry
  and moralize on how our days were spent;
And soon, how soon! the names that flare on high
  Will wane, and with the closing night be blent;
For while we revel in Oblivion
The great, themselves, must join us one by one.

HISTORY.

I.

THIS 'drama' of ours is unique. The stage—the shadow of the gray towers of Varsity; the characters—five score or more of youthful commoners; the story, as old as the race, but ever of deepest interest—man's aspiration for the higher, fuller, deeper; the time—four crowded years; and the ruling genius—human nature and the 'senate.'

The prologue was in July, 1888, when the march of the mace in proud procession, and the calm unsympathetic voice of the black-robed examiner gave earnest of what was to come. Then passed the remaining days of the summer, with their varied tasks and pleasures: days, cloudy or sunny, as the season ever brings, but, in some lives, days of greatest interest, for a new chapter in life was about to open.

When October came, old Varsity called her children together; one nestling was fledged and had taken its flight in the early June, another came to fill the empty place, and received the name of "the class of '92."

Convocation day, the 19th of October, dawned gray and gloomy, but when two o'clock came, Convocation Hall was filled by friends of the college, who had come to hear the inspiring addresses or to see their friends bear off in triumph prizes won at the last examination. The programme consisted of a number of addresses by members of the faculty, the conferring of some belated

degrees, the presentation of prizes, and two choruses from the Glee Club ; and, in addition to this, a very interesting part, which did not appear on the printed programme —a part which was an entertainment in itself—consisting of an impromptu vocal medley volunteered by the students in the gallery and rear of the hall.

The old hall will always be remembered as a part of Varsity, as it then was—the Varsity of the old régime. True, it was often far too narrow to contain those who gathered on some college fête day, and the voice of the speaker lost itself in the carved vault overhead, but what memory will not dwell affectionately on the long windows, the two raised rows of benches along the sides, so often filled by staid seniors and vociferous freshmen, the memorial window, and beneath it the 'Prince's chair,' and the dais where so many have knelt vowing allegiance to their Alma Mater, and turned to go forth into the outer world!

The audience sat waiting for the ceremonies to begin, when from the corridors came the tramp of approaching feet, and a murmur of voices which broke into the battle song, 'Old Grimes,' as the procession emerged from the doorway and proceeded towards the dais. At the head was the mace, borne by our veteran beadle, after him, in due order, came the faculty who took their places on the dais amid enthusiastic cheering on the part of those whose song from time to time did duty of a Greek chorus. The afternoon wore on, and ever more enthusiastic became the undergraduates' expression of felicity ; the last year's voices, hoarse from long disuse, grew strong again, the alien freshmen received the genial infection, till at length

the fervor reached a dangerous height, fortunately 'God save the Queen' gave an outlet to this excitement, the procession filed out as it had entered, and Convocation day was over. Such was 'ninety-two's first experience of academic solemnities.

Fairly launched into the sea of college life, we have time to look about us. Who can describe the emotions that well up in the heart of a student as he passes, for the first time in his new relation, beneath the carved doorway of our College? Perhaps the air of proud possession, so often reproved in freshmen, is not altogether without excuse; for the feeling is novel, and though this just pride does not diminish as years go on, we see it emphasized in the new comers, for stern discipline has not yet taught the ingenuous first-year man to hide his emotions. In the very term, "college life," there is a charm, the gown enfolds a mystery which even Philistines may appreciate. There is a freemasonry in the student society, whose mysteries none but its members can share; it has a dialect of its own, it has a spirit of its own.

Did the freshman measure his importance by the attentions he receives, his vanity would be unbounded, his room would be lined with looking-glasses; for whatever superiority the other years may assume, the first-year man is their most interesting study for the first few weeks of the Michaelmas term.

We remember distinctly one Friday noon, coming out of the west-end lecture room, after an hour's tussle with Latin prose, to find a concrete illustration of "agmine facto," and the use of the "verbs of motion." The corridor was bristling with sophomores, interspersed here

and there with juniors, who seemed to meditate a Roncesvalles for the intrepid freshmen. Then followed a scene of wildness indescribable. Above the noise of battle were heard the victorious shouts of '92 as they drove the enemy from his position, and emerged in triumph from the conflict, only to hear a sophomore, when he had regained breath, remark to a senior, "You should have seen us rustle the freshmen."

The Modern Language club was the first to request the attendance of the new students to its first open meeting. It is needless to say that by the greater number of students of modern languages the invitation was gladly accepted. As a supplement to the course, the club has, in many ways, an importance not fully appreciated, perhaps. It aims to unite the students, particularly those of modern languages, for broader study than the curriculum suggests, or than the exigencies of examination will allow to the individual. The meetings each Monday afternoon are given to English, French, and German in turn, and the half-hour's informal French and German conversation is very interesting, though perhaps does not flow as freely as might be. It is the duty of each member to take a subject for special study, and to give the other members the result of this work in the form of an essay.

The Y.M.C.A. reception must not be overlooked, for to the freshman it is a pleasure, and a trial unless he has an extraordinary memory. For future generations, let us give this advice :—Give every man his due, especially the senior ; even go so far as to suggest that he is a graduate, perhaps. This reunion usually takes place within a fortnight of college opening, and is always very

interesting; an opportunity to extend a welcome to those just entering, to greet old friends after the long vacation.

Then that august body known as the "Literary and Scientific Society," announced a "public debate." This society is one of the oldest in the college, and has always formed an important factor in student life, though totally ignoring co-education. Every Friday night its members assemble to enjoy some musical or literary effort, or to wrangle in hot debate, "constitution nights" usually affording most interest and excitement, and it is doubtful whether this repeated refining has made the constitution more perfect or more brittle. Two or three times a year the doors are thrown open to the public, and one of these occasions is most important from its influence on college history. Rumors were abroad of a purposed raid of the Mufti's minions, and the, as yet, uninitiated were bidden beware. The fray which began in the orthodox manner after the debate, was composed by the intervention of the President, and then the Council, faithful guardian of the tirones, took the matter in hand, and by decree abolished the old and (shall we say) time-honored custom of "hazing" (a term which they disdain, by the way). Henceforth, the "liberty" of the freshman is secured; he may carry an elaborate cane, and address sophomores familiarly, without being subject to anything worse than remark. The Borgian rule of the Mufti and his "boiling tar" court is now a part of Varsity mythology.

Now that hazing can be looked on as a bit of history, let us consider what the term means. Few remain

within Varsity precincts to whom it is more than a name. Where the custom originated we cannot tell, but may trace it back, parallel with the secret societies and their initiations, to the ancient Egyptians. The student epic, "Litoria," may be a description of what it was in more barbaric times; however it be, we can speak of it only as it has come down to us, and speak with little detail, for secrecy was the great feature of the institution. The original idea seems to have been that some special test fitted a man for something—what? There has been an attempt to preserve the idea, but in these latter days the ceremony seems to have been for the amusement of the Mufti and his court, rather than for the benefit of the victim whose unwittingness, or too evident wittingness, had brought him into their clutches. The masked court, and the deep-voiced Mufti with oracular utterance and ominous threats, and the armed guards who executed the sentence, the hour in the subterranean chambers of the college, form a seldom mentioned part of the college experience of many a graduate before '92's freshman days began. 'Ninety-two' may be said to have given the death-blow to hazing. The custom was decidedly unpopular, and the roll of the anti-hazing party contained the greater number of the names of the class. This position, and the influence of the freshman class, which held to its opinion even through the sophomore year, left hazing in such neglect that it scarcely needed the order of the council to make it a lost art.

Conversazione, the annual college fête, came on February 14th. Old Varsity was ablaze with light, and the murmur of many voices, and noise of moving to and fro,

made gay the dim alcoves where night reigned silent except on occasions such as this. The grotesque carved faces in the unsteady light seemed to laugh, joining in the general merriment. Convocation Hall, gay with its bunting and flags and flowers, resounded with Glee Club choruses, rendered in genuine academic spirit. The treasures of the college, too, were displayed to curious and admiring eyes; rare old books whose pages were seldom turned, never but with reverence; specimens with attendant microscopes, dear to students of science; and in the armory the polished armor of "K company" and the Crimean medals, the pride of the stout heart of McKim. The Physical Department, too, had its interest, while in the "West Amphitheatre Room" Mr. Bengough caricatured the students under their very noses. The evening passed quickly; carriage after carriage rolled away; Sir Daniel's skulls grew more and more uncanny as midnight drew on; and then the long corridors are silent and dark again, never to be the scene of another such gathering.

The evening following conversazione is memorable as the occasion of the first annual banquet of the lady-undergraduates. A sleigh of ample dimensions conveyed the convives to the residence of Mrs. Fraser, to whose kindness the pleasure of the evening was due. The atmosphere was moist and heavy, but spirits were light, and what was to hinder a merry college chorus chiming with the jingle of the sleigh bells? After supper came the all-including list of toasts, and such wonderful oratorical powers were unexpectedly brought to light! ninety-two being in no wise overshadowed.

But a dark day was following close at hand. On the 26th of February, Doctor Young, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, departed this life. The announcement from the lips of the President carried a sharp grief to the heart of every listening student, for not only had the college lost its most revered teacher, but each student lost in him a personal friend. Professor Young was born in Scotland, in 1819, and received his university training at Edinburgh. In 1847 he came to Canada, and in 1871 was appointed to the chair which he held until his death. Few men have had such gifts, or so wide an influence as his. He was deep, original, and broad as well. Not only did he excel in the branch he taught, but was a ripe classical scholar, and had received the applause of both continents for the solution of a mathematical problem. He had a "daily beauty in his life," and his strong, attractive character never failed to leave its impress on those with whom he came in contact, and his influence on the world directly, and through his pupils, cannot be estimated, for truly

"A nobler spirit never did steer humanity."

With March is ushered in Spring—a word usually suggesting and symbolizing all that is bright, charming and exhilarating. But not so for the Varsity student. The agonizing monotony is broken only by Literary Society elections, and this temporary excitement serves only to bring a reaction, deepening despair, or tightening the tension. Why dwell on the anxious weeks of April? At last examination time-tables (result of the mathematical genius of the registrar) come out—two yards

long, or nearly, and one is presented to each student. He adorns the wall of his room with his prize, and makes severely critical remarks on the general fitness of things, and ends by underlining his part in the programme with red ink.

The scene changes to Convocation Hall, now furnished with tear—and ink-stained desks. A stentorian voice from the rear—"Gentlemen, stand up;" and, songless. they stand. The mace reaches the dais, waves, and the students resume their seats. Then the presiding examiner begins:—"Candidates"—a word that sends an ominous thrill over every impatient listener. For two hours and a half the only sounds heard in the hall are the frenzied scratchings of the hurrying pens, the creaking tread of some attendant, and ever and anon a voice beseeching or commanding, "More paper, please."

Woes as well as joys must have at last an end, so by the end of May the corridors are deserted for fairer fields. In due time an eager group surrounded the stair leading to the Senate chamber, waiting to hear the results of the exam., and probably no other bit of oratory has produced such diverse emotions in the hearts of the listeners. By those who had sought provincial homes as soon as freed, the morning paper was scanned with unexampled eagerness, on that first Saturday in June, and woe to the unfortunate whose name was found wanting. So falls the curtain on our first act, and the orchestra of nature plays a soothing overture to weary ears in the "dolce far niente" of the summer months.

II.

Again October, and Ninety-two again assemble, but there is a change. The man of '92 is now a sophomore, and freshmen days are far behind, so far that three additional years will scarcely alter the perspective. The class had gained in dignity and in numbers; the ninety names on the Convocation roll of a year ago were increased by more than a third. A new class entered, too, to reap the benefits of '92's battles, and to listen to '92's stories of the mighty deeds of valor achieved "when I was a freshman."

A college year had never opened with brighter prospects. A year ago Professor Ashley had been appointed to the new chair in Political Science, and the popularity of the course was now quite assured. In October, 1889, Doctor Alexander delivered his first lecture as Professor of English Literature, and in the years to come, when college days "come back with recollected music," those of us who were fortunate to take the course under his guidance, will think of him as one who has given new interests, new inspiration in the study of the literature of our language.

The chair left vacant by the death of Professor Young now was divided, and Professor Baldwin, of Princeton, appointed to the chair of Psychology, Logic and Metaphysics, and Professor Hume to that of Ethics and History of Philosophy. Professor Baldwin began his duties in October, and 'Ninety-two were his first hearers. Professor Hume did not take his place in the college until the following year.

Among the many historic corners of old Varsity, the west amphitheatre room stands pre-eminent. Thither twice a week the sophomores were wont to repair to consider the theory of force, and when the minutes dragged, to cut their names on the desks. But a horde of vandals one day swooped down upon the graceful scene, and a bitter conflict ensued. What charm was there in the first row of seats that the first year medicals determined to carry them at all costs? They came full of confidence, but, alas, they had not reckoned with their host. For several days the Demonstrator was relieved of his duties, and the men experimented in energy and heat after their own methods. The authorities took the matter in hand; they did not like to be eclipsed in this way, and threatened to restore the normal temperature by the violent and concentrated application of *aqua pura*, a proceeding the combatants considered an infringement of the rights of war. At last, "by mediation of treaty and accommodation," the debatable land was equitably divided, and friction being removed, the course proceeded.

December 6th—a day to be remembered as the date of the first annual dinner of the class of '92. The "other element" could not be included, except in the discussions beforehand, but the dinner was a class event nevertheless. An interesting *menu*, an extensive toast list, enthusiastic speeches, and lusty songs left little convivial joy to be desired.

Christmas holidays followed soon, and many an hour was stolen from study before they came for blissful anticipation of the merry-making, and many a gripsack

was checked for a provincial home with never a book in it. The three weeks pass most rapidly, and with January the serious part of the term begins.

The time came round again for the conversazione. For many days busy hands were decking the stately halls with bunting and evergreen, and never did old Varsity look brighter than on the evening of February 14th, 1890, as she awaited her hundreds of guests. All was in readiness, and all was quiet, except where two attendants were carrying the lamps for the microscope room up the eastern stairway. It all happened in a moment: an unlucky misstep—a crash—and blazing oil spread over the floor. In the minutes that followed, the flames gained headway, darting up the eastern tower, licking up the light decorations, and running along the corridor, greedily devouring the hard, dry wood. The alarmful word, "fire!" soon brought many to the scene, eager to fight the flames, they knew not how; then, in the panic, opening of doors and crashing of windows only added to the increasing fury of the fire. Why does something always go wrong at such times? There was delay in giving the alarm; then when plunging horses drew up reel after reel with the helmeted firemen, the force of the water was found quite inadequate. It was a scene splendidly beautiful in spite of all the grief it brought. The rainy sky, darker yet by night, and the dusky fringe of trees, formed a background whence stood out in striking relief the tall gray towers, pale and steadfast, while the flames leaped from ledge to ledge, or seemed to pour from the windows like a cascade in the slanting sun. Two hours passed; the

moving crowd of onlookers, regardless of the rain, or the deep slush which covered the ground, now growing black with cinders, saw the fire gain bit by bit, till a lurid fringe brightened the turret of the main tower. Then came a crash, and clank ! as the old bell fell from its station. There was a moment which seemed an age, then an excited cry from those who stood watching the slow but sure victory of the fire. Far into the night the struggle lasted. At last the firemen succeeded in checking the flames, but not until all the eastern part of the building, including convocation hall, the library, and the museum, was in ruins.

The morning following was a complete change—cold, bright sunshine and a black ruin, in contrast to the black night and its centrepiece of flame. Light wreaths of smoke rose from the smouldering débris, while around stood those who had come to mourn over the wreck, or to pick from the ruin some bit of metal or stained glass, or the charred fragment of a book to carry away as a memento.

The annual banquet of the lady undergraduates was to have taken place in the afternoon, and at the appointed hour they assembled, but in no mood for merry-making. The president came to announce that the faculty had met, and that lectures would be continued on Monday as usual.

"As usual ! but how different !" No longer the deep tone of the old bell in the tower sounded the hour; no longer was the "quad" the scene of contention, physical or oratorical ; no longer did "William of Wickham" keep silent guard over the volume-filled alcoves. The whole

scene was changed. A wandering life we led, between the biological building, the school of science, and the remnant of the college. One dingy corner of the building still remained intact; two lecture rooms were in a few days ready for those who were brave enough not to notice the pieces of plaster that fell from time to time from the dilapidated ceiling. But there was a change in another way as well; the revival of college spirit among the students was a notable outcome of the disaster, as it then seemed. The custom of wearing academics, which had almost fallen into disuse, was now revived. The men of Varsity had had a common misfortune, and were united in a common purpose and hope, and wished to show their unity by the wearing of cap and gown, a symbol at once of their relation to the college and to each other. Out of the evil surely came good, for the bonds of the student brotherhood became closer, and the love for our alma mater stronger in her distress.

> Did I but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> And would forsake the skiff and make the shore
> When the winds whistle and the tempests roar.

In March, the class spent a social evening together very pleasantly. Characteristic contributions from the orator, historian, poet, prophet and wit, together with music from the musical members, combined, with coffee and cake and chat, to render the evening most agreeable.

April passed in laborious monotony, and May again brought examinations. Nothing can turn them out of their course. We had thought the college the type of

steadfastness, and it was ruined in one dark night, and yet examinations, like the Tarnhill goblin, are always watching at a certain spot in the road. Now, no longer has the luckless candidate to inspire him the atmosphere of Convocation Hall, heavy with the sighs and vows of many a night since the days of the forties. Part of the examinations were held in the half-restored rooms of Varsity, part in the biological building, and part in the medical council building. The results of the examination showed no laxity on the part of the examiners. The graduating class of '90 had expressed a wish that Commencement be held within sight of the much-loved building which had sheltered their four years of undergraduate life, and, accordingly, a huge tent was pitched on the campus, and Commencement proceeded in the old way, the degrees this year being granted by the chancellor.

III.

Time, with his stealthy tread, again brought October, and the students meet in the old haunts after four months' separation.—It is not to be forgotten that some came to view the scene of their May labors in September—it is so rumored. A story with so many characters as this has, cannot but have an underplot, one which is purposely kept in the back ground, one where not all the characters have a part, but very interesting to those concerned, and a necessary link in the great scheme. The herald of this "play within the play" is a star appearing on the May horizon, a star not like other stars, for it did not give but rather stole light. Let no one say Astrology

perished centuries ago! Let no one say the fates were a fable! What other than the fates adjusted the stars? What other than the stars shaped the course of many a wight who made an expiatory pilgrimage to the examination hall a fortnight before college opened? A supplemental examination! Well, it means this: an ill-fated paper failed to please a fastidious examiner, and he was heartless enough to insist on a second attempt; thus providing for some a skeleton to haunt many a summer pleasure. But fortunate it is that the authorities allow these second attempts; a few weeks less holiday, but perhaps a whole year saved, and the satisfaction gained, too, of remaining throughout with the class with which one entered.

But another year has now begun, and with this year a new era. A change has come over the ruin in which we had taken a dreary sort of pride. Whatever picturesqueness there had been, vanished before the scaffolds, heaps of stone, and the ugly fence that surrounded the old Varsity in process of restoration. Much of the old wall still remained, blackened and irregular, looking all the more dismal in contrast to the blocks of clean white stone the masons put above it. As the year wore on the old outline again took shape, but within the walls there was a great change, and a change for the better. The lecture rooms in the front of the building were much the same as before, but old Convocation Hall was quite altered, being divided into lecture and seminary rooms in two flats. The old Senate Chamber and rooms adjoining are now seminary rooms as well, and at the south-east of the upper flat the lady undergraduates have

their reading and waiting rooms. The old library and museum rooms are to be examination halls, and a new building is to hold the new library, and the biological building to have the museum. But we anticipate too much, for the work is but a little way forward, as we enter in October, 1890, on a new year's work.

On Wednesday, the first day of October, convocation was held in the hall of the School of Science. There was a wild attempt on the part of the students to make this as much like old convocation times as possible, and, as far as enthusiasm went, they were very successful.

The School of Science building is a triumph in many ways, but by no means an ideal place for the holding of convocation. There were many stairs to climb, a very narrow door for six men to enter abreast, which in their eagerness they tried to do, while all through the exercises the hammers of the carpenters made lively chorus beyond. The gowned throng disposed of themselves at the back of the room with the evident intention of amusing the speakers when the speakers failed to interest them, and to offer suggestions and encouragement by the way, and the prize-winners, too, received their share of the efforts of the witty ones. With the utmost attention the *docti* listened to the inspiring periods of the Latin oration, and when the words "tirones" and "Universitatis Torontonensis" seemed to touch a responsive chord, the rafters rang with cheers, and there was a running commentary in neo-Canadian for the elucidation of obscure passages.

The President spoke eloquently, as he ever does; he referred, but hopefully, to the low-fallen fortunes of "Canada's greatest university," from the success of the

work in the past, drawing a bright picture for its future and the great work before it, of the great importance of that work in the growth of our young nation, and of how the student's vow of loyalty to his Alma Mater should not be in the word only.

'Ninety-two were "juniors." The days of freshiehood were in the vistas of the by-gones, the thought of belonging to the "upper years" forbade sophomore rollicking, and the creases in the lately assumed garb of dignity fall gradually until they quite disappear in the senior year.

The new era we now enter upon—and who can doubt it—is marked by the coming in force of the new curriculum. Of the changes from that of '85 to '90, we shall give little detail, but the tendency of the time, of university work, as well as in the sphere of mechanics and men of business, towards specialization, is exemplified in this curriculum of the Faculty of Arts '90 to '95. Another notable event at the opening of this new year was the resurrection of our college journal, "THE VARSITY." The sanctum had for a year been closed, and the welcome and hearty support which greeted its re-appearance showed in no uncertain way the feeling of the students with regard to this means of the expression of college thought and events. It is an undergraduate paper, for it is under the management of the Literary and Scientific Society, and its contributors are mainly undergraduates, but through it those who wear the ermine may voice their views on college matters, too. Part of "THE VARSITY" is devoted to purely literary matters, a column or two of interesting personnels, and the chronicle of

college events, and the correspondence department. In the year of silence, no one can know how many poems were lost to the literary world, or how many students in despair over a curriculum tangle were forced to nurse the grievance for want of the sympathetic ear of the college organ.

The annual athletic games came off with the usual *éclat.* Throughout the day the contests were unusually close, and hence interesting; and when it was all over, the prizes were distributed by Mrs. Baldwin, each successful winner being greeted with the cheers of friends and the day's opponents alike.

Here let us have a word to say for the Athletic Association, whose glory in its sphere adds to the glory of all the Varsity. It is a most important branch of college life, and of college work, too, and the motto "Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano," should long have adorned a college gymnasium. At the close of the last season, the Association football team had found themselves champions of Ontario, but now a greater distinction awaited the first eleven, for the victory of November 17th gave them the championship of Canada. Several excursions, too, to distant lawns in return matches varied the time-table of the various teams, and it may be noticed that in the record of each trip there is reference to the hospitality (and to the bill-of-fare, too), with which they were received. Among the other games, Rugby has many devotees. This year was quite the most successful in the history of college athletics; abroad and on the campus there were many laurels won; and how could our boys help playing well under the eyes of so many enthusiastic, but critical,

friends, who stood upon the lawn! And how after the ball was hurried down to the opponents' goal to the music of "V-A-R-S-I-T-Y — Varsity — Rah-rah-rah!" —with a tin bugle accompaniment—inspiring strains surely, and a slogan whose derivation is untraceable.

In January, a hockey club was organized, and the dream of the college gymnasium seemed about to materialize, when plans of the building came up for discussion; but the time was not yet, for the restoration of the college still needed both the funds and the attention.

At the end of the fourth year, however, we find work about to commence on the new gymnasium, so the efforts of Ninety-two in this direction are like those of the wise husbandman who planted the trees, the fruit of which he would not gather.

"The boys" celebrated hallowe'en; till the "very witching hour of night" they were abroad, but there was nothing ghostly in their tread. From the "gods" of the "Grand," along the streets at its own sweet will the procession moved in file, chanting forth ever and anon its stirring songs to unlistening citizens or to appreciative groups of maidens in enchanted castles, watched by ogre's eyes. In this "grand rally," November had an interesting beginning, and on the 25th the class spent a social evening in the Y.M.C.A. parlor, a quite informal evening, for the "constitution" was in no way consulted. Within a fortnight the annual class dinner took place. There is plenty of class spirit in '92, and on occasions such as this it finds expression. Erudition, patriotism, and wit characterized the eloquent speeches, and, as Robbie Burns has it,—

"Wi' merry ways an' friendly cracks,
I wot they didna weary;
An' unco' tales an' funnie jokes—
Their sports were cheap and cheery."

The disastrous year of '90 draws to a close, and after the holiday we return full of resolutions that the next five months are to put to proof.

In October, Mr. J. M. McEvoy, B.A., was appointed to the new fellowship in political science, to make a specialty of Canadian history. In January, '91, Mr. G. H. Needler, Ph.D., was appointed to the new fellowship in modern languages, to aid especially in the German department. Thus we see growth in our college even in the year of the disaster, for the need of the creation of new fellowships arises from the growth of the student body.

The history of college societies should have a chapter by itself. The movement towards their formation is too deep to be penetrated by the series of events which trouble the surface of college life. During our four undergraduate years these events have been greatly influenced by this movement. The tendency was in the college, and must have taken form sooner or later, when the suggestion of the forming of class societies came from the colleges across the border. To be sure, there had been societies in the college before, and which still existed in undiminished strength, but they were of a general character, such as the literary society.

During the months of October and November, of 1888, this matter was the subject of discussion. The advantages none seemed to doubt, if only the working equalled the

plan. There was much talk of the brotherhood of the students, and a great deal of conventional sentimentality therewith ; but this scheme, which seemed to imply the division of the college society, was not of this nature really, it was the gathering together of little factions and cliques into unions on a greater scale with a clearly defined basis, and with greater effectiveness. A man spends four years at college, not simply that he may be a learned man, but that he may be an educated man, and the social course is the most important part of the unprinted curriculum of University College, a part on which no lectures are given, no books read, but it is an honor course with all the world as examiners. In interest, these societies should revolve around one centre—Varsity. This is just where the strong point, or the weak point, lay. Class societies have two purposes at the basis, that of advancing the interest of the college, and that of personal advantage to the individual members by increasing the facilities for social intercourse. An organized body acts much more quickly, much more rapidly, than an unorganzied number of individuals, and this organizing is the more easily effected among one "year," whose sentiments are governed to no small degree by the old "unities" of time, place and action.

With due respect to the senior years, '92 awaited their example, and it was not until December that, after an interesting meeting, the scheme was unaminously approved and the matter given into the hands of a committee. The first meeting of the class society of '92 was held in March, and from this we may properly date its beginning, thus late in our freshman year; but this

delay was really beneficial, for by that time we had caught our bearings in the unknown sea of college life, and we were able to appreciate the nature of the organization movement. "'Ninety-two" took the initiative in forming a co-educational society; an example, let us here say, that has been followed, without exception, by the new classes as they have come up year by year.

If we were asked to characterize in a word our own four years in the college history, we should term it the era of societies, for, while among the undergraduates in the sphere of "university men" there arose class societies, among the students arose numerous associations for special study, and still these go on multiplying. In our college journal, we find considerable space allotted to the reports of the political science associations, metaphysical societies, mathematical society, classical society, natural science association, and others, whose names explain their nature and purpose. These last named are for study, for discussion, and for original work, and are presided over by the professor of the department.

But the years of '89 and '90 were the hey-day of class societies; class spirit reached its climax; it came to be too settled a thing to be longer regarded; there was no novelty about it in a social way, and the organization no longer had the interest of an experiment. With the restoration of the college, a new spirit arose. Not a revolt from the old order, but the result of various influences, and we cannot yet see the end. We leave in the transition period. There has been, too, a decreasing interest in the Modern Language Club. Not that the

meetings are less useful, or the essays less carefully written. Why then? Are the students of our college growing into hermits? Stress of work has a great influence towards this, and it is not the Modern Language Club alone that suffers.

And what of the Literary Society meanwhile? A mock parliament was the most interesting feature during the year,—a play at statescraft, but no seriousness was wanting in the deliberations of the "Cabinet" over the fancied policy of an imaginary state. The elections this year got no farther than nomination night—a disappointment, but no little saving of time and energy. This election by acclamation is almost unprecedented, and has more than on the face of it appears, for the old method of securing the fees was thus set aside, and various problems thus arose, showing, it must be confessed, weak points in the society.

After March "THE VARSITY" is silent, and well it might be, for as the exponent of college thought and events, it would find little material; events there are none, and student thought is just then complex enough to baffle even nineteenth century analysis.

IV.

Let us pause in the vacation of '91 to take a glance around Queen's Park, with its group of great buildings. The new home of the Ontario Legislature, the work of so many years, has by this time risen in magnificence near the eastern gates, and tho' the clink of the stone-cutters is no longer heard, many moons yet must pass

before it is pronounced completed. McMaster Hall, to the north, has been raised to the dignity of a university—a rival to Toronto University at her very gates. In June, 1891, the corner stone of Victoria University was laid, and before spring had passed a stately pile of gray and brown had taken the place of the bald knoll to the north-east.

New Wycliffe, now completed, received its old students amid its almost rural shades on the banks of the classic Taddle. In July, another foundation was laid, and the new library building rose to the east of the campus, overlooking the ravine. It is a structure of gray stone, like the college, is most admirably adapted to the purpose, with its many windows and convenient reading rooms and alcoves, and is, moreover, an exquisite bit of architecture. Built entirely of stone and iron, it will be a safe repository for the volumes which now find place on the third flat of the School of Science. The growth of the library was marvellously rapid. In February, 1890, the college was without a library, and by the end of the year there were twenty-five thousand volumes. This is due, in no small measure, to the generosity of other colleges, whose sympathy with our college in her loss found expression in this tangible way. Day and night for a time the staff of assistants were busy unpacking and arranging the books which came in huge cases from all parts of the world. At the north-east corner of the building, and adjoining the library was a commodious reading room for the men, and to the west, and a similar one to the east for the lady undergraduates. Before the close of 1892 the new building

will contain the new library; and certainly this is one of the good effects produced by the fire, which seemed an unmixed disaster.

Each year we have begun with convocation—words fail when we come to that of October, 1891. The affectionate sons of Alma Mater came at her call with so loud an "adsum" that all else sank out of hearing. In an excess of sentiment it had been decided to hold convocation in the old building, in the room which had formerly been the library, but when the audience had assembled it was found that there was no room for the students, and so the magnates concluded to hold convocation for the audience and not for the students, a proceeding to which the latter objected very strongly, and in the end neither succeeded in having it their own way. But of this the less said the better.

The athletic sports this year forsook the campus for the more spacious grounds of Rosedale, and very successful they were too.

We have no class dinner to note in the December of this year, for it is supplied by the graduating dinner the eve of Commencement.

The photo of the graduating class is meanwhile in process of compilation, and in face of these one first realizes that the last year has actually come. It is the sober year, the least eventful of the four. But not only is the history of our class in the term '91-92 bare of events, but it is so in all the classes. The growth of the college, the transition period, seems to have made it a term of silence.

"University extension" is this year a most important

question, for it is the first experiment of the sort in our University. The object may be gathered from the name — that is, giving the benefit of higher education to those who are not in a position to take the full course. The course of Saturday afternoon lectures do not pretend to be in any way equivalent to the college course, but are more general in their dealings with the subjects taken, and require no individual work on the part of the students. During the year this experiment has proved very successful, the course has been both popular and interesting, but it is yet to be seen whether the ultimate object is in this way attainable, and whether the system found to work so well in England is suited to our quite different social and educational conditions.

We can scarcely speak here of the war of departments, which lately has become so pronounced. In many ways this selfishness is to be commended, though it is not very dignified. Time alone can decide the matter.

The Glee Club concert in February supplied the place of the conversazione planned in vain. The literary society elections were a triumph of manufactured enthusiasm. In modern university politics even antiquities were allowed to mingle; but, to say the least, the excitement was most inspiring in the midst of a quiet term.

Exams. come on apace, and by the 28th of May the last paper has been folded, the curious pseudonyme for the last time inscribed upon the yellow envelope, and the student work of '92 is over. Commencement, unfortunately postponed until the 10th of June, puts on the capping stone; our Alma Mater sends us forth with the motto in each heart, "Quo non ascendam?"

TO MY LOVE.

She was born in the dreams of my childhood,
A creature of fancy, as fair
As the flowers that yield in the wildwood
Their souls to the languishing air.
Her cheeks were the dew-nourished roses,
Her voice was the music of dawn,
Her eyes were the blue, night discloses,
When the curtains of darkness are drawn.

She left me, as passes a vision,
When my heart with its love was aflame,
And though nature seemed smiling derision
At one who'd a phantom reclaim;
And though reason and sorrow were speaking
Their truest and falsest to me,
Through the years I came ceaselessly seeking,
Till I found my ideal in Thee.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

The darkest hour, the last of night,
Has often passed me unaware ;
But I've ne'er asked for more delight
To turn me from my thoughts of care.
Than, ere a sound of day is heard,
Ere busy feet begin to throng,
To mark the gladness of the bird
That wakes the morning with his song.

Ere yet a star has left the sky,
And ere the east grows dim with dawn,
He hears afar the day draw nigh,
While shadows still are closely drawn ;
And ere a harsher sound has stirred,
With love that makes his spirit strong,
He starts from sleep, this happy bird,
And wakes the morning with his song.

And all day long his merry notes
From yonder garden sweetest ring,
Though other birds their dainty throats
May strain a prouder note to sing;
And thus with music wild and free,
He fills the hours that steal along,
Because he sings for joy, that he
Has waked the morning with his song.

WALT WHITMAN.

ANOTHER picturesque figure has passed away, and another noble heart has ceased to beat with the rhythm of life. For those who have drawn strength from his pages, the news of Walt Whitman's death bears a strange and deep significance. He who sang in the fulness of his vigour of the joys of living, yet attuned his soul the while to the pleasant thoughts of death, himself has felt the touch of that releasing hand. In his declining days much pain has been his portion, yet no suffering has availed to disturb the calm of that quiet soul, nor word of weariness has parted those patient lips. He has met life like a powerful conqueror, and his victorious spirit did not shrink from the shadow of death.

> At the last tenderly,
> From the walls of the powerful fortressed house,
> From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the well-closed doors,
> Let me be wafted.
> Let me glide noiselessly forth,
> With the key of softness unlock the locks, with a whisper,
> Set ope the doors, O soul.
> Tenderly, be not impatient,
> (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh,
> Strong is your hold, O love.)

Walt Whitman will always be a remarkable name in literature, a central commanding figure around whom many controversies will wage. Even now he has had his

full meed of criticism, for his name is bandied hither and thither incessantly on the breath of alternate praise and blame. He is sufficiently distinct to be always considered as a product apart, yet sufficiently in harmony with tendencies of his time to be grouped with his fellow-poets. In him we find a curious admixture of revolt against literary conventionalisms, and an extension on a bolder scale of a portion of the poetic message of the earlier years of the century.

Exaggerated estimates only have been pronounced concerning the merits or defects of Whitman; and such judgments are only to be expected. The gigantic personality that stalks through his poems pushes individuality to its utmost bounds. So predominant indeed is the personal element in his poems, that, despite the many passages of purely artistic beauty, it is by force of the egotistical power projected into every fibre of his poetry that he must stand or fall. One cannot marvel to hear his intolerable egoism objected to, nor his aggressive vanity decried. Yet to the reader possessing the secret of those poems, their very egoism and intolerable vanity appear but as attributes and powerful factors of strength.

Other objections of his detractors are more reasonable, and are supported in a large measure by the lofty traditions of English verse. Their chief complaints refer to his seeming prepossession for the animal in man, and to his wilful disregard of the accepted principles of versification. It is true that none but enthusiasts will agree to go so far as Whitman in the importance and dignity that he attributes to many operations of the physical

world, yet it must be felt that his splendid exuberance of life, and the triumphant note of joy that he strikes so passionately well, arise from little else than the consciousness of his human vigour.

The poet's diction is indeed a curious study. Its defects are very apparent, but its power and beauty are not so easily felt with the musical echoes of Shelley and Tennyson in our ears. His innovation is at once the source of his strength and weakness. In his best verse, he makes language the slave of mighty harmonies. His grand effects are always spontaneous, and seem like overtures from nature's orchestra, where the woods and rivers sing, and the ocean has a voice. When his verse is not swayed by the tide of strong emotion, there are calm uplands of thought, where he displays the accumulated wisdom of his mind. In this portion of his work the diction is never harsh, and not infrequently lapses into blank verse. His versification is for the most part its now magnificent apology, and it testifies to the novelty of the poet's message, that it could not be conveyed by the ordinary medium. After all, form is merely the complexion of poetry, and if Whitman's is not refined and delicate, it has assuredly the glow of health.

Carlyle was no better physician for the ailments of English prose than Whitman for what he himself calls the querulousness and dyspepsia of modern verse. His passion, compared to that of weaker poets, is a flood of molten lava burning from the source before it grows cool and is refined into ornaments. He professes profound contempt for the feigned griefs for false ladies' loves that afflict the soul of the poetling, and for his

medicated views of human life and happiness. The most apparent danger threatening contemporary verse is that it will perish, cloyed by excess of sweetness. Our little flowery shrubs of poesy too often strike but feeble tendrils into the poetic soil, and imagination needs a dwelling of loftier scope than our rondeaus and vilanelles afford. It cannot surely be difficult to see the value of Whitman's protest.

Other objections are of less moment, and spring from personal prejudice. There is no space to deal with his trifling faults, yet of his "blatant Americanism," be it said, that it is due to his profound belief in the principle of Democracy. He takes an immense pride in the splendid resources of his country; yet while in his verse celebrating the qualities of its men, in his prose he takes sincere cognizance of the moral deficiencies of the nation. In these days of waning patriotism it is indeed inspiring that there should be men of such whole-souled love for home and country.

It would be presumptuous though natural at this time to prophesy concerning Whitman. While on the one hand he is most bitterly assailed by his enemies, on the other hand not Shelley, in these latter years of the culmination of his fame, has been so lavishly worshipped by his admirers. The reasons are not far to seek. He appeals to lovers of his poetry by four powerful channels —by the religious sense, by the love of beauty, by the affections, and by the communication of his joy.

Religion in Whitman is too large a theme to discuss here, but the broadness of his view may be perceived by a study of the poem entitled "Chanting the Square

Deific." He delighted in the name of the "Poet of Comrades," and an important portion of his work bears upon the ties of human friendship. Few poets carry such a direct and personal appeal from human heart to heart. If any poem need be mentioned as illustrating the exquisite tenderness and compassion of his verse, one might fittingly select for the purpose the poem in "Drum Taps" called "Vigil Strange I Kept on the Field One Night." His poems express, as few others do, the poetry indwelling in the average human life, and in the common sights and sounds that surround our path. He conveys a sense of the burden of the mystery of life, yet withal refusing to encumber his mind with distressing problems. His panacea for human woes is a gift that cannot be conferred on a nature less intuitive than his own. Disquisition is extremely distasteful to him, and he is not smitten with the modern lust for knowledge that perpetuates the Faust type to all time. Like Tennyson, to all argument directed against the divinity in man, he can rise up and answer:

"I have felt.
"Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.
I say to mankind, be not curious about God,
For I, who am curious about each, am not curious about God.
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death.)"

If the purpose of poetry be to exalt the noble emotions, then Whitman's high place in literature is assured. He has, moreover, this quality, which is peculiar to him-

self, namely, that while other poets render keenly sensitive our sense of grief, Whitman exalts our sense of joy.

In considering Whitman's attitude toward nature, we must give credit to the inaugurators of the poetic nature-worship of our century, for it is the spirit of to-day that is animate in Wordsworth and in Shelley. Among a multitude of new sympathies which their poetry evokes, predominates the powerful appeal to the sense of mystery within us. The visible world about them is not matter for a trifling interest; legible upon its face are the graven characters of God, and all life to them is instinct with the indwelling Deity. Before Whitman's vision, too, the vastness of infinitude expands. He goes forth into the night, and the mystic stars impart to him the burden of their meaning, and the bird-awakening dawn imparts to him the spirit of its freshness. He is a modern in his possession of that scientific vision that floods all life with a wondrous significance, and which with every world that it redeems from the void of space increases the burden of the mystery. He is a modern, too, by force of a certain prophetic mysticism which can vivify the else inert mass of science's gathering. Perhaps only our poets will save us in the end, by this very quality of imagination, from the slough of materialism, that with hideous maw threatens to engulf us. In other respects, Whitman is Homeric in the directness and vividness of his description. He resorts to nature that he may find wide spaces for his soul to soar, and perhaps to this desire for expansiveness we may ascribe his intense sympathy for the grandeur of the ocean and the spaciousness of the starry sky. As Hugo almost made

his own the innocence of children and the music of the birds, so has Whitman taken unto himself the ocean's splendor and the mystery of night. He has dwelt long and lovingly with nature, and she has granted him to catch her every tone, and to learn her mystical, deep meaning. The stars have shed their secret influences upon him, and the rosy dawn has left the imprint of her fleeting foot upon his pages.

There is an incompleteness about all surveys of this poet. Perhaps there is a reason. The plummet line of criticism does not strike bottom in the deepest souls, and the inability of all to deal adequately with Whitman is some indication of his greatness. Of his subtler significance, little has been said. It is enough if the curiosity of some is stimulated to venture to wrestle with the poet. Many will decline the contest, others will retire baffled and bruised to renew the strife. He is like nature, rude and incomprehensible at first, balking a frivolous enquiry, yet provocative of ever further questionings. With deeper vision into his soul the sweetness of the morning and the heroism of a strong content are yours. He strengthens the sinews of endurance and relaxes the selfish fibres of the heart. He has spoken the greatest words on death and the most inspiring words on life. He appeals to that which is noblest in man, and of meanness he takes no account. His strength overmasters his weakness, and he has the secret of communicating that strength. Gœthe made the sorrows of his life divine. Whitman has merely glorified his joys. Accept him, and receive that assureance which is happiness, and that strength which alone is peace.

MY FIRST MOUSTACHE.

I sat where March's tempered sun
His rays most kindly poured,
And blessed him that he smiled upon
The thing I most adored.
I heard the whispering winds go by
To rouse the slumbering flowers,
And watched the chirping robins fly
To herald happy hours.
But still no raptured rhymes I sung,
To bring me fame and cash,
But stretched forth my prehensile tongue,
And felt for my moustache.

My love was false, but what cared I,
I deigned her scarce a thought,
For one so base I could not sigh,
Nor be with grief distraught.
A truer love than hers I'll find,
This to myself I said—
"A maid of mercenary mind
I vow I ne'er shall wed;
By others let her charms be praised,
I scorn to be her 'mash,"
And then my hand I gently raised,
And toyed with that moustache.

What cared I though the sun went down
'Mong clouds of heavenly hue,
Though shadows dark began to frown,
Though chill the breezes grew.
Though angels trimmed with tender care
Their starry lamps on high,
Till beautiful, beyond compare,
Appeared the sunless sky!

In vain did night her jewels don,
They seemed to me but trash,
For all my thoughts were fixed upon
My young, my first moustache.

DEC. 6TH, 1889.

PLUCKED.

In life's old University,
One idle summer day,
In Nature's class-room, dreamily,
Among the flowers I lay,
And heard a learned professor of
Coquettish arts expound
The mysteries that in the lore
Of loving hearts are found.

My battered college cap she wore
Her playful curls upon,
And through my tattered gown the grace
Of girlish beauty shone;
She tapped her foot and cried "Ahem!"
And then on Cupid's arts
She lectured lucidly, and, well—
I learned it all by heart.

She thrilled me with the eloquence
Of drooping, roguish eyes,
And when the term was o'er, I thought
Myself exceeding wise;
But when before her on the sward
I knelt for my degree,
She bade me rise, for she could but
My Alma Soror be.

Although 'twas hard to so be plucked,
I drained the bitter cup,
And that "exam." was one that had
No dunce-relieving "supp."
But now the love is half forgot,
I smile whene'er I sigh,
She lectures some one else, perhaps,
I'm glad it is not I.

COY.

A light wind wooed a floweret once,
And all a summer's day it pled;
But still the more it breathed its love,
The more the floweret shook its head.

THE KINDEST SEASON.

When winter dies we triumph o'er
The surly foe of sunny hours;
But spring, forgiving, on his grave
With lavish hand bestrews her flowers.

SPRING.

Dame Nature now, on pleasure bent,
Puts on her gayest duds,
And introduces to the world,
And chaperones the buds.

A LOST WORK.

[BY THE SANCTUM PHILOSOPHER.]

DELVING among the debris of the University Library last Saturday morning, one of the workmen stumbled upon what proved to be the charred remains of a curious book. The fiery ordeal through which it had passed had rendered it almost illegible and unrecogniz able. After a careful examination, however, its antique form, its quaint parchment, resembling the skin of human beings, and its marvellous contents proclaimed the work to be one of rare and priceless antiquity. Its existence was probably unknown even to the librarian, as it does not appear to be mentioned upon the University catalogue. The title-page is so obliterated that the names both of author and work remain illegible. From the still readable fragments the book appears to be the marvellous tale of a lost tribe of Indians and the story of their decadence. The tale is told in the form of an epic poem, and with a graphic force that proclaims the unknown author to have been a poet of the highest quality.

The opening pages of the book contain a fine and idyllic description of the tribe that has passed away :—

In the days of dream and shadow,
In the vistas of the by-gone,
In the prehistoric epoch,
Dwelt of yore a mighty people,
Dwelt a mighty tribe of Indians.

Many times, I ween, they bore them,
Mystic titles deep with meaning,
Jun-yahs, Seen-yaws, Oon-dah-grad-utes,
And they lived within a wigwam.
Tall and stately, built of lime-stone,
Metamorphic rocks and felspar,
Gneiss, hornblendic scist and basalt,
By the hands of cunning crafts-men.
Here throughout the snows of winter
Live the tribe in peace united,
And they dug them for their sustenance
Plants of an exotic nature
Brought from Greece into their valleys;
On these Liddel roots they fed them.
But when winter's rigor weakened
And the vernal sunshine beckoned,
Then they girt them on their blankets,
Blankets of a prescient blackness,
Wrought by cunning hand of fairies
And retailed to them at profit.
And they laid them on their helmets,
With the nodding plumes above them,
Crinal plumes of sombre darkness,
Scalps of many a by-gone battle.
Then they hied them to the war-path
In the balmy days of May-time.
All throughout a lunar cycle
Dipped the steel the warriors wielded
Till the foe lay dead around them.
Then they hied them whooping homeward,
And the stars looked down upon them.
Home they carried all their trophies,
Glittering tin the mead of valour.
But the noblest and the bravest,
Still unsated with the slaughter,
Sped again upon the war-path,
'Mid the fading leaves of autumn.

Many chiefs they had among them,
Sages gray and venerable,
Who no longer sought the war-path,
But who sat within the wigwam,
Chewing roots and ever mumbling
In a long-forgotten language.
Yet the proudest of the chieftains
Was a warrior great and mighty,
Still he trod a double war-path,
And they called him ever Mouph-tai.
He it was that led the sun-dance
In the hazy days of autumn,
When the children, the papooses,
Sought admission to the warriors.
He it was that in the mystic
Ceremonies of the autumn
Tried the courage of the striplings,
Tested them if they were worthy,
Proved them as his future vassals;
Gave them fond, paternal counsel,
Taught them on the lawn to galop,
Promised. as the mead of valor,
That, if staunch, he'd teach them further,
Teach them o'er the green to gamble.

Following this comes a long portion of the book which unfortunately is no longer readable, and probably lost forever. Where the story is again legible the author is found depicting the mystic rites of the sun-dance which he eulogised in the opening pages. As we read the account of the gruesome cruelties inflicted by the warriors of the tribe on the young braves, the explanation of the skin-like appearance of the parchment is revealed to us.

Always when the full moon glimmered
Through the trees about the wigwam,
Touching every tower with silver,
Making all things weird and ghostly,
Then the warriors donned their blankets,
Met them in a solemn pow-wow
Where they chewed whole bales of cotton
Over who the bravest brave was
In the days now long forgotten.
And the wise ones, ever snoozing,
Snored each time the same decision.
When the great debate was finished
And the last chestnut was roasted
Then they seized the young papooses,
Bore them shrieking through the darkness
To the cave beneath the wigwam
Of the mystic Phi-a-wata.
There they thought of all their misdeeds,
Of the times they looked reproachful
At the Seen-yaws when they smote them
On the ear with whiz, the snowball.
Of the times they'd dropped saliva
On the fair and virgin campus,
Of their canes, and gloves and whiskers.
So their hearts were bowed with anguish,
Loud they wailed in deep contrition.
But within his sacred wigwam
Sate the Mouph-tai calmly smoking,
Heeding not their childish clamor.
As he sits there slowly puffing,
Shadowy figures gather round him
Wrapped in flowing torture mantles,
Sable robes of awful meaning.

* * * *

In the sombre caves of torture,
Underneath the grimy arches,

'Midst a hundred flaring torches,
Lie the pallid, quivering bodies
Of the striplings waiting torment.
For a moment all is silence,
Then the Mouph-tais circle swiftly,
Circle in the sacred sun-dance;
Fiercer, swifter every moment
In the Kay-a-Gee, the sun-dance.
As they fly they strike the Freshment
Blow on blow with blazing torches
Till their skin is burnt and blackened
Like the pine tree in the forest
When the fire has breathed upon it:
And they make them rise and join them
In their mystic, flying circle,
Till they fall down, sobbing, dying.

* * * *

The next part of the book contains what is at once the finest and saddest part of the entire epic. The author tells, in his simple yet graphic style, the story of the tribe's decadence and the punishment inflicted by their tutelary deity:—

But a change came o'er the nation,
For the sages, they that mumbled
In the long-forgotten language,
Said within their stagnant senate
"Let us look into the future,
Let us elevate the nation."
And they brought upon the war-path
Blushing squaws of erudition.
But the warriors looked upon them
And forgot their ancient valor
As they looked upon the maidens.
They no longer on the war-path

Shouted the symbolic Hoop-la.
For the warrior's steel lay useless,
And they softly sighed them Ha-there.
So the tribe was enervated
Till the feeblest of the fighters,
Craven dogs with sickly spirits,
Gathered in a prurious pow-wow,
And they croaked in coward accents :
" Let our valor go untested,
Let us have no mystic sun-dance."
Then they formed themselves a union,
And they made themselves a title,
From the mumblings of the sages
In the long-forgotten language,
Speaking of themselves as Antis.
But the few that yet were noble,
Christened them in scorn the Grannies.
But the weaker were the stronger,
And the force of numbers triumphed,
And the sun-dance was forgotten.
So the nation lingered broken,
All its valor enervated,
Tyrannized by mumbling sages
In the long-forgotten language.
So they might have dwelt for ever,
But the being of the cloud-land,
Manitou, the moving spirit,
Angered at their vile decadence,
Breathed his mighty wrath upon them,
Breathed the fire from out his cloud-land
And consumèd all the wig-wam.
All its limestone blazed and tottered
All its felspar and its basalt
Echoed to the sky in thunder,
All its gneiss and its hornblendic
Melted into streaming lava,
And the warriors that were noble,

They that yearned them for the sun-dance,
Looking sternly at the burning,
Gathered in their neighboring temple,
Gathered round the shrine of Mouph-tai,
Gathered round his bier, and drank it.

The work closes with an appendance in which we learn that some fragment of the tribe yet remains steadfast in the customs of their ancestors. These, it appears, dwell within a mystic and hallowed temple, remote from the haunts of man, where they still practice the rites of their forefathers in all their primordial glory. Though this account is probably a mere legend, retold by the author from hearsay, it is extremely interesting, as showing that a lingering belief in the future revival of the sun-dance was yet harbored by the bolder warriors of the tribe:

In each room within the temple,
Hidden in a darkened corner,
Underneath the coals and kindling
You will find a tattered fragment
Of the cloak of Phi-a-wata—
Of the mantle decked with pictures
Of the sun-dance, done in coal-tar,
Touched up here and there with feathers,
Wrought in all the cunning fashions
Of the Wheight-khaps and the Mouph-tais.
Once a year at darkest midnight
All the priests bring forth their fragments;
And the one that has the largest
Pins the rest about his shoulders,
Robes himself in 'Wata's mantle.
And the forty dance the sun-dance
Underneath the trees till day dawn;

And the spirits long departed
Come once more to dance the sun-dance.
Dance the Kay-a-Gee the sun-dance
As it was of yore and shall be
Till the squaws sit in the Council
And their chatter rules the Senate,
Till they make us all wear legging
Like their own of hideous blueness
And we all love tea and gossip
And the high-priced hats from Paris.
Here the tale of 'Wata ended—
Phi-a-wata, mystic Mouph tai.

FOUR SCENES.

I.

ONE autumn afternoon, years ago, I saw a group of boys walking up the slopes to the woods that skirted the foot of the hills under whose shadow we all had our homes. Carelessly I followed them to the edge of the forest, and watched them make off to some nut trees, for which they were evidently prepared. My path led me deeper into the woods to a spring locally celebrated,—shunned at night through its rumored hauntings by super-human creatures, and visited by day by those who were eager to pry into the future, who gathered their fortunes from the revelations the clear glassy surface pictured to them.

Several hours later, I found myself stretched out on a bed of leaves and moss, on the bank overhanging the spring, with the book I had brought still unopened. The sun's slanting rays and the chilliness rapidly overspreading the air warned me of approaching night. As I arose to return, I heard the boys coming to the spring, and this determined me to remain a little longer to see what they were after. There were four of them, all apparently genial, careless, open-hearted, fun-loving boys, all with the same short past behind them, and all hoping for the same happy, brilliant future. Cares rested very lightly on their shoulders, judging from the mirth that grew louder as they drew nearer. In a few moments I learned from their broken phrases that reached me, that they were going to read their futures in

the Mirror of Fortune, as the spring was called. This spring bubbled through a sandy bottom, and rose until a foot or so deep in a kind of well, which had been constructed with stones rudely held together with clay. The bank behind and above it, and the dense foliage of the surrounding trees tended to increase its refreshing coolness.

The liveliest of the group rushed forward as he drew near, and was the first to get a drink, and consequently the first to read his fortune. He looked silently for a moment, and then said: "My face is as round as an apple, and smiling, and all around it I can see all that I ever wanted or could want. I see lots of fun ahead of me." The second boy approached readily, and seeing his reflection. said: "I see lots of fun ahead and nearly all the things I ever want to get, for there is lots of money all around my face, and I can buy whatever I like." The third boy was a little more cautious, and approached rather thoughtfully, and as he looked, he said: "I see a good time ahead of me, but there seems to be a lot of trouble connected with it. My face seems satisfied, as though it had what it wanted, and yet I think there is something not satisfactory about it. There is a look of care and worry." The fourth and last boy drew near thoughtfully and quietly, as though not to be tempted with superstitions. But his boyhood prevailed and he looked and said: "I see a good time ahead of me. There is no money or anything like that around my face to make me happy, but there seems to be something away inside of it that makes me glad." When he had finished telling the rest what he saw, they sat quietly and

thoughtfully for awhile, resting before they returned home, each thinking over his own lot, and surmising what it indicated, but wondering over the prophecies of his companions.

II.

Ten years later, I was passing through one of our busy cities, and seeing a crowd loitering around the hall of one of its leading educational institutions, I entered and found myself in the midst of a gay throng of women and men. I soon discovered it was Commencement Day of the University, and, watching the faces of those exulting in the possession of their yet undimmed titles, I was surprised to see the same four boys descend from the platform. As they passed from the hall out into life I followed them again, noticing how kindly time had dealt with them, for their appearances were unchanged, save that the roguish brown faces were transformed to untanned, less careless ones, and the dominant features formerly rounding, were now brought into greater prominence and angularity. They stood outside the doors before they parted into the different roads they had chosen to follow.

I watched them bid farewell. He who was first before, proclaimed himself first this time: "Life was given us that we may enjoy it, and if happiness holds out the greatest inducements to contentment, as I believe it does, I am going to seek happiness. My life is my own, and I am placed on a par with the rest of mankind, and since every man must look to himself, I am determined to look to myself. Life is too short that we can afford to let pass by anything that leads to our own enjoyment."

Then he who next had looked in the spring said: "I agree that life is given us to enjoy, and I have learned that enjoyment comes from having what we want, and therefore wealth is the end to be sought. If the laws of nature have been so kind as to deposit gold for us in the earth, we are perfectly justified in seeking it and turning it to our own use. Wealthy old age is luxurious and respected, and my path will lead towards that goal." The third boy said: "Happiness is my desire also, but I do not see it in selfishness, and in seeking wealth there is too much care. Pleasure does not come from ourselves, but from the relation those outside of us bear to us. If others can see in us something to be desired, we can persuade them to follow us, and thus obtain power over them, and ultimately fame. Fame brings all other things to be desired. Self-satisfaction is guaranteed, and unsolicited wealth follows." The fourth boy was as thoughtful as ever, and weighed his words as he uttered them: "My studies are not yet done: my work has revealed to me a sense of happiness that gives me a desire for something further, and that is what I shall pursue. We all seek happiness, but we disagree as to what happiness is. I wish to learn the cause of things, the sources of our desires and ambitions, the goals we are to reach, and to accomplish this I find my work is but begun. I want to learn the relation I bear to my fellow men, and our interdependence, that I may render to them what I owe them, and I know if I do this, I shall have their obligations to me fulfilled. I believe the happiness each of you is after is but partial happiness. If we seek the universal the particular will follow. My place in this

world is not to fill a niche, but to be a portion of some grand gigantic machinery. If I find my place to be nothing but an unadorned connecting rod, I yet can believe that its absence would be a loss to the perfect whole."

III.

Nearly half a century had passed before I again reached that same city. Everything had changed, but the same forces were still at work, developing rather than transforming. As I walked past that same University my thoughts returned to the last scene, and I resolved to look up my old friends again. I had little trouble in finding them, for they were all well known, the personal determination of character of each making him a power in the direction whither he had turned. Gray hairs marked all of them; thought, care and anxiety had seamed all their faces, and the weight of years revealed itself in their bent backs, and in their short, slow steps. Thus far were they all alike, but as I looked more closely there was a hidden expression revealed only through their eyes,—the soul shining forth.

I visited them as they had before shown themselves to me. The first I found alone, unsurrounded by friends who found no room for themselves in the mind of that man who had room for none but himself. All knew the man and wondered at him. Respect could not be held for him who showed his lack of respect for humanity by refusing to confide in his fellow creatures. His face was unpinched, but there could be seen growing around the corners of his mouth traces of cynicism with distrust con tinually increasing.

Far different I found my second friend. Wealth surrounded him and it had brought with it a host of friends, —not the select few who form the companionship of most people, but a self-purchased host. These constantly sounded praises in his ear. His wife and family were ever employed in seeking means of inducing and controlling happiness, and yet when I saw him the happiness and respectability in his face were alloyed. He had reached what he had felt was the source of happiness, and had acquired wealth to the brim. But he had not counted that money brings care and worry. Benevolence, he believed, induced begging, and philanthropy was but misplaced soft-heartedness.

The name of my third friend was in every man's mouth. Law, politics, and scheming had raised him to a high pinnacle. People stood off, gazed at him, bowed before him, and reverently passed on. His word was an oracle, his wish the product of a genius. Every man who thought with him thought him a god; those who thought against him called him a devil. But power gave him a pedestal and he stands upon it wondered at and admired. But if care has worn the features of the others, his have paid a greater penalty. His restless eye betokens the unceasing restlessness of his mind. Fear of the loss of his power has made him suspicious of mankind, and because some have made themselves servile, forsooth, all mankind is but a commercial article worth so much—if not in money, then in favor, or a few flattering promises.

Then I looked for the last of my four friends. Him I found quietly resting after the labors of his life. The

light in his eye revealed the accomplishment of his aim. His life had been spent in pursuit of the truth and in the overthrowal of evil through teaching its fallacies and its evil consequences. His glorious old age was revered by good and evil, by the masses and by the influential.

IV.

I left the city and sought to find rest in the woods near my boyhood home I followed the same old path and soon found myself at the spring. As I gazed down to its bottom, I saw a marble hall,-- a large building, not lofty, but low and broad. Without, the marble looked cold and repellant; within was no life, and as I looked I saw the floor, the walls, and the ceiling were mirrors placed at angles and opposing one another. No companions were needed there, for one multiplied himself into a thousand beings. Then the building faded away in the quivering waters, and another appeared, this time sumptuously adorned within and without with all that could add to its richness. It was filled with men and women, furnished with costly furniture, and supplied with inexhaustible stores. And as I looked, I saw that the floors and walls and ceilings of this mansion were of gold and silver beaten into thin plates, and, as the people walked about, their feet struck the metal with a harsh clang, and the place was filled with an incessant, hollow, metallic echoing. There was no peace, no silence to be had there, for the echoes lived when all else was silent. Then the waters were troubled again, and as they stilled I saw a lofty domed structure, at once a palace with its throne and a legislative hall. It had once been filled

with mankind, all equal. Soon one man arose and called himself their leader. Many humbled themselves down before him. He mounted on their backs, and shrewdly formed them into a square. Others fell on the top of these, and he continued in his work until he had mankind a pyramid, himself the cope stone. This was his legislative assembly, this his throne. But it was a living, turbulent mass, and no one knew the hour of its possible upheaval, and the engulfing of its master. And when the spring again grew quiet, I saw a building rising high into the air, springing from a broad and vast foundation. An evergreen vine mantled it to the top. Within, all was soothing peace; colorings were exquisitely blended on the walls, and a delightful music from unseen quarters hovered through the atmosphere. The master of the palace was seated in quiet meditation, with troops of ministering spirits surrounding him. Slowly the scene faded, and the spring again took on its natural appearance.

TO SOMEBODY.

I've watched the glow of sunset fade,
  I've watched the shadows fall ;
I've watched the play of light and shade
  O'er earth and sky and all.
And know that spirit twilight nears,
  And night, to cover me,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
Whene'er I think of thee.

The lives we dream in summer days
  Are lives we ne'er can live,
For we would bask in milder rays
  Than summer suns can give.
But though the faith of youthful years
  No longer dwells in me,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
  Whene'er I think of thee.

The flower that buds may live to bloom,
  The fledgling live to sing,
A hope a life may long illume,
  And time fruition bring.
But well I know in earthly years
  Some things may never be,
Still castles bright my fancy rears
  Whene'er I think of thee.

PARTIZAN:—Here's a government issue for you. Hasn't that coin a true ring?

CAUSTIQUE:—Oh, yes! everything governmental has to have a "ring" in it.

PAT:—The deadest regiment in Canada is the Toronto Highland brigade.

SANDY:—The deil tak ye! why so?

PAT:—Bedad! They'll be *kilt entirely.*

HE:—My dear, why do you persist in pressing the potatoes into that outlandish shape through a colander?

SHE:—Why, what's the matter, darling?

HE:—It always reminds me of Luthur at the Diet of Worms.

FARMER:—Why are the taxes so heavy?

CYNICUS:—Oh, so that the Government can truthfully say its duties are onerous.

EXPERIMENT DOES IT.

If you wish to capture a bee you had better take him by the cool part of his nature, for if you don't he will probably execute a flank movement, make a few pointed remarks, and you will go away feeling that this world is a howling wilderness.

DE WITT :—I think women would make good soldiers, for they know how to "bang" hair.

DE WAGG :—Yes, and they are accustomed to face powder.

DUDEKIN :—Why, Cholly, you appeah quite exhausted! What's the mattah?

CHOLLY :—Ah, deah chappie! Yesterday I saw some ladies ahead of me, I struck an attitude, and haven't g-got over it yet.

SMOKERS :—

Thorn in the flesh——A briar in the mouth.

TWO DRUNKARDS :—

(1) A miser——always tight.

(2) A hypochondriac——full of sham-pain.

THE WIDOW'S SONS.

I knew two boys, a widow's sons,
And one they said was brave,
And yesterday we scattered flowers
Upon the hero's grave.
The notes of martial music rolled;
Bright banners waved on high;
A nation mourned and seemed to say:
How brave it is to die.

The other son, he too is dead;
His grave's a nameless spot.
He perished toil-worn and unknown,
Exhausted, overwrought.
He kept his mother's years from want,
'Twas his her tears to dry,
While o'er her hero dead she cried:
How brave it is to die.

They both are dead, the widow's sons;
We tend one's grave with care,
And yesterday I with the world
Bore brightest blossoms there.
Then turning from the pomp of woe,
A mound that through the years
Will lie neglected and undecked,
I dewed with heart-wrung tears.

From him who nobly, bravely died,
I would not rob a flower,
But over him who bravely lived,
My tears I fondly shower.
Perchance the day will come when men
To both their due will give,
I know 'tis brave to die, but ah!
I know 'tis brave to live!

VERSCHIEBUNG.

It was an eve when winds without were rough,
Thro' bars of dark cloud stared the chill pale moon,
A few dried leaves still rustled on the trees
In dull accordance with the shrill weird tune
That swelled and softened in the twilight gloom.

The fire sputtered, pale blue tongues of flame
Darted about the bars, while fierce and fast
A demon fingered still the airy flute.
The firelight on the wall strange shadows cast
Which dropped a hurried courtesy as they passed.

Anon the master of the dance appeared,
And with a beck announced a minuet;
"Grimm's Law" he hight, and here at length
The frisking shades found one they must obey—
Lo! G, as hidden, yields his place to K.

And H is in his place along the line,
And lisping labials, chattering dentals too,
Erstwhile they regularly move about.
Pleased, I watched, and thought (it proved untrue)
I could remember all I saw them do.

Methought, as madder still the music blew,
The shadows, too, the livelier measure caught,
And glided to and fro, and in and out
In strangest figures moving, and I thought
In their mad motion they old Grimm forgot.

Ever more intricate grew the mazy whirl,
My wearied senses followed it no more.
And now in groups they tript, and now ensemble,
And each time more confusedly than before,
The movement was *allegro con furore*.

The blaze dropt low, went out, and with the light
Vanished my pantomime upon the wall.
But to this day, when some unhappy chance
Th' unstable letters into mind doth call,
In wonted mad confusion whirl they all.

ETELKA.

WORDSWORTH.

O, great Bard . . . . . The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.

—COLERIDGE.

AN article on Wordsworth in this volume should need no apology. With Professor Alexander, an able and devout admirer of Wordsworth, in the Chair of Literature at University College; with Principal Grant and the poet Roberts as sponsors for the new Canadian edition of Wordsworth, issuing for school purposes; with the grateful testimony of Arnold, George Eliot, Lowell, and Coleridge on the shelves of even our village libraries, it is rather presumptuous for a humble admirer to come forward as a defender of the great Bard. And perhaps it approaches rashness when he enters the lists to try a tilt with one who has already "wined" at the Mermaid, and takes rank among the Bards of Passion and of Mirth.

One would naturally think that a poet dead forty years, whose work in the main has been before the public seventy-five years, would have an undoubted rank in his native literature. A lofty place—the fifth in the succession of great English poets—the greatest English poet of the century—has been assigned Wordsworth by men whose reputation is as far-extended as the language.

The latest voice of dissent from this verdict comes from a critic—apparently a very young critic, in one of our great metropolitan dailies, who knows

"Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme,"

who has caroled songs in the echoes of Lake Huron, and courted the muse under the sheltering shadows of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa; who, while lingering at the Mermaid Tavern, "sipping beverage divine," expresses serious doubts about the rank and quality of one of his poetic fathers. Our poet turned critic, under his initial C., after proving that *Michael* is not a poem, "there are not six lines of poetry in it," doubts Wordsworth's claims to greatness, and adds, "I should like one of his intense admirers to quote from his work enough instances of really great verse to prove their (?) admiration."

Really, Mr. C., is it possible you have not seen Arnold's collection? You appear to have heard of his well-known Essay. Symington in his two octavo volumes has a less judicious selection; Myers, in his short biography, has enough gems to prove any poet's greatness; while every school-boy knows by heart many of the specimens in such hand-books as Ward, Palgrave, Craik, and Welsh. It is really unaccountable that you have never heard of these selections made by "intense admirers." Better still, a collection has been made by a severer critic than C. of the Mermaid,—by Jeffrey in his famous "crushing review," when he crushed nothing. Of this very collection, made from only one poem, Jeffrey says: "When we look back to them and to the other

passages we have now extracted, we feel half-inclined to rescind the severe sentence we passed on the work at the beginning."

Time has rescinded Jeffrey's sentence, and to-day Wordsworth's place is acknowledged by thousands of hearts, "to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous." This may be a prosaic mission, but it is the greatest that life offers. It is life itself. And that Wordsworth really accomplished the aim of his life as he thus sets it forth—a sweet, quiet life beset with difficulties and full of encouragement to all young men, we have the testimony of such as Coleridge, Southey, Burns, Lamb, Moore, Hazlitt, Scott, DeQuincey, Carlyle, Stuart Mill, Whittier, Lowell, Shelley, Christopher North, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson. We could add many other great names to this list, and among them that of Browning who makes the accusation that "Just for a handful of silver he left us," only to be retracted later, furnishing an illustrious precedent to our poet-critic. And what fairer standard of greatness can be offered than Wordsworth's own—"to trust to the judgment of those who from all ages have been called great?"

By the suffrages of the immortals, then, Wordsworth is declared great, and nothing that Mr. C. or I can say will influence very much the republic of letters in so well-based a conclusion. The elements of his greatness may be seen in the marvellous power of his poetry: not a

single page but has its healthful, happy, gentle thought, "lifting the soul from the common sod;" hardly a page that has not contributed a phrase or sentence that has become engrafted on the language. In whatever way we define poetry,—"as the stuff that life is made of," or "thought on fire," or "a profound criticism of life," or "the protest of genius against the unreality of life," or "as simple, sensuous and passionate" writing, I believe there is sufficient to warrant us in calling almost everything Wordsworth wrote poetry. We do not claim for him perfection.—we do claim for him the rank of a man,—of a great and good man, whose verse may not have the dainty subtlety of Tennyson's nor yet the bold ruggedness of Browning's, but yet rejoices in a natural music never lacking and almost unique in poetry, whose judgment and taste sometimes fail, as all things mortal do fail; who in accurate observation and true feeling, in knowledge of the human heart and width of sympathy, in imagination and true pathos, and in interpretation of Man, Nature, and God, has not been surpassed since the days of Milton.

> "The sunrise on his breezy lakes,
> The rosy tints his sunset brought,
> World seen are gladdening all the vales
> And mountain-peaks of thought."

Without the few defects that critics have made so much of, he would approximate absolute perfection. He is accused of being "prosy" in thought and diction. His mind made much of all the details, and sometimes he is prolix, but in diction, no tawdry ornament ever disfigures his pages—nothing for effect—he has no fireworks;

he always prefers the prose (not necessarily unpoetic) order to the inverted (and falsely assumed poetic) order, which so often, as in Disraeli's and Bulwer's novels, savors of affectation.

He stands accused of being orthodox, of not being "advanced" in his ideas, of not feeling "the pulse-beat of the great humanity outside." A good deal of trash has been written on such subjects. Let us hear Wordsworth on the last:—

> "The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours;
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! . . . .
> . . . . . for everything we are out of tune;
> It moves us not."

We shall not enter into the question whether the busy, "worldly," man has a greater chance to succeed in poetry than the meditative man.

"Wordsworth," says Mr. C., "was a good, innocent soul, no doubt, but it can be seen that he was rather selfish, and too self-centred to be great." We have left his greatness in other hands, but that the poet of common life should be thus characterized is not a little surprising,—the poet who found "a tale in everything." An old huntsman delving or bereaved of his child, an idiot boy, poor Susan standing on a street of London, the mighty heart of great London itself, the torn cloak of a little girl, a faithful dog, a mourning mother, all come as grist to his mill. At one time he carols with the lark, rivalling its sweetness, or sings as he watches the green linnet; at another he bursts forth into praise of "the

wandering voice" of the cuckoo, or "tumultuous harmony and fierce" of the nightingale., The daisy, the celandine, the daffodils

> "The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

and thus add to the pleasure and power of his life, and pass on to us a glorious heritage. "He sang of love with quiet blending," and who would wish one word of those love lyrics changed? Those poems of affection alone would make the name of even a Canadian poet known throughout the British world. In all the departments of poetry he succeeded and succeeded surpassingly. "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*," is the motto of his works. And we believe no one can look even at a table of contents of Wordsworth's Poems and doubt this. But Wordsworth selfish! This is a new charge; he that was used to think

> "On man, the heart of man, and human life; whose
> . . . . daily teachers had been woods and rills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills;"

that has been called childish for writing *Alice Fell*, and maudlin on account of the *Leech-Gatherer;* that was self-centred enough to enunciate as his poetic doctrine:

> "For I have learned
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought."

If in the words of our critic, "he had in a gentle, innocent but childish way an interest in life and man's destiny," it is the interest of the child that Wordsworth himself describes,

"On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find"

upon whom custom does not lie like a heavy weight. He was innocent and childish in the sense that he had not mixed in the crowded mart nor gone in and out in the hurry-scurry "that life brings with her in her equipage," but in no other sense. And this is so evident from his poems that we need linger no longer on this part of our subject.

Mr. C. takes up *Michael*, as we have already said, and discusses it, starting with the assumption that Matthew Arnold considers it Wordsworth's greatest poem. No such thing. What Arnold does say is: "If I had to pick out poems of a kind most perfectly to show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*." If our poet-critic must swap trades, we must insist on the critic's being more careful how he reads. He believes Arnold "the most famous admirer, and without doubt the

best judge of his finest works," and reads what Arnold has never written. What assurance have we that he has read Wordsworth with more care? How do we know that Wordsworth has ever spoken to him anything but that which he wishes to hear? We fear that at best it has been but an oyster passing judgment on a man-of-war, C. has tried to lift what he thought an ant and found it an elephant.

Without going into the evident unfairness of judging a man by a single act, a poet by a single phase of thought, we express our belief that to test for quality, we should not limit ourselves in quantity. The wine-taster requires more than a sip to get the flavor. A patch of Rubens' picture of the Temptation, or a finger of the Venus hardly serves for a just estimate of the artist.

If poetry not only displays art, but conceals philosophy, conveying the profoundest moral lessons in the most artistic shape, viewing Man, Nature and God, then *Michael* is a poem, and I can conceive of no definition of poetry that excludes it. Wherever the poet finds truth noble and affecting, he has the material for poetry.

> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' that is all
> Ye know on earth and all ye need to know."

It may not be "advanced," it may be orthodox, and yet not deserve a sneer. If the truth concerns a shepherd or a gardener, yes, or even a "Civil Servant,"—and Wordsworth knew not of such aristocratic clay,—he is still a man, and as such has a claim on the poet's sympathies. And it was our poet's belief, that in the lowly class is found the whole range of the pathetic, the tragic, the heroic, the beautiful, and the true.

Now, *Michael* is simply a concrete illustration of this. There may be a resemblance to our old Bible stories, but I believe that is fanciful rather than real. It does not matter. It is in this sense a democratic poem—a poem of the people, a clear cut gem with its sides still rough, a model of Greek art in proportion and clear outline. Let us hear Professor Alexander (I am unfair to him, for I quote disjointed class notes): "*Michael* is in marked contrast to Pope's *Pastorals*. The language is very simple and the picture real, and throughout Wordsworth shows true insight into human nature. There is no majestic roll in the poem, but at times the rhythm is beautiful. He makes touching observation of the small workings of the human heart, and shows art in not making those touching passages long and painful. It is the most successful of his poems on outward incidents." Dean Church says: "He saw greatness, the greatness of the human affections and of the primary elements of human character in the fortunes and sufferings of Michael." Sir T. N. Talfourd believes: "His rural pictures are as fresh and lively as those of Cowper, yet how much livelier is the poetic light which is shed over them. His exhibition of peculiarities of character and clear immunities of heart is as true and genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths."

We hope now that we have stated grounds on which this poem "may be called . . . . . even passably beautiful." The "beautiful and befitting simplicity of diction," the unobtrusive rhythm, the tone—the setting of the

whole poem, the simple yet deep humanity, has endeared *Michael* to a large circle of readers, that will jealously guard its reputation. *Michael* not a poem! Then add neither is Tennyson's *Dora*, nor are Shakespeare's plays, for the former and large slices of the latter, can be dished up in prose form with an iambic movement added, just as our critic serves us with a "chunk" of Michael. As we have already said, there is nothing unpoetic in the prose order.

But our space fails us. We are sorry that an abler pen has not engaged in this labor of love. We have been trying to bring down large game and we fear we are not a good marksman, nor a well-equipped. Before we leave the subject, a passage of our poet comes up and seems so very apposite as an admonition that we believe that Mr. C. will pardon our quoting it. Of course while "there is diffuseness, there is moralizing, (at the same time) there is a touch of nature:"

> "Stranger! henceforth be warned and know that pride,
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing hath faculties
> Which he has never used; that thought with him
> Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
> Is ever on himself doth look on one,
> The least of nature's works, one who might move
> The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
> Unlawful ever. Oh, be wiser thou!"

To know Wordsworth, one must enter into his spirit, and we believe our poet-critic may now read Wordsworth more carefully. We shall always agree with him that

Wordsworth sometimes nods—it is a way mortality has—but we believe he will find that in English purity of thought and diction, in philosophic grasp, in "consoling power," in far-reaching sympathy, in natural (and effective) pathos, in imagination, and, above all, in the peculiar gift of seeing things as they are, in approximating expression to the reality, a greater has not appeared in the century. And when to his other gifts, our poet-critic has added some of the Wordsworthian traits, and can fully profit by all the rich stores of our great Bard, perhaps it will be from our young Canadian literature, that the next name may be added

"On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled,"

among the immortals in the great succession of British poets.

SIR DANIEL WILSON.

SINCE we entered college four brief years ago, many men who held distinguished places in the fields of learning have laid aside their academic robes and passed to the great unknown.

Among them, there is none who held a position of greater dignity and honor than the late President of Toronto University, Sir Daniel Wilson. It is a position which of itself sheds lustre on the holder of it, for it seeks the scholar and the great man and is not, we hope, one to be occupied merely through the force of circumstance. Let us rather think that to be President means to be, not differently constituted from the common run of educated men, but in a different degree endowed with intellect and soul.

If, then, there was something in Sir Daniel which distinguishes a noble personage from an ignoble, if there was some tone of the "eternal melodies" in his soul, if he had the power of "seeing" where common men see not, as Carlyle uses these terms, if, in short, he was a veritable *vates*, then his life would always be for us an interesting one to study, and an inspiring one to contemplate.

Without, however, attempting to give even a brief sketch of his life, let us look at one or two of the most interesting points in his career. At the age of twenty-one, he set out for London, like many a noted man before

him, to make his way in the world. Here he engaged in literary and other work for a few years, when he returned to his native Edinburgh, and gave himself up entirely to literature and research. He contributed articles to magazine after magazine, and to the then eighth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. From early life he displayed the two great scholastic loves which possessed him—his love for the study of English literature and his love for the study of antiquity. "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," published in 1847, and illustrated by himself, for he was a skilful sketcher, was his first publication. Next came his "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate," an exposure of the erroneous judgments on Cromwell of ignorant historians and critics. In 1851 appeared his "Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," again illustrated by his own hand. Hallam pronounced this work to be "the most scientific treatment of the archæological evidences of primitive history which had ever been written." It is interesting to note, too, that this judgment was said to be the immediate occasion of Sir Daniel's appointment to the chair of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto, in 1853. At this date he gave up all his old professional and social ties and embarked for another land, the one of his adoption. What is considered his greatest and most matured work, appeared in 1862, his "Prehistoric Man," containing the results of his researches in archæology and ethnology, both in this hemisphere and in the other. Some of his other publications are, "Spring Wild Flowers;" a collection of juvenile poems; "Chatterton," a biographical study, 1869; "Caliban, or the Missing

Link," 1873; "Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh," 1878; "Anthropology," 1885; "William Nelson," a memoir, 1890, and "Right Hand, Left Handedness," 1892. In 1881, on the death of Dr. McCaul, he was raised to the Presidency.

One of the most remarkable things in Sir Daniel's life was his wonderful activity. The publications of his pen, and the philanthropic, literary and other labors he was engaged in, besides his regular duties in the university and college, are sufficient evidences of it.

That little verse on the title page of the Song Book, how fiitting it is:

> "Nor can the snow that age can shed
> Upon thy reverend head
> Quell or allay the noble fire within,
> But all that youth can be thou art."

As a scholar and scientist, his services were amply recognized by various learned societies, both in the mother country and in foreign lands. His love for the study of ancient history and literature seemed to be intense. He was a lover of the classics, and thought the study of Greek and Latin authors the proper basis of a liberal education. Holding this view, he naturally enough did not give very great encouragement to the pursuit of modern languages and literatures other, of course, than English.

Though a native of another hemisphere, he threw himself heartily into the life of this country and of the University of Toronto especially, and has, we think, conscientiously labored in the interest of the institution of which we are proud to be graduates.

Personally, we all had the greatest respect for the venerable President, and showed it, except, to the shame of some of us, on public occasions. The several times we were entertained at his house, we were made to feel his genuine hospitality and the kindliness of his heart. We shall not soon forget the quick step of the old man, his spare figure, his restless eye, and the tone of his undulating voice.

In after years, at the mention of "Imperial Rome," "the cultured Greeks," "the rude barbarians," "the dawn of civilization," and, may I add with all reverence "hence accordingly," scenes of other and perhaps happier days will rise before us, and for a passing moment we will see the aged form, yet still erect, lecturing to us as of yore.

Let this unworthy tribute be closed with a selection, a magnificent selection of polished English, a very characteristic one, taken from that happy speech on the Commencement Day of 1891.

Turning to the students he speaks:

"Your opportunities are exceptionally great. We seem to be at the near close of one great cycle of the intellectual life of the English race, and as we watch with eager expectancy for the promise of the new dawn, every environment is calculated to stimulate the rising generation to noble aspirations and unflagging zeal. Once before, in the grand era of the Reformation, under another great Queen, the brilliant Elizabethan age shows forth in unparalleled splendor, with its poetic idealist Spencer turning back wistfully to the age of chivalry and romance, and its Shakespeare—grandest of realists—mastering the supreme compass of humanity for all time. Once

again, under wise and noble queenly rule, we have witnessed an outburst of genius, in many respects recalling that of the Elizabethan age. But it, too, draws to its close. Of its eminent historians and philosophers, some of the foremost have already passed away. Its most distinguished men of science are among the honored dead.

"Browning now mingles his dust with the elder chiefs of song in the poets' corner of the great abbey, and there, too, a fitting place has been found for the memorial bust of New England's graceful lyrical poet, Longfellow.

"In the preparations already in progress for the fitting commemoration of a grander cycle completing the revolving centuries since Columbus—400 years ago—braved the mysterious terrors of ocean, and revealed to Europe another world, the poet laureate has been invited to pen the ode that shall voice America's celebration of her new birth.

"But the veteran poet pleads the privilege of age. He has laid aside his singing robes. His lyre is unstrung. It seems, in all ways, as if another great era had run its course, and

> 'As in a theatre the eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,'

so we, not idly, but in anxious expectancy, watch for the promise of the new dawn."

SILENCE.

Toiling through ruined Temple-halls, where Time
Had dwelt with Havoc, eager searchers found,
With shattered idols that bestrewed the ground,
An image, strange of lineaments, sublime—
No god was he of rapine or of crime;
With ample brows his brooding face was crowned,
But lips and eyes were curiously bound
With golden circlets hoar with ageless grime.
One who was skilled in runes the gravings read,
And learned the wondrous image was the god
Of Endless Silence. The searchers mutely bowed,
And mourned that faith so lofty should be dead;
And I their prone idolatry applaud,
When strife and tumult in my paths are loud.

"ON TIPTOE FOR A FLIGHT."

FOR most of us our college days are ended. For four years our Alma Mater has sheltered her brood under her covering wings, and diligently crammed their gaping throats with her choicest morsels, ancient and modern, and now, having borne her fledgelings aloft on her spreading pinions, she gently tosses them into space, as the eagle does her eaglets, that they may learn the strength of their own untried wings. To the after fate of her charge, too, she shows something of the royal bird's regal indifference. Having once fairly launched them on the world, she wastes no anxious thought upon their future weal or woe, but turns her undivided care upon the new brood within the nest. Henceforth the fledgelings must look out upon the world from eyries self-built, at a greater or less altitude from the earth's surface, and wage their war against the ills of life with only hard experience as a guide, that stern teacher who disdains to lead, and often makes her presence felt only by the singing of her lash.

Behold us, then, once more freshmen, with all a freshman's advantages and disadvantages. With a bound we seem to have regained something of the enthusiasm and supreme self-confidence first known in all its glory four years ago. For some of us the glory has been dimmed by our long struggle with rigorous facts, which refused to bend even to the force of genius, and with near-

sighted examiners, those natural enemies to aspiring youth, who obstinately nipped the tender buds of originality, and doggedly insisted on the adoption of their own standards on all momentous questions. Perhaps we have sometimes been sharply conscious of falling below our early standards, and have probably tasted, at intervals, the bitterness of self-disappointment. Perhaps we have looked upon great men and found them not great. Perhaps we have learned to suspect that lofty place is not incompatible with earthly motives. We may have been dimly conscious of enmity, open or covert, and of diverse interest where, in our ignorance, we looked for united effort in a noble cause. If given to ideals, we may have awakened some morning to find our Dagon prone upon his face in his temple, a mutilated stone. Perhaps we have lost some of our early faith in the magic power for culture of a four years' sojourn in the halls of learning, and have begun to realize that culture is not for all, but is the outcome of an innate capacity for receiving it, and that, where such a capacity is lacking, culture is impossible, just as no amount of friction could impart polish to a diamond, had not the diamond a natural gift for being polished. At all events, we had come to look, with the compassionate loftiness of seniority upon the incoming young enthusiasts, who seemed to think, poor things, that *they* could accomplish something—were probably born to set all things right. Perhaps we aided in their disillusion.

But now, the situation has changed. Our college life lies, a closed door, behind us, while the world stretches wide with its untried paths before us. Expectation

without regret; hope undimmed by failure. If in the past our accomplishments have sometimes fallen short of our intentions; if examiners have occasionally proved too much for us, and Babylon has not always been taken on the first assault, those inconvenient facts now lie safely hidden in the depths of the Registrar's records and in forgotten class lists, which no prying eyes are likely to investigate, while we can soothe our pained inner consciousness with the reflection that Babylon was finally taken, and we did at last surmount all the obstacles persistently placed in the path of our aspiration. And as for the broken idols—well, after all, what is any man's life to you or me, who have to walk our own paths and work out our own salvation, regardless of all the success or failure in the world? Supposing we have looked for perfection and found human frailty, what then? Does that argue the non-existence of the ideal, or simply that we have mistaken its location? Let us banish our fallen gods gently from Olympus, accept them pitifully as struggling fellow mortals, and turn to seek a changeless ideal beyond the stars. But we cannot attain such an ideal? Certainly not; an ideal never ought to be attained. If we make the stars our mark, we shall not hit them, but we shall probably strike higher than if we merely aimed at the tree-tops.

But since all history, whether of individuals or of nations, is development and not a succession of isolated facts, we must expect to find our future closely threaded with our past. The closed chapter of our life, though only introductory, is yet of vital importance in the development of the plot. Our choice is still free—within

certain limits. The youth who rashly abandoned his neat calculations regarding the relation of a certain expenditure of energy to the depth of a furrow, and of the depth of a furrow to the weight of an ear of grain, for a broader and more scientific investigation of nature's laws, may have awakened to a consciousness of having broken a most stringent one, and now be looking back regretfully to his plough and thresher to find his place there filled by a younger scion of the house, and his services no longer required. Or that other son of Alma Mater, who unfortunately misinterpreted his quickness for casting accounts, as a genius for the higher mathematics, may be detained from devoting himself anew to the desk only by the chilling reflection that they do not take office boys over eighteen. Or some other young hopeful, who entered the thorny path of learning with the impression that a smattering of Greek and Latin was a gentlemanly sort of acquirement, calculated to increase the market value of the possessor, and assure to him a sufficient income for the gentlemanly support of the Greek and Latin, may now be marvelling at the world's short-sightedness and lack of taste in refusing to turn the light of its countenance on such very desirable accomplishments. Such miscalculations are only too common and are fatal to the after success of the unfortunate youth who makes them. Too often a laudable but unwise ambition has changed a good plough-boy into a poor scholar, and turned his feet into paths for which nature never intended him, and where his failure is a foregone conclusion. But if there are many such, let us hope there are also many of a different class, many whose

choice runs parallel with nature's law; who, having breathed the rarer air of Parnassus, now stand fronting the world's battle-field with a wider horizon, a clearer vision, nerves and sinews more strongly braced for the struggle; who find mind and will at one in the work before them. There may be a chosen few with foot already firmly planted on the lowest round of the ladder which leads to the proud position of those who guide the world's thought or rule the destinies of nations.

But, yet, let us remember, for the comfort of many of us, that, while success in a profession may mean the position attained, or the money made out of it, success in life is a very different thing and lies within the reach of all. It means a living out of the best that is in us, a crushing down of the ignoble Old Adam, with a growing conformity to the perfect pattern given us in the New. The humblest roof may shelter, and the plainest food nourish, a most successful life. It is something to be striven after. When feeling most hardly bound by conditions, and shrinking most painfully under the iron hand of destiny, let the free untrammelled self within us stand forth most boldly and assert its freedom. Fate has decided the place I must fill? Perhaps; but fate cannot rule *how* I shall fill it. That must depend only on myself. And let no one think his success or failure a matter of indifference, or one that concerns himself alone. He cannot say, "This I shall do, and the consequence be on my own head." The world is not made in that way. Humanity is not a collection of independent units, but a whole so intricately woven that no part can be lost or injured without detriment to the rest. No

man yet suffered alone the penalty of his own sin, nor enjoyed alone the outcome of his own righteous act. May we then feel most strongly our duty to do with our might what our hand finds to do, not knowing how many lives we assist in our climbing or drag down in our fall.

One word more. Let us not strive too ardently after the original, nor despise too deeply the commonplace. For what is the commonplace but truth, which has stood a universal test and been universally accepted? While the original – its owner will do well to look askance at his original idea. Let him weigh it according to the standard of common sense, and test it by all the laws of logic before accepting it. If it stands the trial let him still make sure that it is original. Men have been thinking for at least six thousand years, probably much longer, for the power of thought in the lower animals has never yet been gauged, and therefore a man would do well to think deeply before claiming an insight into truth which was lacking to all his predecessors. After all, sound common sense and good judgment are the basis of most of the great things of the world, and without them the brightest intellect and most finished scholarship can accomplish little.

George Austin Badgerow

DIED FEBRUARY 18TH, 1891

Hubert Hugh Ford Black

DIED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1891

Susan M. Smith

DIED OCTOBER 19TH, 1891

CLASS OF '92.

ADDISON, William Lockwood Thornton, Aurora, Ont.
ANNIS, Mary, Woodville, Ont.
BARKER, Robert, Kent, London, Ont.
BELL, Frederick Henry, Oxley, Ont.
BETHUNE, Charles James Rattray, Toronto, 120 Huron St.
BISHOP, C. P., Beachville, Ont
BORLAND, James Hugh Morton, Knox College.
BROWN, Delmer Case, Athens.
BROWN, Fred. Clement, Toronto, 308 Wellesley St.
BROWN, H. W., Niagara Falls South
BUNTING, William Henry, Toronto, 25 Queen's Park.
BURNETT, John, Salem.
CAMERON, Aldis W., Lake View, Ont.
CAMERON, John Calvin, Thamesford.
CARSWELL, J., Toronto, 114 Dowling Ave.
CARSTAIRS, John Stewart, Iroquois.
CHAMBERS, Arthur D., Toronto, 15 Ann St.
CLARK, Joseph Campbell, Georgetown,
CLIMIE, Jessie, Listowel.
CLUTTON, William, Aylmer (West), Ont.
COLEMAN, Theobald, Seaforth, Ont.
COLEMAN, W. W., Leeley's Bay, Ont.
COOMBES, Albert Ernest, Carrville. Ont.
COOPER, John A., Clinton, Ont.
CORNYN, J. H., Wingham, Ont.
COULTARD, W. D., Picton, Ont.
CRAIG, Miss M., North Toronto, 81 Summerhill Ave.
CRAIG, A., McMaster Hall, Toronto.
DAVIS, Franklin David, Aylmer (West), Ont.
DUNCAN, Robert Kennedy, Toronto, 26 Tranby Av.

EDGAR, Oscar Pelham, Toronto, 113 Bloor St. West.
ELLIOT, George, Morewood.
EVANS, Fraser James, Georgetown.
FROST, F. H., Belleville, Ont.
GARDEN, Alfred Sevary, Gibson, York Co.
GARVIN, Joseph Lemon, Midhurst, Ont.
GERRIE, George, Fergus.
GOVENLOCK, William M., Seaforth.
GRAHAM, John Wellington, Strathroy, Ont.
GREEN, Laura L., Ridgetown, Ont.
HAMILTON, Ezra, Goodwood, Ont.
HARE, Zella Ursula Beatrice, Toronto, 20 Carlton Av.
HAUGHTON, Edward John, Springfield, Manitoba.
HEAD, George Richard Nevison, Guelph.
HILLOCK, Julia Sim, Toronto, 25 Wilton Crescent.
HOAG, J. P., Aylmer.
HOOPER, Ralph E., Toronto, 106 St. Patrick.
HOWELL, Herbert Allan, Jarvis, Ont.
HULL, Gordon Ferrie, Garnet, Ont.
HUME, Wallace C., Aylmer, Ont,
HUSTON, Richard Merrick, Stratford, Ont.
IDINGTON, Miss F. C., Stratford.
INGALL, Elmer E., Elora, Ont.
KERNS, Frederick Arthur, Burlington, Ont.
KIDD, J. C., Prospect, Ont.
KNOX, Robert Hunter, St. Marys, Ont.
LAFFERTY, Antoine Louis, Windsor, Ont.
LAMONT, John Henderson, Orangeville, Ont.
LEA, Arthur, St. Thomas, Ont.
LITTLE, Gilbert Carter, Guelph, Palmer St.
LOCKHART, J., Walmer, Ont.
LOGIE, William, Toronto, 123 Robert St.
MCCLIVE, Hugh Walter, St. Catharines.
MCCOLL, Duncan P., Wallacetown.
MCCRAE, John, Guelph, Box 200, Ont.
MCCRANEY, George Ewan, Collingwood, Ont.
MCDONALD, George Leslie, Woodstock, Ont.

McDONALD, William, Galt, Ont.
MacGILLIVRAY, John Farquhar, Ottawa.
McINTOSH, John William, Toronto, 17 Ketchum Av.
MACKAY, Edward Woodford, Knox College.
MACKENZIE, Mary Ard, 114 Avenue Road, Toronto.
McLAUGHLIN, Arthur Edward, Bowmanville, Ont.
McLEAN, James A., Mayfair.
McLENNAN, John Cunningham, Stratford.
McMAHON, F. H., University College, Toronto.
McMURCHY, John A., Garnet.
McMURCHY, J. C., Toronto, 254 Sherbourne St.
McQUEEN, William, Brucefield, Ont.
McTAGGART, Wellington O., Chesehurst.
MACDONALD, Louis Joseph Aurèle, Toronto, 18 Washington Ave.
MAGEE, Frederick Arthur, 123 Cooper St., Ottawa.
MARTIN, Harriet Louisa, 157 Sherbourne St., Toronto.
MERRILL, Edward Belden, Picton, Ont.
MERRILL, Bert Ward, Hartford, Ont.
MICKLE, Sara, Queen's Park.
MITCHELL, Jessie, Elora, Ont.
MORRISON, J. D., Shanty Bay, Ont.
MITCHELL, R. A., Elora, Ont.
MULLIN, Alexander, Toronto, 116 Denison Av.
MURRAY, John McEwan, Deer Park, Ont
MURRAY, Thomas, Rodgerville P.O., Ont.
NIE, Randolph F., 307 Seaton St., Toronto.
NORMAN, L., Parkdale.
ODELL, John Wm., Orono.
O'HARA, John, Uxbridge.
PACKENHAM, William, Peterboro', Ont.
PARKS, William Arthur, Bowmanville, Ont.
PAYNE, John Charles, Cayuga.
PERCY, W. S., Stouffville, Ont.
PRESTON, Thomas, Hornby, Ont.
PERRIN, Findley E., London, Ont.
RATZ, John H., Elmira.
REID, Thomas Emerson, Orangeville.

ROBB, P., University College, Toronto.
ROGERS, Ella, Toronto, 107 Avenue Road.
ROSS, Andrew S., Grafton, Ont.
ROSS, Charlotte, 17 Winchester St., Toronto.
ROSS, Clarissa Alexandrina, Windsor.
ROSS, Duncan Campbell, 101 Gloucester Street.
ROYCE, Allan Henry, Davenport, Ont.
RYKERT, Arthur Frederick, St. Catharines, Ont.
SHAW, William James, Toronto, 884 Yonge St.
SHIEL, Advid, University College.
SHIPLEY, Frederick W., Cheltenham.
SINCLAIR, Victor A., Tilsonburg.
SKEELE, James Eton, Richmond Hill.
SMALE, Frederick J., Lindsay.
STANBURY, R. B., Bayfield, Ont.
STANLEY, Thomas Edwin Adelbert, Granton, Ont.
TENNANT, John Hunter, 218 Dovercourt Road.
THOMSON, David, Orillia, Ont. (Drawer 28.)
TUFTS, ——, Kirkton, Ont.
TUCKER, George Lawrence, Toronto, 61 Henry St.
VINING, Jared, London, 596 Princess Avenue.
WATSON, Thomas A , Pine Grove.
WALES, Henry Iva, Markham, Ont.
WHEATON, John William, Thorndale.
WICKHAM, Miss W., Kincardine, Ont.
WILSON, Henry Ernest, Smith's Falls.
WOOD, Samuel Casey, 97 Avenue Road, Toronto.