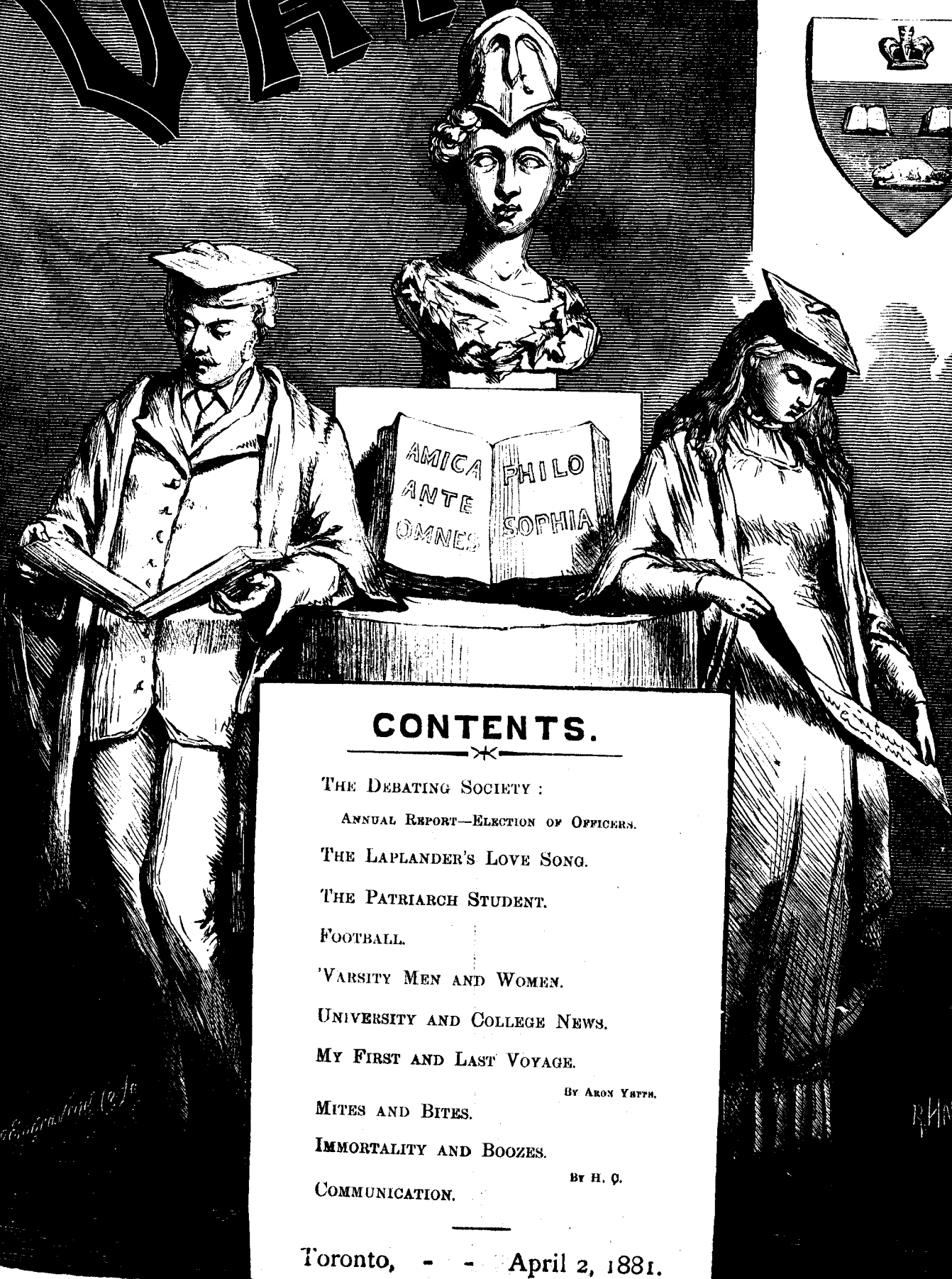


THE VARSITY



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Toronto, - - April 2, 1881.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Gilchrist Scholarship Examination.

Intending candidates are reminded that they must send in their names, accompanied by certificates of age and character, to this Department on or before the 30th of April, 1881. The examination takes place

ON MONDAY, THE 20th JUNE, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882 respectively can be obtained on application to the Department.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Toronto, February 18th, 1881.

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THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. I. No. 24.

April 2, 1881.

Price 5 cts.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for the above purpose was held in Moss Hall, the lecture room of the old Medical School, on the evening of Friday, the 25th. The attendance was very poor and proceedings flat in comparison with last year, the cause being the absence of opposition to Mr. Kingsford's candidature for the presidency.

The proceedings commenced shortly after eight o'clock by the reading of the General Annual Report, which showed the Society to be in a flourishing condition, the membership having greatly increased, and the work undertaken being more difficult and of a higher class than formerly. Detailed reports of the committee followed.

ANNUAL REPORT.

To the President and Members of the University College Literary and Scientific Society.

Your committee, in presenting this the Annual Report, congratulates the Society on the successful termination of another, the 26th year of the Society's existence.

The past year has been a memorable one in the history of the Society for many reasons, and first among these stands the division into two sections for the purpose of debate, etc.

Although fraught with several drawbacks, this departure from the previous well-beaten path has on the whole been found to work in harmony with the prosperity of the Society, and might be rendered still more serviceable could each member avail himself of the privileges that are by this means conferred upon him, to render himself, under criticism, a fluent and argumentative speaker.

The average attendance has been fifty, as compared with fifty-seven in 1879-80, and seventy-one in 1878-9. The falling off may be accounted for in many ways. The close of the last session was marked by a short but spirited contest for the presidential chair, the excitement of which, your committee are happy to report, seems to have left no injurious results on the Society, except that after a storm there usually comes a lull, which may be one of the reasons of the falling off in members' attendance.

Again, the Society's room, when close to the College Residence, naturally drew a large number in a place where large numbers could drop in and out without regard for wind and weather, which during the past year has been detrimental to large meetings all over the city.

The number of meetings held were: Three public, seven ordinary, seven open, three business, three special, one conversazione; total, twenty-four.

Number of readings given was fifty-one; essays read, fifteen; besides the Inaugural Address. Number of speeches delivered on debates, 177. And while on the topic of meetings, your committee must take to itself, together with the Special Committee appointed, the credit of having, after a lapse of three years, furnished the Society and its friends with the most successful conversazione ever held in the University buildings or in the Province of Ontario. Successful in its organization, its development, its prosecution, and its pecuniary results, it proved to a somewhat doubtful membership that such a gathering could be held under the restrictions with which your committee had to labor.

Another source of congratulation is the very large increase of membership, viz.: 354, as compared with 110 in 1879-80, and 88 in 1878-79, for which many reasons could be, if necessary, assigned by your committee.

The increased interest taken in the Reading Room shows the necessity there existed for its removal to the College buildings, although the room at present in use actually cannot be called adequate to the requirements.

The changes in the Constitution regarding business meetings, &c., do not appear to your committee to have met with a success equal to the expectations of their promoters. The extra night in the month, when spent to no purpose, has been an undue strain on the energies of the members; more particularly, perhaps, as the business of the past

year (excepting that of the *Conversazione*) has not taken up much of the Society's attention. This has resulted in the passing of a bill by you altering the existing state of affairs, and it is to be hoped it may prove advantageous to the interests of the Society.

Another departure of note is the transferring of the McMurrich Medal to the tender care of the sister society, the Natural Science Association, with the proviso, however, that the competition shall be open to the members of your Society.

The time seems to have fully arrived for the production of a college paper, and the appointment by you of a Standing Committee of Management augurs well for its success, being conducted entirely (as it must needs be under these circumstances) by the Society through the committee. While the main portion of the labor will naturally devolve on the committee, your committee would urge each individual member of the Society to make the cause his own, that in the end a paper may be offered to subscribers that will reflect credit on its sponsor, the Society, on the University and the College.

Your committee would sorrowfully draw attention to the harvest that has been reaped by the 'untiring sickle' among the members of the Society during the past year. Although none of those removed from our midst were at the time active members, yet the Society by their demise has lost warm and ready friends in the Hon. Thos. Moss, Messrs. A. McPherson, F. W. Jarvis and H. A. Fairbanks.

Far away on the banks of the blue Mediterranean the golden bowl was broken which cost a University its Vice-Chancellor, a nation one of its mightiest sons, and our Society a warm-hearted friend.

After a lingering illness a second passed away, leaving a gap in the roll of modern language medalists.

Another, who would no doubt have proved an ornament to the scholarship he was enjoying, passed away in the bloom of life in that grand old capital of Scotland, where he had repaired to pursue his studies.

The fourth also met with an untimely end while pursuing his medical studies.

On the whole, as before stated, the year may be ranked among the most successful of the Society's history. Although the treasurer may not be able to hand over a very large surplus, your committee will bequeath to its successors many valuable properties procured during its enjoyment of office. The adjoining room for debate naturally entailed considerable expense, which should not be entirely charged to your retiring committee. The same may be said of the expense of removing the Reading Room, and last, but not least, of furnishing the President's room, a very necessary addition to the comfort of the Society, and which it is to be hoped, as each retiring president leaves his mark therein, will become a very interesting and historical part of the Society's possession.

Finally, your committee may be permitted to hope that the same harmony and good feeling may exist in every succeeding committee as has been the case in the one which, on now retiring, wishes the Society a hearty 'God speed.'

All of which, &c.

The Committee on Essays awarded the first prize to Mr. J. H. Brown, the author of the essay on 'Dualism,' and the second to Mr. Creelman on 'Public Opinion,' in default of Mr. Dayfoot, who forfeited his right to it on account of not having attended the requisite number of meetings of the Society. The gentlemen named were heartily cheered, and, being called upon for speeches, thanked their friends of the Society in a few appropriate words; Mr. Dayfoot saying that he acknowledged the justice of withholding the prize from him on account of non-attendance, and hoped that it would be a lesson by which he and others would profit in the future.

The Committee on Songs reported in favor of the College song by 'Alamanda.' About the one set to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' which had been submitted, it was condemned as bad, especially the last verse.

All through the reading of these reports the friends of the various candidates were canvassing vigorously for them in the lobbies and the down-stair entrance. There were two opposing elements in the elections, the Kingsford men and the anti-Kingsfordians; the result was, without exception, in favor of the former; the reason being the disorganized state of the anti-Kingsfordians and the systematic canvassing of their adversaries.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The presidency went by acclamation, all the other positions being contested. The following are the names: President, Mr. Kingsford, M.A., LL.B.; First Vice-President, Mr. Creelman; Second do., Mr. J. McKay; Third do., Mr. Wigle; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. McGillivray; Treasurer, Mr. Bristol; Curator, Mr. J. C. Elliott; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Blake; Secretary of Committees, Mr. Cane; Councillors, Messrs. Ames, Wishart, E. McKay, Young and May.

The new president, on being called to the front, thanked his supporters for the honor done him, spoke warmly of the growth of the Society since he had first known it, and said that they were giving him no slight task to perform. He also noticed the remarks made in a late number of the 'Varsity recommending that the presidency of the Society should be held by an undergraduate, and said in that connexion that if he thought it would be for the best interests of the Society that this should be the case, he would not hold that position. He deemed that justice could be better dealt by an outsider.

While the voting was going on for the office of first vice-president, some unruly spirits favored the meeting with 'Old Grimes'; they were promptly checked by the chairman, and subsided. Mr. Creelman was elected to fill the office. He was chaired, and made a neat, short, and appropriate speech expressive of his thanks.

Mr. McKay, who was elected Second Vice-President, rose to address the meeting, and here the interruptions recommenced and grew so marked that at length the President threatened to leave his chair. A most disgraceful scene then ensued. We will not particularize, believing it better to extend a friendly warning rather than expose the offenders, hoping that we may never again be compelled to call attention to like conduct.

The Third Vice-President, Mr. Wigle, the Recording Secretary, Mr. J. McGillivray, and the Treasurer, Mr. Bristol, thanked their supporters briefly.

Mr. J. C. Elliott was rushed to the platform by his friends with such hearty unceremoniousness that he did not seem to know how he got there. In thanking them for their support, he said that he was well aware of the responsibility of the position with which they had honored him, and of the time which must necessarily be devoted to fill it with credit and usefulness.

Mr. W. H. Blake, the Corresponding Secretary, on mounting the platform to speak, had to unbonnet to the popular prejudice. He said that he thanked those who had voted for him for the honorable and responsible position to which they had elected him; he would endeavor to perform the arduous duties of that position to their satisfaction to the close of his term of office.

Mr. Cane, the Secretary of Committees, thanked his friends for the honor done him; he hoped that he would, during his term of office, fill the post to which he was elected with credit to himself and satisfaction and usefulness to them.

The newly-elected councillors were received with much cheering. Mr. Ames in his speech mentioned the complete victory of the Kingsford party, and said that he hoped and believed that the claims of the defeated party would be treated with all justice and courtesy.

Mr. Peck proposed that a vote of thanks be tendered to the retiring officers and committee for the faithful manner in which they had discharged their duties. This was carried unanimously amid much applause.

Mr. Manley, the retiring President, said that it was with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure that he stood up to address them; pleasure at the evident feelings of kindness entertained for him by the members of the Society, and sorrow that he was leaving their ranks. Their meetings had been great sources of enjoyment to him, and they must not feel surprised if he reappeared amongst them whenever he had an evening to spare and made himself at home in their midst. He referred to those who had ably assisted and seconded his labors as president, and said that although it might be invidious to particularize, he could not help mentioning the services of Mr. T. C. Milligan as one who had done his duty and done it well, and also of Mr. Levan, to whom great praise was due for his unflagging zeal. He said in conclusion that the greatest good feeling and harmony had always been prevalent in the councils during his term, and hoped sincerely that it might never be disturbed.

Mr. Carveth, the retiring First Vice-President, said that the Society had been very kind to him on the occasions on which he had to serve in the place of the President; he did not intend to make a long speech, but

would presume to give a piece of advice for the benefit of first vice-presidents, which was a result of his experience: Attend the meetings of the Society regularly, study the old minutes, and they would not find their duties hard.

Mr. Davis, the retiring Second Vice-President, referred to some ill-natured stories which had been set afloat about the presidential candidacy. He mentioned the names of Messrs. Levan and Ruttan in this connexion. Mr. Ruttan had left the room, but Mr. Levan in his speech replied to the charges. As regards the conclusiveness either of the accusation or of the reply, we forbear expressing an opinion.

The speeches from others of the retiring officers closed proceedings, and the meeting, which was composed now of not more than half the number present in the earlier part of the evening, and they very tired and jaded looking, closed with the singing of 'Old Grimes' about 2.30 a.m.

THE communication of 'Sawbones,' in another column, is pre-ambled by statements which eminently qualify the writer to assume the *nom de plume* so far as the sawing is concerned. Like the amateur carpenter who has been pictured as sawing through a projecting beam whilst straddling the outer end, he destroys his own support. The interest which the graduates have manifested in the enterprise of a university paper has about equalled the encouragement which in times past has been given to Convocation, the Debating Society, and other associations which should be dear to every graduate. They have shown themselves admirably posted on stock phrases about attachment to Alma Mater, and are effusive in expressing sweet recollections of academic life; but such words are not meant to be the heralds of action. The task of attending the meetings of Convocation two or three times in the year is too arduous; the founding of a scholarship is nearly out of the question; subscriptions towards portraits of those who have worked long and nobly for this same Alma Mater are obtained after efforts which, if carried out in other fields, would produce enough for monuments of the most spotless Parian; an association of alumni has not even been broached. Bearing in mind the glaring (and from our experience, disheartening) evidences of unwakable apathy and ungenerous indifference, the cry of 'Sawbones,' 'Why don't you talk about us more?' is almost musically appropriate. The 'Varsity is a university organ. If the assertion is better sustained in the intention than in the deed, the reason is most plain: the overwhelming majority of the graduates have practically ceased to be university men.

THE LAPLANDER'S LOVE SONG.

Haste, my reindeer, and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary waste;
Haste, my reindeer; still, still thou art too slow;
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tired we shall the marshes tread;
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flowery meadows' pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confined;
My breast is tortured with impatient fires;
Fly, my reindeer, fly, swifter than the wind!
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

SIR R. STEELE.

I mea dama; viam celera; stat meta Cupido;
Lustremus celeres hæc loca senta situ;
I mea dama; nimis segnīs nimis esse videris;
Fulguribus citius currere vellet amor.

Æquor arundineum late patet undique circum,
Festinat Phœbus condere mite jubar,
Stagna per incertas fessi lustrabimus umbras,
Nec deerit cantus qui grave fallat iter.

At mihi dulce palus hæc illætabilis undæ ;
 Ipsa rosetorum friget amœna Venus ;
 Dulce palus ; nostros nobis hæc reddit amores ;
 At vos, O veneres, nomen inane, procul.

O mea vita tuo quotiens deducor ab oro
 Difficili totiens uritur igne jecur ;
 I mea dama ; viam celera ; præverte procellas ;
 Et tibi pro pennis sit meus acer amor.

M. H.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

'DENNIS KEILEY, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed street-sweeper in New York at ninety cents per day.' And yet, with facts like these before them, many are still ready to deny the practical value of a university training!

* * *

OWRE GUID.—Lady, out walking in Glasgow on Sunday, excited about her little dog which has run down a side street, to tipsy loafer just come out of a tavern: 'My good man, would you be kind enough to whistle for my little dog; I'm afraid I'll lose him.' Loafer, looking at her sadly from the wall against which he is bracing himself, and speaking very impressively: 'Wooman, wooman, wooman, ye shouldna whistle on the Saabboth Day.'

* * *

As a last resource, an impecunious undergraduate applied the other day for assistance to a maiden aunt who is passionately fond of animals. 'You will understand my condition, dear aunt,' he wrote, 'when I tell you that I have a dog to whom I am devotedly attached, and who has long been the chosen companion of my daily walks. Now my appearance has become so disreputable that the sagacious animal refuses to follow me.'

* * *

It does not follow that because a man is small he knows nothing. He may be like a sixpence in a handful of coppers, invisible, but worth all the rest. (So console yourself Ch-f-).

* * *

THERE is nothing marvellous about curing by laying on hands. Hands laid on smartly and vigorously have cured many small boys of evil.

* * *

'THE country is in a bad state,' yelled out a Radical orator. 'And so are the roads,' put in some one in the crowd, and the orator sat down.

* * *

The late Bishop S. had a strong accent, and many are the humorous anecdotes told of mistakes caused thereby. One day he preached in a church in an out-of-the-way part of the diocese. There was present a well-known colonel of militia. After the service the pair walked to the house. 'Woel, colonel,' said the bishop, 'hoo ded ye leek ta sermon.'

'Very well, indeed, but you chose a rather strange text. I don't remember having seen it in the Bible.'

'You cannot read it over-carefully then,' said a friend who accompanied them, 'The door was shut,' is a well-known text.'

'Egad,' said the colonel, 'is that what it was? It sounded to me exactly like "He tore his shirt."'

* * *

A COLLINGWOOD man has recovered from an impediment in his speech by cutting his throat.

* * *

SCENE: Shop in Glasgow after a fire.

Foreman: 'That was a gey job we had last nicht puttin' oot the fire. You'll be gaun to stan' me somethin' han'som' for savin' your property!'

Master: 'Savin' ma property? Had it not been for your con-founded stupidity, I wud a made a sma' fortune.'

* * *

THE Standard's Oxford correspondent telegraphed that the anniversary dinner of the 'Varsity crews would take place in London on Thursday, April 7th, and not on April 8th, the day of the race. This is as it should be. There is nothing like a big feed, with lots of fiz, and 'bac'till three in the morning, to complete your training operations for a boat race. There is a tinge of *Formosa* about the above announcement. Eh, Dion?

THE philanthropy of the *Sunbeam* is elated over the daily distribution of four apples to each Upper Canada College boy. When I was in the classic boarding-house (many, oh, so many years ago!) the distribution was annual, and in the scramble the weaker young 'uns were deemed fortunate if they secured even four. Many an 'old boy' remembers vividly the distributor—how he stood at one of the dining-hall windows and pattered *Fumenses* on the crowd of heads below. At one time he would dexterously throw a handful in the quarter that had made but a small seizure, and again half a bushel were sent right in the middle of the restlessness through which tossed and rolled about like a shoal of porpoises. Knocks and bruises were paid no attention to until the apple rain had ceased; but they were not forgotten afterwards; such a flavor and relish did they give the booty, that perhaps I'm not the only one of these grabbers who can conscientiously say that better fruit has not been tasted since.

* * *

'TERMS, Cash,' was what Spot read as he entered a tailor's shop at the top of Yonge Street. 'A bad buy-word,' he observed to the Imp, and they both left the establishment.

* * *

THE most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes, and who has not seen more than one window blind?

* * *

OLD Professor Spectacles said to the class, 'How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y? The smart boy of the class stood up and said, 'That depends a great deal on whether you mean to use it on a man or a wasp!' I was told this story twenty-five years ago, which would account for my tremendous memory, were it not for the fact that it was repeated to me at least once a month ever since. Vengeance!

* * *

A MAN died in Newboro, last week, aged ninety, who never saw a locomotive or entered a steamboat. This may in a measure account for his long life.

FOOTBALL. The following letter has been received from the Secretary of the McGill University Foot-ball Club:

March 3rd, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—At the Annual Meeting of the McGill University Foot-ball Club it was the desire of those present to arrange, if possible, an annual match with the Toronto University Foot-ball Club similar to the inter-collegiate matches of the United States, as it was thought by so doing a friendly intercourse would be established between the students of the two Universities. To this end I am instructed to challenge the Toronto University Foot-ball Club for a match-game of foot-ball (Rugby Union Rules), with McGill University Foot-ball Club, to take place in Toronto on Friday, October 21st, next. Hoping this challenge will be met by an early reply,

I remain yours,

A. P. Low,
 Sec. M. U. F. C.

COLIN CAMPBELL, Esq.,
 Sec. Tor. Univ. F. C., Toronto.

A reply has been sent accepting the challenge for the day and under the conditions mentioned. October 21st is an early date for the playing of so important a game, so let the Toronto men take care to be in better condition than they were a month later last year. Many of the best men are graduating this May, and their places will have to be filled, in the main, from the ranks of incoming freshmen, so that a good quota of these had better be early secured, and got in good training. If the arrangements are well made and the game well advertised, a fair sum might be laid by to defray in part the expenses of a trip to Montreal in '82; for it will be noticed that no mention of railway fares is made in the challenge. The idea of creating an inter-collegiate match is a good one, and care should be taken to make its inauguration a success.

The officers elect for the season 1881-82 of the University College Foot-ball Association are: Mr. Laidlaw, President; Mr. Elliott, Vice-President; Mr. Hughes, Recording Secretary; Mr. Haig, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Broadfoot, Treasurer; Messrs. Baird, A. H. Macdougall, Crichton, E. McKay, J. M. Palmer, and E. Blackstock, Committee.

This club is one of the competitors for the Association Cup this spring, its record for last fall being as follows: Against Knox College, six games to none; against Toronto Lacrosse Club, seven games to none; against Galt Collegiate Institute, three games to none; against Toronto Collegiate Institute, one game to one; against Toronto Normal School, two games to none; making them winners in all of thirteen games and losers of one.

VARSITY MEN.—The Divinity Faculty of the University of Aberdeen has declined to receive Dr. Cunningham, of Crieff, as one of the General Assembly's lecturers on the pastoral and homiletical training of students, on account of his connexion with the "Scotch Sermons," which are considered as rationalistic. *Markham Economist.*

MR. T. A. HAULTAIN has retired to the quiet haven of a country town (Peterboro') to study for the approaching examination at Trinity Medical College. Can a student get through more work in the country than elsewhere. Ahem! *That depends.*

MR. W. K. RICHARDSON, a former editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, has entered Balliol College, Oxford, at the head of all applicants, receiving the honorary award of \$2,500, with a choice of the best rooms at the disposal of the college. Blaine, Lincoln, MacVeagh and Hunt, four out of seven of Garfield's Cabinet, are college bred men. Blaine graduated from Washington College, Lincoln from Harvard, and MacVeagh from Yale. The other three—Windom, Kirkwood and James—received an academic education.

MR. JAMES, of the Third Year, has been forced by illness to leave for his home in Collingwood.

PROFESSOR RAMSAY WRIGHT is about to have a residence built on St. George Street.

MR. KINGSFORD, President-elect of the Debating Society, is silver medalist in classics and in modern languages.

PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN has been delivering a course of four most interesting lectures on the 'Amazons,' illustrated by casts and diagrams, at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, London.

VARSITY WOMEN. Harvard department of collegiate instruction for women has now opened a reading room and begun the collection of a library.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.—*Acta Victriana* did not don its new dress as it expected for this month; the change is promised sure for next number. The Victoria gymnasium is to cost \$2,000. Nothing like having a good opinion of yourself, and the *Acta* thinks the standard for matriculation at Cobourg is as high as that adopted by any other Canadian university. The sum of all philosophy is thus epitomized by a Kentucky college paper: Perhaps it is wrong to go fishing on Sunday; but if the fish are wicked enough to bite on Sunday, they ought to be made to suffer for it. In the Dominion of Canada there are from twelve to fifteen educational institutions with university powers; that is, power to grant degrees. In Ontario there are five: The University of Toronto, at Toronto, with the following affiliated colleges, or colleges under its control: 'Upper Canada College' (elementary); 'St. Michael's' (elementary and advanced); 'Knox'; 'Toronto Baptist'; and 'University Colleges.' The University of Trinity College, Toronto (Church of England); The University of Queen's College, Kingston (Presbyterian); Victoria University, Cobourg (Methodist); and Albert College, Belleville (Congregational); all these are in active operation. Alma College, St. Thomas, and the University of London, are not yet in working condition. There are several other educational institutions which, though called colleges, are not strictly such. In the Province of Quebec there are three: McGill University, Montreal (Non-sectarian); Bishop's College, Lennoxville (Church of England); Laval University, Quebec (Roman Catholic). There are many other so-called colleges throughout the province, which in the United States would be included in a list of universities, but they are what in England are generally called 'Grammar Schools.' The Province of New Brunswick has two: The University of New Brunswick, at Fredericton, and Mount Alison College, at Sackville. Nova Scotia had recently the University of Halifax, with five affiliated colleges throughout the province, of which King's College, Windsor, and Dalhousie College, Halifax, were pre-eminent. The late Legislature has, with a fatality which attends all Nova Scotia's progressive efforts, succumbed to denominational and other petty influence; the University of Halifax has been abolished, and the Government grant divided amongst the sectarian colleges. There is great opposition to this measure in the Legislative Council, and all true friends of higher education hope they will be successful in vetoing it. In Manitoba there is the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, with St. John's and Manitoba Colleges affiliated. They are about to erect new buildings at a cost of \$100,000. British Columbia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland have no universities; and it is a curious fact that students from these provinces go to England and Scotland for their university education in preference to Canadian colleges.

MY FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Though many years have gone by since, yet I shall never forget those dreadful days spent on that doomed vessel. Marks and I examined her as best we could, and although we could see all was not right, yet there seemed no cause of immediate alarm. Through the long hours of those days, measured by the never-tiring throb of the old engine, we crept slowly on—on to we knew not what. Marks and I had carefully guarded our fears, as we knew it would only raise a needless panic without doing any good. If the captain entertained any fears, or whether he had any premonition of the future, I do not know. There was one thing, he was a brave man; and in the end he showed that wherever the fault lay he at any rate was not to blame. I remember him to this hour as he then was, firm and brave, knowing only his duty through all; the victim of a terrible crime committed by the strange injustice of his fellow-men.

* * * * *

It was at the close of a cold, bleak autumn day; I was standing leaning over the taffrail looking into the heaving waters. The weather had been growing gradually rougher all day, and was increased to a stiff gale. A sense of something dreadful impending had oppressed me all day; a queer feeling I could not shake off. Hearing a step behind me I turned suddenly—it was old Marks. I see him now as I write this: the rough, furrowed features of the old sailor as he stood there in the evening. A strange, anxious look had settled on his face, which I never saw there before.

'It's come at last, boy,' he said simply. 'We'll soon know what the old tub's made of.'

'Do you think there is danger?' I said. 'Danger, lad, danger!' if Bill Marks knows anything, we may all be there before morning,' he said, pointing to the waters. A terrible fear came over me—the nearness of an awful death as it must come to some men in the course of a lifetime. Then I thought of my home and mother; of those awaiting me where I should never return. My mind reverted to the crew, the captain, and the helpless women on board, and a great despair drove away all terror, and an intense hatred of those men who, for the sake of gain, were sending us down to death. I thought of my poor mother's sorrow, of the many wives and children who would miss these rough men, reckless as they were. I thought of those poor weak women and little 'Seabird,' all unconscious of this terrible end. 'Curse them!' I muttered, and ground my teeth with suppressed emotion.

'Yes, curse them lad, ye may well do that; as fine an old woman as ever trod land will be weeping next week for a certain old craft as will have reached a safe port at last, if Bill Marks' fears are correct. My only wish would be to have Dan Hooker here with us; but it's no use wasting time cursing owners now, we've something else to do. Perhaps she'll pull through all right; but whatever comes, we'll stick, and let the women off first.'

Just then the captain passed forward, looking the same as usual, calm and unmoved. He spoke in an undertone to Marks, and then in his usual way gave his orders; we were to make all snug for the night. I noticed the sailors had got an inkling that all was not right; there was no wild alarm, but here and there they stood talking in low tones. Going into the pilot-house I found the steersman, and behind him on the berth the little child was sleeping, with the captain's cloak thrown over her.

'Going to be a wild night,' I remarked. There was a sober look on his face. 'A bad night for such as her,' he said, turning to the child. 'I've often feared this before. The *Hooker's* doomed. It makes no matter to such as us, anyway; it's what we may expect some day, sooner or later; but to such as her, sir, it seems hard.' I saw that the man felt what was coming. I left him and came on deck. The sun had almost gone down, and great, heavy, lurid clouds were gathering in the north-east sky. There was a rolling sea, in which the vessel pitched and labored as if she were some living creature. The men had gone below; the night, gloomy and wild, was stealing up from the east, and with it long, angry lines of water beating against the sides of the old hulk. The creaking of timbers, the moaning of the wind, the sob-like beat, beat, of the old engines, the strange black mass moving on over the ghastly waters, and the waves that with long, clammy, shadowy arms seemed to clutch at the rotten decks.

Still the little child sleeps on, all unconscious, under the cloak. The wind, the sea and the bleak night, chill and damp, may loom round in the pallid moonlight; still she sleeps on. A tall form steals into the pilot-house past the steersman—it is the captain. With strange reverence he bends and presses his lips to the fair forehead, and tucks the cloak closer round her.

'Don't wake her, Webb, for God's sake; it's better as it is.' 'No, sir, never fear me,' said the man with a shudder; and with a stifled moan the captain passed out.

Still the man stands there holding the wheel like some strange watchman guiding the fates of all these humans through the black night, and behind him, fair in the sweet rest of innocence, sleeps the child, on on through the darkness. There is one moment then as the moon peers cautiously down into the old wheelhouse, bathing the decayed wood-work—the old compass.

It is a deep struggle. A queer feeling comes over the man. A strange, dreadful death is near; they are drifting on to it together. 'I have been very bad,' he muttered, 'very bad.' He seems to go away back into a wasted, reckless existence; he remembers a little curly-headed child that played in the green fields of an old farm; the black night, the old wheel-house, and wild winds and waters drift away; he only sees an old kitchen in the soft light of a summer evening long ago, the peaceful face of an old farm clock, that ticks away; a sad, sad face that watched at the door as he went away—the face of his good old mother. He was young then; the long years of evil and sin had not come; he fancies he sees the tearful eyes of his gentle little sister as she clung to him with sobs, and hears the last broken words of his old father, 'God bless you, Ned, my boy.' He was heartless then, he heeded not their sorrow; to-night it seems to come back—the face of this sleeping child, so fair, so innocent there in the pale moonlight, had bridged the long years of crime, lust, and folly.

'Just one kiss,' he muttered; 'I know it will be no harm. If I am bad, it will make me purer; it won't wake her up, I will be so careful. I won't mind dying then, for I know He will forgive me if I go to Him with that one pure kiss on my sullied lips at the last. He will not be hard on a poor, rude fellow, if He knows I have kissed her.'

For a moment the wheel turns loose, the vessel rolls on the waves; the strange, rough figure bends over the captain's cloak; the coarse, feverish lips, unholy and sensuous, only used to uttering oaths, touch the fair forehead—this great, rough creature—so tenderly as not to waken her; it is but an instant, then a great tear has rolled down the bronzed weather-beaten cheek and nestled in the golden hair of the child. Only a little tear, and a trembling rugged form in the moonlight; but He who died for men in His great mercy swung to the strange gates of time on the long years of crime and passion, and shut them out forever. 'I'm not afraid to meet Him now; He'll know I'm just a little purer,' he mutters. Again the shadow has passed from between the child and the moonlight. The vessel plunges on through the dark, the winds are bleaker, the waves wilder, and the dark, strange shadow stealing on between sky and wave. One by one the men have fallen asleep below; all is hushed but the gale and the beat of waters. The captain paces the deck alone, and the steersman stands there looking far into the night.

It seemed about midnight; I awoke from a troubled slumber. A shake from Marks, who was standing by the berth, brought me to myself. 'Come, hurry, boy; on deck as quick as you can; she's breaking up fast.' Springing from my berth, I hurried on deck. It was a dreadful scene: the vessel was pitching and tossing in the angry waters; the moon now and then would steal out from a cloud, and gleam on the wet decks; far to the east a black line of seething waters.

The pilot-house and most of the upper works were gone. The large life-boat, the only one of any use, was lashed to the railing; round it, holding on to ropes, were the crew; and crouching at the bottom the two poor women were huddled, silent with fear, resting on a heap of sail-cloth; at the stern lay the little child, still asleep in the cloak. When all hope was gone, the captain had begged them not to waken her; and cradled in rough arms, they had tenderly placed her in the life-boat without disturbing her sleep. Wrapt in her calm slumber, feeling no terror, she drifted into that great ocean that bounds eternity.

There was no chance of launching the boat; it would have been instant destruction. I never can exactly realize what my thoughts were at that time. There was no shriek or wail, no shrinking from what was to come; all were strong, composed and prepared.

The fires were out, the wheel-house gone; she was drifting with the waves and winds that were breaking her up fast. The calm voice of the captain rose above the storm: 'Our only chance, men, is to stand by the boat and cut the ropes when she goes down, and God have mercy on our souls.' 'And a curse on those who trapped us here like rats in a hole,' growled an old seaman. 'Amen to that, lad,' said old Marks. This was all they said, good or bad, concerning the owners.

This is about the last I remember. The moon at this instant stole out from a cloud, making the slippery decks gleam; far to the north horizon lay the black mass of water that would so soon seize its prey.

The brave men standing there like statues on the deck of that doomed vessel—the white-crested waves, coming in their sweep and washing the decks; the upper works were gone, then part of the

'Does the "Seabird" sleep yet?' said one of the men. 'Yes, thank God,' murmured Marks.

'If any of you fellows are saved,' said the fireman, 'take word to my poor Nelly and the little ones, and let them know I was brave to the last.' There was no flinching; nearer, nearer—down, down nearly level with the waves; then snap, crack go the timbers—a great plunge, then, brittle as a match-box, the old coffin melted in the waves; a few gurgles, then all is drowned in the midnight storm far out on the waters. Nothing was left, where but a few moments before the cruel waters had licked those frail pieces of dust from the battered spars of the ruined hulk.

It is a cold, foggy fall morning; the storm of the preceding night has almost subsided; the steamer *Algoma* steams out of one of the many harbors of Manatoulin Island, where she has been sheltered during the night. The day is just breaking over the heaving waves, when the steersman espies something floating on the water. It is a boat. The engines are reversed, the steamer brought to, and in a few moments the unconscious figure of a man is borne on deck. 'What vessel?' says the captain. 'The *Hooker*, of Sarnia,' says one of the seamen; 'it was painted on her gunwales.' 'A narrow escape; almost frozen to death,' says one of the little group round the figure. 'Anything more,' says the captain. 'Only a sailor's coat and a child's hat,' says the sailor.

Once more the engines are at work, the vessel steams on, and I was saved.

Many years have passed since; I am a middle-aged man now, but I will never forget that terrible wreck out there.

It is a cozy little office I sit in; the ruddy coals in the fireplace blink at me as I tend this. But I am dreamy to-night. The man whose hairs are becoming sprinkled with gray fades away. The beat of waves on an old black hulk, the calm hero faces of those doomed men, and the face of a sleeping child that stares at me from the coals, steal back to-night from the long gone years.

But the little clock on the mantel has struck eleven as I lay down my pen and steal of to my bed, with the lines;

"God pity wives and sweethearts
That wait, and wait in vain,"

ringing through my mind, till the coal in the grate has blinked itself out, and the great ship, through the beat, beat of the surf, glides on, on out into the dark.

MITES AND BITES.

COULD not the Association Football Club get up a match for Good Friday? It would be a good opening of the season.

UNFORTUNATELY the illness of Mr. Torrington prevented the Glee Club singing in Brantford last Monday night, to the great disappointment of many, both in that town and in Toronto. Tickets had been largely sold, and the weather was perfect, but the gods were not propitious. The concert, however, will be held next Monday, as further postponement is impossible on account of the approaching examinations, and the Doctor has luckily given his sanction.

LECTURES come to an end on the second of May.

Two medical students are reported to have spent the small hours of election night on the cooling slabs in the Quad. Slabs are a passable substitute for ice.

CARLYLE exerts a great influence over the rising generation: e.g., a cargo of 'churchwardens' have been imported into the Residence.

THE lockers in the Gymnasium are not extraordinary specimens of carpentry by any means. The locks are very second-rate; very few of the doors have ventilating holes, and each locker is just half as long as it ought to be. The other appurtenances of the Gymnasium are more or less satisfactory.

SCENE: Election night at Moss Hall. Great concourse of students.

Excited Orator: 'Gentlemen, I am filled with emotion—'

Dilapidated Undergrad.: 'How deush d'you manage to get full so soon?' (E. O. looks bewildered.)

A REQUISITION was lying on the table for the last two or three days in the janitor's room. It had no heading to show the nature of it, so the janitor had to inform inquirers. There was a rumor that it was for a guarantee fund to obtain Cool Burgess to act in Convocation Hall; another, that it was for Rev. E. P. Hammond to preach.

THERE ought to be a prospect now, since Professors Wilson and Wright are housing themselves on St. George Street, of having a street opened up through the vacant lot west of the Observatory.

'It is said that an arrangement has been made whereby Dr. Daniel Wilson, President of University College, takes up his residence in Mr. John Turner's house on St. George Street. The house is immediately contiguous to the College, and Dr. Wilson will be able to exercise a closer supervision over the students than if he lived at a distance.'—*Globe*.

The latter sentence in this interesting paragraph is peculiarly impressive. By all means let us have 'closer supervision.' We should be more carefully watched; there are not enough telescopes and opera glasses in operation; the professors should long ago have pitched their tents on the various eminences that command the approaches to the University Colleges. Hurrah! Ever so many times hurrah! We may soon come under superintendence. Chorus of enthusiastic students: HORROR!! (*Hurrah* has this sound, you know, when shouted by a large number, and we always like to be graphic as well as literal.)

QUERY: Who broke the porter's windows on Friday evening?

Now that the snow has disappeared from the Campus, would it not be advisable for the 'Rugbys' to commence practice in view of the match with McGill.

IMMORTALITY AND BOOZES.

There are two kinds of immortality.

Those eminent men who have not been prophets in their own country, nor appreciated in their own time, strive after one of these—those souls who profess to desire life only in the hearts of posterity, and thus cheaply attain a fanatic patience with present things. This is that morbid immortality which providentially is found only in books and in some imaginations, but rarely in the fresh hearts of living men.

Then there is that second and statelier immortality—immortality within the limits of life. This is what all healthy souls strive after, and which, rightly attained, predicates the other.

Now of all things that in the limited life are granted widest deathlessness, the most immortal is an immortal 'booze.'

The late John, Lord Chancellor Campbell, left on record behind him his belief in the salutary and beneficent effect of 'an occasional booze.' "It establishes," he says, "a generous and open spirit in a young man, strengthens friendship, makes him more gentlemanly, and is benign in its influence." Though rightly the Lord Chancellor adds: "The booze must not be carried to excess," since that is incompatible with true enjoyment.

What a long and eminent legal career found benign in its influence, a great and successful literary one had found dearest in memory—and to be dear in memory is the immortality I am speaking of.

In all Thackeray's writings, those seem laden to me with the gentlest—because unconscious—pathos which refer to the vanished boozes of bygone days; the old wine parties where the faces, now passed, once gathered beneath the sparkling lights, and where the voices, now forever dumb, trolled out many a joyous song of love and wine and women. All things, Thackeray's burden is, must pass, but of all that we would fain keep longest with us, and that we would finest that ehen *fugaces* should never be sighed of, the dearest and the brightest in memory are those famous carousals of bygone years when we had those 'great old times.'

It may be, perchance, that Plato is right after all, and that the truest world is the universe of 'Ideas,' to which the wine-cup is the only Ganymede. It may be that as the night draws on, and the booze progresses, and the eyes sparkle more brightly, and the waiters flit about more and more like shadows as the moments fly—it may be that then our inner eyes open as our senses close, and the heavens dispart, and the famous 'entities' dawn truly on the soul, and the realer life is given for a few brief hours.

However it be, we know that the sight of the ineffable glory of Plato's world, thus seen, intoxicates the soul with its richness and beauty. For it is vulgar to suppose that wine intoxicates; it is the transcendent strength and grandeur of that supersensuous world which wine discloses that intoxicates.

However these things be, we know that the glimpse of the beyond thus caught is stamped indelibly on the heart and made immortal there.

More—to those who have caught sight of the mysteries, there is a freemason bond of union forever more.

Is it not so? Suppose a solemn-faced individual is introduced to me. I know him not; he knows not me. And then I ask him, 'What he'll have?' Instantly we both 'smile,' our hearts are opened, and henceforth we would go arm and arm throughout this world together, all-trusting and all-trusted. The human lambs and lions lie down together, and the golden age dawns upon the earth.

It is that touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and makes all times of kith, and all the centuries brothers.

You meet your friends on the street. It is the day after a booze. Afar down you see them and you smile; they see you and they smile. Smiling you approach each other, cheerily and roguishly you shake hands and laugh aloud. That smile, that confidence, whence is it? It is the sign that you are brothers; you have boozed together.

You are walking with—with—well, say she's your cousin. It is the day after a booze. Wherefore that sly and subtle wink as you pass each other of that evening? It is the freemason smile, the token of glorious remembrance, of an immortal booze.

In hunting, after the day is done and the quarry killed, what is it that gives its immortality to the whole? It is the booze at the end. Think you if, after the day's hunt, the huntsmen had each solemnly taken a glass of water and said good night, the hunt would be worth recording? Nay! nay!

Ah! no. Life's immortality is not that way gained. When the years have fled and the faces that endeared them gone, and our remembrance goes backward over the past, it is not the successes we gained, the prizes we won, that we love to revive in memory's dim and softened light. It is not the school-days fled when we stood before the gowned and togaed learned and received the reward and the palm; nor is it the proud success at the Bar or in the Senate House, nor even is it our first love when the world became so new and life so wonderful; not these things come back to us as calm old age draws on, and we begin to love the house more than the field, and the fire more than the light of the sun.

No; the scenes then brightest in memory are those mad days of the song and the wine and the revel. The hairbreadth exploits we performed when many of us 'smiled' together, and smiling went forth to do audacious things and make all sober-minded people half mad with envy and indignation; the glorious deeds, half maddening, half laughable, and wholly good-natured. It is those days we remember, those days which are immortal—those days when you and Bill boozed together.

H. C.

COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'Varsity:

SIR,—The election of senators by convocation is not very remote now, nor, it seems to me, unimportant; yet no word on the subject has come from the 'Varsity. I will not say that it is reprehensible, or even strange, this silence. We know that the 'Varsity speaks to undergraduates, and that graduates are only permitted to hear the oracle, a it were, through the window; and yet when one sees your claim to be a University organ—when one comes to find that the University consists principally of graduates and undergraduates in the proportion of a thousand and over to about four hundred—it is not surprising, I submit, that graduates should look to you for some notice of purely graduate topics. Can you not tell us something of the candidates for whom our votes have been solicited; what questions divide parties, if they exist; and 'who thinks what' on these questions?

Two circulars have been put into our hands, setting forth in one case the bare (but doubtless sufficient) personality of the ticket of three, with a retiring 'God bless you' from a rev. doctor down East (a sort of last will and testament bequeathing to the able and active ex-registrar his right, title, and interest in his senatorial seat); in the other, the views on certain fundamental points connected with the Senate (chiefly that a member ought to be at the meetings) of a well-known graduate (so I am told he is) living in Hamilton. Both these gentlemen present themselves, they say, in response to a numerously-signed requisition. It might be a hard question for the candidates; but, Mr. Editor, what constitutes a numerously-signed requisition in a community of a thousand names (or even two dozen), chiefly of men in the candidate's office?

Can you not tell us, sir, if there be not some one whose claims to our suffrages are real? Can you not name a graduate who has done something for convocation, not merely got a retiring member to point him to the chair he no longer cares to occupy, and another unexceptionable pair to take him by the hand? Is there no one who has shown himself to have 'views,' and has done something to see them carried out, not printed unmeaning opinions in a lazy circular? Where are the members of the committee that has done so much to work all our recent reforms? Where are the men who have enfranchised the B. A.'s? I believe Mr. Nicol Kingsmill was the chairman of that committee. I think he out to be brought out; certainly his claim to the suffrages of Bachelors of Arts are such that none of that class could refuse him a vote. Why don't you advocate him?

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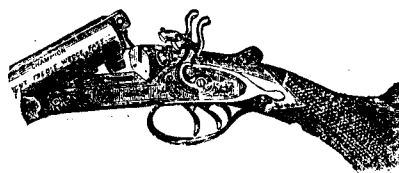
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