

VARSITY

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THE VARSITY.

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Topics of the Hour.

The regular election for the three vacancies on the Senate will this year be more than usually interesting. Two of the retiring members, Messrs. Foster and Falconbridge, are again among the candidates. The Brantford graduates are bringing out Dr. Kelly, and there is no doubt that he would prove an able member if elected. The medical vote, though scattered in regard to the other candidates, will probably go solid for Dr. Adam Wright, who well deserves the confidence of his fellow professionals. Then, in another column, will be found a well-signed requisition to Messrs. Culham and Edwards. So that altogether it seems that the election will be the liveliest that has taken place for many years.

As has been already announced, the present number of the VARSITY is the last of the regular issue for the current academical year. Our thanks are due and are herewith heartily tendered to our many able contributors during the year and to all others who have extended to us their encouragement and sympathy. The special number, which is to be issued on Commencement Day in June, already promises to be unusually interesting and attractive. Contributions may be expected from Charles Whetham, W. H. Blake, J. H. Burnham, T. B. Phillips-Stewart, J. O. Miller, F. H. Sykes, R. Balmer, A. MacMechan, F. B. Hodgins, Thomas F. Watson, Agnes E. Wetherald, Martin J. Griffin, H. L. Dunn, G. Mercer Adam, W. J. Healy and others. Articles intended for this number should be in the editor's hands before the 3rd of June. Applications for extra copies may be made in advance to Mr. W. H. Irving.

While not approving of scholarships in their general effects, we yet must gratefully acknowledge the spirit of helpfulness and kind sympathy that prompted those who gave them. The desire and the intention merit our highest respect. But it must always be borne in mind that our university and college have many benefactors whose names are not announced with the scholarships on Commencement Day. So quietly they do their beneficent deeds that scarcely any one ever hears of them. But there are students now in our halls, and there are graduates in the first positions in the country, who owe their education to the helping hands of comparatively obscure citizens. It may be a merchant, it may be a plain old farmer, or a retired school teacher or minister who has had confidence enough in the ability and honesty of some of our men to do them this kindness, but, whoever they are, our University owes much to them. All honour to those who feel that the future must be better than the past and who thus nobly strive to make it so.

In the last number of the *Educational Weekly* the editor makes an earnest appeal for a higher degree of art cultivation throughout Canada. He very pointedly asks if we have not arrived at that stage of advancement where all the labor of a man need not be for his mouth, and he commends the timely action of the Department of Education in the recent establishment of art classes in our Normal School. There is no doubt that the refining and elevating influence of a love of the beautiful, both in nature and in art, is never properly recognized in new countries like ours. The fight for food at first and then for money afterwards occupies the time and energy of the earlier generations, and after such a stunting process as this the æsthetic faculties are slow in developing. But as a people our struggle for mere physical existence is now happily over and the feelings of our higher natures crave satisfaction. Nor will those studies which appeal chiefly to the intellect meet all these demands. We cannot live by bread alone either as a physical or an intellectual diet. We may not starve our emotional nature if our mental growth is to be healthy and symmetrical.

Mathematics and science and language are very well for the most part, but there are times when the soul is wearied even with x and y , and when protoplasm and paradigms yield no satisfaction. How gladly then do we yield ourselves to the soothing influences of music or poetry or painting, and the tired soul is once more renewed and life seems brighter again.

With our correspondent, Mr. Sykes, we think the time has now certainly come when the claims of the department of Modern Languages should receive a greater measure of recognition in University College than has hitherto been accorded to it. The only rational basis upon which any State university or college can now satisfactorily rest is the equal recognition of its several departments and the fullest liberty to the student in the choice of studies. The question of options has been discussed by us before. We refer now only to the serious discrimination which is made against the Modern Language Department in our college. It is now too late in the day to speak slightly of the study of the modern languages and literature. As a means of intellectual cultivation they hold their own with any other subjects. One of the first things to be done, then, is to give the department proper representation on the College Council. It is puzzling to know why the natural sciences should have three representatives on that Board while modern languages are not represented at all. It is a mere quibble to state that because the instructors in the latter department happen to be called lecturers instead of professors they are not entitled to have a voice in the general control. There is no sacredness in the statute that makes this provision. The disability is due only to a legal fiction. Then the instructors in this department are but very inadequately recompensed for their services. It is never good policy in the highest fields of labour to keep the salaries at the starvation point. Nor is it fair that equal work and equal ability should be so unequally rewarded as is the case in our college. Altogether, the present state of things is a disadvantage not only to this department, but to the whole college. It is to be expected that the Council will recognize this fact and lose no time in instituting the required reform.

A common phenomenon is the persistence of customs long after the necessity that originated them has passed away. An illustration of this fact may be seen in the methods of instruction ordinarily pursued in our colleges. Formerly, when books were scarce and dear and when professors were the only available embodiment of knowledge, then lectures of a purely instructive purpose and nature were necessary to education. But now almost all needful information on facts can be obtained from the infinite variety of books accessible to the student himself, and his mental faculties are best developed in looking for it there. We have too much instructing and too little educating. The value of the Socratic method is still as great as ever. Instead of mechanical lectures and bored audiences, there should be conversation and discussion. Professors should no longer be mere fact-mongers. They have other work to do in giving needful assistance when difficulties arise and training the mind in proper methods of study and research. Yet their highest mission seems to be one which is too often entirely lost sight of. It is to inspire enthusiasm and love for intellectual pursuits and to cultivate the moral and the aesthetic sensibilities. This implies a change in the relations of professors and students. More direct contact and personal sympathy should exist between them if the highest results are to be attained. It has hitherto been the case too often that college professors, like the gods of Epicurus, dwelt apart in the interstellar spaces, and the perplexities and doubts of mortal men vexed not their serene souls. Such a state of things naturally leads to feelings of dissatisfaction and unrest among the students, who feel that they have not derived the beneficial results from their college training which might reasonably be expected from it. The letter from

Professor Hutton, however, which appears in another column, is sufficient indication that in the classical department at least the instructors are in the fullest sympathy with the enthusiasm and aspirations of their students. The professor evidently does not think it beneath his dignity to discuss matters freely with his class even in print, and the mutual confidence and respect which such a discussion must bring about, will necessarily be highly beneficial in the cause of education. Let us hope that this spirit which also exists in some other departments, may soon become universal throughout our college.

Literature.

ON THE STREET.

Soft hair, sweet lips and eyes of dew,
A face that love would ne'er forget!
I passed her once upon the street,
I wonder why our eyes have met.

I know her not and never since
Have seen or heard of her. But yet,
Soft hair, sweet lips and eyes of dew
The face love never *can* forget!

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."*

There are two sorts of unreality in books. Let the reader suppose himself taking up one of those novels, the main interest of which lies in the men and women whose various experiences are recorded; will he not require that these shall be such as he can imagine in real living and breathing humanity, if he is to sympathize with their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears? If the characters and situations in which they are placed are overdrawn and obviously improbable, will he not resent it as if he were being imposed on? I think he will, unless, perhaps, his taste for the sensational has reached a high state of development. But when what calls for our attention is not the characters, but the experiences they pass through, the farther these experiences are removed from every-day events, usually the more fascinating is the book. It is in part this sort of interest that attaches itself to fairy tales even when we have outgrown our childish belief in them, and it is this interest that gives us one form of the pleasure we derive from books such as the one whose title heads this sketch.

"King's Solomon's Mines" is an account of a journey taken by three Englishmen across desert and mountains in South Africa, in search of the mines of Ophir, reputed to be in the Suliman Mountains, their discovery of Kukuanaaland, and their sojourn and adventures there. Lovers of the marvellous will here find gratification for that taste to no small extent. Those for whom the horrible has a fascination will find plenty to make the blood run cold. Indeed, this feature would spoil the book, in the estimation of one, at least, were it not largely compensated for by the power of description that raises even the most horrible into the sublime. I said that the departure from ordinary experience was one source of pleasure in the book, but it is by no means the only one. No one, I think, will fail to see the poetry in the following extract, which, by the way, is put into the mouth of a Zulu, or rather a Kukuana:

"What is life? Tell me, O white men, who are wise, who know the secrets of the world, and the world of stars, and the world that lies above and around the stars; who flash their words from afar without a voice; tell me, white men, the secret of our life—whither it goes and whence it comes!

*"King Solomon's Mines," by H. Rider Haggard. Cassell & Co. (Limited), London; Williamson & Co., Toronto.

"Ye cannot answer; ye know not. Listen, I will answer. Out of the dark we came, into the dark we go. Like a storm-driven bird at night we fly out of the nowhere; for a moment our wings are seen in the light of the fire, and lo! we are gone again into the nowhere. Life is nothing. Life is all. It is the hand with which we hold off death. It is the glow-worm that shines in the night-time and is black in the morning; it is the white breath of the oxen in winter; it is the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself at sunset."

This is but a specimen of what runs through the whole book, and as multiplying quotations would occupy too much space, I will merely refer to the description of the rising sun and the moon in the desert, and in Kukuanaaland, Quatermain's reflections over the sleeping army on the eve of the battle; the dying speech of Fonlata, and Ignosi's song of triumph over his fallen foe. The chapter entitled "The last stand of the Greys," in its strong working out of the spirit of martial ardour, and the unwavering courage of a soldier that sends him forward, even to certain death, in obedience to duty, is a master-piece. Let me quote a few sentences from the beginning.

"It could not be otherwise; they were being condemned with that wise recklessness of human life that marks the great general, and often saves his forces and attains his ends, to certain slaughter, in order to give the cause and the remainder of the army a chance of success. They were fore-doomed to die, and they knew it. . . . And yet they never hesitated, nor could I detect a sign of fear upon the face of a single warrior. There they were—going to certain death, about to quit the beautiful light of day for ever, and yet able to contemplate their doom without a tremor."

"There was a moment's pause, then suddenly there rose from the serried phalanxes before us a murmuring like the distant whisper of the sea, caused by the gentle tapping of the handles of six thousand spears against their holders' shields; slowly it swelled, till its growing volume deepened and widened into a roar of rolling noise, that echoed like thunder against the mountains, and filled the air with heavy waves of sound; then it decreased, and slowly died away into nothing, and suddenly out crashed the royal salute. Ignosi, I thought to myself, might well be a proud man that day, for no Roman Emperor ever had such a salutation from gladiators 'about to die.'"

Then the grim irony of the diamond-seekers shut up in Solomon's treasure-chamber, in the presence of gold and diamonds, "treasures enough to pay off a moderate national debt, or to build a fleet of iron-clads," yet with apparently no prospect of getting out, and with the expectation of no better fate than death from hunger or thirst. "Truly wealth, which men spend all their lives in acquiring, is a valueless thing at the last." The character of Gagool, the Isanusi or witch-doctress, is truly diabolical; the tragic horror of her death seems no unfitting close to so horrible a life. The death scene of Fonlata, which follows, is on the contrary full of pathos. Nor is interest in the characters wanting. Indeed, I think one of the especial charms of the book—one which goes far to mitigate the effect of what would ordinarily be unbearable, is in finding our feelings on each occasion, mirrored in the minds of those actually present. There is often sudden descent from the tragic to the ludicrous, that is rather startling, but an acquaintance with the character given by the hunter Quatermain of himself, makes it comprehensible. This element of the ludicrous, centres principally in one of the party and his eye-glass. After their despairing efforts to escape from the cave, and the most miraculous chance that led them at last to life and safety, comes this—

"Lighter it grew, and lighter yet. We could see each other now, and such a spectacle as we presented I have never set eyes on before or since. Gaunt-cheeked, hollow-eyed wretches, smeared all over with dust and mud, bruised, bleeding, the long fear of imminent death yet written on our countenances, we were, indeed, a sight to frighten the daylight, and yet it is a solemn fact that

Good's eye-glass was still fixed in Good's eye. I doubt whether he had ever taken it out at all. Neither the darkness, nor the plunge in the subterranean river, nor the roll down the slope, had been able to separate Good and his eye-glass."

In their departure from Kukuanaaland, the following occurs:

"We were very sorry to part from him; indeed, Good was so moved that he gave him as a souvenir—what do you think?—an *eyeglass*! (Afterwards we discovered that it was a spare one.) Infadoss was delighted, foreseeing that the possession of such an article would enormously increase his prestige, and after several vain attempts actually succeeded in screwing it into his own eye. Anything more incongruous than the old warrior looked with an eye-glass I never saw. Eye-glasses don't go well with leopard-skin cloaks and black ostrich plumes."

Let me quote one more extract, illustrating the customs of those extraordinary people, the Kukuanas.

"Over the whole surface of the corpse there was gathered a thin, glassy film, which made its appearance yet more appalling, and for which we were, at the moment, quite unable to account, till we presently observed that from the roof of the chamber the water fell steadily, *drip! drip! drip!* on to the neck of the corpse, from whence it ran down over the entire surface, and finally escaped into the rock through a tiny hole in the table. Then I guessed what it was—*Twala's body was being transformed into a stalactite*. A look at the white forms seated on the stone bench that ran around that ghastly board confirmed this view. They were human forms indeed, or rather had been human forms; now they were *stalactites*. This was the way in which the Kukuana people had from time immemorial preserved their royal dead. They petrified them."

I can only end with the hope that the book may give many more the pleasure it has given me. Perhaps some one clever enough may find out whether it is an allegory, and if so, what it symbolizes.

SILENCE.

ARISTOPHANES—ENTRANCE OF THE CLOUDS.

Come ye clouds that live for aye,
Arise we now, that all may see,
How dewy and bright and pure are we.
From our sire, loud thundering ocean, fare
To the tresses of leaves the hilltops wear,
To gaze on the peaks that gleam far away,
The fruits, and our nursing the earth divine,
The sacred ceaselessly murmuring streams,
And the hoarse deep voice of the ocean brine.
Come, for on high with dazzling beams
The heaven's bright eye unwearied gleams,
From our goddess forms let us strip this guise
Of rain-fraught cloud, and with far-seeing eyes,
Survey the world that beneath us lies.

Maidens fair that send the showers,
To Pallas' smiling land let us go,
The land that such doughty leaves can show;
Where in Cecrops' fair realm, with reverence meet,
Men view the dread rites that none may repeat,
And the house of the holy flings open its gates,
And mankind in life's mysteries initiates;
There they offer the gods grateful gifts of their best,
There shine the white statues, each temple high towers,
There holy processions and garlands of flowers,
With feast and with sacrifice, honor the blest,
The immortals of heaven, all the year round.
And in spring, Dionysus' glad festivals sound
With sweet-voiced choirs in rivalry stirred,
And the flutes' deep music in undertone heard.

THE INS AND OUTS OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

II.

We go dashing, plunging on down the bay, the shore on either side so close to us in appearance that the jerk of a stone would reach it. The moon, ahead of us, darts out and in among the clouds. Now shining out and gilding our track before us, and lighting up the tug and our wooden line of connection; now disappearing and leaving only the dusky outline of the logs, and the black hull of the steamer away at the end of them, off, a hundred yards, or so. There is a touch of excitement about our new mode of travelling. But we only sink as we feel it a little deeper into the upturned collars of our jackets, wrap our blankets closer round us, and, with a series of downward tugs at our caps, grip the amber of our pipes more tightly between our teeth, and settle down to the enjoyment of it. We are moving at about five miles an hour, and the swish of the water, as it comes from the end of the logs and divides itself at our bow, makes fast and furious music, to which the panoramic views, which the shore on either side is continually forming, go dashing past. In two hours, or so, we pass Mill Point, with the mouth of the Napanee River, and turn down the Long Reach. We are now in the second stretch of the bay, of which there are three. The first being that from the Carrying Place eastward to Mill Point and extending for about thirty miles. The second, known as the Long Reach, runs southward between Mill Point and Picton, and the third, that stretching eastward to connect with Lake Ontario. The Bay of Quinte is the name as well, of that portion of the Lake to the east of the opening of the bay proper, between the islands of Amherst and Wolfe, and the mainland. The total length from Kingston to the head of the Bay is seventy miles. Its width averages about one mile, but in some places it is two miles. As well as being irregular in its direction, the shores of the bay have constant indentations which increase its irregularity, but give it a picturesque appearance and add the charm of great variety to the beauty of its scenery.

With daylight we cut loose from our low line of logs, and look around us. Soon the sun rises over the low lands on the left of us, and on one of the prettiest sights we have ever seen. South of us lies Picton Bay, with the town in the distance. Behind us, and extending for about eight miles, lie the waters of the Long Reach. The low broken shore on the one side is in pleasing contrast with the lofty and regular highland on the other. The sun, shining down across the lowlands to the east, lights up the glassy surface of the water, and brightens the dark tints and shadows of the other side. Picton Bay is a blaze of glittering, dancing sunlight, except where its mirror-like surface reflects the shadow of the towering cliff on the east point of the entrance to the bay. "Grand Bay," it is sometimes called, and a grand bay, indeed, it is. We move slowly on before a breeze that is just commencing to ruffle the surface around us, leave the Reach, and, entering the harbor, run down for Picton town.

Towards the close of the day which we spend here and hereabouts, we recross the bay and, ascending the hill on our right, journey to view the *piece de resistance* of the scenery about Prince Edward County, the "Lake of the Mountain."

With the assistance of a quotation or two from abler pens than our own we shall attempt a description of this spot. A weak description it will be, and of necessity must be, for none but an artist and a master, could do it justice.

"I have visited this spot when the surrounding woods shone in all the gorgeousness of summer sunshine. I have viewed it again by the pale moonlight, when the splendor and magnificence of the scene surpassed even what it exhibited by the broad light of day. The lake below, and the distant bay, appeared like sheets of molten silver, and every object was softened down by the mellow light under which they were viewed." . . . "Nothing can surpass the savage grandeur of the scene we look upon from the summit of

the limestone rock I have so often mentioned, nor can a lovelier prospect be found than that which breaks upon our view on first reaching the top of the mountain. To the north and west we behold the Bay of Quinte stretching far away into the land and dividing itself into many beautiful inlets."

"There is however one view at the lake which above all others I have most delighted to enjoy. It is from the woods up on the most elevated part of the eminence which bounds the lake to the south. From it we behold the dark deep waters of the lake beneath our feet, the bay of a hundred arms with its smiling coast, and far away we gaze upon forest rising beyond forest until we are lost in the interminable—the dreamy distance."

Forty feet below the level of the mountain top, and 160 feet below the surface of the bay below, the Lake of the Mountain lies. It is about five miles in circumference, and of great depth, and, surrounded by high steep banks, apparently without either inlet or outlet. To the south and west a ledge of limestone rock and a high embankment separate it from the waters of the bay below. But it is the sight that meets our view as we stood and look on the country spread out around us but far below us, that is the chief attraction of the place. Beneath us on one side is the dark water of the lake we have climbed up to see, on the other the bay in which seem to be able to trace the path which for the last two or three days we have been following. Merited, indeed, is the tribute of praise which our second quotation bestows on the scene.

"We venture to say, after having viewed many lovely spots in the old and new worlds, that we know of no lovelier panoramic view, than that to be obtained from the Lake of the Mountain. Not even excepting the far famed Hudson and the classic Rhine. Of course we except the rich relics of the old feudal days which so picturesquely adorn the mountain tops along the swift running Rhine. But even here we are not destitute of historic reminiscences. True, we have no embattled towers resting on rugged summits. No castle keeps with mysterious dungeons, . . . no mysterious ruins of graceful architecture. We possess no Tintern Abbey by the quiet waters to tell of the olden time. No gloomy cloisters where comfortable monks did dwell. No romantic cathedrals whose antique windows admitted but a dim religious light. Still there is something to be said of the past in connection with our country. From our position here we may examine the classic ground of Upper Canada, and trace the course of settlement followed by our fathers, the pioneers.

The sun had gone down as we had been gazing on nature's beautie around us, and a flush of murky atmosphere, tinted with crimson streaks, outlines its wake and mark its point of retreat down behind the dusky hills off on the other side of the bay. With it the breeze, too, dies away, and leaves the water below us covered with a silvery glaze, which not a breath of wind disturbs.

As night closes in, we leave the lake of the mountain, for with all its beauty there is an uncanny quietness about it, forbidding, to a certain extent, to two lone, unprotected wanderers such as we, and seek our skiff stowed away in a nook below. A pull down the remaining stretch of the bay to the lake of ten or twelve miles is decided on, and we are soon off round the corner of the cliff, gazing up at it as we go. Several hours of quiet rowing, during which we serenade the inhabitants of the presumable inhabited and dusky outlined houses on the shore, with our lengthy repertoire of songs, which, once concluded, is in reverse order repeated; or start the slumbering helmsman of some wind-forsaken craft with a boisterous blast of our fog-horn, brings us at last to the end of our night's journey, and we have the pleasure of camping for that night with Lake Ontario washing the beach on which we lie, and lulling us to sleep with the sound of its dead, monotonous breaking.

Fear lest this article should assume wearisome proportions prompts us, though reluctantly, to pass hastily over the latter half of our voyage.

Though not possessed of the numerous interesting features of that portion of which we have just spoken, our circuit of the

southern portion of the peninsula, from its eastern end to the place where our journey commenced, is not without its charms. The coast-line keeps the characteristics of the other side. It is low and broken—a series of alternating stubby projections of rock, and sandy coves.

Heavy winds from the south-west throw up before us a sea that is too much for our little craft and which compels us to alter our hours of sailing and make the night take the place of the day. Here came in the pleasantest part of such an excursion as this: To leave as night comes on, and the wind comes back, as it were, from across the land, a little patch perchance of shelterless beach—the close acquaintance of which in our wind-bound helplessness we have been making during the dreary length of a sultry day, and with a brisk land breeze abeam of us, and to follow in and out the twists and turns of the shore-line. The last hours of the twenty-four slip quietly past as we dart in and out skirting the dusky shore, bringing midnight supper on some pretty stretch of beach. No camp-fire ever looked half so glorious as that we quickly kindle. No camp supper ever tasted half so well. And when with, "incense kindled," we follow on our track, now silver strewn as the moon begins its downward course towards the west before us, it is with one more added to our store of pleasant recollections.

With a few words on the well-known natural phenomenon of this shore, the Sand Banks, we will close:—

Commencing about two miles from the town of Wellington, they extend for another three miles in the southward line. The strip of shore on which they divide the waters of Lake Ontario from the water and marsh of West Lake, a familiar spot to sportsmen all over the country. The sand has been piled in ridges, drifting with the wind. At places these ridges rise to a height of seventy or eighty feet, and form a curious and pleasing spectacle. Here and there, where the wind has drifted away the surface sand, tops of dead, branchless pine trees come to view, apparently at first the barriers of the drifting sand against which it piled itself, but now and for a long time its victims. These mountains of sand are a curious and novel sight, and are well worth a visit, especially in the afternoon, when the sun, striking full upon them, dries them to a uniform whiteness and causes the sand to glisten and sparkle as they reflect its light and heat.

Two days after the sand banks fade from our view we bid farewell to Prince Edward County, and leaving the snugest of the half-dozen fishermen's huts that line the Consecon shore, into which, by an art in which we were fast becoming proficient, we had gained an entrance, and appropriated to our use; scribble our compliments and thanks to its owner over a square foot or two of pine board, cross Weller's Bay once more, and commence our homeward journey.

From start to finish, from the time of the commencement of it up to the time when we kindled our last fire and consumed our larder's remnants on the point of Toronto Island, our voyage was without a drawback. Four weeks, not an hour of which was without its pleasures, and not a day of which, even in our present recollections, was without its quota of happy incidents.

W. H. IRVING.

A SUMMER DAY.

The stars are shining clear overhead, and clear in the still dark water below. The anchor-chain of our little pilot boat is taut, and her bows divide the rapid ebb-tide that laps and gurgles along her sides, in its broad swift stream towards the Gulf. Black, to the northward, lie the Laurentians,—their giant mysterious shadows stretching out into the mid-stream of the river, vaguely suggesting immeasurable distance. Here and there, over the silent expanse, a light-house sends a steady beam, a beam that, broken by no ripple, is reflected ruddier than the pale stars. The hour of night

when everything, but the unwearied tide in endless ebb and flow, sleeps. The soft breath of the night-wind, that bore us gently on our way, is hushed, and brings no longer the sound of the water's flow over shallowing reef and bar.

Ere midnight has passed two hours, the sway of night weakens in the east, and the low stars tremble and disappear in the lightening background. Down the river the vague shore lines take form, and the heavy blackness of their shadows grows less dark. Still to the Westward reigns the night, and contests the slow advance of day. The pale light spreads upward, curtaining the stars one by one, and darkness rolls sullenly away. Up from the pallid East comes a salty breath, twining the night mist into fantastic shapes, and bringing a smell of sea-weed and shores at low tide. Swings our boat uneasily at her cable as the slack water feels the returning flood, and now she heads down stream and the morning breeze steadies. Cheerily the chain rattles in and the sails fill, while her bows are turned from the golden streak in the East.

Borne on the broad bosom of the flood-tide we glide past sweeping beach and point of rock and reef brown with seaweed. Suddenly the sail is dyed with red, for the great Sun is rising from his ocean bath, and long shadows of mast and cordage stretch far away before us. This first air of the morning, blown from the rising sun, fades in his warmer beams and has passed away, no one knows whither, before the world has opened its eyes on another day. Then comes another time of calm, when the sails hang in idle folds and the current alone floats us onward. No ripple on the surface of the great river disturbs the deep-sunk reflection of cliff and rugged promontory, or plashes against the water-worn granite. Lovingly does it encircle the old gray rocks, and with gentle fingers lay the sea-weed, the dead men's hair, smoothly over their weather-beaten sides. Willingly would it live at peace with them, and forever pass quietly on its course. And yet when the North-Easter in its whirling mantle of ragged storm-cloud rules the heavens, will it fling itself high on the iron shore and bellow forth the fierceness of its wrath, or mourn resurgent the hopeless fate that urges on to never-ending strife.

Now in the infinite stillness of the morning air, the sea-gulls' harsh notes come mellowed by miles of distance, and their wings flash snow-white as, driven by the deepening water, they circle from bar to bar. Far over towards the low South shore a nearing line of steel-blue shows that the day-wind is coming, and slack sheets are hauled down as its first breath swells the sail. Sure and steady it blows, ever freshening and veering with the sun till the heat of the mid-summer day is past. Our little boat careens and dances merrily through the ripple. Tiny waves begin to try their strength against the bows and are tossed back in foam that hisses to the wake. Moment by moment the shore changes. Now escarped rocks, bare and white, the bleached bones of this mighty range; now a ravine, with a stream flashing down through the dark hemlocks, opens a vista to the darker distant mountains cut clear against the sky; now a slope clad with silver birch and thick with moss and fern, skirted with smooth white sand on which the sea breaks rhythmically.

But the tide has run its appointed course, and braver ships than ours must wait its time. The anchor drops in the shelter of a point of rock where we shall rest secure until the down-tide has swirled and eddied away its strength. Here to us, lying in peaceful harbor, comes the sound of breaking waves, and the voice of the wind in the trees—the ever-melancholy sough of the pines, the light rustle of birch and aspen, and the fragrant sigh of the cedar. Sandlarks and plover pipe cheerily as they dance along the wet marge, and the lonely call of the Northern diver drifts down the wind as he steers his solitary way against sea and tide. High up in the blue float a few downy clouds, and their shadows trail a darker shade over the river and the mountains.

Bare black rocks, stretches of wet sand, and the slackening eddy show that the ebb is nearly spent, and on the young flood we venture forth again and trim the sails. In the struggle of wind and water the

waves are capped with white, and the boat, after their sturdy charge, staggers down into the trough. Her blunt bows pound into the dancing green, and flinging away a white sheaf of foam, rise quivering.

With the Westering sun the breeze fails, and the sails fill only on the crests of the waves. The white-caps disappear, and the dark track of the wind fades from the river's face. Soon the friendly tide alone aids, and rock and cliff take a softer outline in the liquid air of evening. The low rays of the sun floating down a gorge tinge the dark boles of the trees with red and gold. Distant sails shine white as sea-birds' wings. The clouds in a glory of color fade away, and a soft haze bathes mountain and islet. From the darkening shore lightly comes the land-breeze, its breath warm with the smell of trees and flowers. Through and across the ripple the early moon throws a silvery quivering shaft, while the red of the west fades to pink and the pink to a transparent opal. The leaders of the star-battalions come forth and marshal their followers one by one. The shores recede once more into vagueness and immensity, and a Summer's day is done.

W. H. BLAKE.

University and College News.

A REQUISITION FROM TORONTO.

To Messrs. J. A. Culham, M.A., Hamilton, and E. B. Edwards, M.A., Peterborough.

GENTLEMEN,—Understanding from VARSITY that the graduates of the Hamilton and Peterborough associations have suggested your names as candidates in the elections about to be held for the University Senate, we have much pleasure in seconding their request that you should offer yourselves.

We feel that since the adoption of the recent resolution requiring the meetings of the Senate to be held at fixed periods, there is no reason why the representation of graduates outside of Toronto should not be much increased upon the Senate, and as you have both taken a warm interest in University affairs and are familiar with our present needs, we shall have much pleasure in doing what we can to promote your election.

Signed—J. C. Hamilton, LL.B.; John A. Paterson, M.A.; C. R. W. Biggar, M.A.; Thomas Langton, M.A., LL.B.; R. E. Kingsford, M.A., LL.B.; D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.B.; S. C. Smoke, B.A.; J. M. Clark, M.A.; W. H. Blake, B.A.; W. F. Maclean, B.A.; Geo. Acheson, M.A.; W. W. Ferguson, B.A., M.B.; A. McD. Haig, B.A.; J. Mackay, B.A.; W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B., and thirty-two others.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The last meeting of this society was one of unusual interest. After routine business Mr. Houston gave a brief address on the relation of the Canadian constitution to the constitutions of England and the United States.

Of the three functions of government, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, he omitted the last from the comparison, as not closely connected with the object in view, which was to show that the constitution of the United States was based largely on that of England, and that the constitution of Canada was based on the other two alike. In the English legislature there are three bodies, the King, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons. The consent of each separately is necessary in order to give any act the force of law, but all three are not equally influential. The influence of the House of Lords has declined and is declining, largely on account of the hereditary element in its membership. The power of the King in legislation has almost disappeared, as the result of the growth of responsible government, under which system the monarch must find advisers who are willing to be responsible for his acts,

and who, at the same time, are able to secure a majority of the House of Commons favorable to their policy. "The King can do no wrong," simply because for all he does his advisers, the Ministry of the day, are held to account. Nominally the King's advisers are the members of his Privy Council, but this body never meets for business. In reality, his advisers are the members of a section of the Privy Council unknown to the law, called the Cabinet, the membership of which varies according to circumstances. The Cabinet ministers are usually heads of Departments of State, but sometimes ministers have no portfolios, and sometimes heads of Departments are in the Ministry without being in the Cabinet. For instance, Joseph Chamberlain, who resigned recently the portfolio of the President of the Local Government Board, was a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, but Mr. Stansfield, who succeeds him, is not a Cabinet Minister. The Cabinet is intermediary between King and Parliament, and through the Cabinet the House of Commons imposes its will on the King. This is done by granting the money to carry on the public service for only a year at a time and by passing the Mutiny Act for only the same interval. At the end of the year, if the Supply Bill and Mutiny Act were not renewed, the collection of revenue would become illegal, and all soldiers and marines would cease to be subject to discipline. One peculiarity of the English Cabinet is its solidarity. Each member is responsible for the policy of the whole, and no minister can separate himself from his colleagues except by resignation. Another is the presence of its members in Parliament, where they are liable to be questioned and attacked, not merely with respect to their general policy but also with respect to the administration of their individual departments, down to the minutest details. The effect of these two peculiarities on the general legislation of Parliament, and even more on the financial policy of the Government, is easily perceived.

In spite of the fact that the constitution of the United States was as close a copy as circumstances permitted of that of England, there are very instructive differences between them. The three bodies in the Legislature are more nearly on a par in respect of influence. The President can put his personal veto on the acts of the Senate and the House of Representatives, though they may pass acts over his veto by a two-thirds majority in each House. The Senate is as influential a chamber as the House is in legislation, and shares important executive powers with the President, while the Supreme Court has the power of deciding in the last resort whether acts passed by Congress are or are not in accordance with the constitution. The Cabinet differs from the English Cabinet in several respects. The members are chosen by the President at his own will; each of them is the head of a department of state but has no seat in either House of Congress; and there is no necessity for solidarity of opinion. The President is himself responsible for his policy, and his secretaries may differ from each other in their views as to matters of importance.

The most striking feature of the English constitution is the system of Cabinet government, and the rapidity with which, by means of it, effect is given to the popular will. The most striking feature of the United States constitution is its federal character, and the arbitral function of the Supreme Court. Each of these features is to be found in the Canadian constitution, which in outward form closely resembles that of the United States, and in its inner working closely resembles that of England. The federal character given to it in 1867 was avowedly modelled on the general character of the United States constitution; the system of responsible or Cabinet government was introduced as the result of the rebellion of 1837, and the subsequent recommendations of Lord Durham.

The lecturer concluded with an expression of opinion that no subject should receive more attention in any Canadian University than the Canadian system of government; that since the Canadian constitution is modelled largely on that of the United States, a

knowledge of the constitutional history and law of that country is necessary to an intelligent study of Canadian constitutional history and law; and that an acquaintance with the history and working of the English constitution is an essential condition to a useful knowledge of either of the others.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above Society was held in Lecture Room No. 8, Tuesday evening, the President, Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., in the chair. Several changes were made in the constitution, among which were the removing of the office of "Representative of the School of Practical Science," the engineers having organized a society in their own interests and withdrawn from the Mathematical and Physical Society, and the changing of the hour of meeting from 8 to 3 o'clock, which change it is hoped will encroach less upon the time of the individual student and bring about increased attendance of those not actually pursuing an Honor Course in Mathematics or Physics. No papers were handed to the secretary competing for the medal to be awarded by the Society. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, T. J. Mulvey, B.A.; vice-President, J. A. Duff; Sec.-Treas., J. McGowan; Corresponding Secretary, A. F. Hunter; Registrar, W. Montgomery; 3rd year Councillor, J. A. McMillan; 2nd year Councillor, H. K. Moore.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Clarke for the very great interest which he had evinced both for the advancement of the Society and in the welfare of the individual members, to which he replied very much regretting his inability to preside during the coming year, but assuring them that he would continue to regard the Society as a bond of union between him and the undergraduates, and hoping that the same success would attend all its proceedings as had characterized it in the past. Short speeches were given by Messrs. Martin and Stephens, as members of the graduating class of '86.

The meeting then adjourned for the session, to meet the third Tuesday in October.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The following is the programme for '86-'87:—

ENGLISH.

1. Burns :
(a) Lyrics ; (b) Burns as a satirist ; (c) His longer poems.
2. Ruskin :
(a) Modern Painters ; (b) Seven Lamps of Architecture ; (c) Sesame and Lilies.
3. Lowell :
(a) Biglow Papers ; (b) Sir Launfal ; (c) Sonnets and other poems.
4. Address on Canadian Literature.
5. Byron :
(a) English Bards and Scotch Reviewers ; (b) Oriental Tales ;
(c) Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
6. Matthew Arnold :
(a) Poems ; (b) Critical Essays ; (c) Culture and Anarchy.
7. Edgar Allan Poe :
(a) Poems ; (b) Police Stories (A. G. Pym) ; (c) Pseudo-scientific Tales.

FRENCH.

1. Hugo :
(a) L'Homme qui rit (Lib.) ; (b) Marion Delorme.
2. Merimee :
(a) Mosaique ; (b) Theatre de Clara Gazul.
3. Gautier :
(a) Le Capitaine Fracasse (Lib.) ; (b) Emaux et Camees (Lib.)
4. Daudet :
(a) Siege de Berlin et d'autres Contes (Jenkins) ; (b) Le Nabab.
5. Labiche :
(a) Le Voyage de M. Perrichou (Jenkins) ; (b) La Grammaire (Jenkins) ; (c) Le Gendre de M. Poirier, by Sandeau et Angier (Jenkins).
6. De Musset :
(a) Contes Charpentier (Lib.) ; (b) Les Nuits (Lib.) ; (c) Les Caprices de Marianne (Lib.)

7. French-Canadian Works :
(a) Jean Rivard ; (b) Le Chien d'Or ; (c) Les Fleurs Boreales (Frechette).

GERMAN.

1. Heine :
(a) Reisebilder ; (b) Poems.
2. Richter :
(a) Das Leben des vergnügten Schulmeisterleins Wuz ; (b) Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des Armenaelvokatin Liebenkas.
3. Schiller :
(a) Die Rauber ; (b) Kabale und Liebe.
4. Schiller :
(a) Fiesko ; (b) Don Karlos.
5. Schiller :
(a) Die Jung frau von Orleans ; (b) Die Brant von Messina.
6. Heyse :
(a) L'Arrabiata ; (b) Gedichte.
7. Ruckert :
(a) Lyrics ; (b) Longer Poems.

NOTE.—It is hoped that members will, as far as possible, read the works prescribed. As a guide to those who wish to buy the books, it may be said that those marked "Jenkins" are published by Jenkins, of New York, at 25 cents. Some of the city dealers have them, and would perhaps send for those not marked. All those marked "Lib." are in the University Library. French-Canadian works, and perhaps others, may be had of Rivard, of Montreal. Most of the German works are in either the Public Library or the University Library. Steiger, of New York, has cheap editions of Schiller.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

On Tuesday evening the Association held its annual meeting, the first vice-president in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Prof. Pike, Ph. D.; first vice-president, Mr. Clark; second vice-president, Mr. Wait; Secretary, Mr. Miller; Treasurer, Mr. Hill; Curator, Mr. Boyd; fourth year representative, Mr. Hamilton; third year representative, Mr. Giffin.

The society thus concludes the most successful year of its existence, whether we judge from the attendance and interest taken in its meetings, or from the character of the papers read before it. Two of these, "Chacun pour soi," by Mr. Brent, and "German Universities," by Prof. Wright, B. Sc., have appeared in the VARSITY, and had space been obtainable a number more equally interesting would have been published.

At this meeting a scheme was proposed to encourage undergraduates and recent graduates to work up the fauna of the different sections of the country where they may happen to be stationed and a committee was appointed to receive and arrange all information sent in by those engaged in the work. The object is to have the results published when the finances of the society will warrant it.

There will be a special meeting next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to receive the report of the McMurrich Medal Committee.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SPORTS.

A meeting of those interested in University College sports was held in Moss Hall, Wednesday, April 7th, at 5 p.m. After various speeches it was unanimously decided that sports be held in connection with the College on Convocation Day. The following officers were appointed:—President, J. N. McKendrick; Treasurer, F. H. Moss; Secretary, F. B. Hodgins. Committee—Third year, H. McLaren, J. S. McLean, W. T. Jackson; Second year, D. Ferguson, E. C. Senkler, H. B. Fraser; First year, F. M. Robertson, J. S. Johnston, J. H. Senkler.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The annual elections of the officers of the University College Gymnasium Association were held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, April 7th. After a very satisfactory account of the finances of the in-

stitution had been given, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. President, Prof. Pike; President, H. McLaren; Secretary, E. S. Hogarth; Treasurer, J. H. Senkler. Committee—Fourth year, A. Crozier, W. T. White; Third year, G. H. Richardson, W. Malcolm; Second year, F. M. Robertson, F. H. Moss.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB.

The annual meeting of this Club was held in Moss Hall on Friday afternoon at 5 p.m., the captain, Mr. W. W. Vickers, in the chair. The attendance was very large and the interest taken in the proceedings by those present certainly augurs well for a continuation of that success which has attended the Club in previous years. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Dr. Wilson; 1st vice-President, Prof. Pike; 2nd vice-President, R. O. McCulloch, B.A.; Captain, R. G. McDonald; Sec.-Treas., J. J. Hughes; Curator, E. C. Senkler. Committee—Fourth year, W. P. Mustard; third year, A. G. Smith; second year, S. D. Schultz; first year, W. Snetsinger; occasional, J. D. Thorburn.

Communications.

REPRESENTATION FOR THE MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—It is but a few years ago that modern languages attained anything like the important position in the educational world they now hold. The rise of modern languages from an unesteemed subordinate to a recognized equal of the other great branches of a liberal education, we may date from the publication of the essay of Charles F. Adams on "A College Fetish." In University College it is only within the last three or four years that they have gained the prominence and popularity they deserve.

But, while great efficiency in the teaching in this department in the College has been attained, while the number of students in the department is surpassed by that in the department of Mental and Moral Science, Modern Languages still continue without any representation on the College Council. With the retirement of Dr. Wilson from his honourable labours in English, disappeared the only trace of representation the department ever had.

As the Constitution of the Council now stands, it is impossible to think that in all the measures affecting the department it has strict and accurate justice done it. The Professors in the Council are specialists with the specialist's ardor for their department.

This is not as it should be. A representation that was satisfactory ten years ago is no longer satisfactory. The educational world does not stand to-day in the place it stood ten years ago. As there has been a change in the importance of the subject so should there be a change in the College government to recognize this importance.

There are gentlemen connected with the department whom the University has delighted to honour, able and deserving of reward. That it should be any longer left without representation is inexpedient and unjust.

Faithfully yours, F. H. SYKES.

INDEPENDENT COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—In a recent letter to the Toronto daily papers, Prof. Loudon insinuates that I exercise a controlling influence over the Editorial management of the VARSITY. I prefer to reply to the charge in your own columns, as this is a matter which does not particularly concern the outside public.

For the information of my fellow-members of the University, undergraduate and graduate, I have to state that the insinuation is entirely baseless. The VARSITY is, I believe, the property of a joint-stock company. I cannot at this moment name a single shareholder or a single director, and I do not know even the names of all the members of the Editorial staff. All I know about the history of the paper is that it was started some years ago by a few public-spirited members of the University, that at the earnest request of the management I have from time to time contributed to its columns, that it has been as often opposed as favorable to my views of University and College policy, and that I have never allowed differences of opinion between the management and myself to prevent me from giving the enterprise all the assistance I was in a position to give it.

So far as I know, the VARSITY is just as free from the control of other members of Senate as it is free from mine. I believe it to be strictly independent, and to be worthy of even more cordial support than it receives. It is a good thing for the University and College to have a journal in which matters of policy, and even of administration, can be freely discussed from every point of view. I have an abiding conviction that nothing but error will suffer any injury from publicity, and therefore the more any change I propose in the Senate is discussed the better I am pleased.

Prof. Loudon's letter contains many of the points that invite reply, but I am willing that the discussion of them should be relegated to the Senate chamber, where we can settle our disputes without taking up either your space or the time of your readers. I have only to say, in conclusion, that I am pleased to see that he has mustered courage to append his name to his recent attacks on me. It is more satisfactory to deal with charges which an opponent makes over his own signature than it is to deal with slanders which he circulates by word-of-mouth or publishes anonymously.

WM. HOUSRON.

Toronto, April 5th, 1886.

ELECTIONS TO THE SENATE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

Sir,—I take the liberty of writing you a brief note in connection with the approaching elections to the Senate of the University. As I may be a comparative stranger to you, I may say that I am a graduate, (1875), am a resident of Brantford, am at present on the Board of University examiners, and have always taken a deep interest in University matters; and I rejoice to see that the graduates generally are taking more interest in University questions than they did some years ago.

My chief object in writing however, is to say that the Brant Co. Association of Convocation is bringing out as a candidate for the Senate M. J. Kelly, Esq., M.D., LL.B., inspector of public schools for this county. His nomination, which has already been sent in was signed not only by Brantford men, but by a number of leading graduates in Hamilton and Toronto. He is in every way a capital man, and is so situated that he could attend the meetings of Senate without any difficulty. He is well acquainted with our educational system, and has always kept himself posted on the interests of the University. I may add that he favors your position in regard to increased representation of the graduates in the Senate, and that he took a good deal of interest in getting the petition to that effect signed here, and his own name appears on that petition. By the way, what happened that the names of the members of the Brant Co. Association of Convocation signing that petition did not appear in your columns a week ago, when you published the others from Toronto, Peterboro, &c.?

I am asked by the Association here, which maintains its organization and meetings, to solicit your favorable notice of the candidature of Dr. Kelly and the Brant Co. Association. We feel confident of your support when we can assure you that we are in

harmony with your position in regard to increased graduate representation on the Senate. Yours sincerely, F. R. BEATTIE.

The Manse, Brantford, 29th March, 1886.

[Through some unaccountable omission we did not receive the names of either the Brant County graduates or of those in Hamilton and Walkerton who signed the recent memorial. We regret the omission as much as does Dr. Beattie.—EDITOR.]

A PROTEST FROM OTTAWA.

To the Editor of the VARSITY :

SIR,—In glancing over your ever welcome journal, I see that in an issue or two you have darkly hinted at some underhand influence which induced the Ottawa graduates to reject the four proposals sent down from a meeting of Convocation. Let me once for all assure you that the Ottawa graduates are capable of forming an opinion without asking or receiving any outside advice ; and let me further assure you that the proposals were rejected after due consideration, and on what we thought just grounds.

I may say in addition, that I warned the chairman of the executive committee that it was unwise to attempt any legislation for the past session, as it would be in direct opposition to a well-defined understanding arrived at last summer, when the committee met to consider the subject of fixed meetings of the Senate. One or two proposals were omitted from our report because it would necessitate legislative action, and one of these was proposal *two* in the resolution sent down.

The Ottawa graduates would have gladly accepted proposal *one*, with probably one or two dissentients, and if the Convocation, when it met, had appointed a committee to ascertain the opinions of the graduates, before asking us to sign such a document as was presented, all would have been well. But we could not sign *three* or *four*, and the whole had therefore to be rejected. If any error was made, the fault lies in the graduates at Convocation assuming that every graduate must accept its opinions without doubt or hesitancy. I venture to say that Convocation has received a valuable lesson, and that in future it will not presume to bind some ten or twelve hundred graduates by the somewhat crude and undigested opinions of gentlemen who meet in Toronto and assume to move the universe by *resolution*.

Let me now produce some of the reasons which induced us summarily to reject *three* and *four*. *Three* reads :—"That in case of any vacancy in the Senate, such vacancy be filled by the members of Convocation at the next regular election. Now, we interpreted this clause to mean, that "any vacancy" means just what it says. So that in case any member of the Senate, not elected now by the graduates, should die, the government and the affiliated colleges, should abnegate their rights, and Convocation would be supreme in a few years over all. We felt that in a State institution such a measure was hasty and uncalled for, and hence it was rejected."

Four was equally objectionable. Of the 109 High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, 59 have had masters who are graduates of our *alma mater*. These gentlemen already possess a double franchise, and that ought to satisfy them, with the two special representations they now have. But here was the further danger. All teachers in these institutions, duly qualified, have votes, and can elect whom they please. Suppose they elected, as I happen to know they might, four men who were not Toronto graduates, but alumni of other Universities, perhaps bitterly opposed to our State Institutions, would Convocation tell us how their influence could be neutralized? *One* called for increased graduate representation, *four* opened the door to a danger which we felt to be so serious that we rejected the proposal unconditionally.

You would not have been troubled with this communication from me if I had not seen a manifest effort to saddle the responsibility of our action on some of the Professors of University College. I venture to say that our decision was as much a surprise to them as it was to the promoters of the agitation. We acted independently, and, with no hobby to ride, with no wish to curry favor with any-

body, we proceeded as we did, because in doing so we felt we were acting for the advantage of our *alma mater*.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL WOODS.

Ottawa, April 5th, 1886.

THE ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—The readers of the VARSITY received last week a statement of what the editor thinks an "imprudence" in my announcement of a course in Oriental languages. The statement concludes with the expression of a judicial opinion that the sanction of the President of University College must be held to weigh nothing against the strictures of an anonymous "humorous correspondent." If I venture to take a different view of the matter, and in addition try to throw some light upon this curiously mooted question, I do so, of course, not with the view of appealing to the eccentric Philistinism of which the above is a symptom, but with the desire of reaching those who are accustomed to look to a college journal for a disinterested and competent treatment of subjects that may have interest for college circles.

The imprudence of which I am said to have been guilty is declared to consist (first) in my having completely ignored Mr. Hirschfelder, and (second) in the excessive amount of detail to be found in my announcement. As to the first accusation, it is sufficiently disproved by the fact that, as Mr. Hirschfelder still has charge of most of the regular undergraduate Hebrew, the matters embraced under his lectures upon that very important subject of the curriculum were not even alluded to in my programme. The second allegation is also unfounded : for the facts in the case have been misunderstood. You say : "Students do not need to be told by a public announcement all the languages and dialects down to every detail upon which they will be instructed. They take much of that for granted." Now this is just what the announcement in question did not do. The "dialects" of the languages in which I offered to form classes were, with one exception, not indicated at all, and that exception was necessarily made on account of the great importance of the idioms referred to for Old Testament study. I do not use the word "dialect" now in any special sense, such as, for example, the word would naturally bear if it were used to characterize the English employed by your alleged "humorous" correspondent. I use the term in the broadest sense, and repeat that the programme, with the exception just noted, specified distinct languages. The other details were the specification of text-books, which I proposed to use in connection with the several languages.

You say, in effect, Mr. Editor, that these matters of information might be "taken for granted." Now this is purely a business matter, or, in other words, a question how those who are or may become interested in these studies may best and quickest gain the necessary preliminary information. The propriety of the method that was pursued is shown by the fact that those who read the programme, not for the purpose of criticism, but with the object of getting practical information, and for whom alone the announcement could have any significance, indicated, when they applied to me for instruction, that they had learned what they wanted from the scheme thus systematically presented. Those who would probably be considered by any one but yourself to be the most competent judges of the matter agreed that the method employed was the best that could be adopted. But in this we only followed what experience has shown to be the best method in all similar cases, that is, an announcement is made of the different courses which the several instructors are prepared to lecture upon, accompanied by a carefully prepared list of text-books. In the present instance the announcement had to be posted on the bulletin board because the college calendar for the year had been already printed. Your allusion to "spread-eagleism" in this connection is plainly a cheap device to cover up your own imperfect knowledge of the matter in hand ; for it is precisely in those institutions in the

United States, not to speak of European countries, where most progress is made in these studies, that such a system is adopted ; and it will not do for you, Mr. Editor, to refer to Harvard and Johns-Hopkins as progressive institutions when it suits your immediate purpose and to ridicule the practical methods of their distinguished instructors when they do not agree with your opinions as to the details of their business. That much of what I set forth may be "taken for granted" you have yourself disproved by your complete misunderstanding of the contents of the programme, even after the examination you must have made before committing yourself to writing on the subject. The fact is that, although you have so much to say about the principles upon which the University is conducted, you give no evidence of having any but a very indistinct conception of what a university really aims to accomplish. A university is not only a place where specialists work and teach, but also where students are taught what they need to know in the different departments, what they must know if they are to become specialists, and what they must not seem to know or concern themselves about if they are not specialists. The last matter is fully as important as the others, and one must learn the lesson sooner or later if one would be a critic of any department of real university work. Goethe's pithy saying :—

"Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
Sicher ist's in allen Fallen,"

implies that the *Nichtwissend*, especially when he attempts the role of the "Wissend," is a very *unsafe* person in any position of literary or educational responsibility.

Respectfully,

Toronto, April 5, 1886.

J. F. MCCURDY.

THE CLASSICAL COURSE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Gibson in your issue of March 27th deserves an answer, if only because it breathes a "sweet reasonableness of spirit," for which, I am relieved to see, there is still a corner to spare in the VARSITY.

Mr. Gibson is disquieted about the condition of the classical curriculum : to me it seems that, if there be any connection between the tone or the style of his letter and the course of study which he has chosen, he is himself furnishing a testimonial to the present curriculum.

Now for the facts. Mr. Gibson suggests that in the final years no authors be prescribed, but a general knowledge of the classics be required. I am unable to agree with him at all, and for the following among other reasons :

(1) Much of the value of the classical course (as of all other courses) depends upon the excellence of the manner of studying. Sound honest work, whether in the shape of the disentanglement of grammatical intricacies, or in the shape of the analysis of a continuous argument, or in the shape of elaborate criticism of the author, linguistic or historical or philosophical, this is one of the chief factors in education, whether the results be worth retaining in the memory or not, whether the author studied be intrinsically valuable or not. I cannot but think that even students—notwithstanding the high moral ground they aspire to take on the scholarship question—would be sufficiently influenced by the character of the examination awaiting them (should the curriculum be altered in the way proposed) to skim hurriedly the whole range of the classics, instead of concentrating themselves on a small and prescribed portion of them. The immediate result would be that difficulties and minutiae would be impatiently ignored, and the net result would be the lessening of the educational value of the course.

(2) The actual degree of knowledge of the two languages would be lessened also. Students cast adrift into the sea of classics with no foothold surer than a knowledge of the books read at school, and in the first two years, would be unable to do justice to any author in the short time which they would be able to devote to him. Even under the present system is not the fourth-year man conscious not

so much of a well-digested store of knowledge and ideas, as of a chaos of isolated facts and fancies, depressing him not seldom with a sense of general mistiness and intangibility? I believe he is ; and I am sure that this feeling would be developed ten-fold by any change increasing the number of authors ; that is, of isolated books and periods. The last examiner's report which touched this question complained of the number of authors prescribed even in the old curriculum as hindering profitable reading. The new curriculum has reduced the number of authors, while increasing the prescribed portions of each and making such portions more consecutive. I am confident that all wise change will be on these lines. It is far better to know a few authors fairly well, than a large number very ill. In a foreign language no author is understood cursorily. How many even of thoughtful readers would, for example, appreciate the genius of Pericles or of Athens after one reading of the Funeral Speech? There are some things in which a man must "soak" himself by reading and re-reading if he is to comprehend.

(3) Experience I believe is against such a change. The Cambridge classical course used to be of the character which Mr. Gibson admires : and in England, where the classics are studied to so much greater advantage at school, there is much more to be said for the system. Yet the last alterations in the Cambridge curriculum, if I am not mistaken, have been an approximation to the Oxford method of prescribed authors.

Again, our own metaphysical course has been altered in the direction advocated. But why? Only because it was found impossible to prescribe authors agreeable to all the affiliated colleges.

So far from there being any other reason for the change, it is the opinion of Professor Young that in his department a course of prescribed reading, if well-selected and supplemented by lectures, is better than anything else, and accordingly, in the second and third years he now prescribes certain books, such as Green's *Prolegomena* to Ethics.

Finally, something of the same kind seems to have taken place in the Modern Language course, though not for the same reason. Time will show its wisdom or the reverse. I will only suggest that examinations conducted under such a system might lead to curious results. For example, probably I myself, who have made no study of the English language and literature, and when I speak correctly, speak yet chiefly from ear and acquired instinct, might in such an examination excel carefully trained Germans and Frenchmen, with whom English had formed the staple of education : just because, in spite of their scientific study of the language, I knew by mere familiarity, its idioms better and could express myself in it more fluently. Such a result would be a direct failure of justice, condemnatory of the system which made it possible.

(4) The vein of truth in Mr. Gibson's speculations is, it seems to me, abundantly recognized in the new curriculum when it prescribes unseen passages.

(5) The pre-eminent writers—whom he wishes to see read—are more likely to be read when prescribed than if left to chance and each student's fancy. He only specifies Plato : on the new curriculum Plato appears for the second year pass course, for the fourth year pass course, and for the third and fourth year honour course. The *Apology*, the *Gorgias*, seven out of ten books of the *Republic*, are on the course for this year. I agree with Mr. Gibson entirely in his choice of Plato, and it seems to me that the curriculum only expresses our joint views of the value of his works.

Unrest, uneasiness and vague discontents are of the very air we breathe just now, and I cannot expect even the serener atmosphere of the classics to dissipate it. But I venture to suggest to Mr. Gibson that, with the prospect of eight more books at least of Plato before him in the next two years, and an examination on the *Apology* in the more immediate future,

"τέτραθι δὴ κραδίη καὶ κύντερον ἄλλο ποτ' ἔτλης."

"Be brave, O heart, worse things hast thou endured."

I am, sir, yours,

Univ. College, April 2nd.

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(After—a long way after—the Mikado.)
 THEN.

A flirting Irishman I,
 A thing of cheek and mashes,
 Whom sternness ne'er abashes,
 Or "Maidens' glances sly."

Among "ye gods" for long,
 Mid wicked "sophs" and juniors
 And proudly conscious seniors,
 I've howled my College song.

For "tony" Monday Pops
 I've spent my "filthy lucre,"
 Or at progressive euchre,
 At Conversat's or "hops."

In short, I've done the town,
 In skating, coasting, talking
 With damsels pretty, walking
 King street up and down.

BUT NOW.

A pallid Freshman I,
 A thing of cribs and coaches,
 For cramming now approaches
 Exams are drawing nigh.

Are you in penitential mood,
 I'll weep with you
 O, willow, willow;
 O'er mystic science do you brood,
 I'll do so too,
 O, willow, willow.

I groan o'er German pros.,
 I cope with classic foes,
 I see what Shakespeare knows,
 But "entre nous"
 O, willow, willow.

GRETA.

The University at Heidelberg will cele-
 brate the 500th anniversary of its existence
 next August.

President Adams, of Cornell, entered upon
 his college course at Michigan University, at
 the age of twenty-five.

Harvard College announces an additional
 course of instruction in political economy,
 consisting of lectures on Socialism.

The Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil is plan-
 ning the erection of an Academy of Arts,
 will be the first of its kind in South America.

President Holden, of the University of
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 largest salary paid to any college president
 in America.

At the University of Virginia there is said
 to be no regular prescribed course of study,
 no entrance examinations, no vacations, ex-
 cept the summer one, and but six holidays.
 —Ex.

Mrs. Muldoon: "Mrs. Mulcahey, have
 you heard the new rimidy for hydrophoby?"
 Mrs. Mulcahey: "No, faith. Phat is it?"
 Mrs. Muldoon: "Plasteur of Paris!"

Michigan University has been presented
 with all the exhibits of the Chinese Govern-
 ment in the New Orleans Exposition.



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They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed.

A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of the college life than a whole array of by-laws and faculty spies.—*Ex.*

In German army circles a soldier is obliged to write home to his wife once every month. An old bachelor says this explains why so many Germans come to this country to escape military duty.

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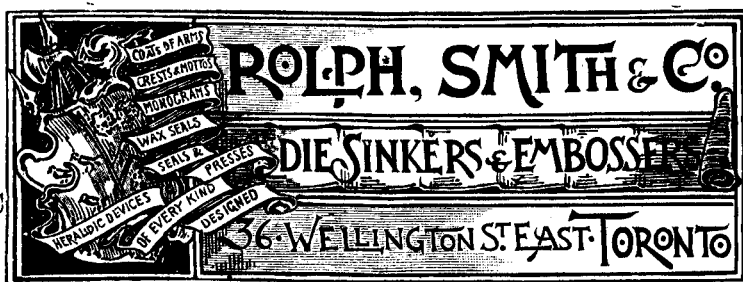
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
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