



UNIVERSITY

OF

TORONTO

JUNE 10, 1885

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Ballade of Commencement Day	W. J. Healy 277	Through the Leaves	W. H. B. 283
The French of Canada	N. O. 277	College Days	G. Gordon 283
Opportunity	C. 278	Drummond's Natural Law	W. H. B. 284
Life by a Mill pond	A. Stevenson 278	In Oxford	J. C. 285
The City Beautiful	A. E. W. 279	Nova Scotia's New University	Charles Hazlett Cahon 285
Notes on American Universities	Wm. Houston 280	Our Paris Letter	R. Balmer, B.A. 286
The Premium on Specialization	R. Haldow 281	Editorial Notes	287
Evening Star	W. J. H. 282	Graduating Class of 1885	288
"' Copy, ' P' ease Sir."	Arnold Haultain 282		

GEO. ROGERS,

IMPORTER OF

FINE GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts made to order.

346 YONGE STREET, COR. ELM.

Special Discounts to Students.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND

THE ARCADE

Pool and Billiard Hall,

Yonge St., Op. Temperance

14 Pool & Billiard Tables with all the latest improvements.

THE HANDSOMEST PARLORS IN CANADA.

Choice lines in Temperance drinks. Johnston's Fluid Beef on draught.

TURNBULL SMITH, Proprietor.

HARRY A. COLLINS,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

General House Furnishings.

Pen, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Electro-Plated Ware, Students' Lamps, &c.

90 YONGE STREET.

Go to COKE'S for TOBACCOS, CIGARS, &c.

First-Class Hair Dressing.

446 YONGE STREET, NEXT DOOR TO AVENUE HOTEL.

Call Telephone No. 3091.

FISHER'S EXPRESS LINE.

539 YONGE STREET.

Baggage Collected and Delivered at Colleges, Railway Stations, AND IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

Checks given for baggage to stations. Telephone communication with all parts of city

JOHN MACDONALD & CO., IMPORTERS,

21, 23, 25, 27 Front Street
28, 30, 32, 34 Wellington St. TORONTO.

AND 21 MAJOR STREET, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Indian Chief Tobacco and Cigar Store

396 YONGE STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1869

Choice Havana Cigars and Pace's Celebrated Virginia Tobaccos of the finest brands always in stock.

Students and their friends who love the weed will be liberally and courteously treated.

SPRING HATS.

Latest "West End" Styles

—FROM—

Christy's, Lincoln, Bennett and Woodrow's.

WRIGHT & CO.

LATE COLEMAN & CO.,

55 KING STREET EAST.

JOHN MELLON

Ten Per Cent. Discount to Students in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Gents' Boots made in latest styles and at lowest prices.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

JOHN MELLON

308 SPADINA AVENUE

Only ten minutes' walk from University.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY

695 YONGE STREET.

All kinds of Laundry Work Well and Promptly executed.

H. D. PALSER,

Proprietor.

Parcels sent for and delivered to any part of the city.

THE DOMINION BOOK STORE

SUTHERLAND'S,

286 and 288 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

Is the place to buy, sell, or exchange your books of all kinds.

The Great Second Hand Book Depot.

STUDENTS' BOOKS A SPECIALITY.

Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

CAER HOWELL HOTEL

COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.

HENRY ANETT LAYTON,

Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

GEO. HARCOURT & SON,

Merchant Tailors & Robe Makers

43 King Street East, Toronto.

JOHN BRIMER,

MERCHANT TAILOR

210 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. V.

TORONTO, June 10, 1885.

No. 25.

A BALLADE OF COMMENCEMENT DAY.

TO-DAY the maiden Spring doth smile again,
After her tears; to-day the roses blow
All glistening from a sun-lit fall of rain,
As eke the crocuses in flaming
And violets, and lilies white as snow,
And all the sweet spring flowers of beauty rare;
But there be other flowers of grace, I trow,
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

Now to the Hall their way they all have ta'en;
And cap and gown in due procession go,
And chant a mystic chant, with weird refrain,
And blare of trumpets. Ceremonies slow
There are, with pomp and solemn state enow:
Thereafter doth McKim, with gentle care,
Bestow the 'swansdown' tenderly,—and lo!
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair!

A day in leafy June, and one is fain
To watch the sunbeams playing to and fro,
Thro' the tall elms! From which, as his domain
Ancestral, undisturbed, the aged crow
Peers sagely down upon the folk below,
The murmuring lawns, and all the gladness there,—
The happy faces, and the voices low,
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

ENVOY.

Prince, take heed of the blinded boy, with bow,
And fluttering darts to smite thee! Prince, beware;
His darts are glances from their eyes, I trow;
The sweet girl graduates with their golden hair.

W. J. HEALY.

THE FRENCH OF CANADA.

EVERY reader of Canadian history is familiar with the facts concerning the early settlement of New France, and with the history of its colonists till the date of the British conquest. From that time onward they have gradually sunk below the horizon, until to-day little more is known of them, their daily life, their aspirations and their prospects, by most residents of Ontario and others who have not come into immediate contact with them, than of their brethren in Normandy.

It is true there are certain vague impressions abroad regarding them, and these mainly to the effect that the French element is being gradually assimilated to the British; and that in a few decades, or a century at most, the French will have become one with those of British extraction in their language, their sympathies and their aims. But how erroneous such conceptions are must be evident to every one who takes the trouble to place himself in possession of the facts by a few weeks' intercourse with the *habitants* as we find them in their own homes.

The French population of the Province of Quebec alone is placed at nearly one million. These and about one hundred thousand in Eastern Ontario form one great colony, and it is of this colony I wish to treat here. To what extent assimilation of the French element may have proceeded, or may be actually in progress in the smaller colonies of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward, and in the small and sparse colonies of the United States, varying in extent from a few families to twelve or

fifteen thousand souls, I cannot say; but Quebec was certainly never more worthy of the name of New France than it is to-day, and the assimilation, where there has been assimilation, had undoubtedly proceeded in the opposite direction. In all rural districts where the two nationalities have come into contact, the English has been forced to become one with the French or retire before it. Many a parish may be pointed out where a single Frenchman could hardly be found fifteen or twenty years ago, but whose inhabitants to-day are almost without exception French. The well-known Eastern Townships are being gradually depopulated of their English colonists as the *habitants* close in upon them. The French, in short, are, as they themselves explicitly state it, reconquering Canada*; and however thoughtlessly the average English-Canadian may dismiss the subject, there is scarcely a doubt that the great political question of the future, not for Canadians only, but for Americans at large, will be the destiny of the French race in America. Even now they hold the balance of power in Canadian politics; and at their extraordinary rate of increase numerically, their influence must in a few years be supreme. Of all the European races represented in America they are the most prolific. One needs not seek far for families of fourteen, sixteen and eighteen; in rare instances, indeed, the twenties will barely suffice to number noses, and the parents of such families are regarded as the greatest benefactors of their church and of their Province, providing only that the children are carefully kept in the faith and traditions of their fathers and do not learn to love the English tongue or aught else English.

Frenchmen as a rule recognize little in other nationalities to be desired. With their conception of honor, personal and national, any such recognition would be almost treasonable; therefore when they find themselves in a foreign land, surrounded by other than French influence, which they feel themselves powerless to overcome, they naturally enough become most exclusive and conservative, when their best interests demands a liberalism which regards not nationality or tongue or creed in those with whom their lot is cast.

The French of Quebec strikingly illustrate this. Though they are British subjects by birth and have lived their whole lives under British rule and beyond the immediate influence of France, they are still most decidedly French in their sympathies; and in the event of trouble again arising between France and England it is not hard to guess on which side the French leaders in Canada would range themselves.

They freely admit that they enjoy the utmost liberty under British rule; but they would regard it as a personal insult to be called Englishmen. France is still *la Patrie*, and will continue to be such as long as they preserve their language and the associations which are inseparable from that language, as jealously as they have done in the past. When the French of Canada can call the English their mother-tongue we may expect them to have lost their French sympathies, but not a day before.

It is difficult to estimate or realize in any adequate measure the influence of the mother-tongue in the development of individual and national characteristics. Language is not a something exterior to ourselves—a mantle which we can throw off or exchange for another, if need be, without suffering change in our own inner being. Our mother-tongue is as much a constituent part of our-

* The old Quebec law, by which the entire real estate in rural parishes, irrespective of the creed of the owner, has been taxed to defray the building expenses of a costly church edifice, so soon as the number of Roman Catholics in the parish made such a building necessary or desirable, has undoubtedly done much to drive out the English Protestants, for no one but a Catholic of the strongest faith would submit to the exaction of taxes amounting to a respectable rent on the property, when it is possible to shake off the burden and move elsewhere. The rural churches of Quebec, it is needless to add, are exceptionally costly structures.

selves as our very blood. Each word, as we appropriate it, with its host of associations which are ever after inseparable from it, and by virtue of which alone the word-sign forms a real part of language, plays its part in the formation of our character; and every thought, every prejudice, every feeling bears the mark of the language which is the medium of its expression. The man is as little independent of the language, as the language is of the man. It would seem almost impossible that a nation should be one in sympathies without being first one in language; and some European states are not slow to recognize the fact, though England has not. In the case of Alsace and Lorraine, Germany has been making every effort to root out the French language by substituting German as the language of the schools, colleges, courts, etc.; and results thus far show that it will be the work of but a generation or two to germanize these provinces pretty thoroughly.

It is now too late to think of anglicizing the French of Quebec; but at the time of the British conquest England might easily have exercised her right to insist upon the employment of English as the official language of the province. Such a measure would certainly have been harsh. Of all a man may call his own, nothing can be more sacred than the language he has received from his fathers, and it seems like tyranny of the most terrible kind for any power to step in and say his children shall not have it; for it is little short of declaring that his children shall be his no longer. Still, if two nationalities are to become one, this seems to be the inevitable starting point; and in most cases, after all, it is not an unmixed evil, for though the generation living at the time of the conquest is unquestionably wronged, it is frequently the greatest blessing that could befall the generations which follow. Fortunate indeed would it have been for Quebec if English influence had had perfect sway since the province came nominally under British rule.

During the past hundred years little real progress has been made. The ordinary habitant is poor, easily led, ignorant and superstitious, and will remain so until he frees himself from his extreme exclusiveness and superstition. His methods of tilling the soil are, to a resident of Ontario, extremely primitive. The residents of the towns are on the whole more advanced, but the commercial interests are nevertheless mainly in the hands of men of British extraction. In order to success in commerce their geographical position renders it necessary that the citizens of Quebec should employ the English language; and so long as they have not sufficient enterprise to let language and nationality fall if need be in the race they must expect to be far out-stripped.

Under present influences the power of the French of Quebec will continue to increase because their number is increasing; and the time may not be far distant when they must become an independent State. This at least seems to be the most probable and practicable solution of the question, and for the well-being of Ontario and the other English provinces the most desirable one also.

N. O.

OPPORTUNITY.

A translation from the Modern Greek of Christopoulos, who has been styled the Modern Anacreon.

CLIMBING a hill, my love and I
Met Cupid fluttering, smiling sly;
Upward we went, my love and I,
And with us Opportunity.
But the rugged hill was high,
Tired my love, and weary I;
Cupid ever presses on,
And hurries Opportunity

Stay, I cry, O Cupid, stay!
Cupid, flee not thus away,
Answer none he made me; only
Fled with Opportunity.
Then I look, and see him flying
With his wings his passage buying,
See my love so weary lying—
But nowhere Opportunity.

"Whither fly ye, friends?" I cry,
"Why such haste, and whither? Why?
See my love so tired lie
Whither, Opportunity?"

Then did Cupid turn to me,
Saying slyly, craftily,
"Know that Cupid's ever wont
To fly with Opportunity!"

C.

LIFE BY A MILL-POND.

It has always seemed to me that boys who have grown up far from running streams or bodies of water have missed half the possible joys of life. The old mill-pond was to me in my boyhood days a source of ever-varying delight. It stretched for about half a mile along the foot of the slope upon which my home stood. But the dam at one end and the stream at the other seemed to me then to be in two distant foreign lands, between which lay the fertile fields and the spring-green valley of my own native country.

Before my companions and myself were old enough to be trusted to play alone near the pond, it was a place of wondrous mystery to us. What creatures might not haunt its unmeasurable depths? There must be very big fish there, longer than our arm! It was more than likely there were snakes there too, and we even had heard of big boys who had seen them.

Though, when we were yet very small, we might not go fishing or swimming in the pond as the big boys and men did, there was the little creek which ran into it near by, in which we paddled up and down with bare feet and trousers rolled up above our knees all the long summer day. Here we were safe from the tragic fate that was sure to befall little boys who went near the mill pond. Yet even in this creek we were careful to avoid the neighborhood of certain large stones under which huge crabs were said to lurk,—creatures which we were sure lived on boys' toes and other such dainty morsels as they could snap off with their sharp pincers.

But when the years had passed by, and we were permitted, after much cautioning, first to fish and soon afterwards to swim in the pond itself, then indeed it was that life began in earnest for us. In that part of the country the various good places for fishing or swimming were called "holes," and each hole had its particular designation. Near by was the boys' swimming hole, and an excellent place it was for bathing, for the bottom was of hard sand and fine gravel. There was, moreover, a natural "diving log," being the bare trunk of a moderate-sized tree which had fallen athwart the stream but was yet firmly rooted in the bank. Farther down the pond, where the water was much deeper, was the men's swimming hole; but as they only had the top of a stranded stump to dive from, and as they could by no means wade out to it, but must needs swim, we considered ours as very much the best place, as indeed it was for us.

Besides these swimming holes, there were fishing holes, which were designated according to some peculiar feature of the locality, or according to the kind of fish which it was believed were most numerous there. We had cat-fish, sucker, or chub holes, as well as "the Willows" and "the Bridge."

When, after dint of much entreaty, we occasionally got a whole Saturday afternoon to go fishing, we would not have exchanged our prospects for those of a crowned monarch. What great preparations there were! We had hooks to buy, worms to dig for, and lines to mend: and especially careful were we to provide a strong cord upon which we would string the fish we intended to catch. We did not stay long to eat dinner on such days, and then we ran eagerly to the appointed "hole," unrolling our lines and baiting our hooks as we ran.

There were but few varieties of fish in our pond, and after a short experience we imagined we were able to tell by indications from the "cork" or float and the line what kind of fish was at the hook. If the cork bobbed continuously and irregularly we were sure that some foolish chub was tempting fate down below. When the line was merely kept taut with little or no motion from the bob, it was alleged that a sucker or a crab was trying to strip off the bait, which his small mouth would not permit him to seize and carry off entire. We boys always had the greatest contempt for the giddy, hare-brained sunfish, that seized the hook and ran off with it to the full length of the line before it had scarcely struck the water. But when, after a slight and steady nibble, there came two or three slow and strong pulls, which submerged the cork every time three or four inches perpendicularly under the water, we felt in all our fingers that a black and slimy cat-fish of a pound or so in weight was just about attempting to swim off in his stately way with the hook and bait, which he had swallowed, but which he was beginning to find unsuitable to digestion. There was just enough danger in handling catfish to make the sport of catching them most exciting. Their slippery skins made them very difficult to hold while taking out the hook, and they had an ugly way

of shaking their heads, by which means they were more than likely to succeed in sticking their "horns," (as we called the spines in the pectoral fins) a quarter of an inch or so into the hand of unskilful fishers. Few boys, during their first two or three seasons at fishing, dared to take these fish from the hook. They were content to let the older boys do it for them.

When night came, and we trudged home tired and very hungry, we never had as many fish on our string as we had expected to catch, but we were without the slightest doubt that we would catch more the next time. In these days hope was sufficient for happiness.

But the other creatures of the pond were quite as attractive to us as the fish.

Mud-turtles were very numerous there and we derived much amusement from them. It was not often that we could catch one, but when we did we considered ourselves among the fortunate ones of the earth. We used to bore two little holes through the edge of his shell, and then by means of strings attach him to a tiny little cart with a cigar box full of pebbles for a load, and our reptilian dray-horse would walk off with it easily. There were two large stones sticking out of the water near the middle of the pond, and on these the patriarch turtles in the hot summer days would crawl up and bask with their glazed backs shining in the sun. We used to think they were dozing, but we doubt not now that they were amphibious social philosophers of the *laissez-faire* school. However, whether dozing or philosophizing, these old fellows were always too wide-awake to permit us to catch them. Before we could get near they would scramble or rather fall off the stones into the water, in an awkward enough way to be sure, but with a facility that was indeed admirable. Our sport with the frogs of the pond was not usually of such an innocent nature. If they had been able to speak they would doubtless have spoken to us as those which Æsop has made famous, did to the boys of Greece so many years ago. We realized our part of the fable.

There were many muskrats, too, in the pond, as their numerous queer winter houses gave evidence. A great deal of the reading of the boys in those days was about the doing of western hunters and trappers, and these men we regarded with much reverence. It was our ambition to emulate their exploits on a small scale. So we used to set traps for the muskrats among the bulrushes or under the cedar bushes that fringed the pond, but the cunning little fellows were too wary for us, and it is fair to say that we usually had more traps than muskrats.

But we had other amusements besides fishing and swimming and catching mud-turtles and muskrats.

We used to spend many happy hours in building rafts and making excursions on them to the mysterious regions at the distant ends of the pond or in shorter voyages of discovery to two little islands, or to various other points of interest to boys. Our raft was navigated by "poling," that is, the crew forced it slowly along by means of poles which they pushed against the bottom of the pond. We never had a boat of our own, but one summer we obtained possession of a leaky old scow and straightway we were as proud as an admiral of the navy. One of the crew was kept very busy dipping the water out with a battered up old tin dish while the other two, standing upright, propelled the vessel with pieces of fence boards for paddles.

So important a part did the old pond play in our boy life, that it supplied our calendar of the seasons. When the early rain and the thawing snow had broken up the ice and covered the whole valley with what we called "the flood," and when, shortly after, the frogs began in the evening to trill their sweet and mournful cantatas, we felt that this was spring. We knew summer mainly as the season of swimming and fishing. And when the water became too cold for either, we considered that now indeed fall had come. Then after the first severely cold night we were wont to rise early and run down to the pond before daylight, to see whether the ice would bear. How cautiously we stepped along, always striking the ice ahead of us with our shinnies to test how firm it was, until with a shout of delight we had got fairly over. We would come back in time for breakfast eager and glowing with the discovery that now winter and skating was with us once more.

Our chief sports in the winter when the ice was clear of snow were skating, sleigh-riding and playing "shinny."

In our boyhood days we never heard of tobogganing, which magazine writers have lately been making us believe is the national winter game of Canadians. But every boy had a hand-sleigh of some kind or another, and much of his time was spent on it. Yet we liked shinny even better than sleigh-riding, and we did not require the stimulus of costumes and clubs to interest us in it. We played it at all times and everywhere, after school, in the evenings, and on Saturday, in the yard at home, on the road, and when the ice was clear of snow we played on the pond.

And shinny yet seems to me the most exciting of Canadian winter

sports, and the only one of our out-door games which has not lost its pristine simplicity, nor had the life and poetry "perfected" out of it by the formation of regular clubs.

Skating on our pond was quite a different matter to the sport in a crowded rink, and the intensity of the country boy's pleasure in skating is not at all realized by the city boy. This is owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that often for long periods the ice on rivers and ponds is rough or covered by snow, and thus novelty adds to the country boy's interest when the ice is smooth and clear. But his enthusiasm is due in a much larger measure to the direct influence of his surroundings upon his feelings. There is first of all a sense of almost limitless freedom, less only in degree than that which the traveller experiences in the middle of the western prairie, or the voyager on the ocean. We used to feel at times as if we could skate to the ends of the earth. Limits no doubt there were, but these were the eternal hills. These hills about our pond were covered in beautiful variety with cedar and pine and hemlock thickets. It is true indeed that we boys never stopped to think of all this, for we were only in a slight degree directly conscious of the surpassing beauty of the place, but the effect upon us was not the less real for this reason. We felt supremely happy, and these feelings of infinity and beauty must have contributed largely to the production of that state. Add to these the exhilaration of a clear pure atmosphere, and it is easy to understand why those old skating days were so joyous to us that even the memory of them yields a keen delight.

A. STEVENSON.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

I.

THERE is a city, from whose splendid towers
Floats the red flag—Success;
While far behind it, just in sight, there lowers
A cloud of bitterness.

O blood-red banners, streaming full and wide,
No one of us but knows
The meaning of your color; you were dyed
In the life stream that flows

From resolute young hearts, that would not take
Favor or unfair field;
Hearts that can sigh yet conquer, strive yet ache,
That faint but never yield.

But never yield, until the cloud that lowers,
The cloud of bitterness,
Has passed away, and from the splendid towers
Floats the red flag—Success.

II.

On woman's nature, like a wide plain cleared
And partly broken, stand
Fair, slender structures, heavenward-reaching reared
By some unpractised hand.

O, ardent-eyed young Builders, all alone
You made foundations strong:
Piled up unnumbered facts in polished stone,
And sighed, How long, how long!

To you the higher education seemed
Reachless as spire or dome;
Your woman's might all powerless was deemed,
Save to erect the home.

But now on these far-reaching plains, all cleared
And cultivated, stands
Complete the City Beautiful, up-reared
By tender, girlish hands.

III.

Beat on glad hearts, your victory has come,
After the strain for years
Of wills that conquered everything, save some
Unconquerable tears.

In all the towers the soft bells stir and wake
A thousand sweet alarms;

The current of my verse flows round to take
Within its lingering arms

The City Beautiful, whose strong lights strike
Athwart the glimmering stream,
That but reflects them, far and dimly, like
A dream within a dream.

Beat on, glad hearts, that suffered and were dumb ;
Yours were the toil and tears,
Yours are the life-long victories that come
From the brave work of years.

A. E. W.

NOTES ON SOME AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.

I HAD recently an opportunity of seeing at work three well known universities in the United States, and some account of the impression made upon me by the visit may perhaps prove interesting to readers of THE 'VARSITY. In all the institutions the work of instruction was going on, though May was well advanced, the teaching session being therefore much longer than it is with us. This may be less pleasant for the Faculty, but where the tuition is of the proper kind it is certainly an advantage to the student. As each of the universities referred to, unlike that of Toronto, confers degrees on its own students, some interesting comparisons of their respective modes of operation might easily be made, but this could not profitably be done within the limits of a single paper. I shall, therefore, content myself with a brief notice of some of the features which struck me as most worthy of a visitor's attention.

Johns Hopkins, in Baltimore, and Columbia, in New York, though they are both magnificently endowed, occupy very modest quarters, each in the centre of a large city, without architectural display and without even an open space around it. Pennsylvania University, in Philadelphia, one of the rapidly rising institutions, has grounds as spacious as our own, and though no single building can compare with University College in outward appearance, the one devoted to the use of the arts faculty, a noble edifice of green stone, would do credit to any seat of learning. Part of the Johns Hopkins foundation is a fine site outside of Baltimore, but it will certainly not be occupied for the next twenty years by the university, and probably never. Accommodation for the various departments of work is provided as it is needed, partly by erecting new buildings, partly by purchasing and remodelling others. There is some disadvantage in the scattering of the staff and students in places so far apart, but there are compensating advantages in contact with the inner life of a large city, notwithstanding the moral dangers so persistently urged by the advocates of small towns as the sites of universities. Columbia College twenty years ago was outside New York city; now the city extends miles beyond it, Vanderbilt's celebrated Fifth Avenue residence being almost within a stone's throw.

Each of the three institutions considers it compatible with the university theory to provide instruction in professional branches. Half of the seven millions of dollars bequeathed by Johns Hopkins has gone to endow a hospital, the other half to the university, and it is the intention to have a great medical faculty in connection with both. The University of Philadelphia has such a faculty now, and there is also a fine endowed hospital, to which Dr. Osler, well known to many 'VARSITY readers, has been called as clinical lecturer. Both Pennsylvania and Columbia have Political Science Schools, and Columbia has an excellent medical and a still more noted law school on its foundation. Indeed, it is not safe to place any limit to the development of Columbia in any direction, for it is just coming into the enjoyment of a revenue which will enable the trust to undertake a great deal more than has ever yet been attempted.

The financial history of this now venerable institution is a very remarkable one. Founded a century and a half ago, and conducted during the colonial period on Church of England lines, its influence was thrown on the side of the king during the Revolutionary war. When the delimitation of New York as a state was completed, the land endowment of Columbia was found to be in Vermont, and by way of compensation the State Government handed over to it a few acres of land on Manhattan Island, some miles outside of what was at that time the city of New York. This property was then so little esteemed that after having held it for some time as a gift from the State the present medical school of Columbia had actually requested to be relieved of it. It is situated in one of the finest parts of the city, and, as the first leases are just falling in, the revenue will be enormously increased by the interest on what political economists call the unearned increment of value. The old site of the College in the lower part of the city has also become extremely valuable, so that in a short time Columbia will be in receipt

each year of a sum equal to the whole capital of the Toronto endowment. Fortunately, the management has become much more progressive than it formerly was, a change which is due to some extent to the competition of such gigantic young rivals as Cornell and Johns Hopkins, but to a still greater extent to the persistent efforts of its octogenarian President, Dr. Barnard, one of those rare men whose enthusiasm never abates and whose sympathies never become chilled. In all matters relating to college management he is as far ahead of his contemporaries as he ever was, and his thoughts are still directed towards the promising future instead of the fossilized past.

Dr. Barnard is best known to the public as an earnest and able pleader for the right of women to a higher education, equal to that within the reach of men. He is not specially an advocate of what is termed "co-education." All he contends for is that where separate tuition cannot be had the sexes should be educated together. He has not yet been able to persuade the authorities of Columbia to admit women as ordinary students, but one was recently admitted to the graduate course and more will probably soon follow. Her case, as described to me by Dr. Barnard himself, is a very remarkable one. She was a graduate of Wellesley College and made application for leave to pursue her studies at Columbia in higher mathematics and astronomy. The faculty were willing to admit her, but the trustees at first rejected the application, though the Rev. Dr. Dix, who is usually regarded as unreasonably conservative on the question of women's education, after a personal interview moved for a reconsideration of her case and secured a reversal of the first decision. Though she was the only woman in the graduate class, she was, on account of superior ability and attainments, selected to assist the regular professor, the subject assigned to her being quaternions, in the treatment of which she was eminently successful. A college which has made such a record will soon cease to be what Columbia once was, a by-word for academical foggyism.

One of the most interesting departments in Columbia College is its magnificent library of 75,000 volumes. The chief room is a lofty, well-lighted and well-ventilated hall, the walls of which are covered with volumes but are without alcoves, while the whole of the large interior is used by the students as a reading-room and is equipped with small tables, to each of which there is an incandescent electric lamp, the conductor being brought up through one leg of the table from below the floor. The library is open to all students from eight in the morning to ten at night, and during that time it is seldom without a large number of readers. The reorganization and cataloguing of the library on the lines devised by the accomplished head of the staff, Mr. Melville Dewey, are making rapid progress, employment being found in the work for students and ex-students of the College and occasionally for alumni of other institutions. A very large and increasing proportion of the contents of the library are "stacked" in annexes, the whole suite of rooms being as nearly as possible proof against destruction by fire.

No one of the three universities makes any provision whatever in the shape of a residence for students, and in each the faculty are opposed to any being made. The experience of some other large colleges which have dormitories attached to them has not been of a kind to make them modify their opinions, and as they get along very well without residences they are not disposed to incur any risks by establishing them. The general view is that the time and energies of the faculty can be more profitably devoted to teaching the students than to disciplining them. They are allowed to select their own lodging places, and outside of the college walls are private citizens, subject only to expulsion if their conduct calls for such a penalty. There is no reason to believe that this system results in a lack of *esprit de corps*, for of this fine quality the students of Columbia have almost a superabundance, and those of Johns Hopkins take as much pride in their *Alma Mater* as students anywhere else do, and with just as good reason.

I had the good fortune to become acquainted with several members of the staff of Johns Hopkins during my brief stay in Baltimore and to hear a number of their lectures on different subjects. If I were to describe the institution in brief I would say it is a German university transplanted to America and improved by the change. The methods pursued are largely German methods: nearly all the leading teachers have been trained in Germany, and are thoroughly acquainted with the best fruits of German scholarship and research, which they utilize, of course, in the original language. They are, however, far from being slavish imitators. As Prof. Gildersleeve put it:—"There was a time, and that not long ago, when we could not call our souls our own here in America without German permission, but we are beginning to think and speak for ourselves, and occasionally we say things in our publications which we find credited to us in the works of eminent foreign writers."

The publications referred to—including the *American Journal of Mathematics*, the *American Chemical Journal*, the *American Journal of Philology*, the *Biological Laboratory Studies*, the *Historical and Political*

Science Studies, and the *University Circular*—have done a great deal, not merely to make the institution known to the world, but to develop intellectual life and stimulate original research within its walls. They are part of the recognized and regular work of the university and are maintained by the university funds. In the task of production teachers and taught work together, the aim of the former being not to overshadow but to co-operate with the latter, and to incite them to original investigation. If Toronto University had had even a single official journal in which to make known to the world the results of scholarly labors, the mathematical and physical achievements of Prof. Young and Prof. Loudon, and the biological researches of Prof. Ramsay Wright, might have been given to the public without applying to other learned bodies for a vehicle, with an untold loss of prestige to the University.

One of the most striking features of the teaching in Johns Hopkins is the prevalence of the historical method. I may illustrate this by a brief reference to the use made of it in teaching modern languages, including English. From a philological point of view any genuine local dialect in Great Britain, or Germany, or any of the Romance countries, is almost if not quite as important as the one which happened to become classical. It would, of course, be impossible to pay much attention to the dialects of England, France, or Germany during the undergraduate period, but the way is paved by paying a great deal of attention to the older stages of the classical language. The subsequent study of French dialects is greatly facilitated by a previous acquaintance with old French, and the same is true of English and German. So far from old English being regarded in Johns Hopkins as fit only for graduate study, every student who pretends to know the language at all is expected to know a great deal about it in its earlier, that is its pre-Chaucerian form. Reading old English and old French texts is part of the ordinary undergraduate work, the text-book for the latter being Bartsch's "Chrestomathie," and for the former the excellent series of selections compiled and edited by Sweet, Skeat and Morris. I am unable to say what the work in German will eventually be, as Dr. Wood, the former professor of English, has recently taken German and Anglo-Saxon as his department of the work.

Allow me in closing to make an announcement. Dr. Elliott, the accomplished Professor of the Romance Languages, spent a considerable portion of last summer amongst the Quebec *habitans*, and he is now at work on a book which will deal not merely with their dialects, to which he attaches a high philological value, but with their modes of life, their rapidly increasing numbers, and the ethnical problem which Canada has, in consequence of their presence, to deal with. The matter is one of interest even to the United States, where there is now a large French-Canadian population, and from my conversation with Dr. Elliott on the subject I feel safe in predicting a most interesting and instructive work from his scholarly pen.

WM. HOUSTON.

Toronto, May 22nd, 1885.

THE PREMIUM ON SPECIALIZATION.

NO one can have failed to notice that much interest is being taken at the present time in the subject of educational methods. From our primary schools to our colleges, everything is being sifted, and ways of working and systems of education which had long been thought the best possible are being fearlessly criticised. Whether classics are necessary as part of a complete and satisfactory college curriculum, whether frequent examinations are essential to thorough collegiate work, whether it is well that attendance on lectures should be compulsory, how much freedom should be allowed students in choosing their lines of study—these are among the questions that thinking men are considering.

Nearly all our literary and educational journals have noticed the discussion that lately took place between Presidents McCosh and Elliott, on the methods of collegiate education. Many prominent educationists have expressed themselves as agreeing with one or other of these distinguished men or as holding a middle ground. The address of Col. Parker recently referred to in the 'VARSITY seems to have dealt ably with a kindred subject. I read with pleasure the remarks of the 'VARSITY in reference to this address, and with the general sentiment expressed there I cordially agree. There is no doubt that "our universities must ultimately adopt the principle of elective studies, that the revulsion from the old doctrine of rigid uniformity is widening and deepening every day." It is also quite true that there is now "a premium on specialization." It may occur to some that there might be a danger of putting this premium too high—so high that a "boom" might be the result which would be followed by the inevitable and injurious reaction. I should like to say a few words on this subject, especially in its relation to the University of Toronto.

No one doubts that a university should provide opportunities for

special study and research. All are agreed that a certain amount of general education should precede such special study or research. Presidents Elliott and McCosh differ as to the amount necessary. The former seems to think it possible for a sufficient amount of preparatory and general education to be obtained before matriculation. During all his undergraduate career, the student should be at entire liberty to choose his own course, restricting his attention to any lines or line he may see fit, only a certain amount of work being required. Dr. McCosh, on the other hand, holds that the general education given by an ordinarily varied curriculum, such as is found in the better American Universities, is not more than sufficient to prepare a man for the study of a special line. His theory is that the undergraduate should be obliged, even in his final years, to select a number of studies from a list of electives, so that the education he shall have at graduation shall be wider, if not so deep in one spot as it would be under a curriculum where one special line was pursued.

What is the position held by our university on this point? Theoretically, it is probably somewhere between the two. Our pass course no doubt would correspond more closely with President McCosh's idea of what a college course should be. But this is not the course on which Toronto puts a premium. The laurels are all to be found in the honor courses. And these are emphatically special courses. They differ from what President Elliott would favor in this—that while our students are at perfect liberty to choose which of the several honor courses they will pursue, a certain amount of pass work is prescribed along with each, which the men are bound to take. Whether fortunately or otherwise, it is a well-known fact that the pass matter does not constitute a very important item in the work of an honor man. In most cases it is crammed up as hastily as possible and forgotten very soon.

For convenience, we may make a division (not a very logical one) of university men into two classes—first, those who intend to pursue, as their life work, some special branch of learning either in teaching or investigation; second, those who intend entering one of the ordinary professions, law, medicine, the ministry or commercial life. In the case of the first class, the speciality must be taken up. The only question is at what period it should be entered on. Some say, as soon as possible, asserting that the general work required for matriculation, or at most that, in addition, covered during the first undergraduate year, is a sufficient preparation. Other education authorities, as we have seen, would place this period at the end of an ordinary arts course in college. They contend (and their arguments are strong) that not until the end of such a general course is a young man in a position to know for what special branch he is best suited; that the study of a number of various subjects is necessary to counteract or prevent the narrowing tendency of an exclusive devotion to one line; that all learning is so interwoven that one department helps another vastly, and the best and most trustworthy specialist will be the one whose education is at the same time as wide as possible. This is something like the position taken as we have seen by Dr. McCosh.

But when we come to the more common case of those whose purpose is to spend their lives in the more ordinary vocations, the question changes somewhat. We have then to make these two enquiries, (1) What sort of a course will best give the mental training necessary to polish and sharpen the mind. (2) What course will afford the greatest amount of practical assistance in preparation for the contemplated profession. In looking at the first of these questions, we do not wish to decide between the relative value of different special courses in affording mental training. The comparison is between any one of these, as a special course, and such a general course as is prescribed in many of the universities on this continent. The question is warmly contested by prominent educationists on both sides, and it would be presumptuous to attempt to decide off-hand a matter which involves so many psychological considerations. It will suffice, meanwhile, if we secure the admission that authorities are not agreed, and that there are good arguments in favor of the more general course. It will probably be allowed that if the study of a specialty tends to greater acuteness, a broader course will give more culture and wider sympathy.

Coming now to the practical assistance towards future professional work afforded by a general and a special course respectively, I may be allowed to speak from personal experience. I should be glad to know whether the experience of men in other professions tallies at all with my own. As a theological student, I find that the course which would be of most practical use should have been one in which were combined mental and moral science, classics, oriental languages, English and rhetoric. Instead of dividing my work about equally between these, all my energies were applied to the first. The consequence is that I find myself with a somewhat greater knowledge of metaphysics than is absolutely necessary, while I am much more deficient than I ought to be in these other branches. Nor do I stand alone here. I am quite certain that many of our graduates feel that the education they have at gradua

tion is not the best for their purpose that it should have been possible for them to have obtained. And the fault in this matter lies largely with our curriculum.

Take the case of a student who in entering on his university course is not fully decided on his profession. Perhaps as yet he is not quite aware in what direction his greatest ability lies. He is not void of ambition, but is desirous of winning a creditable place in the class lists. To do this he finds that it is absolutely necessary that he shall settle on some special department from the beginning of his course and devote himself to that as exclusively as possible. He does so, graduating with a fair stand, but with a very imperfect education for the purposes of the profession on which he has meanwhile decided. He looks back over his course, and, while he regrets his deficiencies, he reflects that after all he has done the best possible under the present curriculum. At all events, it would have been quite impossible for him to have taken the best course for his purpose and at the same time to have any chance of competing for the college honors.

Now, if this can be helped, it is a pity that it should be so. It is a pity if a student is persuaded that a general course is the one best adapted to give him the mental training he wants, if he is quite certain that some such course is the only one competent to fit him for his destined profession—it is a pity that our comprehensive curriculum should not make provision for his pursuing such a course with a chance of securing a fair share of whatever honors are going. The pass course is not the thing. It is subject to the approbrium of being "only a pass course." It holds no opportunities for academic distinction. Worse than this, it is too rigid; it does not admit the system of elective studies, without which nothing could be worse or more slavish than a prescribed general course.

What we want is a course which shall stand on the level of the special courses as regards required percentage and opportunities for honors, and in which a certain number of subjects shall be prescribed for each year of the course. In the first year let the particular subjects be prescribed as well. In the second year, along with a number of prescribed studies, have a list of elections to choose from. In the third year let the prescribed list be smaller and the elections larger; and in the fourth year let all the subjects be elected by the student from a given list.

Some such scheme could easily be introduced without much interference with the existing order of things. Certainly it would be welcomed by many.

ROBERT HADDOWS.

THE EVENING STAR.

SONNET.

DAY has flown,
Comes the twilight;
Ere soft night
Gains her throne,
One star alone,
In the shadowed sky,
Keeps watch on high,
As the waters moan.

And the gloaming creeps
From the portals of night,
And that lone star's light
Shines dreamily,—
Like a pearl from the deeps
Of some tranquil sea.

W. J. H.

"COPY," PLEASE SIR :

AN EVENING WITH A BACHELOR EDITOR.

"YOU haven't been as bright as usual of late, sir." It was the foreman of the compositor's room that addressed me—Thompson, we will call him. "You want a rest, sir."

It was the business of Thompson to ask for "copy" wherewith to supply his fellow-printers. "Copy," dear reader, you must understand, is not the simple word it looks to be. The meaning of "copy" is unbounded—vast as the soul of man, endless as its aspirations. Had the word "copy" existed in the time of Aristotle, without doubt it would have made one of his categories. Nay, I verily believe that it is one and the same with the great Kanadās sixth *padārtha*, which Max Müller translates for us into "concretion." "Copy" is not precisely that which is to be copied, as, in our pot-hook days, we were wont to deem it did mean; much less is it the repetition of that which has already been written. No; "copy" is that sum of words and sentences which those

who try to gain a living or a name by the sweat and corrugation of their brows put on paper by means of pen and pencil—or, it may be, by means of gum and scissors, and deliver unto the printer to be printed—sometimes, perhaps, their own thoughts, oftener the thoughts of others; it matters little which it be. "Copy" is the food of printers: it is that by which they live. The writer it may ruin, and the ultimate reader it may slay; but the printer it keeps alive. As, alas! it so often happens, the producer and the consumer both may perish, the middle-man—he it is who thrives. The printer's appetite for "copy" knows no limit. Of all animals he is the most voracious and the least fastidious. What, truly, is the exact amount that will wholly fill his rapacious maw has not upon this earth of ours been yet discovered. Indigestion he never suffers from, and repletion or nausea he knows not. The printer is to the publishing kingdom, what the ostrich is to the animal kingdom: nothing comes to him amiss: a blue-book is "copy," so is a vilanelle; a washing-bill equally with a rondeau redoublé.

Of this description of food had I been the caterer for months. I had sacrificed my life-blood to provide the hated pabulum; had undergone a process of mental "bleeding" that brought on a state of absolute anæmia. Ideas now I had none; even words failed to come; and although, heaven knows, very little idea will make very much "copy," this last cannot under any circumstances whatsoever be produced without words.

"Go away for a while, and just do nothing at all," said Thompson in his simple language.

I will, thought I; I will just do nothing at all, and will begin at once.

The Bachelor Editor presents his compliments to the reader and requests the pleasure of his company, etc., etc. Ah! what a delicious evening we shall spend. To know that there is before us a whole quiet night in which to revel in absolute idleness, in well-earned ease; to lie supine on a comfortable couch; to take lazily from the shelf some well-worn book; to read for once "for delight," and not "for ornament" or "for ability," to close our eyes in undisturbed and celibate freedom, and ponder on . . . But soft, what sight is this that breaks on Memory's view? Through miles of space and years of time a sweet voice floats and mild eyes peer, eyes smiling perchance, yet not undimmed with tears—

But come, you are now my guest; "let me play the"—host. I have procured for you the best possible edibles and potables. These consumed, we will to our books.

Strange how sellers of edibles and potables ever inform you that the objects of your choice are always the best possible. I know not how to refute them, when it is quite evident to the most obtuse (the sellers themselves excepted) that the purchases are *not* what their former possessors declared them to be. It is useless to argue. One cannot wrangle in an Aristotelian or Goclenian sorites. And nothing short of this will do. I have attempted an elenchus; but these *a*-logical (I will not say *il*-logical) vendors will *never* supply the missing premiss. I have endeavoured to reconcile this so glaring a disparity between the facts and the assertions, and can only think that, paradoxical as it may appear, it comes indirectly of these said vendors' love of truth. They advertise such and such to be the case, and, educating themselves into a belief of the correctness of such asseverations, they sincerely adhere to them.

Talking of advertising, how clever the shifts by which those addicted to this method of proclaiming the excellence of their wares contrive to "keep on the windy side of the law," to "make the worse appear the better reason." I remember once a little work of mine on a semi-Oriental subject was advertised as "by a gentleman who had travelled considerably in the East." True, I *had* "travelled considerably in the East," but my means of transportation were chiefly my ayah's arms or my chokrah's back.

Well, here we are, my reader, ensconced in my "pensive citadel;" throw yourself on my lounge, and I meanwhile will serve for you some choice morsels from my book-shelf pantry. We will not to-night partake of any strong meats; we will not touch the thought-compelling works of "those who know;" it is holiday-time, and something more digestible will suit our tired palates. Have you ever noticed how in old age men delight to hear the songs and tunes of childhood, sung and played to them by a well-known voice and hand? So, too, we to-night will not attempt any new song; let us listen to old themes unfolded to some loved and loving player: let us hear what great men have said of greater men than they; how the men of our own day and of the days of our grandfathers understood the men that went before them.

How wonderfully, at the present time, has spread the desire to know more of great men; to learn every little detail of their greatness—and often, too, of their littleness! Who can compute the biographies, autobiographies, memoirs, reminiscences, lives, letters, remains, and what not, that the thinking and also the unthinking public have absorbed by the tens and hundreds of thousands within the last dozen years? And

yet it is not altogether a bad sign. To know something, however little, of a truly superior intellect, may we not call it, in some sort, a divine revelation? and to wish to know something of him, if it be a sincere prayer that some one would "show us his glory," is it not praiseworthy? But how few to whom this gift is given. It is only a great man that can explain a great man—indeed, John Foster has somewhere said that the former must be the greater of the two; and, if we would have the latter wholly explained, this is true, and less than true. No lesser circle can enclose another, and since no two human circles possess the same centre, the enclosing circle must have a far-reaching radius indeed. It seems, then, we must be satisfied with segments only—with the arcs cut off by superimposed circles. Let us, therefore, have as many arcs as possible—provided they be true arcs. What an arc has Carlyle given us of Cromwell, of Frederick, of Shakespeare, of Diderot, of Johnson, of Burns, of Goethe!

The mention of Goethe brings to my remembrance the fact that of him we have many strange and incoincident segments. Look, for example at what we have been told in regard to his *Wilhelm Meister*. To this same Carlyle this *Wilhelm Meister* is

"A most estimable work. There is, in truth, a singular gracefulness in it; a high, melodious wisdom; so light is it, yet so earnest, so calm, so gay, yet so strong and deep, for the purest spirit of all art rests over it and breathes through it. It hangs before us as a fairy region, hiding its borders on this side in light, sunny clouds, fading away on that into the infinite azure. [It] is drawn from the inward depths, the purest spirit of poetic inspiration; ever, as we read it, the images of old Italian Art flit before us; the gay tints of Titian, the quaint grace of Domenichino; sometimes the clear but unfathomable depth of Rataelle; and whatever else we have known and dreamed of in that rich old genial world."

Compare with this Frederick Schlegel's opinions on this variously-valued book; and Novalis's; and Jeffrey's; and Pustkucher's; and above all, DeQuincey's. Do you know DeQuincey's essay on this? Let me read to you a passage:

but Mr. Serlo, the gentleman in question, is really unreasonable, as the muster-roll will show; the reader will be so good as to keep count. "Her brother," proceeds the frank-hearted Philina, "has a dancing girl among his troop, with whom he stands on pretty terms" (*one*); "an actress to whom he is betrothed" (*two*); "in the town some other women whom he courts" (*three*); "I, too, am on his list" (*six*). "The more fool he! Of the rest thou shalt hear to-morrow." Verily, this Mr. Serlo has laid in a pretty fair winter's provision for his "passions." The loving speaker concludes with informing Wilhelm that she, Philina, has for her part fallen in love with himself; begs him, however, to fall in love with Aurelia, because in that case "the chase would be worth beholding. She (that is, Aurelia) pursues her faithless swain, thou her, I thee, her brother me." Certainly an ingenious design for a reel of eight even in merry England; but what would it be then in Germany, where each man might (as we know by Wilhelm, etc.) pursue all the four women at once, and be pursued by as many of the four as thought fit. Our English brains whirl at the thought of the cycles and epicycles, the vortices, the osculating curves, they would describe; what a practical commentary on the doctrine of combinations and permutations! What a lesson to English bell-ringers on the art of ringing changes! What "triple bobs" and "bob majors" would result! What a kaleidoscope to look into! O ye deities, that preside over men's sides, protect all Christian ones from the siege of inextinguishable laughter which threatens them at this spectacle of eight heavy high-German lovers engaged in this amorous "barley-break."

Truly we may invoke these same deities to preserve us from De Quincey himself.

Having lighted upon De Quincey, let us dwell on him awhile. How severe he is in his criticism of great men! Listen to his remarks on Pope:—

"The brutal and unprincipled outrage of Pope." "Pope . . . never at any period of his life had a vestige of patriotism." "The deep-seated vices of Pope's sketches." "Pope . . . deliberately assumes the license of a liar." —!

And so with others:—Kant, he holds, "never read a book . . . none at all; no book whatsoever." Grotius he calls an "inconsiderable knave." Puffendorf, he asserts, had "as poor an understanding as any creature that ever lived." Of Barclay he wishes us to "note the abject understanding of the animal." And for all these he thinks "the only appropriate style of reasoning is by kicking them." A *posteriori* arguments are alone intelligible to their perverse senses. To Herder he is kinder. Herder, you know, was the man who longed to be imprisoned in order that he might pursue his labours undisturbed. Listen to him:—

"For my part, I envy the man who is thrown into a dungeon, provided he has a good conscience, and knows how to employ his time. To me no greater service could be rendered, than exactly to shut me up for some years in prison, with permission to pursue my labours, and to procure the books I might want. Oh! never was poor soul more wearied out than I am with this hurry of business amongst crowds."

Herder died, De Quincey tells us, "in effect shouting with agonizing emphasis—'Time, I say!—more time!'"

I fear I am wearying you, my guest. We will stop and take our ease.

But what a holiday it is, is it not? Nothing to do; nothing to think about; only how best we may do nothing.

But the thought strikes me: for what purpose did this Herder want all this *time*? Was it not to—to produce "*copy*?" Oh! hateful, portentous, ominous word.

Pardon me one moment; there is a knock at the door. "Well Thompson, what do you want!" "Copy, please sir."—;—.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THROUGH THE LEAVES.

WHERE the water-lilies rise
Lithe-stemmed from the silver sand,
White-robed birches bend to see
Mermaids sporting by the strand.

Careless breezes waft their songs,
Mingled with the wild-flowers scent,
Through the solemn aisles of pine
And the cedars gnarled and bent.

Laughter ripples on the air,
(Merry maidens at their play),
Answering wavelets on the lake
Kiss the shore and haste away.

On a bluest summer day,
Such a picture I have seen
(While the maids unconscious played)
Through a frame of quivering green.

W. H. B.

COLLEGE DAYS.

WHAT a world all by itself the College world is. Here the citizens make their own laws, and though, as in all little worlds, they are ruled by the general laws of the outer and larger one, yet for the most part these happy beings live as best pleaseth them.

They have their cliques and their sets, their clubs and their institutions, and into one or more of these each newly-born youth is led either by his inclinations or his friends. This community has like all others its natural born leaders and those born to be led, the haughty patrician and the vulgar pleb; and indiscriminately mingled are the worn-out book-worm and the well-preserved pass man, the dude and the clown, the unblushing youth and the blushing maiden. In this world *about* the same number of days are allotted to each citizen, neither does he want less nor desire more. What a world it is! Ah! happy boys! Ah happy days! Days free and careless, yet bequeathing memories sacredly cherished never to be forgotten. They pass before us bringing with them many of the friends so dear to us, some we have almost forgotten, some we will never forget, while some have stepped out into the impenetrable darkness and left us.

A youth determines to become a collegian, he presents himself for the necessary examination. He sees for the first time the grand old building and the now quiet green: they tell him nothing. He modestly enquires the way to the hall; once there he thinks it necessary to keep up appearances and to talk as loudly as the other trembling applicants. He hears for the first time the awful words "Gentlemen, stand up," he starts, and stands greatly overawed by the sight of the stately procession clothed in their emblems of office and headed by the mace. How important he feels on being addressed as a gentleman; he is no boy now, and already he is delightfully wallowing in the prospect of astonishing his uninitiated and innocent school-fellows on his return to his hamlet home.

He is now a University man. At the time appointed he leaves his friends, not without suffering from a series of attacks of that disease of which he is heartily ashamed and which he says he caught from his sister. He reaches the city, and is ready for, he knows not what. Trembling lest he may commit some unpardonable offence, again he carefully reads the rules found in his announcement and there he sees, "Students are compelled to wear gowns," consequently arrayed in his academics he may be seen making his way to the scene of many of his future joys and disappointments. How envious, he thinks to himself, all these poor people are, even the high-collared dandy and the belle in the carriage with coachman and footman he pityingly grieves for—little thinking that such as he are no new sight, and little knowing that in him is seen nothing but an unoffending and home-sick school-boy. At first he behaves

admirably but soon is unable to comprehend why he should lift his hat to these proud seniors, or why he should leave the morning papers unread just because a soph. pushed him rudely out of the way. Alas! he is arraigned before the awful tribunal. Gladly he makes the humbling confession, sings the humiliating song, and promises untiring obedience to the powers that be.

A year has gone. We see him again, he is now vehemently urging his companions to stand up for their rights, and declares that no longer can be endured the audacity and shameless cheek of these illiterate freshmen. His vengeful threats of a year ago have long since been forgotten, drowned in the thirst for authority. He now considers that the time has fully come when he should make his debut as an orator on the floor of the College Literary Society. He swallows his heart and boldly steps to the front and for the first time recognizes how difficult it is to think on his feet. He is somewhat disconcerted too, by facetious remarks from his unfeeling audience. He is urged to proceed, but the room is revolving. One assures him that he has "beaten the record," another that he "has knocked him cold," a third that he "has given him a pain." He smiles, or tries to smile, and what happened after was ever to him a mystery.

He is confident of his skill as an athlete, pugilist and football player, and it is not until he has been treated to many a bloody nose and shin that he concludes that there are yet some tricks for him to learn in this department of his education.

Again the autumn appears, and again our hero comes. This year it is that chronicles his greatest defeat and his greatest victory. The sharp and barbed arrows of Cupid have stuck fast and he is a captive; his consumer too has fallen an easy and willing prey. Frequenting lovers' haunts, not seldom now are seen the happy pair; victims they are of the relentless goddess, doomed for the altar in fetters golden bound; but golden fetters gall, and these do gall, yet still well pleased are they, nor would they have them snapped, for they are golden. In days still far away, and gazing back on these, when trial, care, and woeful want are o'er, Ah, happy days! he says, thrice blissful, for to me they sent the apple of mine eye, my soul, to me, in truth, the smile of very god. Ah! foolish youth, ah fool! but still a happy fool, and surely better for a happy fool than man most wise and yet most miserable.

Time works wonders. Scarcely can we recognize the stalwart and moustached senior as the downy-cheeked matriculant of four years before. He has exchanged his short boy's coat for tails, his loose pants for fashionable tights, his flat and faded hat for a high brown, his low collar for a cuff, and his apologetic expression for one of confident independence. He is now a caucus leader and a committee director, he is listened to and relied upon, and often does his appearance among his fellows elicit three hearty cheers, which repay him ten times over for the trouble he has taken for their good. He is no more tyrannical to freshmen, but is proud to recognize every college man as his equal. He is about to leave the home where he has spent four of his happiest years. He is about to graduate. Now he has reached the goal so looked and longed for, and when he fondly hoped he would be happy, but strange, it seems as almost nothing. Home-sick and sad, he lingers longingly on each scene so dear and so familiar—the halls, the steps, the green, each sculptured stone's a friend to which he soon must bid good-bye for ever. He gazes out into the world and shrinks at what he sees—the seething, howling mass, each striving and clamouring for self and trampling down, perchance, a fellow friend that he may rise! Some crushed and broken, thus, too weak, can never rise, and down, still down, they go, and are for ever lost, and by their help the brutal tyrant lifts himself, and towers above them all exulting. Heart-sick, he shudders and shrinks back, but no, that must not be; with one last longing look where truth and honour reign, and one more fervent prayer to Him who cares for men, and one more firm resolve to do the right, he buttons tight his coat to guard him from the filth and slime of men, and boldly leaps.

G. GORDON.

DRUMMOND'S NATURAL LAW.

HUXLEY, in a powerful sentence, lays down what ought to be, or rather what must be the object of all scientific research, and of every book which seeks for scientific truth. "The only question which any wise man can ask himself, and which any honest man will ask himself, is whether a doctrine is true or false." This canon is so evident a truism that it will not, I fancy, be disputed, and we may then apply it, as a first and last test, to Mr. Drummond's book.

Mr. Drummond's avowed object is to attempt an identification of "the

natural laws, or any of them, in the spiritual sphere." To leave it beyond doubt that he hopes to find more than mere striking analogies which may afford parabolic illustrations to theology, I further quote—"The position is not that the spiritual laws are analogous but that *they are the same Laws*"—"not a question of analogy but of Identity." Granting that particular "applications may fail," he asks for a "thoughtful consideration of the method;" but it must be remembered that the only way of estimating the value of the "method" is by an investigation of the "applications," and that in case the latter are found to fail, the "method" itself rests without proofs. It will also appear whether he has proceeded according to the canon above laid down, or has set out with a determined idea that Science and Religion have their "basis in a Common Law,—the Continuity of Law," and a (perhaps unconscious) bias towards his conception, rather than towards Truth.

His *a priori* argument is founded on the Law of Continuity, and is embodied in this sentence,—“as the Natural Laws are continuous through the universe of matter and of space, so will they be continuous through the universe of spirit.” But this is obviously an application of these laws to a subject-matter entirely different from the sphere where they have been proved to be continuous, and the argument is therefore reduced to one from analogy. Although “when the analogy can be proved, the argument founded upon it cannot be resisted” (J. S. Mill) still we may fairly in this case ask for “proofs” before allowing the conclusions drawn from it to be just.

It is to be regretted that the method of the work is unscientific, and its phraseology frequently so loose and metaphorical that one is at a loss to decide what is meant for argument, and what for illustration or parable. In a book avowedly scientific, the use of words in a vague and even double sense should surely be avoided, and poetic statement and illustrative imagery which may possibly in some cases be mistaken for proof, ought to be sparingly indulged in.

The doctrine of spiritual “Biogenesis” is briefly as follows:—“Spontaneous generation” has been amply disproved in the natural world, and the sacred writers hold it no less firmly to be impossible in the spiritual world. “Life from life” is as true in the one as the other, for neither can matter evolve life, or mind, spiritual birth. This is a strong and unattackable position, and as old as the Bible itself. Countless parables and utterances, not only there, but throughout all theological writing, point to this as the root doctrine of Christianity, and illustrate it by its “natural” analogy (for the hypothesis of “spontaneous generation” is of comparatively modern date). It must further be allowed that conclusions throughout the book following from this position rest on the same basis and cannot be questioned. This is not the place to pursue the logical results of “Biogenesis,”—they are well known as Calvinism, and are sufficiently obvious; but it does not seem out of place to mention that Mr. Drummond speaks elsewhere of a “talent for Salvation”—a conception irreconcilable with the doctrine of “Biogenesis” and as comprehensible as saying that matter has a “talent for vivification.”

It must not be lost sight of that we are here in the presence of a “Law” which is held to rule in the “natural” and “spiritual” world alike, and we are certainly at liberty to attempt to trace other resemblances which might fairly be taken to exist. Now *like* life from *like* life is an indispensable part of this Law naturally considered, and as certainly should hold true in the spiritual domain. But “spiritual life” is in its commencement a “divine germ” coming from one unique Source, and being in its nature and attributes essentially different from its Creator,—unless indeed metaphor be entirely strained beyond its proper significance. Again, “spiritual life” cannot beget “spiritual life,” it is in every case as true a Creation as the breathing the breath of life into our first parents in the Garden of Eden. We are here at liberty to,—may we must ask for an absolute Identity of “Law,” and as it does not appear, we may certainly conclude that “natural” and “spiritual” Law have only met at a point, and do not coincide.

Let us now examine “Degeneration” and “Death.” “Life” is defined to be “the sum-total of the functions which resist Death,” and therefore “spiritual life” is “the sum-total of the functions which resist Sin.” But Mr. Drummond reduces the “functions which resist Sin” to “Salvation”—“it is the spiritual life alone which gives the soul power to utilize temptation and trial, and without it they destroy the soul.” Passing the question whether Sin is not conceivably (and actually) otherwise resisted, we now arrive at an absolute failure of “Identity.” For Death “natural” and “spiritual” should happen alike, when these “functions” cease to act, and to speak of Death *before* they come into operation is to use a metaphor common but utterly inexact, for Death must follow but cannot antecede life, and to speak of “spiritual Death” as happening *after* the “spiritual birth” is to deliberately set aside a fundamental dogma, *i.e.*, that the “divine germ” once implanted can die. There can certainly be no organic degeneration of that which as yet is not supplied with organs, and therefore to speak of the individual as undergoing “spiritual degeneration” in whom the “spiritual life” has never commenced, is a contradiction.

It is impossible to read this chapter without being struck by the strangely unscientific psychology of Mr. Drummond. The soul of man is continually spoken of as a self-subsisting entity,—a possession in some sort of the individual which is susceptible of various affections without a corresponding change in the individual. His statements apparently support a belief in a separate existence of co-ordinate faculties, and "soul," "mind," "reason," "conscience" are certainly treated as distinct possessions of the "Ego." A judicious application of the "Law of Parsimony" in the spiritual sphere would not be amiss.

At the close of the chapter on "Death," Mr. Drummond quotes with approbation a sentence of Herbert Spencer's—"the performance of every function is, in a sense, a moral obligation," and he then recommends the cultivation of the "religious faculties" to establish "communion with the spiritual environment;" but by the terms of the previous argument this rests not with the individual, for the spiritual correspondence cannot be spontaneously generated, and therefore we are again brought face to face with a contradiction. In urging the necessity of mortification as a process necessary to due spiritual growth, it does not seem hypercritical to notice that the "moral obligation" is as definitely denied; for here we are to pursue, mortify and repress the majority of the functions of our nature for the minority, in short to "Hate Life." I do not criticise Mr. Drummond's religious beliefs; I have throughout endeavoured not to do so, but I affirm that here as elsewhere scientific and religious truths have been strained into an accordance with his view, and this must and does result in inconsistencies.

There is little to say with regard to the chapter on "Eternal Life." Mr. Drummond himself acknowledges the inability of science to render him aid, and finally comes to the conclusion that the "spiritualist may bring forth his theory if he will." We have of course no concern with the *deus ex machina* by which he here secures his theological position.

The chapters on "Biogenesis," "Degeneration," "Death," and "Eternal Life" naturally contain the most important positions in Mr. Drummond's book, and his attempt must stand or fall by his success or failure there to establish resemblance of "Law." The essential dissimilarities we have pointed out sufficiently make it apparent that nothing approaching "Identities of Law" have been proved. In his own words he has rather "made out ingenious points of contact in detail" than given a "contribution to practical religion" along the lines of Natural Law.

W. H. B.

NOVA SCOTIA'S NEW UNIVERSITY.

TO the student of any colonial history, no pages are more interesting than those which sketch the rise and development of its educational interests; which, in Nova Scotia, at least, seem to run parallel with the growth of all free institutions, religious and secular, civil and political. Certain it is, that in this province the question of collegiate instruction, in one place or another, has for four score years almost continually engrossed public attention.

Churchmen and dissenters vied with each other in the most enthusiastic endeavors to found one central Provincial University that would place within the reach of their sons such educational advantages as would fit them for active and efficient service on the platform or in the pulpit, on the Bench or at the Bar of their native province. As the immediate result of such a commendable unanimity of purpose and action, King's College, the oldest of British origin in America, was opened at Windsor, N.S., with a royal charter dated May 12th, 1802. The Imperial Parliament and the House of Assembly both gave liberal grants for the erection and equipment of suitable buildings, and in addition there was received from the former an annuity of £1,000, and from the latter 15,000 acres of Provincial Crown lands.

The college now seemed to be entering upon a future of unalloyed prosperity when, much to the surprise of the dissenting bodies, it was announced that all students on entering the college, and again before receiving degrees, must sign the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, and that no student should be allowed to attend the services of any dissenting church during the session. These statutes, though at a subsequent time they were somewhat modified, prevented two-thirds of the provincial youths from enjoying these advantages which King's College had otherwise afforded them, and in consequence great dissatisfaction arose. During the war of 1814, Sir John Sherbrooke, then Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, occupied the Port of Castine, in Maine, with provincial troops, and while in possession of the place, collected about £14,000 in Customs duties. These funds the British Government authorized the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir John's successor, to expend in defraying the expenses of any improvement which it might seem expedient to make in the province." In 1821, Dalhousie founded a college at Halifax, on the plan of that at Edinburgh, "open to all occupations and sects of religion." An additional grant of £8,000 was obtained from the House of Assembly, and after the erection of a suitable building, the balance in hand, amounting to nearly £9,000 was invested in three per cents. as the basis of a permanent endowment. It then became apparent that these two rival institutions, neither of them

adequately equipped and endowed, neither having the full confidence of the public, must consolidate their interests, if they, by thoroughly efficient work, were to meet the yearly increasing educational necessities of this province. Unfortunately, the College question became mixed up with provincial politics, and the Colonial Office was besieged with petitions and memorials from the various interested parties. Several successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies, particularly Sir George Murray and Lord Glenelg, most strenuously urged and even commanded the Governors to effect a union. "When you consider," said Glenelg to the Governor of King's, after an exhaustive review of the difficulty, "that the question to be decided is the existence of any college at all in Nova Scotia, no concessions, in my opinion, should be withheld which are not repugnant to the great principles of religion and morality." But no union was effected, although a general scheme was at one time drawn up and accepted by representative committees; and in consequence the Imperial Government withheld its annuity to King's, but aid received from the S. P. G. Society and friends in England, again placed this college in a comfortable financial position. Dalhousie was re-organized in 1863; the Presbyterian Church closed their college, and agreed to support three professors in this University, which opened in the following year with an Arts Faculty of six professors. Five years later a Faculty of Medicine was organized, which subsequently developed into the Halifax Medical College. Two years ago there was added a Law Faculty, consisting of two professors, six lecturers, and a Law Librarian, comprising some of the most talented representatives of the Bench and Bar of this province. A few weeks ago two new chairs in Law were conditionally endowed by a private individual. Since its re-organization various sums amounting to \$22,000 have been contributed to the funds of the college. Moreover, during the past six years, George Munro, of New York, a native of this Province, has permanently endowed five professorships at an average annual value of over £2,000, and two tutorships each worth \$1,000 per annum. These funds are being invested as speedily as possible in the best real estate securities that can be obtained in New York city. During the past five years Mr. Munro has also provided the university with Exhibitions and Bursaries to the amount of \$55,700, for the purpose of stimulating provincial High Schools and Academies to greater activity and efficiency, and at the same time to afford pecuniary aid to capable students. By this unexampled liberality the university can now disburse \$10,000 annually to successful competitors. Last year, by the bequest of the late Alexander McLeod, of Halifax, the university received the residue of his estate,—valued at upwards of \$80,000,—for the endowment of three professorial chairs, to which appointments were at once made. Such is the present financial standing of Dalhousie University.

At the entrance of the class of '85, applications were, for the first time, received from ladies desiring to matriculate. These were immediately granted, and two ladies entered, taking high standing as successful competitors for the Munro Bursaries. During the following collegiate year, twenty-eight ladies attended lectures with the young men, and again in the next year the number was increased to thirty-seven. For the past year the number was probably still greater. Last autumn an agitation for the union of King's and Dalhousie was renewed, resulting in a formal meeting of the Governors of these institutions early in the present month. It is understood that a general scheme of union has been unanimously agreed upon, the details of which are now being energetically worked out. The name of the new university is not yet known; its site will probably be at Halifax. New buildings are to be erected and thoroughly equipped, and with large and efficient Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Applied Science, and Law, Nova Scotia's new university bids fair to compete successfully with sister institutions in the upper provinces and the neighboring Republic.

CHARLES HAZLITT CAHAN.

Halifax, N. S., May 26th, 1885.

IN OXFORD.

BEFORE I left Canada, I frequently heard the remark, "Oxford is not what it used to be," and in England I find that the same sentiment is the burden of a mournful wail, which goes up from the well-meaning hearts of a certain class of Oxford graduates. These good old souls fancy that ancient institutions must always be conducted on the same old precedents, and with the same old customs; and they are ever ready to prophesy ruin and all manner of evil as the result of each innovation. But from my standpoint as an impartial observer, I re-echo their lugubrious phrase with a hearty thank Heaven! For as far as I can make out, Oxford at the present day is in a far higher position every way than of yore. True, it is not now such a close corporation as in days gone by, for the spirit of democracy has already invaded its quiet cloisters, and with a high hand introduced many sweeping reforms. And the idolized classics have been dethroned from their unique position, and now have to compete on equal terms with other honour schools. But surely it may well be questioned whether such changes as these are retrograde. Some honest churchmen, too, lament that the Church of

England is losing her place in Oxford. But I really believe all has been for the best, even so far as the Church of England is concerned.

Certainly the Church did not make full and proper use of the advantages entrusted to her, and I must confess that some of the relics of Church government still in force are not the best features of Oxford. The Chaplain Fellows, who conduct the daily services in the college chapels, are not very often such a power for good in the Church as they might be. On the contrary, some of them are rather a scandal than otherwise, and might well be selected as good examples of utter idleness and torpor. Yet let no one fancy that the religious life of Oxford is on the wane. It never had greater vitality. Fortunately religious fervour and earnestness do not depend for their motive power on human institutions.

Oxford still has certain of her old mediæval garments clinging to her, which are allowed to remain, either out of deference to custom, or because they have not yet altogether lost their pristine use. Some of them, I ween, would commend themselves to the undergraduates of Toronto. For instance, Oxford undergraduates are not amenable to the jurisdiction of an ordinary magistrate, and may not be haled into a common police-court. All complaints against undergraduates have to be laid before the Vice-Chancellor's court, who dispenses the law in person, and metes out punishment to the refractory. Perhaps the independent students of Toronto would hardly be as pleased with another old custom still in force. Regularly after nightfall the Proctor sallies forth attended by several "bull-dogs," as his satellites are called. Then woe betide the undergraduate who is found in a billiard room after 9 p.m., or worse still, in a house of more questionable character. It is even against the statute to be out after dark without cap and gown. If, in the course of his rambles, the Proctor meets an offending student, with a polite bow, and lifting his hat according to regulation, the university dignitary invites the luckless student to call upon him next morning. The Proctor has the power of inflicting fines at his discretion, and can resort to rustication in the case of incorrigible and heinous offenders. An ordinary case of being in the streets at night without academic costume, provided there are no suspicious circumstances, is generally assessed at five shillings. Yet the rule of wearing cap and gown is by no means strictly enforced, and most men prefer to leave their academic encumbrances at home, and run the risk of the fine. There is also a system of espionage kept up under the proctor's auspices. Houses with an evil reputation are watched, and the frequenters thereof become marked men. The general stamp of men coming to the University has been much modified for the better. The system of open competitive scholarships, the rise of high schools to compete with the old public schools, the permission granted to undergraduate members of the University to reside in the town, without attaching themselves to any college, and other causes, have tended to bring quite a different set of men to Oxford.

Unattached students, for the most part, are men who cannot afford the extra expense which is entailed by joining a college. All the colleges require their undergraduate members to be in residence for three years, though special license is granted in individual cases. Keble College will not allow any of its members to live in lodgings in the town. And this certainly is a wise provision, for the advantages of social intercourse with tutors and fellow-students are not to be despised. Indeed the lack of this seems to be the only drawback in the case of unattached students.

Just lately a new idea has been started, which will probably occasion another influx of students to Oxford.

The Roman Catholics and the Congregationalists are talking of establishing their theological colleges in Oxford. The advantage to them would be very great, and ought to have been acted upon long ago. The Oxford system of having one University with a well-equipped professorial staff, and then a number of colleges grouped around it, seems to be far ahead of a number of small universities, each possessing the power to grant degrees, among whom the standard of excellence is very liable to depreciate; and therefore, the efforts now being made in Canada for University Federation are highly to be commended as a move in the right direction, and which, if carried out, are sure to benefit the country. In the Oxford of to-day, then, besides the still large class of men who have no object in life but to amuse themselves, there is an ever-increasing number of earnest and energetic men, who look forward to having to work for their living, and who really desire to make themselves intelligent. And among such a large body of men as we have here (about 2,500), you can always count on a few at least to take up any new idea, or go in for any scheme that is proposed. Clubs and societies abound, and though generally on a small scale, the best of them exhibit an amount of energy and vitality which is greatly to their credit. I may mention, as a case in point, that this last term two socialist clubs have been started in Oxford, one of them, the Marx Club, attacking the subject from a secular point of view, the other, a branch of the Guild of S. Matthew, approaching the question from a churchman's standpoint. Then there is the Union Society, open to all undergraduates, under whose auspices weekly debates are held during term.

To show that Oxford is not standing still, I need only mention some of the proposals made during the past twelvemonth, some of which have

already been carried, and others will no doubt be eventually acted upon. For instance, we have now practically got co-education. The undergraduates of the fair sex undergo the same honour examinations as their more hardy fellow-students of the other sex; they have their own colleges, and access to the open lectures of the University professors; and the only respect in which they appear to be slighted, is that the degree of B.A. is not conferred upon them. We have not reached the development of the American colleges, so that there might be free intercourse between undergraduates of the two sexes. At present there is a mutual holding aloof. The excitement in convocation over the passing of the statute to admit women to the honour examinations, was said to have been unparalleled in the history of the University. Only lately, too, the extreme anti-vivisectionist party were defeated in an attempt, in which they put forth all their strength, to tie the hands of the professor of anatomy. And it was only the other day, that a bold proposal to do away with classics altogether, in the case of natural science men after their first examination, was lost by two or three votes. I need hardly say anything about athletic sports—at Oxford they are cultivated as near to perfection as possible. On the whole, boating is the most popular form of athletics, and it is the only sport which is kept up all the year round. Although in England we have most disagreeable winters, with drizzling rains and chill east winds (which to my mind are unutterably worse than our glorious Canadian winters, crisp and bright), yet the river very rarely freezes, and so we get uninterrupted boating facilities. But heigho! time is up. I must get back to my weary grind again. My best wishes are with you, dear VARSITY, and your Alma Mater. Long may you both flourish to the credit of our young country. And I cannot forbear expressing a word of sympathy with our gallant lads in the North-West. How my heart did jump when I heard the Q. O. R. were off on active service! They are not merely shooting half-breeds and Indians, let us hope, but firmly welding the bonds of our promising young Dominion.

Exeter Col., Oxford.

Vale, I. C.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

IT should be better known that the French are a meditative people—not indeed after the manner of the Germans, solitary, isolated within their own brains, hunting their separate and individual thoughts, and defended in their preserve by an impenetrable, foggy, circumvallating region of tobacco-smoke—not so, but in company, in communion. The French meditate socially, sympathetically, co-operatively, so to speak. So foreign is this to the habits of Englishmen that we have some difficulty at first in conceiving what the thing can mean, and I suspect our slander of the French as unreflecting is due to this very fact. What grounds are there for this new opinion? I give just the little that is necessary from the rich store of facts which any pedestrian might soon gather in the streets of Paris. The reasoning will suggest itself, and then comes all the pleasure of having better opinions of people than we had before. The giddy, unreflecting, will-o'-the-wisp Frenchman will give place to a pensive, nay, obstinately meditative character, and contempt will give place to genuine admiration.

One day last winter I was witness of a curious scene, which, as it gave occasion to the above reflections, I shall describe first. The afternoon (Sunday) was fine, and I took a stroll in the Champs Elysée to see if anybody was a-stirring in those spacious promenades this winter day. Yes, nurses were there with children, citizens and citizenesses were there in large numbers. The groups were many, varied and interesting. I was just proposing to myself the question as to how man stood as compared with other animals in the matter of amusing himself. It seems probable that he would have to stand below the monkey, at any rate, after the kitten next, perhaps. It is to be regretted that this valuable suggestion did not come to the minds of the Middle Age disputants; for not only should we have had new and subtle divisions of the animal kingdom, but the interminable discussion about the nature of humour would have been settled long ago by those famous logicians. However, deferring for the present a subject of such discouraging intricacy, I turn to a large group ahead, gathered dense about a large pond. Full of anticipation of seeing some Parisian fancy skating, I scrudge and elbow my way to a front place, and come upon the following scene: in the centre of the pond, under the gaze of over 200 people, is a solitary ragamuffin. This ragamuffin is amusing himself after his kind, sliding up and down, legs and arms spread out like the letter X, sliding up and down in his wooden clogs, a picture of ragged contentment. And that is all there is to see. Not a little disgusted, I turn to go away, when the thought struck me to see if the 200 were not disgusted too. Perhaps they were waiting to catch the little Sabbath-breaker when he came to shore, and wreak their disappointment on him. In that case I would wait too. But look round on those 200 faces; are they disappointed? Not the slightest evidence of it. Every one the picture of satisfaction and mobile with pleasing, changing thought. I look back to the boy and then again to the crowd, puzzled. The moving boy, the thoughtful circle of faces, crowding together, peeping over shoulders, all eager—it's

a mystery, unreasonable, ridiculous. The ragamuffin is exercising a strange power. Let him but lift an arm, and, as in a pool, rings run hurrying away to the outer circumference and splash there. The whole circle is affected, though in different ways, as with the pebbles on the beach: on some just the faintest ripple, on others the waves run up and over. So it was a continuously varying scene. Amazed, I know not what to think—two hundred intelligent citizens finding food for thought in such a small uncomely morsel!—it passes comprehension. Then at last I thought of that immortal plowman bending thoughtful over a tiny field-mouse or a "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r," and then all grew lucid and (forgive the thought) I recognized a similar meditation here, meditation, however, in concert, socially, co-operatively, as I said before. Since then, I have thought much upon the matter, and for my explanation I find abundant confirmation.

For instance, many a time I have assisted at a charming scene in the Lunembourg gardens. Sitting on that bench over there is an old man. He has a piece of bread in his hands and with it he is feeding the sparrows. There are 20, 30, 40, 50 of these little fellows about him, chirruping, hopping about, catching crumbs halfway in the air, performing many little acrobatic feats. Round in a semi-circle about the old man is a group of Parisians. Old ladies with children, young dandies, business men, grave civic or military veterans. There is the same intentness, a silence too, broken only now and then by the whispered admiration of some lively child. Such a look of kindness prevails. Kind eyes. Stern, bargaining faces and cunning wrinkles give way to smiles. And such smiles! full of humanity. A very atmosphere for all of delicious kindness. What an education of the heart is going on.

No one wants to go away. Half-an-hour, three-quarters go by. I am sure those business men must be late this morning. If so, they don't seem to care about it. They loiter there, smiling and thinking. What can it be they are thinking of? That is what I query again and again as I watch these scenes, and never yet have I had an answer. Rare, unwritten poems, doubtless. Lyrics evanescent and intangible as the fragrance of sweet flowers. Oh, the mystery of thought! I have spoken to some of these men, and from their lips came polite but common words, never anything of a fine inspiration. And perhaps some one will say, "And so it is with them all, and with your imagined poems. Bring the fairy gold to the light of day, and it is only twigs and withered leaves." No, no, for know you not that spirits dwell apart and communicate but rarely for the greatest good that is in them? Only within a certain variable mean do or can men live and speak together. They must mount and descend alone.

But let us be superior to the temptation to "extra-harangues" and return soberly to our subject (revenir à nos moutons, as the French say in their prose), balancing dexterously, with the single aid of our intelligence, along the narrow line we have marked out. The French are a meditative people, socially so, conjointly, co-operatively, gregariously, as it were. This has perhaps been sufficiently proved in the scenes I have described, scenes which are occurring in infinite variety every day in Paris, and in which we cannot imagine Englishmen or Germans taking part, still less restless Americans.

But let me add one more instance which illustrates this novel meditation in its most perfect development. It would be hard to say how often I have approached a fair-sized group, in circular form, heads all bent forward to the centre and an impressive silence maintained. I have penetrated in to the midst of these groups by commendable efforts in the interests of international psychology, simply to discover the wherefore of the assemblage. Again and again the reply to my questioning was "nothing" and was verified by ocular examination. The faces all wore that thoughtful intentness, a patience and satisfaction with, in these cases where nothing was the subject of meditation, a super-added abstractness. Whatever had at first been the subject of meditation had evaporated utterly, consumed away under so many active minds. These groups remind one of that algebraic x which, at first confronted in equation with a formidable army of figures, finds itself, after a sharp fire of cancelling, suddenly, and surely not without surprise, face to face with zero. Were these latter cases of collective meditation the only ones to be met with, instead of being, as they actually are, almost lost in multitudes of similar groups in less advanced stages of abstraction, they would still triumphantly prove the claim of the French to take rank as a meditative people.

The student of the survival of ancient customs in modern culture may fancy he sees in the trait of French character a faint reminiscence of the wild circular dances of early times. The old violence of movement is no longer necessary; the electric current, which Science asserts to be present, flows by the stimulus of simple approximation; and the inspired trance gives place to mild meditation—differences easily explainable by the refinement of civilisation. It may be legitimately doubted whether the above considerations will be appreciated by psychological science. They nevertheless serve admirably their immediate purpose. They will be welcome to the charitably minded as the rectification in an important feature of a national caricature. R. BALMER.

THE 'Varsity.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Fred. H. Sykes.
ASSOCIATE-EDITORS—A. Stevenson, B.A.; F. B. Hodgins.
BUSINESS MANAGER—W. H. Irving.

Editorial Notes.

THE 'Varsity Book of Prose and Poetry is now ready, and those who have already ordered it will receive their copies at once. The book may be obtained at the Janitor's Room, University College, on Commencement Day, or from Mr. W. H. Irving, the business manager of the 'Varsity. It is also on sale at the following bookstores: Vannevar & Co., Hart & Co., and Williamson & Co.

WITH this issue the present staff retire from the management of the 'Varsity. With unfeigned regret we do so, for our connection with the university journal has been fruitful of many pleasant associations. We express our gratitude to our many friends who have made a pleasure of our labors by words of kindly appreciation and sympathy. Our thanks are especially due to our able and self-denying contributors, to whose efforts we owe in a large measure whatever degree of success the 'Varsity may have attained. The almost uniform courtesy of our brethren of the college press we also gratefully acknowledge. Though our more immediate connection with the 'Varsity is now severed, yet the future course of our college paper will always interest us, and we hope through its means to continue in some measure the numerous acquaintanceships so happily formed.

WHEN women were first admitted to University College last October we stated that the 'Varsity would not pronounce a judgment upon the new departure until a sufficient time had elapsed to warrant a fair expression of opinion. The year's experience goes to show that the evils which cautious persons alleged would follow are quite mythical. Both professors and students have expressed their entire satisfaction with the experiment, and there is no reason to suppose that they will ever have grounds to change their opinion. It is gratifying to find that this measure of justice, which has been at last accorded to the young women of Ontario, has been attended with such marked success.

FROM a return brought down last session to the Ontario Legislature, it appears that the average yearly amount for the past eleven years spent on prizes and scholarships in Upper Canada College was \$475—a somewhat large sum to come out of public funds for such a purpose. From the same return we learn that the average amount spent yearly on scholarships in Toronto University during the same period was \$4,346. To this should be added an average of \$342 for medals and prizes in Toronto University and an average of \$324 for prizes in University College—a total expenditure of \$5,012. All of this, except the Blake Scholarship of \$100 since 1878, and the Mary Mulock scholarship of \$120 since 1883, has come out of the ordinary revenue of the University and College. How serious a matter this expenditure is can be seen on consideration of what it would accomplish in other directions. It would pay the salaries of two additional professors, or of four lecturers, or of ten fellows. It would enable the Senate to remunerate decently the University examiners and employ better men in that capacity. It would enable the Board of Trustees to make extensive and much-needed additions to the library, the laboratories, and the museum. Expended in any one or more of these ways all the students would enjoy the benefit of the expenditure; at present the benefit is confined to a very few, and those not always in need of pecuniary assistance.

THE examination results this year have possessed all the interest and capriciousness of the ordinary lottery. Some have emerged from the shade of comparative obscurity to stand in the full glare of metallic (gold and silver) reflection; others, great Lords of the Lists, between whose legs the lesser creatures were wont to pay and peep about, at a breath of the examiner are dwarfed to unpretending stature, and go forth to-day like common students with a common degree. On the face of it, the make-up of the class list in the several departments bears painful evidence of the desperate shuffling that must have been required at the Examiners' meeting. In fact we might sum up results in the single statement that this examination has but brought home to all with greater force than ever before the absurdity and the viciousness of the whole system of scholarships and medals, and there is a very evident feeling of relief among Undergraduates at the abolition of this rude anachronism. It is, therefore, with regret that we have heard rumors of an attempt to be made in the Senate to re-establish medals at the final examinations. We trust our informants were mistaken; if not, then let us hope, in the interests of true education, that the attempt will miscarry. Even now there are undergraduates awaiting the issue on such grounds as this: If medals are given they will confine themselves to classics; if not, they will, in addition to classics, take ethnology and some department of physics, say electricity. Will anyone pretend that the extra cramming of classics induced by the competition for medals is to be compared for purposes of general utility with the wider reading the student would naturally choose? Again, the institution of medals without the consistent system of scholarships leading thereto would but increase the evil of injustice. This is shown in the fact that while six of the thirteen medallists of the year are *novi homines*, men who have never won a scholarship during their university career, no less than seven of the most prominent scholarship men in the class of '85 are graduating without medals. These seven men have held seventeen scholarships and the two Governor-General's medals. Finally, we argue that in re-instituting medals the Senate would be forcing back into the curriculum the one great obstacle to the higher education of women. Of course it is to be taken for granted that higher education in Ontario is, for some time to come, to be co-education. Now, no one at this day is so ignorant as to argue against equal educational facilities on the grounds of the constitutional difference of the sexes; but, on the other hand, every observer knows, and every physiologist will tell you, that these differences do render it certain that in a continued competition with man, woman as woman must eventually suffer. Of knowledge, true practical or theoretical knowledge, woman is as capable as man. But it is in the long years of a neck-and-neck struggle that the objection lies, and this objection some seem determined shall stand embodied in the curriculum of Toronto University. To those who are bent upon this we would suggest that they might with benefit consult the University Examiners in the matter. Indeed, we fail to see wherein the dignity of the Senate would suffer were that body to take advantage of the experience of the examiners and invite them to give their opinion upon the relative merits or evils attending the awarding of medals. We feel sure that they would agree that the chief feature of the medal is its injustice.

THE CLASS OF '85.

Following, is a hasty sketch of the different members of the present graduating class, after the plan instituted last year:

ADAMS, A. A. will presumably be the first on whom McKim will perform, and will have to do the kneeling for the whole lot, a position which, might be more incongruous in the hands of many others than in Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams has not that natural taste for first place that his name would indicate, but yet the same name has been at the head of more lists during the four years that have past than all others. Mr. Adams comes from the Township of King, and received his early training in part at the Collegiate Institute of this city. He has taken Metaphysics, and graduates in that department.

BAIN, ANDREW, is perhaps the most youthful in appearance of the class. The ludicrous is always the attractive side to Andy, and it is questionable whether he was ever discovered in a serious frame of mind. Mr

Bain was one of the quota contributed by the Toronto Collegiate Institute to the formation of the class '85, and has, during his course, taken Modern Languages, where according to his own account he has always been watchful that the bottom of the class might not fall out.

COLLINS, ARTHUR graduates with the gold medal in Metaphysics, a position to which he has been gradually ascending from the beginning of his course. His success has surprised not a few, but to those who knew his capacity for work, and the amount he was doing, he was considerably more than a "dark horse." Mr. Collins has spent the last year in Residence; during the preceding three years he resided in McMaster Hall. He hails from the western town of Walkerton, and will study law.

COLLINS, J. A., otherwise "Jim" "Mike" or "John." Just which is correct by virtue of general usage, four years has not proved sufficiently long to determine. Mr. Collins is another of those misguided individuals who allowed the charms of residence life to allure them from the paternal shelter of McMaster Hall. The marked era in Mr. Collins' career was the period during which he led the government in the Forum's first parliament, and it is probably to his graceful retirement from the active scenes of that assembly that is traceable the gentleman's title of "the Senator." To his Art's course Mr. Collins has added that of law where as he graduates he stands in the last year.

DUFF, R. J., is a good fellow and a popular member of "85." He has taken an active part in all College affairs, and in his 2nd year occupied the responsible position of Treasurer of the Literary Society and is a member of the 'VARSITY' directorate. He is at present residing in Toronto, and been a humble member of the pass class. His after career he has not definitely marked out, but hopes ere long when the elimination process shall have been completed to be able to announce it.

EVANS, JNO. W., is by birth and sympathies a Toronto man. He owes his allegiances to the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, where he had instilled into him the elements of a classical training, which have since sufficed to maintain him in honors. John's strong point is his biceps of which he is specially and deservedly proud. His assistance in keeping refractory Freshmen in order has always been sought and his loss will be felt. The only point on which John of late has expressed dissatisfaction is, that he is ranked below a lady. He can't understand it.

HAMILTON, HEBER J., has no reason to complain of his share of the spoils as an undergraduate. In the matriculation and first year, he was the winner of the first proficiency, in the third year of the Blake and Modern scholarships, as well as sundry smaller prizes. He graduates in Moderns. Heber is one of the most popular men of the year, and he takes an active part in all College affairs, especially in the Literary society, Glee club, Y. M. C. A. and Temperance league. He will study law in Toronto.

WEIR, A., entered the class of '85 in the second year. He is a Galt man. Mr. Weir is one of the most persevering workers in the year and is the only man to graduate in two departments, and to the silver medal in physics adds a good first class in the metaphysical department. Mr. Weir has been a regular attendant and a strong supporter of the Literary Society and is a speaker of no mean order.

IRWIN, H. E., comes from Newmarket. His course has been Metaphysics, but he has gained a foremost place in the student ranks by his work in college politics, for which an oratorical ability of no mean order peculiarly fitted him. He has been a prominent member of the Literary Society and has taken an active part in all college events. He took first place in constitutional history. Fate seems to be carrying Mr. Irwin into a law-office.

BARTON, S. G. T., matriculated from the Toronto Collegiate Institute in 1879, winning the scholarship in Mathematics. He spent the two years following the completion of his second year in teaching, and joined the present class in '83. He will resume his old profession.

BELL, J. J., should have graduated with the class of last year, but for an untimely interruption of the even tenor of his way at the close of his second year, did not. An uncertainty which Mr. Bell feels in the matter prevents our giving his future intentions.

BLACKSTOCK, J., graduates with a creditable stand in honor Moderns. He was at one time a member of last year's class, having matriculated in 1880. He has already spent a considerable portion of his life in teaching, and will resume this profession.

CHISHOLM, W. C., is a native of Port Hope. He graduates in first class in Classics. He is well known and well liked by the members of his year, and not a few will watch with interest in the future for news of him. He will study law in all likelihood in Port Hope.

GILMOUR, J. L., has been best known as a prominent member of "K" Company, and an active worker in the Y. M. C. A. During his course he has resided in McMaster Hall, where he purposes studying theology. Mr. Gilmour comes from the canoeing district near Peterboro', and is a skillful manipulator of the frail craft. He graduates with honors in classics.

HENDERSON, S. A., claims as his home the capital of the Dominion. He was one of the famous quartette to gain notoriety as martyrs in upholding the cause of the Freshmen in the fall of 1881. During the second and third years Mr. Henderson was an honor man in both Metaphysics and Mathematics, and graduates in the latter department. He is also of a military turn of mind, has been a member of "K," and at present holds a lieutenantancy in the 34th regiment.

JOHNSON, E. H., comes from London. He is a hard worker and graduates with good honors in Moderns, McMaster Hall and residence have owned him at various times—indeed the chief amusement of his four years appears to have been to find a suitable boarding-house. He too will enter law.

KINNEAR, L., comes from Port Colborne, has begun the study of law and will enter an office shortly.

MCGEARY, J. H., comes from Bradford H. S., where his instructor was as he now has the honor to be a Gold Medalist in Mathematics of our University. He is a resident of Knox, and will study Theology in that institution.

HAVILAND, HUGH J., entered College from the Woodstock Literary Institute. He has pursued classics throughout, won the 2nd year scholarship and graduates with honors in that department. He has been a prominent Y. M. C. A. man, and was Vice-President in 1884. He has lived at Mc-Master Hall, and will enter the Baptist ministry.

SYKES, FRED. H., came from the Toronto Collegiate Institute. He took the Modern Language Scholarship at his matriculation, and in his first year. In his 2nd and 3rd years he took honors in Moderns and Metaphysics. This year he took typhoid fever and his degree, and spent his other time editing THE 'Varsity. He graduates with first class honors in Moderns. 'Fred.' has been connected with the Modern Language Club since its inception, was its President this year, and has been a prominent footballist and cricketer. He will go to France to study.

ELLIOTT, J. J., is a native of Scarboro. Like many others of our graduates he spent a few years in the teaching profession before attending college. He has acquired distinction as a reader before the literary society, and as a skilful kicker of the football. Mr. Elliott will enter the Presbyterian ministry, and has already been two summers in the mission field.

KENRICK, E. B., is of English birth, but received his early education at Upper Canada College. He has always stood well in the department of Natural Science. We have not learned what profession he intends to follow.

WALMSLEY, T. M., graduates with the gold medal in Natural Sciences. His stand has been an exceptionally good one all through. Mr. Walmsley comes from Conseccon, and will teach.

WEBSTER, C. A., comes from St. Mary's, is a resident of Knox College, and will study theology at that institution. His course has been Metaphysics, in which department he takes a high stand.

WITTON, H. B., hails from Hamilton Collegiate Institute. Has taken several scholarships in Classics, and takes one of the silver medals in that department. He has been prominent in all college matters, and has been a foremost figure in the debates of our literary society.

KENNEDY, J. B.,'s visits to University College have been of a fitting nature, he only being visible at examination times. He has been engaged in preaching in the Northern States during this year. He is a Baptist. He will return to McMaster Hall.

FORWARD, A. J., is a resident of Iroquois, Dundas County. His last year was the only one in which he attended college. Took a pass course Will teach.

FRASER, H. R., is a resident of Woodstock. Graduates with honors in Metaphysics, and will study Theology in Knox College.

MARTIN, S., comes from Elmvale. Graduates with honors in Mathematics. He intends to devote the summer to finding out who put him in the second class.

MCKAY, A. C., takes the gold medal in Physics. Took a high stand all through in this department, winning most of the scholarships.

MACKENZIE, D., comes from Kincardine. Took Metaphysics, standing next to the silver medallist. He will enter the Presbyterian ministry, and will study at Knox.

MCCOLL, D., better known to his more intimate friends as "Father Zeus" has been a familiar figure around the College for some years past. Is a resident of Knox College, and will study Theology there.

MCLEOD, A. J., is a native of Kincardine. He is a resident of Knox College, a warm supporter of the Y. M. C. A., of which he is President. Took Honor Metaphysics, and will enter the Presbyterian ministry. Has been a director and enthusiastic supporter of THE 'Varsity.

PHELPS, S. J., is the only Benedict in the year, which probably accounts for his non-attendance at lectures. He will enter the ministry. His course has been Metaphysics.

SANDERSON, W., graduates with honors in Physics. Comes from Peterboro'. At present a resident of this city. Will probably enter the Civil Service at Ottawa.

SHORT, James S., is a native of Elora. He graduates in the Poly-mathic Pass. He paid particular attention to English, in which subject he has obtained Honors. Has been an active member of the Gymnasium Association throughout his course, and was Curator of the Literary Society in 1884.

SMITH, W. A. matriculated with the class of '84. Comes from Oneida. He will teach.

WALKER, W. M., comes from the Eastern Provinces. Will study theology at McMaster Hall, where he has resided during his course.

RIDDEL, F. P., comes from Port Dover. Took Classics during his course. He will embrace the teaching profession.

ROSSITTER, H. J., matriculated from the High School of Ingersoll, of which town he is a resident. Took a pass course. Will study medicine at the city.

BALD, Miss M. B., comes from the town of Welland, on the banks of the classic Chippewa river. She has been in attendance on lectures at University College during the past year, but was under the disadvantage of working up her previous years' subjects alone. Miss Bald took honors in Classics throughout her course. She intends going to study in Paris.

CAMERON, J. H., the silver medallist in the Modern Language department, hails from St. Mary's. He has been teaching for several years, some of which were spent in the province of Quebec. He will spend the summer

in France, and purposes to teach on his return. In sporting parlance, Mr. Cameron was the dark horse in the race for the Modern medals.

DOHERTY, A. E., is a native of the little hamlet of Markham. He has taken a distinguished stand throughout his course in the department of Oriental Languages. He intends to enter the ministry, and is now taking a theological course in Knox College.

COCHRAN, R. R., is a brother of the Rev. George Cochran, the well-known missionary to Japan. Owen Sound in the native place of our graduate. He will pursue the even tenor of his way as a high-school teacher.

HOLMES, J. G., comes from St. Mary's. His department is Modern Languages. It is said he will enter a law office.

PRESTON, J. A. V., is at present with the troops in the North-West, being attached to the Midland Battalion as lieutenant. He has already obtained recognition in the field of journalism. He has taken the Metaphysical course and will be granted his degree in view of his absence on active service.

THOMPSON, A. B., comes from Penetanguishene. He has been an active member of most College Societies, and during his last year admirably filled the office of curator of the Literary Society. He is at present corporal of "K" Co. in the North-West, and will be granted an honor degree in Moderns.

CREASOR, J. A., another of the men at the front, lives at Owen Sound. He will receive an honour degree in Natural Sciences.

DOUGAN, R. P., comes from Thorold, and is at present with "K" Co. in the North-West. He has taken the Natural Science course, and will be granted an honor degree.

MERCER, M. S., hails from Tilsonburg. He entered the University from St. Catherines Collegiate Institute Senior Matriculation of 1882. In College Societies has always taken a prominent part, having acted in the successive capacities of speaker of the Forum Society and President of the Glee club. The very successful rendition of "Frithjof" by the club was owing, in great measure, to his energy.

KYLES, J., represents Cardwell. He graduates with honors in English and Ethnology. He will remain in the city and will enter law.

BROWN, MISS M. N., the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Geo. Brown, after a most successful course, has attained the proud position of being head of the first graduating class of ladies, winning the gold medal in modern languages. She will spend the next year in Italy.

BROWN, MISS C. E., another daughter of the late Senator Brown, is also distinguished among the lady-graduates. Her department is also moderns, in which she takes a high stand.

GARDINER, MISS E., daughter of the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, of Ingersoll, has taken a very successful course in Moderns, and graduates with first place in first class honors in three out of the five sub-departments. She is going to spend the summer in the White Mountains.

LANGLEY, MISS M., completes the list of lady graduates. She has taken the honor course in Moderns, in which department she now graduates.

IRVING, W. H., matriculated from Toronto Collegiate Institute. Throughout his course he has taken, and graduates in, Honor Moderns. Has been a prominent footballist—having been President of the Association Club last year. Was Business Manager of THE 'Varsity during this year. He has distinguished himself by the enthusiasm he has shown in every thing he has taken up, and as chief decorator at the conversaciones is without a rival. He will not study law.

HOGARTH, GEORGE H., has probably won a greater reputation as a back on the association team than in any other direction and has few equals in this position. At the same time he is a hard worker as well as a keen footballist and completes a very respectable course in mathematics with a place in First-class at the heel of the silver medalist. Mr. Hogarth came from and returns to Bowmanville. He has not made up his mind as to what he will turn his attention.

HUNTER, GORDON, to the matriculants of July, 1881, was pointed out as a prodigy. At his entrance, and during the first three years of his course, he took honors in three departments, and to the lion's share of proficiency money has added the Lansdowne medals. He graduates in honor Moderns and is a worthy member of a worthy class. Not the least thing to Mr. Hunter's credit is that he is Secretary of the 'Varsity board. Mr. Hunter will study law and has entered the office of McCarthy & Co.

LITTLE, D. C., is an excellent example of a muscular student. His name as a rule occupies a higher place in the prize list of athletic meetings than in the prize list printed by Rowsell & Co. Mr. Little hails from Oxford County. He is one of the class of pass men. His intentions as regards a profession he has never heard to express.

LOGAN, WM. M. Four scholarships and a gold medal ought to satisfy most men and they doubtless do Mr. Logan. Of all the gold medals of the year, his is accorded him without a dissenting voice. Doubt there may have been in regard to just where the others would go, but no one ever thought of putting at the head of the classics any other than W. M. Logan. Mr. Logan matriculated from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and took his first year in that Institution. Although a hard student "Billy" can lay no small claim to having been "one of the boys."

MCGIRR, VICTOR C., comes from nowhere in particular; he is a student of fortune. He has made short work of his course, taking the first two years in one. During the past year he has managed to add honors in Metaphysics to his pass course. Mr. McGirr will study law in Toronto.

TOLMIE, J. C., hails from Southampton. Is a resident of Knox and is the facetious man of that sedate institution. Took honor metaphysics and will enter the Presbyterian Ministry.

MICKLE, GEORGE. His attention has been evenly divided between cricket, deer shooting, the gymnasium and classics. He has held the chief offices in both the gymnasium and cricket committees, and has done considerable to advance both. He graduates with honors in classics, and will enter the lists as a disciple of Blackstone.

MUIR, M. F., Mr. Muir's name is inseparably associated with the old Forum and those who remember it will instinctively remember the dignified mien and tone of the sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Muir came with the rest from Brantford, and it is his intention we understand to return thither, and at a future date to study law. Mr. Muir has been one of a very respectable class of passmen and although a brilliancy of "stars" has dazzled him in his course he has always come to the surface.

POOLE, J. IRVING, has the advantage of an aristocratic if it be a somewhat stately cognomen. He is a passman more from necessity than choice; for we cannot but think that Mr. Poole is ambitious. Mr. Poole is a politician by instinct with socialistic inclinations and delights to dilate on the iniquities of governments, and those of that of his own country especially. We expect to hear of J. I. P. again.

SISLEY, E. A., was one of those who took advantage of the onward sweep of '85 to go through with it. He matriculated from the Richmond Hill High School in 1880, and entered the present metaphysical class in the second year. Mr. Sisley has been an active member of the Glee Club, but has not troubled other college matters to any great extent. He graduates with honors in metaphysics.

THOMPSON, R. A., graduates with the silver medal in mathematics. The fortunes of war have been decidedly against R. A. this year. for in every exam. except the last he stood first. Mr. Thompson entered the class of '85 in his second year, having spent the previous year in Hamilton. He is a mathematician of ability and a worker. He is, besides, of genial disposition and a general favorite.

VICKERS, W. W. Those who are best acquainted with Billy admire him most. He comes from Upper Canada College, and has taken during his course and graduates in Metaphysics. His inclinations are towards athletics, and in Rugby and cricket he is at home, and in the latter has few equals. For the last two years he has been captain of the cricket club, and although he has not always led them to victory, has nevertheless been the means of improving matters very much in this direction. His time in future will be divided between newspaper work and studying law.

WALKER, W. H., is an Upper Canada College and a Toronto boy. According to the oldest inhabitant, he has been always a hard student, and the silver medal in Classics goes where it was richly deserved. Throughout his course Mr. Walker has been moderately successful, and has kept a tight grip on the Classical College prizes. He is another victim on the altar of Blackstone.

MORPHY, G. E. owns St. Mary's as his native town. Is a resident of McMaster Hall, where he will study divinity. Took honour classics.

MCCULLOCH, R.O. is an old Galt Collegiate boy. A cricketer and footballist by instinct, and a metaphysician with respect to his course. 'Bob' is a residenter and a jolly good fellow. He will study law in Toronto.

LENNOX, T. H. is another native of St. Mary's, from whence the majority of the graduating year seem to have come. He graduates with honours in natural sciences.

SHUTT, FRANK T. is the silver medallist in natural sciences. He is exceptionally well up in his department, having been, prior to his university career, assistant to Dr. Ellis at the School of Science. He has been a frequent and able contributor to THE VARSITY.

MCKAY, DONALD, more familiarly "Dan," graduates with the silver medal in Metaphysics, in which course he has taken all the scholarships. He has been best known in the Literary Society, and has during the last year occupied the First Vice-Presidency. He has also been an officer of the Association Club, and a member of the team for the past two seasons. His destination is Brantford, and his destiny law.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The War in the Soudan

AND THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO IT,

With short Biographical Sketches of the Principal Personages engaged. Illustrated, and with a

FINE MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M. A.,

AUTHOR OF

A CRITIQUE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EXPOSITION OF THE ILLATIVE SENSE.

Published by the "Grip" Printing and Publishing Company, Front Street, Toronto.

PRICES: Paper Covers, 75 cts.; Cloth, \$1.25.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Development of English Literature and Language.

BY PROF. A. K. WELSH, M.A.

UNIVERSITY EDITION, COMPLETE IN 1 VOL., UNABRIDGED, \$3.50.

"Several months ago I introduced Welsh's English Literature as a text book. I began with a high regard for the work, and that regard has constantly grown. The book is not a dry collection of dates and authors' names and works, nor is it a loosely continued narrative. It is a logical development of our great literature, expressed in language that would do credit to the pen of an Addison or an Irving. The characters are made to live and breathe and talk with us, until we come away with the feeling that we have been communing directly with the great masters of English thought.—*W. E. Scarritt, Prof of Eng. Lit. University of Colorado.*

"It is of unparalleled excellence."—*A. U. Thresher, Prof. of English Literature, Denison University, Ohio.*

From Oliver Wendell Holmes—"The work cannot fail to be of great assistance as a guide to all who wish to be directed in their study of the literature of the English language."

This book will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

WILLIAMSON & CO. Booksellers and Publishers. 5 King Street West. Toronto.

Professional Cards.

BLAKE, KERR, LASH & CASSELS, Barristers, &c. Millichamp's Buildings, Adelaide Street, Toronto, opposite Victoria Street. Edward Blake, Q.C., S. H. Blake, Q.C., J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Z. A. Lash, Q.C., Walter Cassels, Q.C., C. J. Holman, H. Cassels, K. Maclean.

KINGSFORD & WICKHAM, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. R. E. Kingsford, H. J. Wickham. Office—Freehold Buildings, cor. Church and Court Streets, Toronto. Entrance on Court street.

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Barristers, &c. MOSS, HOYLES & AYLES-WORTH, Barristers, &c. North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King Street west, Toronto. Charles Moss, Q.C., W. G. Falconbridge, N. W. Hoyles, Walter Barwick, A. T. Aylesworth, W. J. Franks, Douglas Armour.

MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & BIGGAR. MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & LANGTON, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. York Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., James Macleannan, Q.C., John Downey, C. E. W. Biggar, Thomas Langton, C. W. Thompson.

Professional Cards.

MCCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Temple Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., B. B. Osler, Q.C., John Hoskin, Q.C., Adam R. Creelman, T. S. Plumb, F. W. Harcourt, W. H. P. Clam n't Wallace Nesbitt.

MULOCK, TILT, MILLER & CROWTHER, Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, Practitioners in the Maritime Court, Conveyancers, &c. Office—South-west corner of King and Church Streets, Toronto, Ontario. W. Mulock, J. Tilt, N. Miller, J. Crowther, Jr.

COYNE & MANN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Talbot Street, Bladon Block, off the Market, St. Thomas, Ont. Jehiel Mann, James H. Coyne.

D. B. BURNS, 7 College Avenue, Toronto. Office Hours—9 to 10.30 a.m.; 1.30 to 4 and 6.30 to 8 p.m.

G. S. CAESAR, Dental Surgeon. Office—34 Grosvenor Street, Toronto. Telephone communication.

ALBERT A. MACDONALD, M.B., 202 Simcoe Street. Office hours—9 to 10 a.m., 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m.

THE 'VARSITY

VOL. V, 1884--85.

INDEX.

EDITORIALS.

American View of Canadian Literature.....	136
Bethune, the late James, Q.C. (obituary).....	124
Classical Education, The Decline in.....	16
Curriculum, The New Matriculation.....	43
Curriculum, The Revised.....	55
Christmas-Tide.....	104
Curriculum, The.....	136
Canadian History.....	195
Canadian Critique of Utilitarianism.....	196
Call to Arms, The.....	258
Curriculum, The New Modern Language.....	268
Degrees, Our Higher.....	208
English, The Study of.....	184
Educational Weekly and Modern Languages.....	196
Elective Studies and Liberal Education.....	220
Graduating Class, 1885.....	286
Johnston, the late William, M.A. (obituary).....	125
Library, University.....	69
Matriculation Curriculum, The New.....	43
Modern Languages and their Narrowness (1).....	68
" " (2).....	80
" " (3).....	92
M.A., LL.D.....	148
Natural Sciences Course, The.....	81
"New Education," The.....	244
North-West Tragedy, The.....	256
Prize Poem, The.....	3
Principal Grant <i>et al.</i> , vs. The Toronto Foot-ball Clubs.....	209
Salutatory.....	3
Students and Police.....	32
Toronto University and the Secondary Schools.....	172
University Consolidation.....	56
University Library.....	69
University Consolidation Scheme, The.....	124
Utilitarianism, A Canadian Critique of.....	196
University Revenues.....	232
Vituperative Journalism.....	269
Wanted, An Alumni Association.....	56
What we have and what we want.....	160
Women in Universities.....	208

CONTRIBUTED.

Ancient University, An.....	C. M. V.	102
American Poetical Literature.....	Sigma.	104
"Aux Eaux Mortes.".....	The Heavy Man.	185
" ".....	" "	198
American Universities, Notes on.....	Wm. Houston.	280
Bottom.....	Bohémien.	256
Criticism, The new.....	Sigma.	17
Convocation Hall and the Literary Society.....	J. McD. Duncan.	18
College Journal, What it should be.....	Wm. Houston.	32
Low-Boys' Prayer Meeting, The.....	X. Y. Z.	94
College Chums and College Friendships.....	Dr. J. George Hodgins.	101
Boose's Ball, Old.....	X. Y. Z.	137
Physicists and Science.....	Altiora.	232
Critique of Dr. Beattie's Book.....	N.D.N.	248

Course in English, The.....	Pro. Grege.	269
"Copy." Please Sir.....	Arnold Haultain.	282
Dream, A.....	Blue Nose.	110
Degrading the Muse.....	Exciseman Gill.	138
Drummond's <i>Natural Law</i>	W.H.B.	284
Foot-ball in the U.S.....	Editor Harvard Crimson.	109
From Lake to Sea.....	" "	125
" ".....	" "	138
" ".....	" "	151
French in Canada.....	C.W.	161
" ".....	" "	173
French of Canada, The.....	N.O.	93
Ghosts.....	Bohémien.	34
He Caught a Student.....	W.H.	172
Higher Education of Women.....	Bohémien.	210
Harp Melody that passed away, On A, (translation).....	Bohémien.	210
Haultain's (Mr. T. A.) Critique of "The Illative Sense.".....	W.F.W.C.	237
Inaugural Address (Rev. Father Teefy).....	" "	45
" ".....	" "	62
In Quarantine.....	D. R. Keys, B.A.	107
Joaquin Miller.....	A. Stevenson	113
Lethe.....	Paul Flamme	9
Lees, James Edward (obituary).....	A. B. Aylesworth	45
Leaves from a Metaphysician's Journal.....	Phi.	116
Life by a Mill Pond.....	A Stevenson	278
Musical Notes.....	Hautboy	18
" ".....	" "	150
Mistletoe's Story.....	M.F.H.	112
Man in the Black Coat, The.....	Bohémien	151
M.A., LL.D., Audi Alteram Partem.....	Agricola.	210
McGilligan's 'Hamlet.'.....	H.	247
November in Alberta.....	X. Y. Z.	82
Oxford Letter.....	Oriel.	58
Old Gold.....	" "	106
Peterborough Convention.....	" "	33
Pauvre Homme, Le.....	Bohémien.	70
Political Science, the place of, in a Liberal Education.....	Wm. Houston.	105
Paradise of voices.....	Bohémien.	110
Pyramid of Gizeh, The Great.....	Rev. Dr. Wild.	148
Paris Letter (1).....	Robert Balmer, B.A.	162
" " (2).....	" "	174
" " (3).....	" "	186
" " (4).....	" "	199
" " (5).....	" "	222
" " (6).....	" "	234
Phosphate Mining in Canada.....	Frank T. Shutt.	246
Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne.....	W.H.B.	270
Review, A.....	X. Y. Z.	33
Residence, The College.....	W. H. Huston.	245
Sonnet, The.....	Pro. Grege.	44
Scientific 'Snake Stories.'.....	Eric.	70
Specialization, The Premium on.....	R. Haddow.	281
University Education in Germany.....	Rho.	268
Wet Grass.....	Bohémien.	18
Wyclif's English.....	M.A.	162
Women in Universities.....	W.H.	208
Women, Higher Education of.....	W.H.	172

INDEX.—Continued.

POETRY.

After Winter, Spring.....	S	106
Ave Januarius!.....	J. K.	113
Ancient Rondeau, An.....	H.	272
At Toronto.....	Eric	38
Books.....	O. A. N.	25
Bel Cavalier, Le.....	—	116
Black and White.....	Bursche	150
Beauté du Diable.....	—	210
Ballade of Commencement Day.....	W. F. Healy	277
College Life.....	Eric	29
Christmas Thought, A.....	J. K.	108
City Beautiful, The.....	A. E. W.	—
Dreaming.....	J. H. Burnham	175
Evening.....	J. H. Burnham	223
Evening Star.....	W. J. H.	—
Fawcett, Rt. Hon. Henry (In Memoriam).....	M. E. H.	74
Fancy, A.....	Eric	109
From my Boyhood's Days (From Rückert).....	C. M. V.	110
General Gordon (In Memoriam).....	M. E. H.	234
Haidée.....	—	109
Happy Family, The.....	H. K. Cockin	111
"Holy, Holy, Holy" (Translation).....	Dr. C. P. Mulvany	112
Ideal, Our.....	Dr. Daniel Wilson	101
Jack's Rivals.....	Frederick B. Hodgins	166
Johnston, Wm., M.A. (In Memoriam).....	P. H. B.	174

Lèse-Majesté.....	Bohémien	74
Memory, A.....	Athalie	19
Mirror, In a.....	Bohémien	86
Musing.....	Oaf	186
Midsummer Nights' Dreams.....	W. J. H.	235
My Way.....	Daniel Dix	262
New World, The; (Prize Poem).....	T. B. P. Stewart	10
Old Year, The Death of the.....	W. J. H.	106
O Like a Flower so Sweet (From Heine).....	W. A. Shortt	166
Opportunity.....	C.	—
P. P. C.....	Fritz	105
Poet and Bee.....	Eric	248
Song at Evening by the Stream.....	D. B. Kerr	38
Separation.....	Bohémien	102
Summer Breeze, The.....	Frederick B. Hodgins	211
Sultana.....	Bohémien	221
True Worship (Sonnet).....	—	110
Too Mas-cu-line.....	A. E. W.	175
To.....	A. E. W.	232
Through the Leaves.....	W. H. B.	—

TRANSLATIONS.

From the German of Rückert.....	C. M. V.	110
"Holy, Holy, Holy" (Into Latin verse).....	Dr. C. P. Mulvany	112
Black and White (From German).....	Bursche	150
From Heine ("Du bist wie eine Blume").....	W. A. Shortt	166