

Hodgins F B

VARSAITY

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

At Parting.....	<i>Agnes E. Wetherald</i>	259
Johns Hopkins.....	<i>J. McW.</i>	259
A Merovingian Legend.....	<i>John King</i>	260
June.....	<i>John King</i>	261
<i>Re—Fou</i> King's Coll, Toronto.....	<i>Henry Scadding</i>	261
The Pipes of Pan.....	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i>	264
A Spring Parable.....	<i>Fidelis</i>	264
Fulfilment.....	<i>Bohémien</i>	265
A <i>Credo</i> for All.....	<i>Kukuk</i>	265
A Better Arrangement.....	<i>R. Balmer</i>	266
In June.....	<i>J. Hampden Burnham</i>	266
Our Educational System.....	<i>William Clark</i>	267
Old John.....	<i>W. J. Healy</i>	267
The Bacon Shakespere Myth.....	<i>W. H. Hunter</i>	268
Saint Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems.....		269
" <i>Ev δε</i> ".....	<i>Thomas G. Marquis</i>	270
"What shall we Eat.....and Wherewithall shall we be Clothed?".....		270
Signs and Seasons ...		270
Orion and Other Poems.....		270
The Northern Lakes of Canada.....		271
Another Year's Work.....	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins</i>	271
The Examinations.....		272
Index.....		275

VARSAITY

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

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No. 22.

AT PARTING.

—
Good-by, good-by! my soul goes after thee :
Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,
Softly as winter softens into spring,
And as the moon sways to the swaying sea,
So is my spirit drawn resistlessly ;
Good-by ! yet closer round my life shall cling
Thy tenderness—the priceless offering
That drifts through distance daily unto me.
O eager soul of mine fly fast, fly fast !
Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts that thrill
The heart with gladness, under sombre skies ;
O living tenderness that no sharp blast
Of bitter fate or circumstance can chill,
My life with thine grows strong, or fails, or dies.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

JOHNS HOPKINS.

The dreamy and æsthetic student who has associated architectural grandeur and the tranquil beauty of nature with his conception of a university must experience a strange shock at the first glimpse of Johns Hopkins.

Four square, red-brick buildings in a row, of the plainest possible interior, and with duly sufficient space intervening to make the over-crowding painfully apparent, certainly do not awaken in the stranger an irresistible desire to linger forever near them. Nor do the numerous neglected dwellings, which from front parlor on the ground floor to back bed-chamber on the third flat, aspire to the rank of lecture-halls and class-rooms, present a more inviting aspect. Yet in justice to the institution it must be confessed that its projectors have never regarded a magnificent display of masonry as a first requisite of a great university. Whether they have ever fully recognized the advantages of a location removed from the constant noise and bustle of city life, is doubtful. In any case they have found the balance in favor of the city with its convenient boarding-houses, lecture and concert halls, extensive public libraries, and—perhaps not less worthy of consideration than all these—its cultured citizens who claim the right to participate in many portions of the University program ; and notwithstanding the fact that the trustees have at their disposal a spacious and beautiful park within easy reach of the city, it may be safely predicted that Johns Hopkins will cling to its present site for generations to come, and that the smells and din of which the unsewered and bouldered streets of Baltimore alone are capable will continue among the external features of the institution.

But let us pass within the buildings, beginning with the office, and glance at the university itself in its practical working.

The officers of the institution, as the visitor very soon discovers, possess unmistakably two qualities rarely combined in college servants ; gentlemanliness and business-aptitude, and as all students can testify, the exercise of neither quality is intermittent or reserved for special occasions. The president is an ideal college head, active, wide-awake, perfectly at home wherever thrown, with a kind word for the humblest student or visitor at his busiest moment, and with sympathies broad enough to recognize that one department of study is as important as another, providing all are pursued in the proper spirit. With a marvellous capacity for work himself, he has the reputation of getting more work out of instructors and students under him than any other college president in America. The head of each department is apparently perfectly free to prescribe his own courses and conduct them as he thinks best, but he must have faith in them and conduct them with energy and determination. Whatever charges may be brought against any instructor in Johns Hopkins, indolence is not one of them.

One very striking feature of the University is that it is almost impossible to draw a definite line between instructors and students. Every instructor is a student in the strictest sense of the word, and if he finds that he may be aided in his work by attending the lectures of a fellow-instructor, (frequently younger than himself,) he does not hesitate to walk into the class-room and recite side by side with graduates or undergraduates just commencing the subject. Among the younger instructors this practice is so general that it scarcely excites a word of comment here. Classes are not arranged exclusively for students of certain years, graduate or ungraduate, but for students with certain definite wants, whether first-year men or professors. In the library, too, professors, fellows, graduates and undergraduates all meet on the same footing. For the convenience of the various departments the library is distributed in sundry rooms of different sizes, which also serve as reading rooms, and through these the student roams and reads at will. If he chooses to remove a book or *any number of* books for home-reading, he may do so at any hour between 9 a.m. and 10 p.m., provided only that such books are not required for daily reference, and if not specially recalled for class-reference they may be retained for one month, at the expiration of which the loan may be renewed if in the meantime no other applicant for the books has presented himself. The library is particularly well supplied with journals, scientific, critical and literary—nearly 900 in all—and these, with the exception of the latest No. of each, are subject to the same rules as ordinary books.

In addition to the regular lecture courses in Johns Hopkins, liberal provision is made for courses of general interest, usually open to the public. During the past session ten such courses have

been given, comprising upwards of ninety lectures in all. A very interesting course each year is given by members of the Faculty on educational topics of their own selection. This is intended as an auxiliary to the regular work in the department of pedagogics, which is taken by a very large proportion of the graduate students. Deserving of mention here is the department of Physical Training, in charge of a medical and arts graduate, who, as a regular member of the university faculty, devotes his whole time to the physical side of the students' education. Every undergraduate is required to take such courses as may be prescribed for him by the instructor after careful determination of his bodily condition.

Johns Hopkins, as is generally known, devotes its best energies to post-graduate work. During the past year 184 students were enrolled as graduates of various colleges and universities; and of these institutions, it may be remarked, Toronto stands fourth in order of numerical graduate representation, and if we exclude the University of Maryland and Johns Hopkins itself, Harvard alone stands above Toronto—and that by one man only. The graduates, almost without exception, are no longer boys in years or in experience. Almost all are thrown on their own resources, and, consequently, appreciate the value of time. If ability is sometimes wanting, the spirit of industry is ever active, and it is very doubtful whether any other university in the world could muster such a uniformly serious and hard-working body of students.

Regarding the quality of work done, one might perhaps be tempted to say that in some instances thoroughness is sacrificed for breadth, and that in other instances great care is taken to rear and adorn the superstructure while the foundation is still very insecure. But this condition of things will be perhaps inevitable so long as the feeders of Johns Hopkins are of such unequal merit. Toronto is fortunate in having an unusually substantial undergraduate course, and especially is it fortunate in having for its feeders a hundred high schools whose equals—belonging to a single system—it would be difficult to find in any State in the Union. From an educational standpoint, Ontario's strength is in its secondary schools. In the secondary schools of the United States is to be found their weakness. With ample equipment, there is no reason why Toronto should not do more thorough post-graduate work than any university in America.

I cannot here attempt to discuss the merits of the faculty of Johns Hopkins. A faculty, as every student knows, is not like an apple, of the same degree of mellowness and similarly flavored throughout, but rather like a bunch of uncultivated grapes, varying in size and ripeness—a few beautiful specimens standing out in strong contrast with their less-favored fellows, others of good promise but too early plucked, others ripe and of good flavor but very small, and others still both small and immature, while not a few perhaps are shriveling with blight and premature decay.

The most enthusiastic student of Johns Hopkins will not venture to assert that all members of its faculty are great or brilliant, though he will undoubtedly claim that greatness is more apparent there than in any other American faculty, and no student will be so dissatisfied as to deny the justness of his claim. But here, as elsewhere, each department must be considered apart, and each instructor apart, before any sweeping opinions are uttered regarding the university as a whole. Each student is entitled to an opinion regarding the one or more courses which he has specially followed, but, whether his opinion is favourable or unfavourable, it must be accepted as a criterion of those departments only with which he has been associated. So far as my own acquaintance with the institution has extended, I have no hesitation in saying that Toronto graduates will never regret having spent one or two years in the atmosphere of Johns Hopkins, which is in many respects so utterly different from that of University College, and which, moreover, must be breathed in before its nature can be understood.

Baltimore, Md.

J. McW.

A MEROVINGIAN LEGEND.

There is a dim old tale of beauty,
Told in the land of Gaul,
And the tender light of love and duty,
It streameth through it all.

To serve the good Mayor Archambaud,
There stood a Saxon slave:
Her looks so fair, her voice so low,
Sweeten'd the cup she gave.

Cried he, "A lonely lot I rue;
My wife is laid in grave;
Be thou my bride, in honour true,
My lovely Saxon slave."

A tender sorrow in her face
Spoke in the tears that fell;
It said, "I may not fill her place
Whom once I served so well."

With steadfast but averted look,
Back from the halls he turn'd;
And he whom silent she forsook,
Long years her absence mourn'd.

Where sad she wander'd none may know,—
Where pass'd her sainted life.
At last, the good Mayor Archambaud
He took another wife.

When high in hall the feast was laid
Before the wedded pair,
Behold, the faithful Saxon maid,
She stood beside his chair!

To that same feast, as Heaven would will,
There came King Clovis brave;
Who should the royal goblet fill,—
Who but the Saxon slave?

He gazed, and, with a sudden start,
The king the cup let fall!
There ran sweet music through his heart,
And silence through the hall.

Soon, low before the Saxon maid,
Down bow'd his soul of pride:
"Wilt be my queen?" he softly said;
And softly she replied:

"Thou lov'st me with no common love;
So, Clovis, let it be;
And help me, Heaven, as I shall prove
Helpmeet for France and thee!"

Low on the footsteps of her throne
She vow'd a vow of truth,
To crush the serfdom that had thrown
Its blight upon her youth.

Right royally her vow she kept,
And strove with heart and hand;
Nor rested till her power had swept
That scourge from off the land.

When famine dogg'd the peasant's way,
And hunger watch'd his door,
Her jewell'd robes she tore away,
And gave them to the poor.

When widowhood and sorrow came,
A cloister'd cell she trod;
To France she left a deathless name
Her soul she gave to God

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

JUNE.

Queen of the fairies, laughing-browed Rose Queen !
 Sunny enchantress, dimpled, warm and fair !
 Sweet witch on whom young maidens shyly lean,
 Wreathing star pansies in thy golden hair—
 Pansies for thoughts lips dare not speak aloud,
 But mystically whisper in a flower ;
 While stands the shadowy Future, pale and bowed,
 Drawing the emblem-lots that shall them dower :
 Nightshade to one, to one a red, red bloom,
 Fresh gathered with the dew in its warm heart ;
 Wild woodbine, briars, grey moss pluck'd from a tomb,
 Balm flowers, sweet balsam, stinging-nettle smart—
 Prophetic oracles that glad and grieve,
 Given in Elfin Court Midsummer eve.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

RE—FEU KING'S COLL., TORONTO.

"FEU: Ital. *fu*; Nouv. Provençal *fu, fue*, adj. = defunt, du Lat. *fuisset* = il fut."—*Auguste Scheler*.

No one will be sorry when the large cut-stone building in the Queen's Park, Toronto, used not long since as a receptacle for female lunatics, shall be utterly demolished and its materials conveyed away ; for certainly that edifice, though on a nearer view evidently of great cost and imposing to some extent by reason of the massive Doric pilasters of its front, has yet no charm about it arising from general gracefulness of outline, nor any that I know of springing out of agreeableness of association. It is, in fact, a standing reminder of a great public blunder committed years ago, and the sooner all traces of its existence are obliterated the better. Let us hope that a site so peculiarly eligible for a range of fine architectural objects will speedily be occupied by the legislative halls of the Province of Ontario, or some other worthy structure of acknowledged utility and importance.

King's College, for the accommodation of which the pile in question was erected, was the outcome of a non-perception of changed and changing times in the direction of education as in a hundred other directions, wonderful to contemplate but excusable on grounds which it would be tedious now to detail. We who are very wise only after the event may not boast. It is, however, curious to read of the form in which the institution of King's College was expected to exist amongst us, and that "for ever," as its charter ran. One interest was to continue paramount, while those not of the protected class, though deeming themselves at least its peers, were to stand on a footing of sufferance and dispensation, and remain content and thankful. I suppose there is no one now who does not see that it would have been much more politic in those who were most eager for the creation of such an institution to have aimed at its foundation as an independent and quasi-private enterprise, and not as an integral part of the State, and on that account to be provided for out of the public domain. It is certain that the ancient colleges and universities of Europe were for the most part results of individual exertion and liberality. If kings and queens took part in their foundation they did so as citizens for the time being, giving royally of possessions which were their own personally.

From the very first acquisition of Canada by Great Britain, visions of colleges and universities therein, modelled after patterns in the mother country, began to loom up. Thus we have one in 1760 forecasting thus :

"The time may come when Peace,
 Diffusing wide her blessings on thy banks,
 Romantic Erie, or Ontario's meads,
 Where Nature revels most, may build a Fane
 To Science sacred ; snatch the murderous knife

From the grim savage, tame his stubborn heart
 With arts and manners mild, and gently bind
 In true Religion's golden bands the States
 Of lawless, hapless wanderers. There may rise
 Another Oxford on the Atlantic shores,
 Still fond, a thousand ages hence, to chaunt
 Some future hero born of Brunswick's line."

The vision of the versifier might have been realized years ago with ease if at the outset of the Province of Upper Canada it had entered into the minds of a few leading individuals to devise some comprehensive plan for bringing about such a result. Lands in any quantity were then to be had for the asking, and for any number of future colleges and universities endowments could have been secured to which there would have been demur in no quarter, and with which there would never have been any meddling. Had the idea been suggested to him, what a bagatelle it might have seemed to the Hon. Peter Russell, for example, to have willed or donated for educational purposes that portion of "Ontario's meads" known as the Peterfield farm lot adjacent to the town plot of York, and what a respectable source of income for the sustentation of a university might that one gift alone have become by this time. (A like regretful remark is obvious to be made in regard to ecclesiastical as well as educational endowments. How much better off, so far as worldly wealth derived from lands is concerned, would the Anglican communion in Ontario probably, have been to-day had its reliance from the outset been, not on the State, but on the liberality and goodwill of individuals : while the amount of heart-burning and strife which the community at large would have been spared is incalculable.) I have written the foregoing with some compunction, for time was when these matters were not so clear to me ; and I may then have given expression to sentiments seeming to favor different theories. So far as my slight influence extended I certainly urged forward by pen and word of mouth the putting of King's College in actual operation in 1842. I was then yet fresh from one of the old universities, where I had found the life wonderfully in harmony with my tastes, and I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing it set up here, at all events in some degree. It was this that weighed with me at the time more than the particular system proposed to be adopted in the new institution. With regard to that, I had even then, so far as I had any competency to judge of such a matter, great misgivings as to its judiciousness and practicability. During the whole of my stay in Cambridge, an agitation had been going on in regard to university reform and educational reform generally, involving the very questions which the charter of King's College brought up here in our Canadian community ; and my mind had been considerably affected by the discussions to which one could not be deaf. Prime leaders on the spot in this movement were Adam Sedgwick, Airy, Connop Thirlwall, Henslow, Whewell, Bowstead, Peacock, Romilly, Smythe, Lee, Hind, et al., all of them familiar figures in the streets, in the senate house, and on the platform at public meetings occasionally ; and all were regarded as of the heroic class in the university, not alone on account of their distinguished ability, but also because it was understood that their views and proceedings were rather frowned upon by the "Heads," the highest authorities of the place, two of whom, however, the Masters of Caius and Corpus, Drs. Davy and Lamb, had gone over. The utterances of these men of renown, though at first heard with prejudice and inadequately apprehended, yet began soon to fascinate ; so at least it happened in my case, in an obscure and quiet way. At the same time the famous, or as some styled it, notorious Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, set up by Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell, was beginning to put its publications in circulation, all of them having a tone and drift similar to those of the educational reformers ; as likewise had the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, issuing from the press of Charles Knight, with other important books, biographies and so

on, published by him. Being cheap these were all accessible, even to those whose means were small; and I bestowed on them more time than probably it was prudent to devote to such literature, when the claims of other studies were so urgent; but I can see now in the retrospect that here was an element in the curious compound of elements which went to shape one's views and principles, exceedingly influential, and not unprofitable in the aftertime; helping one to discern what was and what was not possible to be transplanted with prospect of permanence to communities such as ours; and leading one to entertain, even then, however vaguely and dimly—

———"The golden dream
Of knowledge fusing class with class,
Of Civic Strife no more to be,
Of Love to leaven all the mass
Till every soul be free."

It was chiefly through elation at the near prospect of seeing some of the old University life introduced here, that I cordially went in for putting King's College in operation, and took my place in that memorable, but as the issue proved, very illusory pageant, which formed in front of Upper Canada College on St. George's Day, 1842, and then, with colors flying and bands playing, moved forward out on to King street and deployed round by Simcoe street, up to Queen street, and so on up through the whole length of the College Avenue, and some way further northward, to where in the College Park an amphitheatre of seats had been erected, and a large assemblage had gathered together round the exact spot where the corner stone was to be laid. The sky was cloudless and the young horse-chestnut trees, then mere saplings, were bursting into tender leaf along the whole route, under the influence of an unusually early spring. In the procession was the Governor-General of the day, Sir Charles Bagot himself, marching on foot with the rest, having journeyed from Kingston to Toronto expressly for the purpose of laying the corner stone; a noble presence, coming well up to preconceived ideas of a statesman and courtier who had played a conspicuous part on the wide European stage, representing Great Britain at St. Petersburg, at Paris, and at the Hague, on important occasions. It is probable if Lord Sydenham had survived he would not have permitted the proposed Upper Canadian University to be started under its original charter in any shape, but would still have held the institution in abeyance for a few years longer, and then have insisted on its being a reproduction of the London University, as it afterwards became virtually. But Sir Charles Bagot was a man of old-fashioned public school and university predilections, and readily assented to the commencement of the long-contemplated college, on the lines of the charter as modified by local statute. Lord Metcalfe also, Sir Charles' successor within a year or so, who, though not a university man, was a worthy Etonian, heartily supported the scheme.

Until the new edifice should be ready for occupation the work of King's College began in the Parliament Buildings, which, at the time, under the Union Act of 1840, were not wanted. It was at one time proposed to utilize the buildings of Upper Canada College for university purposes, and to make that institution develop out into the university proper, of which it had been the temporary substitute and precursor. This was an idea favoured, I think, by Dr. M'Caul, who had been appointed the virtual head of the new institution, and who, as head of Upper Canada College, had already pushed forward the studies pursued in its higher forms quite into the university region. The suggestion, however, was not adopted, and the Parliament Buildings were fitted up for university purposes at considerable cost. The Chamber of the Lower House became a Convocation Hall, provided with a dais and a boldly designed row of chairs of state for the president and professors, while the Chamber of the Upper House, the present Parliamentary library, was transformed into a handsome chapel, with stalls in black walnut on three of its sides, and descending seats running longitudinally, as in the collegiate chapels in Cambridge and Oxford; at

the south side an altar was railed off in the usual way, having above it an oil painting rather finely conceived, showing a cluster of dense clouds with a vista through them, as when, to use the Laureate's version of Homer's words—

"The immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and the stars
Shine."

Behind the two great chambers of the centre building, the president, Dr. M'Caul, the Divinity professor, Dr. Beaven, and the professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Mr. Potter, had their lecture rooms, and Dr. Boys, Bursar and Registrar, his office, for a time at least. Here was also an apartment fitted up for the reception of a modest collection of books, chiefly theological, presented years previously by well-disposed persons in England. In the west wing was the laboratory of the professor of Chemistry, Mr. Croft, and a lecture-room for the Medical professors, Drs. Gwynne, King, Herrick, Beaumont and Nicol, and the Anatomical Demonstrator, Dr. Henry Sullivan. The east wing could not be made use of for educational purposes, as it was occupied at the time temporarily by an overflow from the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, giving rise, of course, now and then, to a variety of facetious observations, and rejoinders: "Great wit to madness nearly is allied," "Lunatic escaped from the adjoining asylum," etc.

Set at liberty by his translation from the headship of Upper Canada College to the headship of the new institution, Dr. M'Caul at once found scope for the fruitful employment of his vast stores of high scholarship and other accomplishments; and many a receptive mind began to share in his enthusiasm for the Greek and Roman poets, orators, historians and philosophers, and occasions arose more frequently for the exercise of his happy gift of eloquence, which, as it used to be thought, was after the type of Burke, and marked by erudition, felicity of illustration, and chasteness. His inaugural address as president was a comprehensive survey, in masterly style, of what a university course should embrace: it will always repay perusal. In his capacity as professor, Dr. M'Caul undertook the congenial subjects of Rhetoric, Belles Lettres and Logic, in addition to "Classics." His eminence in Greek and Latin Epigraphy became more pronounced at a later period, when questions relating to the decipherment of difficult Greek and Roman inscriptions were frequently referred to him from abroad for decision, his thorough acquaintance with the minutiae of classical custom and idiom enabling him often to make a masterly conjecture which would never have occurred to an epigraphist less versed in such niceties. His book, entitled "Britanno-Roman Inscriptions, with Critical Notes," was printed in Toronto in 1873, and quickly became an authority on the other side of the Atlantic. To Dr. M'Caul is due the beautiful device on the prize medals of the University: Victory descending, surrounded by the Euripidean legend, "*Μῆ λήγοι στεφανοῦσα*," as also the graceful Horatian motto, "*Dulce Lenimen*," that used to be seen over a lyre on cards issued by an amateur musical association at Toronto, for it is to be added that in him also every class of scientific music found an ardent patron and practical promoter. The terse inscription under the Russian guns in the Park is also his: "*Victoria Regina E Spoliis Qvae Britannii Gallique Conivncti Sebastopoli Expvgnata Victores Cepervnt Torontonensibvs D. D. A. D. MDCCCLIX*"—Latin a Tacitus would approve.

The Rev. Dr. Beaven, Professor of Divinity while the Royal Charter was in force, and afterwards Professor of Metaphysics and Ethics, was a graduate of Oxford, and in very many points a typical representative of that university; an accomplished, patristic theologian, skilled in ecclesiastical music and architecture; an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a master of pure English of the modern lucid Oxford style; before his arrival widely known as an authority on the Catechetical method of instruction; an able interpreter of Irenæus, and a divine who had broken a lance not unworthily with Isaac Taylor, of Ongar, in relation to that writer's

work on Primitive Christianity. Here in Canada the rev. professor made his mark far and wide in the community, not merely by the accuracy and extent of his knowledge in his special departments, but by virtue likewise of his individual personality, characterized as it was by a sterling simplicity; a rare guilelessness in every word and act. While here Dr. Beaven also published an edition of the "De Natura Deorum" of Cicero and a work entitled "Recreations of a Long Vacation," containing much information in regard to Canadian life and the condition and customs of our modern Indians. Dr. Beaven died at Niagara some years since, and it is to be regretted that the spot in St. Mark's churchyard in that town where his remains were deposited is so inadequately marked.

The professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was Richard Potter, a typical Cambridge man, a late fellow of Queen's and intimate friend of Philip Kelland, the distinguished Edinburgh professor, also a fellow of Queen's; a well-proportioned, blond-complexioned Englishman, with smoothly shaven face, but flowing locks of light-coloured hair; of few words, but these rapid and incisive, and uttered in a high key, with a touch of the north country in them. He very happily carried on the Cambridge mathematical traditions in respect of style, parlance and text books, already familiar to a large circle of Canadian youth through admirable initiation at the hands of Mr. Dade, first Mathematical Master at Upper Canada College, who was another fellow of a college at Cambridge, namely Caius. The early preponderance of Cambridge traditions in Classics and Mathematics in these parts is remarkable. Dr. Harris, the first Principal of Upper Canada College, was of that university, as were also Dr. Phillips and Mr. Mathews. It may be said even that the traditions introduced by Dr. M'Caul himself were those of Cambridge likewise, for Trinity College, Dublin, was a *colonia deducta* from Cambridge, and its statutes and customs were essentially those of Trinity College in that University. Mr. Potter, it may be added, was afterwards a professor in the University of London.

Professor Croft, whose subjects were Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy, was an enthusiast in his department, and very many of the Western Canadians, who afterwards became adepts in minute scientific investigation, dated their first acquaintance with such matters—complete novelties to the generality in Canada at the time—from their attendance on his lectures. Though thoroughly English at heart, Professor Croft was to all intents and purposes German, having, at the University of Berlin, become learned in all the wisdom of that people, and as much at home in their language as a native. Soon after his arrival here, he identified himself with the country by marrying the granddaughter of Major-General Æneas Shaw, of Oakhill, whose name is honourably distinguished in the early annals of Western Canada. During the Fenian trouble in 1866, Professor Croft was one of the officers in command of the University Volunteer Corps who went to the front. He was one of the earliest students of our Canadian Mineral Springs, on which and many other favorite topics, papers of his were printed in the "Canadian Journal of Science, Literature and History." After his retirement, he removed with his family to California, where he died only a few years since. A striking likeness in oil, preserved at the University, perpetuates the memory of the Professor's very striking physique.

Under the direction of such men the work of King's College began and was carried on at first, as we have seen, in the Parliament Buildings, and afterwards in the structure at the head of College Avenue, whither the professors and their classes were transferred in due time, together with the costly fittings which had been provided. The building now taken possession of, was itself arranged within only after a temporary fashion, as it was but a fractional part of a vast group expected sometime to cover sporadically the whole of the park; its ultimate destination being quarters for students. Dr. Beaven was put in charge of the new establishment and its permanent residents, as Dean. For the accommodation of

the medical department a separate "School" was erected some distance to the west.

For six years and a half the work of tuition went on with considerable success. Students to the number of three hundred attended lectures; seventy-five degrees of various kinds were conferred, and a number of well-grounded scholars were sent forth into the Canadian world, one of these being the late Hon. Adam Crooks, Minister of Public Instruction.

On the 1st of January, 1850, King's College passed off the scene when "12 Victoria, chap. 28" came into force. The Legislature, in all its proceedings, took pains to show that its action by no means indicated a wish to discourage the propagation of religious influences in the Canadian community, but was simply a candid avowal of the fact that a necessity had come upon it to confine itself henceforward to its secular duties and to leave the propagation of such influences to the organizations which existed expressly for the purpose, giving them every facility for the exercise of their function. Cavour's famous dictum was in effect "a free Christianity in a free State," and this already had been affirmed as a principle by the Legislature in Western Canada when the long- vexed question of ecclesiastical endowment was settled. The Act of 1849 was just a rounding off of the policy then adopted. A university as a department of State on the basis proposed in the original charter of King's College had become an anachronism. In communities such as ours had developed into, politically and socially, such an institution could not be upheld. The preamble of the Act just referred to set forth the conviction of the Legislature that "a university for the advancement of learning in that division of the province called Upper Canada, established upon principles calculated to conciliate the confidence and ensure the support of all classes and denominations of Her Majesty's subjects, would, under the blessing of Divine Providence, encourage the pursuit of Literature, Science and Art, and thereby greatly tend to promote the best interests, religious, moral and intellectual, of the people at large"; and clause thirty-four of the same Act provided that "every facility should be given for the religious instruction of the students by their respective ministers or religious teachers."

Surely non sine Numine do such revolutions in the intellectual and moral world occur, as those through which Canada, in common with other countries, has been called to pass. They are, as we may reasonably believe, and as human experience in the past goes to prove, movements of the wheels within wheels whereon human progress advances, and which work together for the general good in the ultimate issue. As Guicciardini has put it (Max. 125): "The things of this world stand not still: rather they are always making towards that path towards which by their nature they must necessarily go; yet they often tarry longer than thou thinkest; because we measure them by our Life, which is short, and not according to their Time, which is long; and therefore their steps be slower than ours be; and so slow by their nature that, though they move, we are not aware of their motion; and for this reason the judgments which we make are often false."

By way of conclusion this may be said: if the present University College, Toronto, which is the concrete presentment of the somewhat abstract entity, the University of Toronto, had never passed through that preliminary stage of being, to which I have been adverting in this paper; if it had never undergone its brief transitory avatar as King's College, it is quite possible that the Genius loci which now "breathes enchantment" all around it might not at this moment have been so prepossessing; internally in its economy, and externally in its form, it might have presented fewer of those many points of resemblance to one of the grand old colleges of Great Britain or Ireland, which it does to-day, which beget so much pride and affection in its alumni and British Canadians generally, and render it altogether, as an edifice and an institution, a sight always recalled by visitors from a distance with especial pleasure.

HENRY SCADDING,

THE PIPES OF PAN.

Ringed with the flocking of hills, within shepherding watch of Olympus,
 Tempe, vale of the gods, lies in green quiet withdrawn.
 Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid woodland and woodland,
 Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools,
 All day drowsed with the sun, charm-drunken with moonlight at mid-
 night,

Walled from the world forever under a vapor of dreams,—
 Hid by the shadows of dreams, not found by the curious footstep,
 Sacred and secret forever. Tempe, vale of the gods!

How thro' the cleft of its bosom, goes sweetly the water Peneüs!
 How by Peneüs the sward breaks into saffron and blue!
 How the long, slope-floored beach-glades mount to the wind wakened
 uplands,

Where thro' flame-berried ash troop the hoofed centaurs at morn!
 Nowhere greens a copse but the eye-beams of Artemis pierce it.
 Breathes no laurel her balm, but Phœbus' fingers caress,
 Springs no bed of wild blossom, but limbs of Dryad have pressed it.
 Sparkle the nymphs, and the brooks chime with shy laughter and calls,

Here is a nook. Two rivulets fall to mix with Peneüs,
 Loiter a space, and sleep, checked and choked by the reeds.
 Long grass waves in the windless water, strown with the lote-leaf;
 Twist through dripping soil great alder-roots, and the air
 Gooms with dripping tangle of leaf-thick branches, and stillness
 Keeps in the strange-coiled stems, ferns and wet-loving weeds.

Hither comes Pan, to this pregnant earthy spot, when his piping
 Flags, and his pipes out-worn breaking and casting away,
 Fits new reeds to his mouth with the wierd earth-melody in them,
 Piercing, alive with a life able to mix with the god's.
 Then as he blows, and the searching sequence delights him, the goat-
 feet

Furtive withdraw; and a bird stirs and flutes in the gloom
 Answering; float with the stream the out-worn pipes, with a whisper,
 "What the god breathes on, the god never can wholly evade!"
 God-breath lurks in each fragment forever. Dispersed by Peneüs,
 Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind blown hither and there,
 Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they are scattered,
 Coming to secret spots, where in a visible form
 Comes not the god,—though he comes declared in his workings! And
 mortals

Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve.
 Or, in the depth of noon-day, p'unged to shadiest coverts,
 Spy them, and set to their lips, blow, and fling them away.

Ay, they cast them away,—but never wholly. Thereafter
 Creeps strange fire in their veins, speak strange tongues in their brain,
 Sweetly evasive; a secret madness takes them: a charm-struck
 Passion for woods and wild life, the solitude of the hills.
 Therefore they fly the heedless throngs and traffic of cities;
 Haunt mossed caverns, and wells bubbling ice-cool; and their sou's
 Gather a magical gleam of the secret of earth, and the god's voice
 Calls to them, not from afar, teaching them wonderful things.

King's College, Windsor.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A SPRING PARABLE.

The Spirit of the Woods mourned over the dying herbage and
 the fading verdure that betokened the coming reign of a great
 Destroyer. She wept over the swift departure of the rich hues of
 gold and crimson and amber, that had seemed to crown the wood-
 land with an aureole of glory, just before this mournful darkening
 of her hopes. Her tears, as they fell, were caught and crystallised
 by the frost-spirit into an exquisite sparkling hoar-frost, which at
 least beautified the desolation, though it could not retard it. Day
 by day, as the wind blew and the rain fell, the dying leaves dropped
 off the trees and sank sodden at their feet. The last flowers that

had struggled to bloom, drooped limp and blackened under the
 tread of the frost-spirit, and as she looked sadly over her desolated
 and disfigured realm, but lately so smiling and beautiful, the Spirit
 of the Woods could see nothing to console her. But while she sat
 disconsolate among the brown and sere remains of what had been
 rich masses of verdure,—lo! there glided softly up to her, the beau-
 tiful, clear-eyed Spirit of Hope, and whispered, in sweetest tones,
 that before long there would appear a great and powerful Restorer,
 stronger even than the destroying power who had wrought such
 evil and havoc; and that this Restoring spirit would bring back to
 her desolated realm a new and fairer beauty that would make her
 forget what she had lost.

So the Spirit of the Woods waited, watching always for the pro-
 mised approach of this wonder-working Power. One night there
 arose the loud wailing of a great and mighty wind, and as it rushed
 through the leafless arches of the forest, bending and swaying
 mighty trunks and branches, and—as it seemed—driving everything
 before its resistless strength, the expectant Spirit looked to see
 whether this might prove to be the mighty power of which so much
 had been promised. But its strength seemed only for destruction,
 as it uprooted even large trees, that were not very securely estab-
 lished in the ground, and snapped asunder with a loud crash some
 stout trunks, while it ground and crushed the tender twigs, and
 left the forest as bare and unlovely as before.

The Spirit waited a while longer, sad at heart, for her children,
 yet hoping for the wonderful Restorer that was to come and do so
 much more than she now could believe possible. But she had faith
 in the Promiser, Hope, and where she could not see she trusted.
 One clear night, when everything was very still, something told
 her of the presence of a great and terrible Power. The swiftly
 rushing water, that nothing could hold back, became suddenly still
 and lifeless, then solid and dark like a piece of dead matter. The
 soft brown earth became hard and rugged like iron. No one could
 ever have imagined her the gentle mother of so many living things.
 "This is a power even mightier than the wind," thought the Spirit.
 "The wind could only lash and toss the water into a rage. This
 holds it in chains and fetters. But this also is the power of Death,
 not of Life, and Death reigns ever, and ever seems more hideous."
 And the Spirit sighed, but patiently watched and waited still.

By-and-bye, without a sound, or the rustling of a leaf, a strange,
 soft, white, feathery mist descended on all the scarred and black-
 ened forests. Before long, it had enshrouded them in a strange,
 unearthly, though beautiful garment, that seemed to be an ethereal-
 ized semblance of what it had been in its summer bloom. Tenderly
 the Spirit of the Snow wrapped its soft, fleecy drapery about the
 bare, brown branches, till each spray and twig seemed to stand out
 in a lovely tracery of the purest white, which, when the sun shone
 out, glittered with a more dazzling lustre than pearls and diamonds.
 The Spirit looked and wondered whether indeed this could be the
 new restoration of beauty that had been promised, but she shivered
 as she thought that, though beautiful, it was cold and deathlike, and
 that even its beauty was not the beauty of life but of death. And,
 so thinking, the Spirit yielded to the spell that seemed to have
 come over all things, and fell asleep.

When she awoke, it seemed to her that she had been aroused
 by a kiss so soft and warm that it sent a thrill through all her be-
 ing. As she looked up, she forgot even to think; so lost was she
 in an encompassing exquisite sense of awakening life. The trees
 still rose bare against the sky, but there was about them a magical
 presentiment of quickened vitality, a faint feathering out of swell-
 ing buds, which exhaled the most exquisite fragrance, an air as soft
 as the down on the swan's breast. The ground was still brown,
 and strewed with sodden leaves, but the "unbound earth" shed
 forth a moist, sweet odour, and myriads of tiny green shoots were
 rising and unfurling themselves in every direction. And as the
 delighted Spirit glanced at the foot of some grey rocks near, she
 started in an ecstasy, for there grew a cluster of lovely snowy

cup, gleaming like stars out of a nest of deep green leaves. And she recognized them as the legacy left by the departed Spirit of the Snow, to show the purifying effect of its temporary sway. And as she raised her delighted eyes to the woodland around her, she saw it studded with snow-white plumes, as if the wreaths of snow were still clinging to the brown shrubs, only this was living snow, and had the fragrance and the tenderness of opening life, blended with the dazzling purity of what had been the inanimate and soul-less snow.

Everywhere that the rejoicing spirit looked, her eye was gladdened by bursting buds and opening flowers, nearly all of the same dazzling purity, though, here and there, their fair whiteness was just tinted by some exquisitely delicate colouring, and occasionally a deep blood-red blossom reminded her of the beautiful but sad glory of the time of death and destruction that had brought upon her so much sorrow and despair. But now the air was full of an undying hope; the sun shone through some magic medium of soft sympathetic power, that made its warm kiss a very touch of life, the music of a thousand silvery streamlets filled the air, and the song-birds, which had fled before the reign of destruction, were carolling joyously from every bough; and the Spirit of the Woods exclaimed: "Now I know that the power of Love and Life is forever stronger than the dead force of death and destruction."

Kingston.

FIDELIS.

FULFILMENT.

"—and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her."

He watched the cattle, ring-straked, speckled, white;
Drove them from cote to pastures green and rank,
Where the clear runnels sparkle from the rock,
All through the yellow hotness of the day.
At night he brought them to the fold again,
And on the open hills afar, he saw,
Across dim plains, the sun die swiftly down
And the swift Dark shut him up fast with God.
Beside the flock upon the ground he lay;
But e'er he slept he prayed the wonted prayer,
"God of my fathers, guard my love this night,
Shield her and keep her till the morn appear."
And drew long breaths from toil-faint, wearied chest,
And mused in resting—

"Now 'tis past, this day,
And was it long and hot? I know not now.
This one blest day brings me more near to her,
Nearer and ever nearer."

And he slept,
His last thoughts passing into dreams of her.

At early dawn the flock began to stray,
And waked him to renewing of his toil,
To drive, to guide, to track o'er devious ways
Of mountain paths, the wandering, silly sheep:
The day was often hot and long the road,
But then the thought came, "'Tis for her, for her."
Like some sweet echo ringing in the brain;
And rough and long the way appeared no more.

And all day long the small birds sang her name.
The fair, wild prowler in the swaying grass,
Had her light step. The little mountain spring
That gurgled clear and cold, the whole day through,
In happy trebles to the praise of God,
Was Rachel's voice. Was she indeed afar,
In those brown huts, low-pitched against the sky,
Beside the spreading palm-trees of the well?
Was she not with him as he moved or stood?
The aromatic thicket of wild spice,
On fire with scarlet flowers, through and through,

Seemed Rachel's presence breathed upon the air.
The blue transparency of clear skies at morn,
Was round him like her young life's purity,
And the dark mirror of the mountain pool
Was Rachel's soul to him in depth and peace.

And all his many happy thoughts of her
Nourished his soul's strength, steeling him to toil,
To patient toiling to be worthy of her.
Did seasons wane? did winter change to spring
When time passed sweetly as a happy dream?

And now that it was gone, could it have been
The full told tale of seven waiting years,
Since first he stood beside the desert well,
The great stone on its mouth, and all the flocks
Of the three shepherds lying there till she,
The daughter and the shepherdess, should come?
'Twas but as yesterday he raised his eyes
And saw his one love coming straight to him
Across the white glare of the sands at noon,
The desert girl, free as the desert wind.
Strangely he thinks she did not then seem fair.
He saw not then as now he knows by heart,
Her every loveliness; and knowing loves
The fairness of the dove's eyes in the locks,
The warm flush striking through the soft brown skin,
Tender and fleckless as the white grape's peel,
The darkling glories of the flowing hair,
The archness and the sweetness of the lips,
Red as the clefting of a pomegranate;
The smile that ravished ere he was aware,
The voice like music, ever grown more dear,
In every cadence. This alone he knew
"Without this woman, life is naught to me."
And rolled away the stone in courteous haste
And served his maiden, lowly, as was meet.

At last has come the time for his reward.
Suffering and heat and cold and weariness
Were overpast, as they had never been.
Through all these years his love had been but his.
He only knows he holds her in his arms,
And feels her warm heart beat against his own;
And in the deep eyes smiling up to his,
Tender through tears, he reads with wordless joy,
The full "I love you" of the chosen wife.

BOHEMIEN.

A CREDO FOR ALL.

Among the many useful things done by Ruskin there is one that ought to be more widely known. In a very quiet part of the smoky manufacturing town of Sheffield, up on a steep hill-side where few carts or carriages climb, there is a plain little house with an entrance through a small conservatory, and an exit into a little garden behind. Under this modest shelter is a treasury of objects of art, a collection begun by Ruskin for the use of the Guild of St. George, which was organized by him a few years ago, and the objects of which are set forth in his "Fors Clavigera," Letter 27. Meantime I quote his words from another source, as better suiting the present purpose: "This Guild was originally founded with the intention of showing how much food-producing land might be recovered by well-applied labor from the barren or well-neglected districts of nominally cultivated countries. With this primary aim, two ultimate objects of wider range were connected; the leading one, to show what tone and degree of refined cultivation could be given to persons maintaining themselves by agricultural labor; and the last, to convince some portion of the upper classes of society that such

occupation was more honorable and consistent with higher thoughts and nobler pleasures than their at present favorite profession of war ; and that the course of social movement must ultimately compel many to adopt it." Further on he says : " The promise to be honest, industrious, and helpful (that is to say, in the broadest sense charitable), is required from all persons entering the Guild, and as, on the one hand, I trust that the prejudices of sectarian religion may turn aside from us none who have learned in their hearts that " Christ is all and in all," so, on the other hand, I trust that the cause of true religion may be, even yet by modern sciolists, so far identified with that of useful learning, as to justify me in taking the first article of the Apostle's Creed for the beginning, the bond, and the end of our own." This Guild Creed is the following, and I leave readers to judge whether, among the useful and beautiful things Ruskin has made, this ought not to be one of the last forgotten, and, what is still more needed, to judge whether in creeds or articles there can be found very much that is better to believe and practise :

" I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work, and I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work while I live.

" II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even if I cannot, will act as if I did.

" III. I will labor, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread ; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

" IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

" V. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

" VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness ; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

" VII. I will obey all the laws of my own country faithfully ; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God ; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

" VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience . . . I will obey the laws of the Society called of St. George," etc., etc.

KUKUK.

A BETTER ARRANGEMENT.

Surely Providence might have arranged our human knowledge on a far more comfortable plan. For instance, it might have been consistent, unbroken, to its utmost circumference, by any crevices and gaps of nothingness. Why isn't our old craft, small as it is, at least well-caulked and mystery-tight? We're floating in an ocean of mystery on a paltry raft that's leaking all over. To those who don't take the precaution of flooring the whole range of their knowledge with that most impenetrable of substances, intellectual indifference, life is a continual series of catastrophes. Have you ever tried to cross a raft of loose logs? Strain every nerve as you may,

and splutter and fume unceasingly, down you go at almost every step to the knee and hip and at times almost inextricably lost in a confusion of logs and drowned in the mysterious liquid beneath. And so it is with every day to the intellectually acute. The simple operation of waking, for instance, cannot be performed without plunging perilously deep into mystery. What is sleep, that state out of which we have come? What is the substance in those phantoms that moved with seeming life in the strange scenery of my dreams? What have I to do with them? What is my soul doing in this strange interval in waking activity? What a marvellous spectacle is this of the millions of bodies lying down in their weariness, warm and living, and yet abandoned by the souls!

The pilots on the Mississippi steamboats could regularly run their boats up against the shore, tie them there, leave them to the engineer and crew to be victualled, and then go ashore for a loaf round and a spree. They could take short excursions through the scenery of the neighborhood, associate with other chance pilots and land-lubbers and hold improving dialogues on religion, politics and the universe in general. Altogether, they had a most enjoyable time and returned to the boat well-primed for the next short stretch towards the ocean. Now, though I'm a pilot, too, downstream to the ocean, I can't, for the life of me, recollect what I do and where I go during these periodical stoppages. Boozy recollections, muddled reminiscences are all that remain of the high old time I must have been having somewhere.

Well, here we've stumbled into a very bottomless-pit of mystery. And we thread our way through the day in the midst of intricate multitudes of similar pits, guided mostly by a blessed blindness. So I think a more comfortable arrangement by Providence would have been to have given us a good unbroken area of certain knowledge in which to disport ourselves, with no fear of these black mystery-pits.

To change the figure, every branch of knowledge resembles a tiny rope pendant over bottomless abysses. Down we go, hand over hand, till soon we find ourselves hanging suspended with a loosening grasp, over infinite nothingness. At such times a horror, exquisite beyond parallel, seizes upon the mind and produces an absolute paralysis of thought.

R. BALMER.

IN JUNE.

How sweet to lie in soft recumbent ease,
Upon the moss-clad brink of some pure stream,
While listless zephyrs lurk among the trees
And rude reality becomes a dream!
The brow is fanned with fragrant breath of flowers
That bloom in sun-bathed mellowness of air ;
The bees hum, drowsily, away the hours,
No longer burdened with the weight of care ;
Across the limpid vastness of the sky,
With scarce a cloud to fleck th' unfathomed blue,
In lazy languor roams the musing eye,
And Thought itself is tinged with Fancy's hue ;
The distant murmurs, o'er the meadows borne,
Like purling music, steal into the ear,
The birds hie homeward to their mates forlorn,
That warble welcome with a note sincere ;
The downward sun his ruddy splendour sheds,
And gilds in glory all the radiant West ;
The folding flowers now droop their gentle heads,
And all the world sinks, peacefully, to rest ;
The tall pines cast a dim, uncertain shade.
The stars ascend and deck the deep'ning sky ;
The robe of darkness o'er fair Nature's laid
And pensive Night now hymns her lullaby.

J. HAMPDEN BURNHAM,

OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

To be thoroughly satisfied with ourselves and our doings is very seldom a proof of excellence. Those who are aiming at the highest standards are usually most conscious of their short-comings. Those who come nearest to their ideal are most sensitive to their deflections. These are probably trite and commonplace remarks, yet we doubt whether they are as much considered as they ought to be. Let us give some heed to one application of these platitudes. Undoubtedly, we Canadians are, as a rule, very well satisfied with our public educational system. Speak to a Canadian on some points of difference between "the old country" and this its energetic child, and he will answer with hesitation, with doubt; perhaps he will even confess that in some respects he is behind his European parent or brother. But turn the conversation to the subject of education, and the cloud passes away, his countenance is radiant with self complacency, for here at least there can be no difference of opinion; our educational system is of supreme excellence. So most of us believe. Are we right in so believing? Is not our education susceptible of improvement? Is it not burdened with serious faults? However unpalatable such questions may be, they should not be ignored.

Now, it is certain that there is one considerable class among us who are not perfectly satisfied with the condition of educational affairs. We mean the professors in our colleges and the masters in our public schools and high schools. The masters in our elementary and preparatory schools complain that they are *forced* to cram the children rather than educate them. In other words they are forced to prepare them for examination more than for the business of life. They say—or many of them do—that the children have to be stuffed full of a number of things which can be held together until the examination is past, and which are then forgotten as quickly as possible. It is clear, that in such cases, there is no real *education*. A certain amount of information (more or less) may be retained, but there is no real discipline of the mind.

Quite recently complaints have appeared of the amount of copying which took place at an examination of pupil teachers. Not a year ago a person acting as a teacher in a public school was dismissed from a University examination for systematic and continuous copying. What do these things mean? One thing we quite believe that they mean, namely, that the nature of the examination was such as to facilitate—perhaps even almost to necessitate—this method of answering the questions. Is our method of examination satisfactory? Are our requirements reasonable?

With respect to our method of examination, it appears to the present writer that it is susceptible of improvement. It seems to be too stiff and technical, requiring too much dependence on mere memory. In saying this, it is not forgotten that all examinations must be more or less of this character. It is impossible to do away with examinations, however unsatisfactory we may think them; and so long as they exist they will tax the memory. Can nothing be done to make them increasingly a test of real intelligence and cultivation, and not merely a means of discovering how much a candidate can cram? Would not the introduction of *viva voce*, as at least supplementary to the written examinations, be some help towards this end?

Then, again, are those who are best acquainted with the results of our teaching quite satisfied with the subjects of our examinations? Are they not too numerous, much too numerous? At least they have very greatly increased of late years. If we compare the requirements of our modern universities with those of fifty years ago, we shall be startled at the change which has taken place. The London University has been the chief offender in this respect, if offence it be. It is appalling to contemplate the list of subjects that it requires of its matriculants and graduates. And the universities of this country have been profoundly affected by this influence. And the disease spreads. When one university has put forth

a capacious list of requirements, the others dare not lag behind. Anxious parents who know very little of education judge of the quality of a university very much as a novice does of the quality of a *table d'hôte*, by the number of dishes in the bill of fare. Does this constitute education? Does it help towards education? We greatly doubt it. The actual things that a boy or a young man learns at school or at college are seldom of much use to him in after life. What is of use is the training, the mental discipline that he has gained in the course of his education. Of course, there are certain things which he has actually to learn, the orthography, etymology, and syntax of his own language, reading, writing, arithmetic, and some other things which are actually used in the business of life. But what he has chiefly to acquire, if his education is to be of any real use to him, is the habit of careful and accurate work, of exact thinking, the power of taking hold of a thing by its right end, so to speak, and of going through with it in a thoughtful, intelligent, and systematic manner. An old French writer remarks that we need few books in order to be learned, and still fewer in order to be wise. And we fancy that we may assert, in like manner, that the best educated man is not always the man who has studied most subjects.

It is not in Canada alone that the system of examination and the consequent system of cramming are being carried to injurious lengths. We hear of little children in England being stricken with brain fever in consequence of the amount of work they are required to get through for examinations. We hear of successful candidates for the Indian Civil Service being so worked out by the labors incident to preparation for their examinations that they are fit for nothing for a year or two after their election. But we are perhaps better contented with the state of things here than they are with theirs in the old country. At any rate remonstrances on this subject are not wanting in the leading English journals, but we do not remember to have seen such protest in any of our excellent educational publications in this country.

It may not unreasonably be required of the writer to mention the subjects that can be dispensed with in examinations at our schools and colleges. He admits beforehand the justice of the claim. But the answer would be too long. Moreover, it would involve a careful consideration of the various subjects of study in regard to their comparative value as means of education; there we might find ourselves at variance with popular opinion. Be that as it may, the task cannot be attempted here at present; and we venture to believe that even one who is not competent to attempt that task may yet do service to the cause of education by bringing to the notice of those who are more able than himself some of the real and pressing difficulties of our present mode of education.

Trinity College.

WILLIAM CLARK.

 OLD JOHN.

In the fall of '80 I went "up the line" with the paymaster on one of his monthly trips to pay the men on Section A of the Canadian Pacific Railway,—that is, from Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, on Thunder Bay, to Eagle River. Thunder Bay is forty miles in length from the mountainous islands in the west to the long range that rolls around it in the east; and from the town you look across twenty-three miles to the Cape with the lighthouse nestling at its foot. Further than this, however, I shall make no attempt to describe the Bay, or to tell of the wild beauty of that rugged desolate land to the north of the greatest of the lakes. It is a country in which the student of geology knows no weariness in his long jaunts, his climbings and windings about the cliffs,

"Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names,
Of shale and horablende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte."

But as for myself, I picked up a few agates and amethysts, and gave no thought to the presence of grey dolomites (weathering red), "pre-silurian what-d'ye-call-'ems," and the occurrence of interstratified trap beds; for as yet I knew not of Professor Chapman.

The power of a Bret Harte were needed,—power to which I, gentle reader, can of course lay no claim,—to paint the rude, large frontier life of the time. We will liken it to the advance of the sea upon a lonely coast; and though it has been said, with more or less of truth, that the first waves bear on but scum and floating riff-raff, let us suppose that they have cast you and me down in Taché at nightfall. At this spot in the wilderness, nearly two hundred miles from Port Arthur, there is now, I have no doubt, a gathering of broken, weather-beaten log-cabins; but Taché, though nameless now, was then a noisy "camp" of three or four hundred men, for at that time the principal gravel pit was there, with its three steam shovels. But to our story.

Jack Harkness, the driver, had been telling me on the way up of the feats of Dave King and Freeman, who were achieving greatness as accomplished liars,—not a few of the men having devoted themselves to the art, as a relaxation from their toils in aiding to develop the railroad interests of the Dominion. I was to go to the Company's "store" in the evening, to witness the exploits of these *Arcades ambo*.

When we went into the store, we found a number of the men seated in various easy attitudes about the small stove; neither Dave King nor his rival had yet come in. The most remarkable figure in the assemblage was that of a tall, grizzly bearded man, known all along the line as Old John, who was smoking meditatively, with his chair tilted back between two barrels. He was yet a strong man, and though as coarsely clad as the men around him, he seemed a little above them; for age, which had made gaunt his powerful frame, had clothed him in some way with an uncouth sense of the dignity of labor. His wanderings had been as those of a second Ulysses, and he spoke at times with a humored melancholy. His sayings and doings were often unaccountable; but we will turn our attention to the small events in the store at Taché that night.

When Harkness, who had brought with him his dog "Brakesman"—so named from his owner's story that just before the accident to No. 5 at Sunshine, the dog, standing upon his hind feet, had made every effort to put on the brakes,—when Jack nodded furtively to me, I knew that the lanky, red-haired man, who was just seating himself on a soap-box, was Dave King. After some desultory talk about dogs, Harkness said, "Ever hear what Brakesman did when I was bringin' up the first load of iron last spring?"

Somebody said "No."

"Well, ye see, we were gettin' along pretty fast down grade this side of Savanne, 'n a box caught fire. Off jumps Brakesman, 'n when I looked to see what was up, he was runnin' along on three legs 'n kickin' snow on' the burnin' box with the other."

"Good dog," said Dave King, patting his head; "got him frum Sandy McKenzie, didn't ye?"

"Yes," said Harkness. McKenzie lived down near the Landing. King, slowly filling a short clay pipe, drawled out, "The pup ain't worth nothin' 't'wut the old one wuz. D' I ever tell ye what she done when I wuz down at Sandy's one Sunday?"

Harkness said "No," and looked towards me. Old John tilted back farther between the barrels and yawned.

"I kem down t' see Sandy's pigs," said King, with an uneasy glance toward the barrels, "and there wuz nobody at home; all gone to church. Well, I knocked, 'n that shepherd she kem out o' the shed 'n looked at me a minute, 'n then started off fer the barn. I follered her down, 'n she went clear 'round to the back door that opens into the barn suller. She scratched 't the door, 'n I opened it, 'n she took me over to the further pen where them pigs wuz 'n barked twice. Then she kem out 'n took me up t' the shed, 'n showed

me her litter er pups, 'n barked three times. Done just 's well 's if Sandy had a' been thar himself!"

The narrator scratched a match and began to smoke.

"What did she bark for?" asked Harkness, after a pause.

"T' tell me the price of 'em," said King, looking scornfully at Freeman, a shuffling, hesitating little man, who had entered shortly before. "Pigs two dollars 'n pups three dollars!"

Harkness was surprised into a profane exclamation indicative of great interest. Freeman, however, said easily,

"Shepherds is good dogs, but they ain't nothing to a dog I—"

"Look here, Freeman," broke in one of the men, "You kin know all 'bout Californy, 'n' minin', 'n' fero, 'n' Chinamen, 'n' mules, 'n' Injuns, 'n' stage-drivin', 'n' Dakoty wheat fields, but let Dave know a little 'bout dogs!"

Freeman was about to answer excitedly, when Old John, who had hitched his chair a little out of the shadow of the barrels, took the pipe from his mouth, and said quietly, with the air of merely carrying on the talk,

"I hed a dog out West that I used t' send 'round t' do all my shoppin'. One day I gev him a ten dollar gold piece, 'n told him t' git three pounds o' beefsteak 'n a hand o' t'backer down at Riley's, 'n take the change 'round t' Maguire's saloon 'n pay up Maguire what I owed him."

A suppressed groan came from the red-haired liar.

"Wal, he got a fiver 'n' some change b'sides, 'n' what d'ye think he done with it?"

"Took it t' Maguire," said King, sarcastically, "'n' asked whut the 'count wuz, I s'pose."

"Naw," said Old John, with the manner of one whose thoughts are with the past. "Naw, he didn't. He jus' went an' hunted up deppyty sheriff Jack Green, 'n gev Jack a chew 'n' took one himself, 'n then showed up the bill. I'm dam if 'twuzn't counterfeit," the old man chuckled, "an' Jack Green nabbed the whole gang 'n' run in Riley 't the head of 'em!"

Dave King arose from his soap box and went out into the night, alone.

W. J. HEALY.

THE BACON SHAKESPERE MYTH.

The predisposition to discover points of contact in the lives of illustrious men of the same era is a well-known source of error. On taking a bird's-eye view of any period, a few great names stand forth prominent, around these, as nuclei, do aggregate the various events that history deems worthy of record. If some thread of connection be found, it assists the mind to grasp the manifoldness of human existence—an unconscious reduction to the great chain of cause and effect. Then and then only does history seem intelligible when it can give the why and wherefore of the generation and growth of the characters regarded as typical of that stage of development. Such predisposition is strengthened by the charms that the marvellous has for us. The human mind never rests content with the tangible, but ever fancies that some sweet mystery lurking behind the face of things may be seen darkly as through a screen. Rarely do men penetrate to the holy of holies where truth enshrines her most sacred arcana, they are stopped at the very threshold; imagination must then fill in the blank.

It might have been supposed that the testimonies of his contemporaries, the circumstantial details of his life, the belief of succeeding generations, would, in spite of the obscurity that veils the true being of Shakespere from our longing gaze, have counteracted any tendency of this kind. But no, it is found that Shakespere's plays have that peculiar fascination of all things grand in themselves and therefore mysterious. Dazzled by the synchronous lustre of the two great lights of that and after ages, some have sought by unfitting them to reduce their incomprehensibility, not aware that by their cure they make the difficulty incomparably greater.

Whoever has the slightest acquaintance with philosophical speculation, that leads its votary far a-field, knows well that for every morsel of truth gained, a disproportionate amount of thought has been expended. To such an one Bacon's *Organon* may fairly represent a life's work of the busiest brain. We are amazed then, on learning that though absorbed in his philosophical system Bacon found time to become a statesman and lawyer of high repute. Surely to ascribe to him a threefold mental life, by adding the highest poetic fervor, were to make him more than man. Yet undeterred, every few years brings to light some warped genius who spends his life in such profitless pursuit.

This time it is a somewhat eccentric American senator—a Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. The senator, grown wiser—or bolder than his predecessors in this barren field, is not content with claiming for his hero the great glory of Shakespere, but finds in works that command admiration of all times and peoples, secret histories of court intrigues, and other matters too delicate to be noised abroad in those rugged times. Wherefore did Bacon determine to make the world partner of his knowledge by ways so complicate as to wait a Donnelly for their interpretation.

Naturally enough, we are eager to learn this wonderful pass-key to hidden things; but alas! as yet only bare hints are given thirsty souls through the press,—perchance there is a book forthcoming, and such hints may—but away with the base thought! the learned senator is too busily extracting its wealth from the virgin ore to enlighten an expectant public. As far as may be gleaned from such scanty sources, it seems that an examination of the first folio reveals, to borrow a phrase from scientific parlance, certain structural peculiarities; the paging, for example, is not continuous and in places is otherwise irregular,—mere misprints to ordinary folk, but having a profound significance for Mr. Donnelly. By way of solvent he calls to his assistance a cypher, known to him alone—and a powerful imagination, then conjures a little with these peculiarities, and presto!—your secret is found out.

In truth the Senator must have won high honors in his peculiar subject at the Academy at Lagado. The much-enduring Gulliver, who visited in his wanderings this metropolis of *Balnibarbi*, preserves for us the methods used by an eminent professor there to discover dangerous plots against the common weal. From his own learning, our traveller was able to supplement these means of deciphering the hidden meanings of things. So expert, he tells us, had the natives of Tribnia become that a few words, merely conveying intelligence of a distressing domestic affliction—the curious are directed to part III. cap. 6, ad fin.—might with ease be twisted into hanging matters. In the Donnellian system of exegesis the safe rule is that the passage needing explanation is not to be taken in its obvious sense—or, why would it have been written? It is possible even for the tyro, bearing this precept in mind, to produce very valuable and entertaining results; and in the absence of the learned senator's own conclusions, it devolves upon us to illustrate this admirable method.

If our steps then be guided by such safe rule, the conclusion is irresistibly forced upon us that "Macbeth" is Bacon's own life tragedy. Hurried on by itch for high degree, Bacon mounted by Essex' fall (*Duncan's murder*), whom his false friendship helped to traitor's death. By this bloody service ambition's path lies open, the great offices (compare the three *Hails* of the Weird Sisters) are filled in succession, and now Bacon is on the topmost pinnacle of fame—seated on the woosack (the throne of the play). But every rose conceals a thorn. A remarkable passage explains what else were dark:—

Bacon— Our fears in Coke (*vulgate Banquo*)

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd;

There is none but he,

Whose being I do fear; and under him

My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar, — *Act III. sc. 1.*

By his integrity and unflinching, almost fanatic, devotion to law, Sir Edward Coke, some time Chief Justice, has proved troublesome to high dignitaries whose plans for absolutism he has rudely shattered. He must then be got rid of; his official death immediately follows—pictured in our play as the murder of Banquo—for he is dismissed his high office. But, alas! for the instability of human success!—his angry ghost looms up threatening, terrible to the frightened soul of Bacon,—for Coke soon finds a seat in Parliament. There a hardy band of patriots have begun to hurl the thunders of their eloquence against despotism, who in the near future were to quicken the Commons of England into revolt. The action now hurries to a close. Bacon mortally offends Buckingham (Macduff), who leaves him to his fate, a "tub thrown to an angry whale." At length aroused from his false security, Bacon sees the march of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane in the ominous crowding of the Commons to the Bar of the Lords, to exhibit against him articles of impeachment.

The learned Senator is very welcome to the above interpretation, if new to him; of course his acknowledgments are then due the VARSITY.

W. H. HUNTER.

SAINT GREGORY'S GUEST AND RECENT POEMS.*

This is an exceedingly dainty little volume, well printed in clear bold type on heavy paper with a parchment cover of artistic and delicate design in gold. The Quaker singer, venerable and well beloved, speaks tenderly in the prefatory note of this "belated collection" of poems, as if he thus gently wished to say farewell to his friends. For of this poet it may be said that all his readers are his friends. There may be poets who are more admired, but no living poet is so deeply loved as he. His sweet sympathy and high-souled purpose work no less beneficently to-day than when he stood with William Loyd Garrison before the nation and pleaded for the rights of that down-trodden race, the negroes of the South. The earnest humanity of the poet remains unabated, for he dedicates this last book to General S. C. Armstrong in recognition of his "generous and self-denying labors for the elevation of two races," the Indian and the Negro. Yet not alone as a poet of humanity is Whittier known. Some of his other poems are simple and sweet beyond measure. Maud Muller, Snow-Bound, and Barbara Fritchie are household literature. But it is as a religious poet, perhaps, that he has shown the greatest inspiration. Already his hymns are sung in the New England churches, and they may be heard in our own city. Much of this kind of writing in modern days cannot be called literature at all, but Whittier's hymns are equal to the best that were ever written. No other modern poet has so nearly reached the purity and simplicity of those old Greek and Latin hymns that have come down the ages to us. And yet the religious spirit of our author is entirely in accord with the most advanced and liberal views of our day. Nowhere is this more evident than in the following stanza from one of the poems in his last collection:—

ADJUSTMENT.

The tree of Faith its bare dry boughs must shed
That nearer heaven the living ones may climb;
The false must fail, though from our shores of time
The old lament be heard,—"Great Pan is dead!"
That wail is Error's, from his high place hurled;
This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod;
Our time's unrest, an angel sent of God
Troubling with life the waters of the world.
Even as they list the winds of the Spirit blow
To turn or break our century-rusted vanes;
Sands shift and waste; the rock alone remains

* "St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems" By J. G. Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto; Williamson & Co.

Where led of Heaven, the strong tides come and go,
And storm clouds, rent by thunderbolt and wind,
Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind.

“Ἐν δὲ.”

With one strong end in view,
Your daily tasks pursue,—
Let all your actions aim at one fixed goal;
Stern duty ever heed,
Go where her footsteps lead,
And you shall find, as years upon you roll,
That life is made more sweet than words can tell
By choosing pleasures that from duty well.

Chatham, N.B.

THOMAS G. MARQUIS.

“WHAT SHALL WE EAT AND WHEREWITHAL SHALL
WE BE CLOTHED?”*

“Rye and Indian meal without yeast, potatoes, rice, very little salt pork, molasses, and salt, and my drink-water,”—these, with beans and green corn of his own raising, answered the first question for a college-bred man who lived in Concord, Massachusetts, some years ago. For covering he had plain home-woven cloth, a straw hat and stout shoes, with how little paraphernalia of white shirt and collar may be inferred from the rest: and for overmost coat a tight house, 10 x 15, built by his own hands for less than \$30. Such in food and raiment was Henry David Thoreau, whose “Walden” describes his two years’ life in the woods near Concord, where he cultivated a plot of ground.

To some the book will be the crazy scribbling of a “crank”—such, dear reader, is our pet name for all men of an earnestness we are not accustomed to. To others it will be a curiosity only because people have talked about it; and of them it will be duly understood in the fashion to be expected. But there are yet others, who will see in it the strivings of a man to get to the heart of things—to his own heart above all, and keep it clean, and they will love him the more they understand him. To an honest student it will be encouragement, and may be a light in the place he most needs it, not simply because it proves how few physical needs a man has, if he has resources within; but, furthermore, because it must help him to see that the only properly wise life is that in which wants, and especially corporeal wants, are contracted by a steady approximation to the limits of the absolutely indispensable. We are far less in danger of Asceticism than of Voluptuousness. Our civilization has more of the Sybarite in it than of the Anchorite; and in these days of pauperism and starvation, of eight-hour movements and strikes, we need a few examples to show how a man may live on 27 cents a day plus what he produces on less than an acre of ordinary soil. There is then really no absolute need of so much as the “three acres and a cow.”

And there have been a few men in the world who have kindly demonstrated the thing to us in one way or another;—a certain Diogenes, and one Socrates too will be counted among them, if history may be trusted. In our own day no one has preached it louder or longer than Ruskin, who, in this matter at least, knows whereof he affirms, and even has founded a guild to help practice it.

“Walden” is no new book. It was written by a man who died in 1862 at forty-five, but it can scarcely be called well-known. An English edition, with a preface by W. H. Dircks, can now be had for a shilling in “Camelot Classics,” the most beautiful of all the cheap series so far. One may hope for some help in taking up this little story of the plainest living and the highest thinking.

* “Thoreau,” London: Walter Scott, Toronto; Williamson & Co.

SIGNS AND SEASONS. (1)

“To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.”

Bryant’s “Thanatopsis” embodies the scholar’s admiration for nature in chaste intellectual language directed towards the expression of the poet’s idyllic conception of her beauty and meaning. Burroughs’ “Signs and Seasons” speaks out the rough-hewn language of nature, and breathes her inherent grace and tenderness, with a fidelity that discovers her true disciple, and with an un-studied charm that is peculiarly her own. Bryant looked at nature as if to discover what was poetical in her; he read delicious and divine poetry into nature. Burroughs, turning up the fragrant sod, as it were, reveals unconsciously this ever-present characteristic. He walks the fields and meadows, and speaks with the knowledge and sympathy of an intimate friend. Herein lies the difference between the two.

Perhaps a sentence or two from Burroughs may serve to indicate the difference between him and Bryant. In his chapter on “A Salt Breeze,” speaking of the poet’s treatment of the sea, he says:

“Bryant’s hymn to the sea is noble and stately, but it is only his forest hymn shifted to the shore. . . . It has no marine quality or atmosphere. . . . The poet wings his lofty flight above sea and shore alike.”

The last sentence expresses the difference exactly,—“The poet wings his lofty flight above sea and shore alike.” He treats nature ideally, whereas Burroughs takes nature as it is, and reads her secrets for us, catching that indescribable something which imparts such a tonic to her sea breezes and such a raciness to her soil.

“Signs and Seasons” is the seventh of Mr. Burroughs’ delightful little out-door books. It is a series of sketches of Nature in her various moods; a happy combination of poetry, romance and truth. It is filled with a genuine love of fields and meadows, and birds and flowers. In these days, when a premium seems to be placed on artificiality and conventionality, it is a veritable revelation. To the dweller in the heat and noise of the modern city, the book comes as a refreshing April shower, and is like the shadow of a rock in a weary land. It breathes the air of the primeval forest, it sparkles with the cool crystal of the mountain streamlet, and seems to bathe one in the glorious sunlight that brings life and refreshment to the weary and expectant earth.

ORION AND OTHER POEMS. (2)

It is announced that Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal, will shortly issue a volume of nature sketches in prose and verse by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. They will open with the fresh and graphic poem “Birch and Paddle,” which appeared a few months since in our columns, and from this poem the book will take its title. Those who read Mr. Roberts’ entertaining sketches on “Old Acadia,” in the *Current*, will look forward with interest to the appearance of the new volume.

This seems to us a fitting time to refer to Mr. Roberts’ earlier writings. “Orion and Other Poems” has gained for its author a reputation much beyond the provincial. The pure imagination, the delicacy and scholarly grace which he displays there have won for him in certain literary circles of Boston the designation of the American Keats. But Mr. Roberts is a Canadian, born in this country and living here, and we do not propose to surrender him to his American admirers. The poetic power and skill of versifica-

(1) “Signs and Seasons.” By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

(2) “Orion and Other Poems,” by Charles G. D. Roberts. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

tion which he possesses in treating of classical themes are well shown in "Orion," "Ariadne," and no less perhaps in "The Pipes of Pan," Mr. Roberts' last poem, which he contributes to the present number of the VARSITY. "Love-Days" and "Iterumne?" are poems of passion and pathos such as would alone approve their author divinely gifted with the sweet attribute of song. Still, none of the poems which we have mentioned will make Mr. Roberts a popular poet. They speak of a life beyond and apart from the work-a-day world, and their gentle music will fall unheeded on many ears. Of quite another nature are "The Maple" and some of Mr. Roberts' more recent contributions to the magazines. These appeal directly to provincial tastes and feelings, and are sure to meet a fuller appreciation from Canadians.

THE MAPLE.

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches,
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above,
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,
That delicate strange new-comer;
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose,
When pale are the spring time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may not walk again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple tree stood just clear of the wood—
And, oh, to be near it still!

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.*

To those who desire a guide book, pure and simple, with no pretensions to literary merit but with the fullest information regarding the region denoted by the title, there is nothing to be found at all equal to Mr. Barlow Cumberland's book. The key note to the book is in the seductive phrase "A little farther on" with which the first chapter opens. And so the writer leads his reader pleasantly enough from Niagara Falls, where everybody goes, to the dream-haunted lakes of Muskoka, shadowy with islands, across the Georgian Bay and through the great archipelago of the North Channel, along the base of the La Cloche Mountains—"bare Laurentian billows of granite," up the St. Mary River and the Sault, and along the north shore of Lake Superior to Port Arthur and Duluth. There are numerous wood-cuts throughout the book—not of a very great degree of artistic excellence to be sure, but good enough to fairly illustrate the text and to render it more attractive and readable. There are also several useful sectional maps of the route, those of the various Muskoka Lakes being especially good. Recognizing that our interest in places is increased by historical associations, the writer relates many incidents of aboriginal days and of the old French and Indian wars. Finally, this book con-

tains a list of the necessaries of a camping outfit, the names and addresses of local guides to the best sporting and fishing grounds and a synopsis of the game laws of Ontario.

ANOTHER YEAR'S WORK.

It will not perhaps, be uninteresting at the close of the academic year 1885-6 to review the course of the VARSITY, and see whether or not it has rightly discharged its important function as a university journal—viz., of endeavoring to mirror comprehensively and faithfully "university thought and events." Perhaps the reader may regard such a proceeding as his prerogative, and may resent any editorial comment as unbecoming and partial. But the misconception and misrepresentation from which the VARSITY has suffered during the past year affords a reasonable excuse for a few words of explanation at the present time.

There have been many theories advanced as to the true sphere of a College paper, and the subjects which it should and those which it should not discuss. The conductors of the VARSITY, having adopted the sub-title "A Weekly Journal of University Thought and Events," have deemed that definition comprehensive enough to permit of the introduction and discussion of topics of all kinds which could, or should, interest university men and university students.

We have striven to reach a high place in the field of college journalism, and to make our paper something more than a mere colorless and ephemeral school-boy effort. In this endeavor we should have received the sympathy and support, instead of the sneers and opposition of those to whom we most naturally look for help and encouragement. But the time has gone by when college journalism can be laughed out of existence. It is, and must be recognized as a powerful factor in university life. It is a serious undertaking, and is no child's play, as a few of our readers are prone to imagine. Instead of helping us there are not a few who are doing their best to fetter us, keep us down, and repress any effort at improvement and advancement.

The critics of the VARSITY appear to forget that the university exists for the students and not for the officials. A public office is a public trust. University College was founded for the instruction and education of the youth of the country who desired academic training, and not for the purpose of providing a comfortable livelihood for a number of estimable gentlemen who were to be entirely removed from the arena of criticism, and from the influence of public opinion. We venture to add that there are none more likely than the students to appreciate rightly and fairly the good work done by their instructors and governing officials; none more ready freely and thankfully to acknowledge it; and none more tolerant of indifferent and unsatisfactory work in the lecture room and Senate Chamber. But at the same time we, and they alike, reserve the right of free and open criticism when occasion demands it.

These, then, are some of the reasons why criticisms of the kind referred to have appeared in our columns. Their necessity was and is their *raison d'être*.

We have made no pretension of being oracular in our utterances, nor have we claimed for ourselves infallibility of judgment, but we believe that discussion and criticism are the indispensable conditions of intellectual life and the indications of academic progress.

The VARSITY does not desire to occupy a position of antagonism to the authorities of the University and University College. We have been anxious to uphold their dignity and authority when it was possible for us to do so. And a reference to our columns will show that we have not refrained from expressions of hearty and

* "The Northern Lakes of Canada." By Barlow Cumberland. Toronto, Williamson and Co.

sincere praise and congratulation when the occasion and the act called for it.

Next let us turn and see whether we have maintained our position in the broader field of criticism. Among the subjects which have been discussed editorially this year have been the Reform of the Senate, the Curriculum, the Scholarship Question, the Study of English, Women at Universities, a Political Science Course, the Literary Society, a Students' Club, and the Relation of True Education to our Intellectual Life. All these are live issues, and the very mention of them is sufficient indication that we have endeavoured to fulfil the duty and maintain the responsibilities of our position. We have endeavoured to give to the discussion of every subject which has demanded attention, the result of our best judgment, and have invited the expression of opinions—favorable and otherwise—from our readers and subscribers. This has been our duty, and we have endeavoured to bring to its discharge no other feeling than that which should actuate every friend of the Provincial University—an earnest desire to see the best results obtained in the best way. In so doing, we have had no ulterior motives, no party to serve, no interest to represent, except that of the highest good of the University. We have spoken plainly and straightforwardly, have invited, encouraged, and given the utmost latitude to the expression of opinions widely differing from our own. We have endeavoured to get at the truth of every question, undistracted by any side issues, and uninfluenced by any desire for notoriety. As we have said before, we do not intend to be politic, when policy would dictate a weak and subservient course. This has been, and will continue to be, our policy.

As we announced at the outset, the VARSITY is not the organ of any party or set. It is a *medium of expression on any subject for any university man who may choose to write for it*. If a university journal does not stand for freedom of thought and expression we should like to know what it does stand for! Moreover, when we call the VARSITY "a journal of university thought," we mean by university thought all that our university men are thinking of, and not simply the few old and established opinions which they may happen to hold in common.

An attempt has been made by those who ought to know better to raise the anti-religious cry against us. Such critics confound religion with sectarianism as many no wiser than they have done before them. Like the University of Toronto, the VARSITY is non-denominational. We ignore denominational distinctions entirely and we endeavour to get at truth, not only as it is in the denominations, but also as it is beyond and outside of them. The denominations may have settled among themselves for all time what is truth and what is not, but being less confident than they our columns shall be open to the re-investigation and discussion of these topics no less than others. The truth can take care of itself, and the old days of sectarian intolerance cannot be revived.

There is no need now to re-open the discussion about such topics as the "New Protestantism." Our critics have but shown their ignorance of the commonest ethics of journalism, when they charge us with the opinions of our contributors and correspondents. This charge has been so repeatedly made by our critics that we can do no more than simply state that in the ordinary code of journalistic ethics, the sentiments and opinions of a paper are only judged from its editorial columns. The editor of a paper does not, by his assumption of editorial functions, thereby give up for ever his individuality. He has still as good a right to the expression of his individual opinion as any outside contributor or correspondent. And his opinion, when expressed as an individual, is not to be attributed to him as an editor. It is merely blind folly to deny this, as some have been pleased to do.

In the department of Literature we have not been unmindful of our duty, but have endeavoured to secure for our readers the best results of the culture and ability of our graduates and undergraduates. Contributions from some of the foremost writers in the Do-

minion have from time to time appeared in our columns, and the testimony of literary critics, both in Canada and the United States, has been one of almost uniform praise for the enterprise which has characterized this department of our paper. This must be as gratifying to our readers as it is to ourselves, and we acknowledge our debt to the critics for their indulgence and sympathy.

We have endeavoured, all through, to foster a healthy and vigorous national sentiment, believing that this lies at the root of our success as a nation. If we have no confidence in ourselves we can never succeed; and until Canadians recognize their own capabilities and resources, and those of their country, they will never develop into a nation.

To our contributors it is our pleasing duty to return our most grateful thanks. To their zeal, readiness, and ability we are indebted for the large measure of success which has attended the publication of THE VARSITY this year. We have made many new literary friends, and we trust to add to their number as years go on. We are not less indebted to those of our friends whose cordial sympathy and approval—expressed both in public and private—have encouraged us to continue our efforts to promote literary activity and university reform.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

THE EXAMINATIONS.

THE BROWNING OF THE SOPHOMORES.

"When the mourning stars sang together."

Well, I'll be— beg your pardon, sir! but see,
Here by this morning's *World*, you know—good ged!
Starred, plucked, and starred! 'Twas Tristram's signing sped
"A star was my desire,"—eh? 'Seems to me
He ne'er wore cap and gown. However, we....
Ay, stars, and garters, too! When the poet said
Per inane micantes, and so forth—pshaw! my head
Is badly dezled,—muddled terribly!
When it first hit me, it spun me round and round;
But, Lord bless you! now, sir, I don't care.
I was metagrabolized, I couldn't act,—
Why, starry fireworks seemed to fill the air,
As when my sinciput smote hard the ground,
I' the roller skating rink last summer. Fact!

W. J. H

The lists this year are certainly instructive and edifying to those who from *terra firma* have surveyed with interest our perils and dangers at sea. To vary the metaphor somewhat, the examinations have been not unlike the Homeric battles,—*plectuntur Achivi*. As gallantly as Blount lifted Marmion's fallen standard on Flodden Field, has Professor Chapman raised the standard of Mineralogy and Geology, and the ranks of the enemy are mowed down. By those whom he has not *jaculatus rubente dextra*, Professor Hutton's valor has also been greatly admired.

Before passing to the notices of the graduating class, we may remark that though the names in the honor classes in Fourth Year are arranged in alphabetical order in the newspaper lists, it seems that a medal is to be offered in each department; and that the charge of inconsistency is made away with by the fact that in each department it has happened that only one person has fulfilled the requirements.

THE CLASS OF '86.

BALDWIN, WILLIAM W., was a sailor, and in his early days was no doubt, a somewhat literary man and contributed frequently to the *Atlantic*. But having at last thrown up his situation, he obtained his sea legs in his second year and has since made a straight run home.

ROCHE, FRANCIS JAMES DE LA, Marquis of Tipperary County, Ireland, has laid aside his ancestral pride and lineage, and has soiled his hands, not with trade, but with the chemicals of the S.P.S. He graduates with honors in Department III. of Natural Sciences,

PALMER, JOHN MILTON, is now at home when in Whitby. He matriculated in '80 but dropped out for two years at the end of his second year and taught Mathematics and things in general to the young men and maidens of the Fergus High School. He has always taken a good stand in his special department and during the last two years has distinguished himself as well in the study of Law. It is, however, in connection with athletics and field sports that he is best known. He has stood the brunt of many a hard-won game of foot-ball and lacrosse all over the Province, and is now the popular captain of the University Association foot-ball team. An all-round college man and good fellow, J. M. P. is worthy of success in his chosen profession and will attain it.

MORPHY, A. G.—commonly known as "Pat"—comes from the Forest City, whither he will return to study Medicine. Throughout he has taken a good stand in Classics. His chief glory is derived from his connection with the Glee Club, to whose brilliant successes during the past few years he has been the chief contributor. He plays the violin and executes pedal passages on the bicycle.

HARVIE, 'ORACE, 'ails from Haylmer. His course has been Metaphysics. He will study Law.

CLARK, CHARLES P., comes from St. Mary's. He has taken Natural Sciences. He is a cricketer and baseballist, and has reached the "home-plate" in safety with honors. He will study Medicine.

CROOKS, ALEX. D., a nephew of the late Hon. Adam Crooks, is a resident of Toronto. He has taken Metaphysics. Alexander wears a North-West medal, and is one of the crack shots of K Company. He has been a director of the VARSITY during his entire course. He will study Law.

MCKAY, R. R., is a brother of "Sandy" McKay; comes from Toronto; has taken Metaphysics; will probably enter the ministry.

NEEDLER, GEORGE H., an honor Modern Language man, is a native of the quiet hamlet of Millbrook. He is a sergeant in "K" and a member of the Glee Club, being its secretary during the last year. Harry will become a disciple of Blackstone.

CAMERON, GEORGE ALEXANDER, a brother of the brilliant "J. D.," is the genial "Mufti" of the "Forty Immortals" who subsist upon the luxurious fare of the College Residence. "Cam," as he is familiarly known, is a Metaphysician and a tennis player of renown. He comes from Woodstock, and will study Law.

ROSS, J. A., has been a resident in Knox. James, we know not what path in life is to be yours; but be virtuous, James, and you will be happy!

COATES, D. H., of Bowmanville. His face is familiar in 'Varsity corridors; he graduates in Mathematics after an uneventful course. With "Freddie" he has ogled the girls in the gallery of the Metropolitan, Sunday evenings.

MACPHERSON, F. F. His departure from University College is a genuine relief to the Librarian's assistants, whose weary limbs have often climbed the gallery stairs and scraped the dust from neglected tomes that his eyes might feast thereon. For four years he has been a reading-room *habitué* and a model to some of its fitful occupants. He graduates with excellent honors in Moderns. He will embrace and ornament the teaching profession.

HAMILTON, ANDREW, from Chesterville. A hiatus in his 'Varsity career delayed his graduation till this year. Though a hard student of Metaphysics, he was a frequent attendant at the Literary Society debates.

FREEMAN, S. E., of Deer Park, survives the generous diet of the pass course.

BURKHOLDER, C. E., comes from the Ambitious City. He has taken Moderns.

BALDWIN, ROBERT, has pursued the even tenor of his way in the Arts course, as in the Glee Club, with a single break in the North-West last year. He will now become a disciple of Old Father Antic, the law.

MUSTARD, WILFRID PIRT, entered from Uxbridge High School. He has stood first in Classics at the four examinations, and has been a tower of strength on the football field. As a back he is unsurpassed. He narrowly escaped being shot by proxy in the North-west. Will be Classical Fellow next year.

MCMMASTER, JOHN is from the village of Angus. He studied at the High School in Barrie and afterwards at St. Catharines. He has won honors throughout in the department of Mathematics and obtains this year an honor degree in Physics. His interest in other college matters has not been marked. He will be a successful teacher owing to ability and experience in that capacity.

PATTERSON, RICHARD ALLAN, from the neighborhood of Ingersoll, at which town he received his preparatory training, obtained honors in Mathematics at the Senior Matriculation of '83 and in the two following years, graduating with first-class honors in Physics. His course has been one of close application and success, and he has often been heard with interest in the debates of the Literary Society. He will probably teach.

NEEDHAM, G. is a Metaphysical man and a resident of Knox. A good fellow, but little known among his university fellows, on account of his modest and retiring disposition. He will enter the Ministry.

MOORE, ARTHUR H., was known at the Collegiate Institute of this city as a hard-working student of Mathematics. His rank in the class list of that department has always been high. In his fourth year he chose Physics in preference to Pure Mathematics and obtained his degree with honors. At present he purposes teaching.

BALMER, MISS ELIZA, resides in Toronto. Her university record is an exceedingly brilliant one, including as it does a double scholarship at each of the three first examinations of the course, the Lansdowne gold medal in the third year, and a first-class all around in the Modern Language department at graduation. The Modern Languages have been her special study throughout the course, but she has at times, by way of diversion, taken up Mathematics, Metaphysics, and the Blake work. She has also been an active officer in the Modern Language Club. It was not Miss Balmer's privilege to attend lectures in University College until her third year. She was one of the first to enter when the college was opened to women two years ago, and has been to some extent the representative of this reform among her fellow-students. Their well-wishes follow her.

WILSON, GILBERT D., prepared at St. Mary's, his native town, the pass work for the Junior Matriculation of '81. He has taken Honors in Classics, in which department he has always distinguished himself. He was interrupted by illness in the third examination. In the societies of the College he has been an active participator, especially in the Political Science Association. He will study law.

MACMURCHY, DUGALD JAMES, is a son of the Rector of the Collegiate Institute in this city. Laying aside the family tradition, "D. J." has followed the Classical course. He is of a decidedly literary turn, and has been the writer of several University and College Prize Essays. He filled the chair at the last University dinner with ability and tact. During the dog days "D. J." yachts on the pleasant waters of the lake. He will probably enter the Fourth Estate.

MACDONNELL, ALEXANDER MCLEAN, affectionately known as "Nelly," is a resident of Toronto. He has been invaluable in the caucuses of the Inside Party, and is as intimately acquainted with the mysteries of "red hot brands and boiling tar" as any student around the college. He is a particular chum of our worthy Bedell. He is a pass man, and will study law.

HATTON, J. P., represents Owen Sound and St. Michael's College. Jim has kept up a speaking acquaintance with the Classics, and in the caucus claims to be rivalled by few and excelled by none. He will probably teach.

MARSHALL, THOMAS M., a native of the classic village of Dunnville, is a "K" man and a North-West veteran! A noted *bon vivant*, Tom believes in the efficacy of a virtuous pass course. He will follow commercial pursuits.

LOGIE, T. M., of Clinton, received his training in Brantford Collegiate, attended Manitoba College, and entered here (*ad eundem*) 3rd year. He graduates with high honors in Mental Science. He is the Benedict of his class. He has been appointed Fellow in Mental Science.

MARTIN, I. E., of Picton, studied at St. Catharines' Collegiate. He is of a mathematical turn of mind and rather proud of his inches. Though of a retiring disposition, Ivy has discharged the onerous duties of corresponding secretary of the Literary and Scientific Society. A very successful student, he graduates with highest honors in pure mathematics. He will teach.

DUNCAN, J. MCD., hails from Paisley in Bruce County. He has achieved distinction in the department of Metaphysics and in the Literary Society. Moss Hall has often been shaken with his eloquence. Mr. Duncan is a prominent member of the College Y. M. C. A., and will enter the ministry.

CLEMENT, R. V., came four years since from Trenton High School. A year of college lectures and college politics satisfied him. The shades of McCarthy & Co.'s law offices received him, and he is now, on the completion of his arts course, three years on towards the completion of his law course. He is a brother of W. H. P. Clement, a gold medallist in Law of Toronto University, and a member of the firm of McCarthy & Co.

CHAMBERS, S., of Currie's Crossings, Wayback; Cherry is well-known as a genial comrade. A double course in his earlier years and high honors in chemistry on his final evidence his studious bent. Like Socrates of old he will owe a debt to Esculapius.

WHITE, JAMES, is a popular member of the College Glee Club, a good singer, and paws the ivory artistically and effectively. He took the metaphysical course. We are not aware what profession he intends to follow. His home is in Whitby.

BRENT, CHARLES, is not so well known among his college fellows as he deserves to be. There is a rumour that he hails from London. His college course was somewhat broken. He spent a long period in the island of Trinidad and his able articles in the VARSITY on the flora of this region were read with interest by many. This year he won the McMurrich medal.

ROWAN, THOMAS A., is a native of the Queen City and matriculated from the Collegiate Institute here. He took the Modern Language course. His mild and persuasive eloquence has long ruled the destinies of the Modern Language Club. They say, however, that he was not successful in his application for admission to the Recluse Club. He is undecided whether to teach or enter law.

BRADFORD, S. Though of austere presence Sam is no anchorite. He had some oratorical ambition to shine in the forum, and he has taken a very prominent part in the L. & S. S. Sam surprised himself at his final, graduating with good honors in mental science. It is said that he aspires at some not far distant day to ornament the bench.

SHEARER, T. R., of Ottawa, graduates in Moderns, and will carry home with him a sheep skin of his own Shearing.

MACKENZIE, J. J., claims St. Thomas as his home. We will not dispute his claim here, but pass on to observe that he takes a first class in Biology, and will take a second class home.

STEVEN, W., from Anderson, graduates in Mathematics.

JOHNSTON, G. W., of Caledonia, has passed quietly through Varsity with good honors in his favorite Classics. A prospective pedagogue.

SIMPSON, NELSON, comes from Trenton. He graduates in Metaphysics, and has been a mild and inoffensive wearer of the cap and gown.

DEWAR, W., is a resident of Knox. He graduates with first class honors in Biology.

GARSDIE, ROBERT, lives at McMaster Hall when he is in Toronto. He studied in the Woodstock Literary Institute. He graduates in Metaphysics and is a Y. M. C. A. man. He will enter the ministry.

HIRD, W., from Uxbridge, has taken Classics, and as a violinist in his times of relaxation, has been Hird with anguish.

SHIELL, R., is at home when he is in Plattsville. He entered from the St. Catharines Collegiate Institute, taking the scholarship in Classics. He has stood high all through, and will probably struggle to master "the lawless science of the law."

MACDONALD, ROBERT G., has cultivated Classics and cricket during his course. "Bob" is captain of the cricket club and an enthusiast in its behalf. His future career is undecided.

GOURLAY, R., came from the Toronto Collegiate Institute with a well-fostered and insatiable appetite for first proficiencies. Baseball, euchre and study are his hobbies. His aftercourse remains for future announcement, as he has not as yet mapped it out with sufficient definiteness to take any one into his confidence regarding it.

OWEN, CECIL C., is a very decent fellow, and graduates as a pass man. He has been prominent in Y. M. C. A. and temperance matters, and also in the Football and Glee clubs. He will pursue the study of Theology in Wycliffe College.

REDDICK, D., hails from Uxbridge. He graduates in Metaphysics, and his intentions are to us a matter of conjecture.

YOUELL, JOHN HENRY GEORGE, comes from Port Burwell. He has taken Metaphysics, and has employed his leisure moments in riding the bicycle and learning the intricacies of tennis. He will probably study Medicine.

ELLIOTT, C., has made annual tours from Walkerton at examination times, and will return from this last to his home in peace with a sheepskin.

ELLIOTT, ANDY, the bulwark of Varsity forwards in many tough games of Rugby. Andy's exploits have been more in the muscular line than in the intellectual field of Metaphysics. Uncertainty shrouds his future career.

MORRICE, JAMES WILSON, comes from Montreal, and regards the fair Queen City and Upper Canadian art with that high and haughty disdain peculiar to the inhabitants of the Lower Province. He is himself quite an artist. He graduates in the Polymathic pass.

CRONYN, H. B., comes from London. He has always been one of the most prominent undergraduates. He is best known in connection with the Rugby Football Club and as a sergeant of "K," in which latter position he distinguished himself in the North-West. He graduates in Metaphysics and will study law in London.

BALDWIN, J. MACQUEEN, affectionately known as "Teddy" and the "oldest inhabitant." There is a Starr gold medal in Medicine, alas! that there is no gold medal for stars in Arts. We understand, however, that Mr. Baldwin is not yet going to desert us, but will apply for the position of Demonstrator of the Curriculum.

CHAMBERLAIN, A. F., is by birth and profession a Manchester Radical. He is known as "Dynamite," and, like Podunk township in election times, he has generally been heard from. He has taken a high stand in Moderns, a prize at graduation, and has been a prominent member of the M. L. C. We understand that he will rush dauntlessly into the battle of life.

SHAW, N., is from Rodney. He has been a quiet and unobtrusive member of the class of '86.

FYFE, J. A., is from Hastings, and graduates in Sciences. His voice was often heard in the old Forum.

BELL, G., seems to have come from Pembroke. He will study Medicine.

SMITH, A. A., who is from McMaster Hall, has a name which has given the laborious compilers of these obituaries great temptation to indulge in glittering generalities. Smith, Adieu!

VARSITY

VOL. VI., 1885-86

INDEX

COMMUNICATIONS.—

A Dream of Atlantis.....	<i>An old B. A. of '83, (circa)</i>	206
" " ".....	<i>A. H. Young</i>	218
Acoustics of Convocation Hall.....	<i>G. Waldron</i>	134
Amateur Theatricals.....	<i>An Outsider</i>	80
An Alleged Imprudence.....	<i>J. F. McCurdy</i>	242
Canadian Winter.....	<i>Americus</i>	134
Club, A New.....	<i>Mugwump</i>	134
Classical Course, The.....	<i>T. A. Gibson</i>	229
" " ".....	<i>S. R.</i>	242
" " ".....	<i>Maurice Hutton</i>	254
Class List as an Index }.....	<i>J. McD. Duncan</i>	67
" of Merit }		
Composition: Choice or Necessity?.....	<i>W. H. Fraser</i>	94
Conversazione.....	<i>Sigma</i>	134
Clerical Critic, A;.....	<i>William Creelman</i>	230
Five Dollar Deposit, The.....	<i>Albert Edvard, P.</i>	9
Independent College Journalism.....	<i>Wm. Houston</i>	252
Lawn Desecration.....	<i>W. A. Frost</i>	44
Literary Society.....	<i>N. H. Russell</i>	158
" " ".....	<i>A. H. Young</i>	194
" " ".....	<i>F. F. Manley</i>	205
" " ".....	<i>J. A. Ferguson</i>	205
L. L. D.....	<i>R. E. Kingsford</i>	93
Medals and Scholarships.....	<i>F. F. Macpherson</i>	217
" " ".....	<i>H. L. Dunn</i>	218
Modern Language Representation.....	<i>F. H. Sykes</i>	252
Music at the Conversazione.....	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins</i>	122
New Protestantism.....	'83	144
" " ".....	<i>J. George Hodgins</i>	144
" " ".....	<i>Robert Haddow</i>	145
" " ".....	<i>Graduate</i>	146
" " ".....	<i>W. A. Frost</i>	146
" " ".....	<i>G. D. Wilson</i>	156
" " ".....	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins</i>	157
" " ".....	<i>J. A. Garvin</i>	158
" " ".....	<i>C. L. Crasweller</i>	169
" " ".....	<i>R. Balmer</i>	181
" " ".....	<i>R. Haddow</i>	182
Oriental Lectureship, The.....	<i>Geo. M. Wrong</i>	242
" Department, The.....	<i>J. F. McCurdy</i>	253
Plea for Baseball.....	<i>J. A. Garvin</i>	67
Prize Poem, The.....	<i>J. O. Miller</i>	194
Protest from Ottawa.....	<i>S. Woods</i>	253
Question of Logic, A.....	<i>J. McD. Duncan</i>	170
Senate, Elections to.....	<i>F. R. Beattie</i>	252
Scholarships, Another View of.....	<i>B. N.</i>	55
" A Plea for.....	<i>W. H. Fraser</i>	55
" A Rejoinder.....	<i>R.</i>	67
" Question.....	<i>A. Purslow</i>	66
Suggestion, A.....	<i>G. D. Wilson</i>	241
University Battalion.....	<i>W. F. Maclean</i>	55
" Customs.....	<i>Vigilantibus</i>	93
" Club.....	<i>J. H. Burnham</i>	182
Y. M. C. A., An opportunity for.....	<i>Cue</i>	80

CURRENT THOUGHT.....	17, 33, 57
DI-VARSITIES.....	
DRIFT.....	79, 122, 133, 193
EDITORS' TABLE.....	19, 44, 68, 79, 133, 203, 214
FACT AND FUN.....	
LEADING ARTICLES.—	
Carry, Rev. Dr. and Dr. Wilson.....	2
Crisis, The Present.....	200
Critic, Our, Criticized.....	236
Curriculum, The English.....	<i>J. McW</i> 165, 177
English, A New Curriculum in.....	3
English, in Schools and Colleges.....	225
Federalism in Government.....	86

Intellectual Life, Our.....	14
Law, The Department of.....	<i>A. H. Marsh</i> 140
L.L.D.....	52
Loan Fund, Students'.....	224
Medals.....	38
Microbes in XVII Century.....	<i>W. H. Hunter</i> 27
Political Science Club, The Need of a.....	2
Political Science, How Should be Taught.....	14
" Economy, A Plea for Course in.....	<i>G. H.</i> 164
Question, A Serious.....	26
Revolution, A Coming.....	<i>J. McW</i> 116
Scholarship Question, The.....	14, 212
Scholarships, Matriculation.....	26
" Foundation.....	51
School of Practical Science.....	128
Universities, Paper.....	<i>Wm. Houston</i> 39
University, The Western.....	51
" Men and Politics.....	<i>H. L. Dunn</i> 62
" College Social Life.....	<i>Wm. Houston</i> 117
Universities, Development of German.....	<i>Prof. R. R. Wright</i> 188
" Toronto, and the Secondary Schools.....	226
VARSITY, THE.....	2
Women at Two Universities.....	3

LITERATURE—

Ad Catonem.....	<i>T. A. Gibson</i> 53
Ad Myrrham Absentem.....	<i>W. H. C. Kerr</i> 180
A Dream.....	<i>A. E. W.</i> 152
An Incident.....	<i>Gueux.</i> 203
A Summer Day.....	<i>W. H. Blake.</i> 249
A Merovingian Legend.....	<i>John King.</i> 260
A Better Arrangement.....	<i>R. Balmer.</i> 266
A Merry Christmas.....	99
Abbey Light, The.....	<i>F. C. Wade.</i> 112
Autumn's Lament.....	<i>J. H. Burnham</i> 113
At Twilight.....	<i>T. A. H.</i> 108
Annotator, A Public.....	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins</i> 30
Andromache's Lament.....	<i>Pro. Grege</i> 75
Aristophanes—Entrance of the Clouds.....	<i>R.</i> 247
At Parting.....	<i>Agnes E. Wetherald.</i> 259
Autumn-End.....	<i>F. H. Sykes.</i> 62
Another Year's Work.....	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins</i> 271
Bacon-Shakespeare Myth, The.....	<i>W. H. Hunter</i> 268
Ballade of Burdens.....	<i>W. J. H.</i> 143
Blue Eyes.....	<i>Adanac</i> 118
Bion.....	<i>R</i> 102
Blumine.....	<i>F. H. Sykes</i> 167
Birch and Paddle.....	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 129
British Empire, the Future of.....	<i>J. H. Long</i> 53
By Way of Diversion.....	<i>Sigma</i> 166
Canadian Literature, The Disesteem of.....	<i>G. Mercer Adam</i> 106
<i>Carmen Netivitatis</i>	<i>Fidelis</i> 107
<i>Carpe Diem</i>	<i>H. L. Dunn</i> 130
Child's Words, A.....	<i>R. Balmer</i> 15
Children's Fairy Lore, A Plea for.....	<i>J. King</i> 100
Catullus, Ave Atque Vale.....	<i>R.</i> 180
Christmas in Trinidad.....	<i>C. Brent</i> 103
Christmastide with the Jesuits.....	<i>W. H. Hunter</i> 109
Cibology.....	<i>M. F. U.</i> 28
Coasting under the Aurora Borealis.....	<i>H. E. T.</i> 119
Competition.....	<i>R. Balmer</i> 118
Concentration.....	<i>Bohemien</i> 227
Cradock, Charles Egbert.....	<i>A. Stevenson</i> 53, 63, 76
Credo for All, A.....	<i>Kukuk</i> 265
Dewdrop, The.....	<i>S. Woods</i> 105
De Omnibus Rebus.....	<i>Jewlyah</i> 119
Dialect Study.....	<i>J. McW.</i> 102
Domestic Difficulty, A Little.....	<i>Agnes E. Wetherald</i> 100
Educational System, Our.....	<i>William Clark</i> 267
Examinations, The.....	272
Euclid's Confusion of Geometrical Principles.....	<i>T. P. Hall</i> 191
" " ".....	<i>X. Y.</i> 202

Fair Vision and Brutal Fact.....	R. Balmer	113
Football.....	W. J. Healy	3
From Catullus.....	R.	155
Fulfillment.....	Bohemien	265
Good-Bye.....	Kenneth McKen	109
Good-Night.....	Phillips Stewart	114
Happy Days.....	Kenneth McKen	155
Hellas.....	W. H. C. Kerr	142
Humanity.....	H. L. Dunn	99
In June.....	J. H. Burnham	266
In my Garden.....	S. Woods	63
In a Trinidad Forest.....	W. J. Healy	10
In August.....	W. J. Healy	10
Ins and Outs of Prince Edward Country.....	W. H. Irving	239, 248
Johns Hopkins.....	J. Mc W.	259
June.....	J. King	261
Joke, A Vagrant.....	F. B. Hodgins	16
Keats, (A Sonnet).....	Phillips Stewart	3
King's College, Toronto.....	Henry Scadding	261
King Solomon's Mines.....	Silence	246
Leatherby Heard from Again.....	Jewlyah	213
Love Song.....	P. G.	186
Loss of the Undine.....	W. H. Irving	110
Madonna.....	Bohemien	27
Mathematical Science, Progress of.....	J. M. Clark	16
Memory of the Sea, A.....	Pro Grege	110
Message in Sympathetic Ink, A.....	Gueux	191
Mind-Reading.....	F. H. Sykes	77
"....."	Jewlyah	87
Mrs. Browning's Lyrics.....	E. Balmer	152
Music and Morals.....	R. Balmer	29
New Protestantism, The.....	A. Stevenson	130, 153
New Canadian Drama, The.....	G. Mercer Adam	178, 190
November.....	A. Stevenson	15
November 2nd, 1885.....	S. Woods	29
Ocean Thoughts.....	Phillips Stewart	40
On a New Volume of Thackeray.....	Martin J. Griffin	105
On the Street.....		246
Northern Lakes, The.....		271
Old John.....	W. J. Healy	267
Orion and Other Poems.....		270
Parable, A Spring.....	Fidelis	264
Pan Redivivus.....	Bohemien	4
Paganini's Playing.....	Bohemien	108
Phantom Flock, The.....	Thomas F. Watson	237
Pipes of Pan, The.....	Charles G. D. Roberts	264
Plantation Life, A Bit of.....	C. B.	76
Poets of America, The.....	Frederic B. Hodgins	108
Porter of Bagdad.....	Bohemien	131
Signs and Seasons.....		270
Saint Gregory and other Poems.....		269
"Say not the struggle naught availeth".....	Agnes E. Wetherald	214
Schiller's <i>Des Madchens Klage</i>	S. Woods	131
Shaftesbury.....	S. Woods	28
Sleep.....	Daniel Wilson	102
Snow and Stream.....	M. E. Bennett	213
Sonnet.....	Pro Grege	4
Summer Days.....	Madge R. Robertson	153
Symphony.....	(Adanac) F. M. Field	156
Sympathy.....	Gueux	227
The Slide.....	F. M. Field	201
The Flower's Death.....	E. A. D.	202
The Owl's Trial.....	R. Balmer	212
Trip to the North Shore.....	A. Stevenson	113
Tragedy.....	R. B.	52
To My Heart.....	Frederic B. Hodgins	141
Toronto.....	W. W. Campbell	226
To a Snow Bird.....	T. B. Phillips Stewart	228
Two Warriors.....	J. King	119
Two Plans.....	R. B.	52
United Empire Loyalists.....	W. J. H.	117
Verses.....	Frederic B. Hodgins	27
Varsity Book.....	E. J. McIntyre	4
What Shall we Eat.....		270
White Stone Canoe, The.....	E. C. Acheson	142
Woman, The Future of.....	Phillips Stewart	88
"An Answer....."	R. Balmer	78
Womanliness.....	Pro Grege	41

TOPICS OF THE HOUR:

<i>Acta Victoriana</i>	50
Art, A Plea for	245
Benefactors, Our Unknown	245
Browning, Readings From	25
Campbell, Professor John, M. A.,	188
Canadian Costumes	200
Christmas Number	73, 85
<i>Churchman, The Dominion and Dr. Sheraton</i>	27
Cockburn, Mr., as a Critic	86
College Council	115
Colleges and the Public	127

Colonialism.....	175
Concerts, the Monday Popular..	38, 50, 74, 115, 127, 151, 175, 199
Concert, Mr. Doward's	176
Conversazione, The	116
Convocation Hall	25
Convocation, Meeting of	115, 140
Contributors, To Our	25
Cornell, Looking to	26
Countrymen, Our, Abroad.. .. .	211
Curriculum, Two Defects in	211
Club, A Students'	163
Critic, Mr. Kingsford's	176
Criticism and Creation	180
Crisis, The British	139
Departure A New.. .. .	246
Dinner, Undergraduate	13, 49
Dramatic Club, Proposed Amateur	75
Education, True	1
Endowment, State, A New Form of	61
Engineers, A Canadian Institution of	176
English, The Depression of.. .. .	73
Ethnological Problem, The American	199
Exemptions, Clerical	71
Glee Club, The	13
Graduating Department, A New	212
Graduates, Our, Abroad	16, 164, 223
Harvard Against Yale	151
Harvard Divinity School	235
High School Master, A, Speaks	38
Howland, Mayor, Proceedings Against.. .. .	163
Humanity, An Appeal to.....	49
Independence in Politics	187
Indian Lore.....	139
Indian Languages of Canada	128
Initiation	85
Kittredge, Dr. Abbott E.	176
KOSMOS OR VARSITY	235
Labour versus Capital	200
Lectureship, a Wider	14
Lectures, Popular	38, 61
Lectures, College, as they should be	74
Library Regulations	49
Literary Study, Original.. .. .	1
"Society, a Suggestion to	13
"The Elections	236
Literary Enterprise of <i>Globe and Mail</i>	116
Loudon's Letter, Professor	236
Mathematics in Ottawa	25
Mair, Mr. Charles	224
Medals, North-West	199
Moss Hall The Approaches to	13
Modern Language Club, An Epoch in	1
"Essays at the	26
Modern Languages in the College Council.. .. .	246
Orthodoxy, A Progressive	187
"Philetus," as an Annotator	85
President's Address, The	2
Prize Competitions, The University	163
Proposal, A	145
Public Debate, The Last	26
Purists, Grammatical	175
Returns, Many Happy ;	61
Reform, Political and Social	61
Representatives of Convocation in the Senate, Election of	223
Readers, To Our.. .. .	235, 245
Roberts, Professor Charles G. D.	62
Scholarships, A Memorial on	25
Scholarship Question in the Newspapers	38
Scholarship, The George Brown	151
Scholarships, Modern Language	199
Schurman, Professor J. G.	128
Secret Service	187
Senate Meetings	211
"Elections	245
Slanders, Anonymous	50
Society, The Literary	36, 176
Societies, College	13
Toronto at Johns Hopkins	127
Trinity, Medical School.. .. .	25
Tutorship, The Oriental.. .. .	73, 223
Tyndall, Professor	37
Varsity, The	1, 13, 62, 139
Varsity Book	2
WEEK, The, and Mr. Gladstone	73
Word, A Last	75
Wilson, The late Mrs.	49
Y. M. C. A., University	224

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The remark made by the hypothetical Duke to the hypothetical Prince, and the reply of the latter, furnish some idea of the exceeding magnificence which is characteristic of the modern railroad conveyance which is destined to bear good Tory M.P.'s, and other wealthy and leisure pleasure-seeking persons across the continent from Quebec to Vancouver.

Not being an M.P., though having strong leanings to the Tory side in politics,—and not having too much leisure or pleasure in the dreary round of a wretched lecturo examination existence to indulge in expensive railroad journeys across the face of this fair Dominion, the writer took a modest journey the other evening from the Union Station to North Toronto, and tried to fancy what his feelings would be if he had just purchased a ticket for British Columbia.

Having provided himself with a passport, the writer then betook himself to the train, and ascended the steps of a handsome sleeping-car—(one of four—bearing the names "Sydney," "Tokio," "Yokohama" and "HongKong.") "Ah," thought I, "surely these names are prophetic of the future development of the trade and commerce which will seek a hitherto unknown highway across our Dominion's wide expanse," and thus I indulged in some imaginings of a similar kind to those which a stockholder of the C.P.R. is wont to do in his wild ecstatic moments, when his dividend has just been declared.

The exterior of the car is remarkable enough. It is all of deep, rich mahogany, varnished; and decorated with arabesques and grotesques in gold, and bearing the magic name of that veritable "Colossus of the North," which now with one iron foot planted in the rock fortress of the Dominion in the east, stretches across the continent and boldly plants the other among the western mountains of Canada's *El Dorado*. Having examined outside of the car, I sought the inside. For a moment I thought I had made a mistake and entered a private drawing room. Pushing aside a velvet portiere I stood bewildered. Six double lamps shed a brilliant radiance upon soft sea-green plush seats and sofas. I passed in at length, and dazzled by the scene, I sank upon one of the luxurious cushioned seats and gazed around me. My feet rested upon a thick Turkey carpet. My head was supported by the back of the seat, which is continued up as high as an old-time church pew, but very unlike the aforesaid old time church-pew, it is lavishly upholstered. At my side was a mirror of plate glass in an antique brass frame, with the very appropriate and at the same time highly reassuring motto "*Tuum Est.*"

Around me handsomely carved mahogany shone with its own natural polish, while above me bright satin wood with maple panels, studded with brass and mother-of-pearl, reflected the light, and made the car as bright as day. Handsome clerestory windows of stained venetian glass, graced the top of the cars and lent a mellow tone to the brightness of the scene. Everywhere luxury and elegance feasted and entranced the eye. The head lining of matting, stencilled with a neat Japanese pattern, in the dull colours so fashionable to-day, ran around the top of the berths, and had an appearance of delicious coolness, inviting to sleep.

Continuing my journey of investigation, I discovered the smoking compartment, with large windows in the sides and end of the car—for sight-seeing—and comfortable sofas instead of seats. Here again, as everywhere, a lavish display of carved mahogany and antique brass work was to be seen. Around the top of the compartment, at intervals, were placed imitations of old coins, in brass work, dark, as if bearing the rust of ages, with letters of some mystic cypher upon them.



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