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# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 8, 1893.

No. 17.

## Editorial Comments.



THE true office of a college paper is to represent the views of the students on current college topics; to draw attention to and to criticize such features of the work or the general management of our institution as seems to require such attention or criticism on the part of the students; and to set forth in a candid and independent spirit the consensus of student opinion upon such subjects.

From this formidable opening the reader will perchance infer that we are meditating some fierce onslaught and planning some dire mischief against the established order of things. Not so, however. All we wish to do is to draw attention to one subject on our curriculum in regard to which we have heard frequent, and perhaps not ungrounded, complaints; the subject, namely, of English.

It is to be regretted that the powers that be have seen fit to include under this name several sub-divisions which in the mind of the average student have but a remote connection with it. He whose soul is inspired with the sacred flame of philologic zeal will perhaps peruse with delight and study with enthusiasm the Anglo-Saxon and Gothic that are annexed to our English course. But, alas! the name of such is anything but legion. The ordinary mortal, not being built to be a philologist, finds the work intolerably dry; and as a result a subject that ought to be the most popular and the most instructive on our curriculum is made a drudgery and a burden to its weary devotees.

But there is another and more serious ill that flows from this source. There are many students in our University who, while not desirous of taking up and mastering all the barbarous dialects in which the ancient Teutons expressed themselves, and of which their unfortunate nineteenth century descendants unhappily possess stray fragments, yet have a desire to know something of the literature of their own tongue, and who would gladly enroll themselves in the English course but for these appendages to it. It may perhaps be objected that the pass course in English meets this difficulty and to a certain extent it does. But we well know that the unfortunate name "pass" unjustly disparages this general course and thereby deters students from entering it, whilst the amount of English which it includes is hardly extensive enough to cover the ground. The result is that a large number of our students go out from the University knowing no more of the literature of their own language than when they entered it.

This is most unfortunate and ought to be remedied, if remedy can be found. With all becoming deference, we would suggest some such plan as the following. Let English be divided into two branches: the literary and the philological; the former to be compulsory on every student who enters the University, no matter what honor

course he is taking; the latter to be, as English now is, a part of the modern language course. This plan, we believe, has many advantages to recommend it. It will enable those who thirst after philology to slake their thirst without forcing those who are not tortured with that longing to take that subject; it will enable men who would like to take the literary side of the present English course to do so without taking up work in which they have not the slightest interest; above all, it will make every man devote some attention to the great masters of our own language; "for I hold no man well educated," says Cicero, "who knows not the literature of his own tongue."

The elections to the committee of the Athletic Association have now taken place. The new committee, we understand, does not come into office until next October, so that till then the old committee will still be at the helm.

This subject of the gymnasium has been frequently brought before the notice of the students during the past year; but its importance justifies us in again making mention of it. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the committee who have had the management of it, they have been unsparing of time and personal trouble in their efforts to promote the work. But we regret to say that their efforts have not been seconded so effectually as they might be by the general student body. Surely it is due from us that when we put men in a position of duty and responsibility, we ought not to be slack in holding up their hands and in doing all we can to aid them.

The development of the athletic side of our college-life is something which we as a student body cannot afford to neglect. *Mens sana in corpore sano* ought to be the ideal of every man, not to say every student. The institution which affords the means of cultivating the former ought therefore to supply those also for promoting the latter. It is this lack in our university training that the gymnasium promises to supply.

It does not follow of course that because we as a university are turning our attention to such things, we need therefore carry athletics to the excessive extent to which it is carried in some of the educational institutions across the line. Here as in all things else the mean is what we should aim at. But surely we cannot claim to have reached that point when an institution, so strong in numbers and so influential in the educational sphere as we are, has no facilities whatever for affording regular and systematic physical training to its students, but must look to outside gymnasia to carry on this part of its work. Happily this state of affairs will soon be numbered with the things of the dead past. Let our students, one and all, but recognize the need of the hour and recognise that the attainment of this end is worth some little sacrifice on our part. Recognizing this, our patriotism and our devotion

to the interests of the university should be strong enough to make the present generation of students anxious to bequeath her to their successors, greater and more glorious than she was when they received her.

On the arrival of the apparatus for the gymnasium, which is shortly expected, the sum of seventeen hundred dollars will require to be forthcoming from the students. Of this sum six hundred dollars has already been subscribed and paid in, leaving as yet a balance of eleven hundred dollars to be collected. This amount must be raised by the students. It is to them and to them alone that the committee look for it; and if it is to be raised it must be done within the next week or ten days. It is unfair and unmanly of us to elect men for the performance of such arduous duties and the undertaking of such heavy responsibilities, and then to leave them, after they have spent time and labor on the work, to face financial embarrassment and difficulty as well. Our honor as men and as students of this university demands that we do our duty in this regard.

Again therefore we would appeal to the men not to think this a slight or unimportant object; and, when they have got their conceptions worked up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, not to suffer them to evaporate in empty "gush," but to crystallize them into contributions. By their fruits ye shall know them, and students who are genuinely and earnestly interested in this most important work will make some palpable manifestation of that interest.

As an encouragement to the committee we would remind them of the words of the father of poets in describing a great athletic exhibition of the old heroic age, words which while they may perhaps exaggerate the truth yet do serve to convey a most important and encouraging truth alike to the committee and to all men else interested in the consummation of this work:—

Man hath no greater glory in this life  
Than what by hand or foot he hath achieved.

#### A LETTER FROM HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,—You may perhaps think Vergil and I have a rather monotonous time down here in Hades, but in reality it is unusually interesting. When we are not sleeping and drinking we often pass away the hours watching Æschines and Demosthenes slugging each other or hearing Cæsar relate how he joined Catiline's conspiracy and managed to hoodwink Cicero, while that old fool is always willing to talk to us about *himself*, usually, ending his tale with the melodious words:

Fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

Aristophanes keeps up a vein of most refined wit and satire, and Juvenal, who, by the way, is rather a sham, just rails night and day against our fallen morals. When these enjoyments fail, we telephone to Leipsic or Berlin and ask for the latest theories about the meanings of our poems or whether the Homeric controversy (which, I may say, greatly amuses our old blind comrade, Melesigenes, who is now interweaving Wolfe's Prolegomena with his own original manuscript edition of his Iliad and Odyssey) has yet come to bloodshed. Tacitus and I often give Cerberus the slip and whisper conjectured readings in the ears of these old German plugs while they are asleep. We get somewhat conceited when we see these subtle pedants devote their lifetime to attempted explanations of what we wrote in about five minutes, and I remember what a laugh we had when that young coxcomb Boyle and that old

tyrant Bentley were tussling about Phalaris. Of late, however, we have been feeling rather bad. Sophocles has been too stuck up for anything since Jebb began to edit him. He makes life miserable for us, to say nothing of Sappho who is continually reading aloud Frederick Tennyson's epic. (Just let me tell you here that she isn't pretty a bit, and not any too honest either, though she often comes and entrances Alcaeus and me with her wonderful songs). The other day, moreover, I was nearly prostrated by reading a libel on me in the VARSITY. I used to have intermittent fever while Giles' interlinear keys were appearing, but I nearly had a paralytic stroke this time. I wish now I had wholly died. "Glycera" herself didn't make me feel so bad as "W.O." What business has he to fool with my odes? I tell you I won't have any fifteenth class poetical tailor trying to put such ugly ungainly clothes on my beautiful form. Besides, the law's against him. I gave a copyright of that poem to Dryden long ago. I'll just enclose his translation to make "W.O." die of shame or even get starved next May. I'm surprised that my admirer Fairclough permitted such an outrage. I leave the case in your hands now, for I must attend the court where Thucydides is being tried for lying when he wrote the Funeral Speech. Yours truly.

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

Poets' Corner, Hades, February 28th.

#### HORACE, LIB. I., CARM. IX.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height  
Made higher with new heights of snow:  
Again behold the winter's weight  
Oppress the labouring woods below;  
And streams with icy fetters bound  
Benumbed and cramped to solid ground.

With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold  
And feed the genial hearth with fires;  
Produce the wine that makes us bold,  
And sprightly wit and love inspires;  
For what hereafter shall betide  
God (if 'tis worth his care) provide.

Let Him alone with what He made,  
To toss and turn the world below;  
At His command the storms invade,  
The winds by His commission blow,  
Till with a nod he bids them cease,  
And then the calm returns and all is peace.

To-morrow and its works defy;  
Lay hold upon the present hour,  
And snatch the pleasures passing by  
To put them out of Fortune's power;  
Nor love nor love's delights disdain—  
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Secure those golden early joys  
That youth, unsoured with sorrow, hears  
Ere with'ring time the taste destroys  
With sickness and unwieldy years:  
For active sports, for pleasing rest,  
This is the time to be possess;  
The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promised bliss,  
The pleasing whisper in the dark,  
The half-unwilling willing kiss,  
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,  
When the kind nymph would coyness feign  
And hides but to be found again—  
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

—Dryden.

## AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

Hope has no limits while there is one person in whom we have a confidence that years and events have not enfeebled. Those to whom such a one is lacking, are the poorest folk on earth.

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The indefatigable Stead has been experimenting with M. Gouin's system of teaching languages. In the *Review of Reviews* for March he publishes an interesting account of the result. He submitted his children to the tuition of a zealous disciple of M. Gouin, M. Betis, upon the stipulation that in six months they should be able to "think in French, to read with ease any ordinary French newspaper or romance, to carry on a conversation with any Frenchman, to intelligently follow any lecture, sermon or debate, and, in short, without possessing a literary command of French, to have a thorough grasp of the language as an instrument of thought and of communication with their fellows." M. Gouin bases his system on the principle of reaching the memory through sound, rather than sight. The pupil in beginning the study of a language is not permitted to read or write, and books are wholly prohibited. The lessons are oral, and words and phrases are connected in the thought and impressed on the mind by illustrative actions. This idea has been elaborated by M. Gouin who has compiled an extremely ingenious series of lessons drawn up in logical sequence, so that by the association of ideas each sound is linked with a series of actions, or rather the mental pictures of these actions, one growing out of the other until the final point is reached. Mr. Stead's children are all under the age of eighteen; three of them had learned a little elementary French according to the old system, the two younger were innocent of the language under any treatment. Mr. Betis divided them into two classes, one of which he taught for two hours, the other for one hour, on five days of the week. At the expiration of the appointed time, Mr. and Mrs. Stead invited Mr. Paire, French master of the Halifax grammar school and Huddersfield college, Mr. F. Storr M.A., editor of the *Journal of Education*, Madame de Sueur, an accomplished Frenchwoman and other linguists, to be present at the examination and testify to its success or failure. The trial was lengthy and severe, but the children were not unequal to it and fulfilled almost all its requirements displaying a facility beyond the expectation of the examiners. There is a wide-spread feeling that the old method of studying languages is defective in its practical result, which is apparently the strong point of the Gouin system. The difference between the old and new methods is, that the latter establishes as its foundation work what the former reserves for its consummation. To speak and think in a language is the starting point of one, the goal of the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

No one is the victim of chance like a defeated candidate. We were struck with the truth which pervades this statement last week. For we met on College Street one afternoon, a physician in close walk with a gentleman, who in a tone full of earnestness, nay fervour, was saying to him as we passed; "your energy can then be devoted to . . . ;" and on Spadina Avenue somewhat later, we encountered another physician and another gentleman with the same air of important intimacy, and we caught the words: "your time can then be spent altogether in . . . ." You see both physicians were so willing, so unaware.

\* \* \* \* \*

Standing together on the skirt of the field that stretches northward behind the University, and looking down into Bloor Street, we have some friends. They are more aged than our oldest citizens, they have been there since our earliest memory, and we have never passed them without a friendly salutation and the recognition of their superiority to ourselves. For they do all their duty, and live

honest, beautiful lives. In summer they are green and restful and they murmur pleasantly when we pass with heated thoughts and rapid steps, advising us to be more patient and quiet; in winter bending sometimes with the wind and snow, they lift themselves again and toss their arms into the face of the storm, calling aloud to us that neither need we ever yield.

But of late they seem to be huddling together, not in cowardice, but as if in thought of some misfortune which must come upon them, and for which they must prepare. We would execrate a fate that did them hurt. But they suggest that if fate brings what follows after we have put forth the best which is in us; it must be born with something different from execration.

## FALLING LEAVES.

No sound disturbed the quiet morning air;  
The sun, new risen, filled the world with light  
That touched the ripening leaves with colour rare,  
And made all earth seem beautiful and bright.

Upon the hills the crimson colour glowed,  
The glory of the autumn woods was there,  
And where the stream in peaceful windings flowed  
Stood drooping elms and silver birches fair.

From topmost boughs came dropping one by one  
The clear, soft yellow leaves, the golden brown,  
That slowly fell to earth—their work was done,  
Nor had they felt the chill of Winter's frown.

What pleasure had it been to swing in air,  
To view the golden sun, the summer fields;  
To feel the dashing rain, and strongly bear  
The storms as well as sunshine Nature yields?

The birds were singing then among the trees,  
The lively squirrel scrambled up and down;  
No sounds discordant came upon the breeze,  
For far off lay the noisy, smoky town.

Thus fell the leaves: the autumn now has gone,  
The leaves lie dead and withered in the way,  
But tread them gently, and when passing on  
Think of *our* past and then our coming day.

G. M. STANDING.

## To the Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—It seems rather a shame that just when we have our new library well stocked with valuable books, some unthinking readers should thoughtlessly endeavor to destroy them. Such, however, seems to be the case, for many a student must, in his reading, have come across passages which have been carefully annotated (?) and explained (?) by some reader who on account of his great erudition deems it advantageous to the student body at large that such valuable contributions as he has been able to make, should be carefully noted on the side of the page. Yet, however important these contributions may be, we must remember that the books are not our own property, and that though our views may seem important to ourselves, other readers may not find them so valuable.

Some of the explanations are supposed to be jokes. They may be, and I hope for the sake of those who made the annotations that others will find something amusing in them, but like the past editor-in-chief of the VARSITY I am afraid I am too Scotch and their humor has never appealed to me. It may appear witty to some that "old fallacy" should be changed into "old policy" and that some distinguished scientist should be told to "Take a drink, old boy," when he is in the midst of a deep argument; but such childishness can only appeal those who are suffering from softening of the brain. Hoping that in consideration of the fact that the books are not ours, and that other students, who will come to Varsity in future years, must also read the books, more regard will be had to the care of them.

Yours truly, H. P. BIGGAR, '94.

# The Varsity

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BY

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The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Rooms 2 and 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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MARCH 8, 1893.

## LITERARY SOCIETY



course you'll be at the Lit. to-night," was the innocent question that supplanted all other topics around the college corridors last Friday. Even such an interesting subject as the weather was "left out in the cold." Everybody was button-holing everybody else and telling him to be sure and be at the Lit.

At last the anxious day was over; the sun set, as it usually does, and the sable mantle of night fell upon the earth. The great appointed time drew near. Secretary Mackenzie's Waterbury timepiece marked three minutes to eight and he and President DeLury walked in solemn state to the platform and sat down—yes, they actually sat down.

For once the feeling appeal that appears from week to week on the back page of this journal had been responded to. "Everybody, seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen" had turned out. Sir K. D. McMillan honoured the occasion with a dress suit, a gleaming shirtfront, diamond studs and a white tie. Why not? It was constitution night, and it was but natural that as we assembled for the discussion of that glorious and mighty instrument by which our Society lives and moves and has its being, a thrill of reverential awe should tremble over our hearts, like a Kansas cyclone toying with boulders on a mountain side.

The Secretary read the minutes. He seemed overcome by the solemnity of the occasion. At times his words were inaudible.

Mr. S. J. McLean rose from his seat, and the piece of wrapping paper on which his notes were written trembled as he told the society of the burning wrongs and indignities which the constitution at present heaped upon the gentlemen of '96 and would heap next year on the

gentlemen of '97 unless it were amended. Mr. McLean thought that subsection (5) clause 1, art. xiii should be changed so as to read: "At the third ordinary meeting of the Society, in the Michaelmas term, two Councillors shall be elected from the first year, to act with the General Committee."

The Society thought it best to humor Mr. McLean and the gentlemen of '97; they passed the motion.

Mr. C. A. Moss moved that article II., section 5, be struck out and the following substituted: "No ceremony of nomination and election shall be necessary for admission to the Society, but all persons qualified for admission shall be considered as admitted and as in possession of all the rights of members in virtue of this qualification, without having to be elected members." The Society yelled "carried."

When the next motion came up several of those present proceeded to silently count the cash in their pockets. The motion was that article VI. be amended to read as follows: "The annual subscription shall be one dollar (\$1.00), if paid in the Michaelmas term, and one dollar and a-half (\$1.50), if paid in the Easter term," Mr. Boles' statesmanship is responsible for the measure. Mr. Walks wanted to clothe himself in undying glory at the expense of Mr. Boles and moved in amendment that the fee be only \$1 no matter when paid. The members seemingly felt rich enough to stand the extra 50 cents for they gave Mr. Walks' amendment the run and let the original motion stand.

Mr. Hendry introduced a motion under which debaters, essayists and other talented people who are required to take part at the Society's meetings will be notified before hand. The idea is such a novel and brilliant one that it was adopted without the slightest opposition.

The next motion was to provide that henceforth every voter at the general elections shall mark his ballot for himself instead of allowing the scrutineers to do so. Mr. Phillips who introduced the motion described the present system as abominable. Mr. Strath said this was all very well, but what about the man who saw two ballots instead of one. Mr. Brown also made a gentle kick, he thought no provision had been made for illiterate voters. Mr. McKinnon said this could be remedied by a special provision in the case of Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown subsided and the motion carried.

Mr. Phillips bobbed up once more, seconded by Mr. Skellen; he moved that in section 6, of article II., of the Constitution, the words, "until he has paid his fees for the year," be struck out and in their place be inserted, "unless he has paid his fees for the year at least twenty-four hours before the opening of the poll." Everybody spoke or wanted to speak on this motion. One gentleman thought corruption should be "sponged" from the Society. This was the way to do it. Mr. N. McDougall was surprised. He had seen no corruption at the last election. Mr. Stuart said Mr. McDougall was in the refreshment room all the time at the last election. The debate was continued for 48 minutes 34 seconds, during which time Messrs. Webster, Brown, Moore, McMillan, Barnum, Wicher, Coutts, Strath, Parker, Walks and Craig spoke. Some twenty or thirty others tried to speak, but did not catch the President's eye. We refrain from giving their names. The motion was lost.

Mr. Linglebach withdrew his motion restricting the membership of the Society to the male undergraduates and graduates of University College and the School of Practical Science. Mr. Moss said he was sorry. He looked sorry.

Mr. Linglebach's motion to make the subscription to Varsity \$1 if paid before Christmas carried.

The report of the House Committee, recommending a list of papers to be supplied next year to the reading room, was now presented by Mr. N. McDougall and caused considerable discussion. Mr. Stuart complained that the War Cry was not on file. Mr. Walks ventured to attempt

a joke. He moved that Litmus paper be added to the list. It is surprising that the Society did not laugh very hard.

Mr. Moore presented the report of the Committee to nominate the directorate. The following names were recommended:—Fourth year, Miss E. Durand, Messrs. Linglebach and W. J. Knox; Third year, Messrs. McArthur, Hendry and Boyce; second year, Messrs. McKinnon and Dewar. S. P. S., Rolph; Medicine, Ferris. The report was adopted.

The biggest bone of contention of the evening was now brought in, in the form of a motion to the effect that the columns of *Varsity* should be devoted more to literary articles and less to college news. Mr. Dunbar moved the resolution and Mr. N. McDougall seconded it. A long discussion took place with the result that Mr. Dunbar offered to withdraw. But Mr. Walks had already moved an amendment expressive of confidence in the present management, and his amendment was carried.

It was now half-past eleven, and the Society suddenly remembered that it was time to adjourn. The members filed out, darkness once more ruled supreme in those historic halls, and the long-anticipated "constitution night" was over at last.

JAMES AUGUSTUS.

### THE FIRST PART OF FAUST.

The epochs which bring forth grand productions must be those in which there is an atmosphere of fitting ideas in the life of the period. At such times the genius finds his material, but must contrive it and shape it. The times in which Shakespeare and Sophocles wrote were periods of active national life, and they found their ideas, as it were, in the air. In the case of Goethe the conditions were something similar. Though there was not a vigorous national activity, the period was one in which culture was general. Besides this there existed a great number of unfettered thinkers who gave to the times a vigor necessary for the production of a great work.

In beginning his lecture on Saturday, Professor Vander Smissen drew attention to the fact that there are in reality two Fausts. In the first we see touches of Wertherism and the storm and stress period, while the second is remarkable for its calmness and serenity which is attributable both to his development and to the influence of Schiller. Faust as a whole being the highest expression of Goethe's genius, combines his universality, his poetical insight, his idealism and his realism, and yet withal we can trace in it two distinct efforts of two distinct periods.

Faust was first published as a "Fragment," in 1790, though the date of its composition is usually placed in the year 1774. Goethe had drawn his ideas from the popular legend which had been published in Frankfort in 1587, under the title of the "Tragical History of Dr. Johann Faust." The keynote of the author's attraction to this legend is seen in the following sentence taken from his autobiography: "I had wandered into every department of knowledge and had early enough been led to see its vanity." This fragment which reflects his early life is, however, marred by a lack of organic unity. It is composed of Faust's monologue—the scene with the earth-spirit—the conversation with the families—the conversation with the scholar—the preparation for the journey—the Auerbach scene—the witches' kitchen, and the Gretchen tragedy without Valentine. Though no solution of the question whether Faust shall be saved or no is here offered, yet the tragedy ends as Aristotle believed tragedies should, in its purification through pity and terror.

The second edition of Faust was published in 1808. The man who influenced Goethe in this production and who continually urged it upon him was Schiller. The friendship of these two men, though, as is well known, at first cold and strained, afterwards ripened into a connection of the purest kind and stands as a noble example of

true manlike affection. The influence of Goethe's Italian journey is also seen in the new Faust. The new parts are more subdued and yet, withal, more sublime. It was, however, principally by his intercourse with Schiller that Goethe was affected in his reconstruction of the work. It was during his interchange of ideas with Schiller that Goethe composed the Prologue in Heaven, of which the fundamental idea is the deliverance of Faust from the power of Mephistopheles.

The lecturer quoted numerous passages, but we shall only give one, i. e., Gretchen's prayer before the image of the Mater dolorosa, as being perhaps the most pathetic lines in the play.

Ah, rich in sorrow, thou  
Stoop thy maternal brow  
And mark with pitying eye my misery!

Ah, who can know  
The torturing woe,  
The pangs that rack me to the bone?  
How my poor heart, without relief,  
Trembles and throbs, its yearning griet  
Thou knowest, thou alone!

Ah, whereso'er I go  
With woe, with woe, with woe,  
My anguish'd breast is aching!  
When all alone I creep  
I weep, I weep, I weep,  
Alas! my heart is breaking!

Professor Vander Smissen will deliver his lecture on the second part of Faust, on the 18th of March, and we can assure all who will attend a most brilliant and intellectual address.

### PHILISTINISM AT VARSITY.

The title of this article may seem paradoxical, yet, however faint one may be to do so, its truth must indeed be admitted. To assert that within the walls of our glorious pile, from which "sweetness and light" are supposed to flow, one should hear the dull tread of the uncultured Philistine is perhaps a bold statement, yet how vividly has the force of it been presented to many a bashful freshman. Though there may be undergraduates who admire art, music and literature, there are also those who do not, and it is the aim of this writer to endeavour to show not only the causes of this but also its effects.

Let us consider a hard-working undergraduate who is afterwards to enter upon the practice of pedagogy. Since it is his aim to teach, he applies himself to his studies with that degree of application which he deems his prospective calling to demand. He attends his lectures religiously, reads the text-books with all diligence, and can tell in an instant on what page and on what line a certain definitive sentence occurs. His local memory has been assiduously trained but his logical has been sadly neglected. He has read the books with a great desire to master them, and he has mastered them to the smallest detail, but he has failed lamentably in one respect: he has failed to connect those words with anything in the active life about him. He can recite the twentieth proposition of the first book of Euclid without a mistake, but it has never occurred to him to consider why he cuts a corner in his walk.

Our undergraduate attends no society meetings except those of his own course and year, and if one may judge from the small attendance at some of them he does not attend even these. He does not consider that the essays read at these meetings have demanded probably six or eight hours in preparation, and that in hearing four essays he has had condensed for him into one hour that which he could have attained only by a whole day's study. There is still another gain, also, both because one more readily

etains what one hears than what one reads, and also because the facts will in all probability be considered from a point of view distinct from his usual standpoint. The seeming loss of time is in reality therefore a gain, and his presence instead of being abortive must aid him in gaining a clear conception of the subject in all its aspects.

Since his great aim is, as has been said, to economize his time, our exemplar never visits the reading room, for that would cause a loss of time. The magazines and illustrated papers are there but not for his benefit: freshmen and "sports" may indulge in such frivolity but his sole comfort is his text-book. It would not perhaps benefit him to read a magazine article, however, for he would not understand it: the allusions would be unintelligible, for he has never heard of Garibaldi or Kossuth, since they do not appear in history till after the Peace of 1815, and the examinations do not extend beyond that date. The fact is, however, as Poole has pointed out in the preface to his "Index," that many students go hunting about for books upon some subject when the very point of which they are in search has been perhaps most cleverly treated in a recent magazine article.

Our Philistine never attends the Literary Society for the same reason that he has neglected the other meetings. He is to be a schoolmaster, but since there is no text-book on Human Nature he has never thought of studying that subject. In Pope's opinion man may be the proper study of mankind but it is not in his: he studies books. Yet it has never occurred to him that intercourse with his fellow-students in the Literary Society or other gatherings will be of far more importance to him in his teaching than will his books. If he is to teach boys he must understand their characters and temperaments; and that knowledge he can never gain from books, but only from intercourse with his fellow human-beings.

Too many students lead a life of this kind; a life of seclusion and illiberality. It is, however, not only for themselves that it is detrimental, but these are the men who are the instructors of the youth of the country. These are the men who go to the country school-houses and each year send up a number of young fellows who follow much the same monotonous round of study and lecture as did their masters. If one perchance breaks through these fettering ideas and sees life about him as it is, he at once recognizes that books are not everything; and that there are in the life about him real men and women who actually feel and think and who are not mere machines. It is now estimated that there are 325 teachers in Ontario who are graduates of Varsity, and it is within reason to assert that at least four-fifths are probably Philistines like the above. May the men of the present years, who look upon life through spectacles like those of our Philistine, open their eyes and see that they are not machines and that they have a reasoning faculty which, when affected by the sensations of music, art and poetry, loves to reflect and muse upon them.

CASSANDRA B. HOPKINS '95.

#### HANS SIMPLEMANN.

This late gifted undergraduate left behind him several interesting literary relics which are now being prepared for press by his intimate friend and fellow-student, Mr. H. J. Nynroc. Meanwhile, Mr. Nynroc sends us the following letter; which the late gentleman evidently intended to have sent to VARSITY, but which his untimely end left unpublished.—Ed.

MR. EDITOR,—You have kindly invited all who have any grievances to rush to your loving arms, where there is rest, and peace and safety. That I have a deeply seated grievance is but too well known to many around the Varsity. It is, however, with the utmost reluctance, and more at the earnest and continuous solicitations of others, than from a desire of satisfying any selfish motives of revenge that I have determined to lay open my bleeding wounds to a sympathizing public.

Sir, I did once belong to the Glee Club. But that once is a thing of the past. I was one of its most honored and useful members, and this in the estimation of many. But though it has been my earnest desire to do so, yet have I never been able to inspire that, I might almost say stupid, body with a true sense of my more than usually brilliant talents. On more than one occasion have I been set aside for men of infinitely lesser calibre, and this, too, when I felt, yea, most deeply felt that the public had need of me and that I was the one man foreordained to raise the University Glee Club to that high ethereal plane to which it is the birthright of such an august body to aspire. But all this is a thing of the past. In the Xmas tour of the Club I was left totally in the gloomy shadows of the cold, gray background. I had not even the honour of being elected a spare man. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Although for these last three years I have borne with being misunderstood and neglected, yet this last insult has been too great for even the patience of Job, and I must now, more in sorrow than in anger, sever my connection with an institution of which I may say, in all modesty, that I have for several years been the guiding star. But I have been urged by many admirers both inside and outside the University, before bidding good-bye forever to the public to give it the pleasure of a few biographical notes. These I have condensed as closely as the great and acknowledged importance of the subject would permit.

I was always a musical genius, and my father, mother, sisters, brothers and sweetheart have treasured up most loving and wonderful reminiscences of my precocity in that line. My father was the first to discover my heaven-born talent. Though I was then but three years old there had already happened one of the greatest events of my life. Some few days before Barnum's circus and the "Twelfth of July" had happened on the same day, and my father had driven me for two whole hours around the streets of my native town close behind the mighty brass band of the circus with its accompaniments of glittering tinsel uniforms and sonorous after-tones of a wonderful steam organ, and immediately ahead of the motley sons of William, marching to the soul-stirring echoes of "Ould Oirland." When he got me home he found that in beating an accompaniment to the mighty music throbs of the pleasure-panting crowd, that I had kicked from my boots against the dash-board the copper toes that, young as I was, my ever-prudent grandmother had insisted on my having. Next day my mother found me in the pantry, beating with the rungs of my tall-chair on the bottom of the upturned bread boiler a melody of my own composing, most ingeniously compiled from memories still lingering in my youthful brain of the martial strains of "Kick the Pope," and the elegiac tones of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." She picked me up in a rapture of ecstasy and ran with me to the music teacher, who at once pronounced me such stuff as dreams are made of. From that day I commenced taking music lessons. And so great has been my diligence and so constant my devotion that I have already worn out six pianos and have now commenced on a cast-iron one with brass fittings. I have also had my larynx lined with interfitted rings of wrought steel, similar to those made use of in the St. Clair tunnel, but of somewhat smaller pattern and finer workmanship. The above incidents in my otherwise uneventful life, can as easily be proven as most stories related of the youthful career of great men in general.

\* \* \* \* \*

At first I studied music simply for the love of it, and because I found it a necessity of my existence that I should have vent for the burning harmony within me. But an incident happened that was destined to have a deep bearing on all my after life. Immediately on coming to the city I joined a choir connected with one of the most prominent churches. One day when I had assumed my most melodious voice and had made a more than usual

effort after harmony, a young lady in the choir remarked to her neighbour, loud enough for me to hear her: "If it were not for a certain mournfulness in tone, a slight tinge of melancholy in expression, and a tendency towards monotony in delivery, Mr. Simplemann's recitation would be delightful; as it is it is very affecting." That was the first really beautiful compliment that I had ever received. It came upon me so suddenly and unexpectedly that it affected me even to tears. I at once felt that I had a mission in life, and that it was to teach the world that love of the beautiful that had taken possession of my soul, and that henceforth would never more leave it at rest. So one bright sunny morning, when all nature laughed with joy, I hung out my shingle, which read as follows:

"Professor Simplemann, Instrumental and Vocal Music taught. Voice culture and expression a specialty. Office hours from 12.60 a.m. to 1 p.m., Sundays excepted. The Professor will also be found at home when all honest and respectable people are in bed, when he will be pleased to consult with those who take an interest in *nasal gymnastics*." My office hours are at all times fully occupied. But when I commence practising for the "*at home exercises*," the fellow in the next room is suddenly seized with an insane desire to beat an accompaniment on the partition wall that separates his domicile from my parlour. There isn't really any music in him, but he seems so thoroughly to enjoy this diversion that I have not the heart to interrupt his innocent pleasure, however it may jar on my more cultured ear and less callous nerves. So of late I have been trying to persuade him that he ought to move into more comfortable quarters somewhere else. But would you believe it? He is the most affectionate creature in the world; for with tears in his great gray eyes he has assured me on more than one occasion, that he could never bear even to think of tearing himself away from me, and that his love for me is greater even than that of Damon and Pythias, or Jonathan for David. On each occasion he has regularly pressed me to his throbbing bosom, and then just as regularly and automatically, as it were, I have felt what it is to have a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. You have no doubt noticed my sweet, melodious, rich-toned voice. You now know also how I have brought it to such a high state of perfection.

When I was practising at home one of my sisters generally had to send me down to the cellar lest the ineffable charm of my elysium-born notes should, like those of ancient hoary-headed Orpheus attract within our humble dwelling, "*malgre soi*," the whole outside world. They were careful (my sisters, not the notes,) to explain to me that in such a not unlikely event I would not have room "to spread myself," and thus be in danger of loing, in part at least, my great reputation. They also hinted that we would require an extra servant or two to keep the dust from our new rag-carpet. They seemed to be especially concerned over the fact that as this is not—among civilized people at least—a miracle-working age, our five barley loaves and two small fishes were not likely to increase to such dimensions as to be sufficient to feed the hungry multitude. And you know we are too thoroughly Irish to allow strangers, whatever their rank or station, to go away hungry from our door. So down to the cellar I went, and while there I was ever most careful to sing gently, lest the same fate might befall those walls as that which happened to the ancient city of the Canaanites, when the victorious leader of the Israelites marched his triumphant hosts seven times around it to the music of rams' horns in the mouths of the priests and the mighty shout of the armed nation of the Jews.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have promised to be brief, so I will here close this necessarily imperfect sketch of myself, feeling however fully convinced that you and your readers must have obtained at least some stray glimmering reflected rays, cold though they be, of my great and heaven-inspired genius.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

To what is owing this feeling of listless longing that seems to arise and permeate one's every thought? Is it to the sweet breath of spring that rushes by us to touch with fatal caress the piled snow-drift of winter, or is it to some lingering thought of how spring comes to us blossom-crowned, bearing the mace and bag of examination papers, while from her lovely lips fall the dread words, "Gentlemen, stand up." While fumbling over a pile of exchanges we find some lines that seem to strike a responsive chord.

SUPREMACY.

There is a drear and lonely tract of Hell  
From all the common gloom removed afar:  
A flat, sad land, where only shadows are,  
Whose lorn estate no word of mine can tell.  
I walked among the shades and knew them well,  
Men I had scorned upon Life's little star  
For churls and sluggards; and I knew the scar  
Upon their brows of woe ineffable.  
But as I moved triumphant on my way,  
Into the dark they vanished, one by one.  
Then came an awful light, a blinding ray—  
As if a new creation were begun;  
And with a swift, importunate dismay,  
I heard the dead men singing in the sun.  
—*Harvard Advocate*

THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY.

There is a prevalent idea among students that the world's oldest university is in Europe. The inaccuracy of this belief is shown in the fact that in the tenth and eleventh centuries the university at Fez, Africa, was almost if not quite the only seat of Christian learning in the world. It is a noteworthy fact that students flocked from Andalusia, France, and even from England to this university at Fez, before universities existed in either Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Padua or Bologna. Fez is today the principal western seat of Mohammedan theology.  
—*The Pennsylvanian*.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor by Monday night.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9TH.

Y.M.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 10TH.

Literary Society.—Nomination night, St. Andrew's Hall, 8 p.m. \*  
Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.  
Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.  
Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11TH.

Public Lecture by Mr. G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D.—"The Niebelung-  
enlied," University Hall, 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 12TH.

Bible Class.—"The Armour of God." Eph. vi: 10-20. Rev. J. P.  
Sheraton, D. D., Wycliffe College, 3 p. m.  
Gospel Service.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4:15 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 13TH.

S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14TH.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.  
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Reading Room, 8:30 a.m.  
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.  
Natural Science Association.—Biological Building, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15TH.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible Training. Y.M.C.A.  
Hall, 5 p.m.

The guides of the World's Fair, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred in number, are to be college students.



## MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Mr. W. C. Brown, '95, has been suffering from a badly sprained wrist.

This week's issue is in charge of Mr. J. H. Brown.

The students will not forget the Students Gospel Service in Y.M.C.A. Hall on Sunday afternoon, 4.15 p.m.

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.—The annual meeting of the association football club will be held in room 2, on Thursday, March 9th at p. m. All members are requested to turn out.

RUGBY.—The annual meeting of the Varsity Rugby foot-ball club will be held at the residence dining-room on Friday, March 10th, at 4 p.m., for the election of officers and the transaction of other important business.

The election for the Athletic Association Committee resulted as follows: Fourth year—Lingelbach, Webster, Duncan, Sheppard. Third year—Hendry, Burns, Shore. Second year—McKinnon, Merrick. S.P.S., Goldie, Shields, Blackwood.

CRICKET.—The annual meeting of the Varsity cricket club will be held at the residence dining-room on Thursday, March 9th., at 4 p.m. All those interested in cricket are requested to attend as the officers for the coming season will be elected and other important business transacted.

Seminary work in the departments of history and political science has been discontinued as the approaching examinations leave no time for any work, but the rooms will still remain open for the students.

The directorate for the "Varsity" for the coming year is composed as follows: Arts: Fourth year—Miss. E. A. Durand, Messrs. Linglebach and Knox. Third year—Messrs. McArthur, Hendry and Boyce. Second year—Messrs. McKinnon and Dewar. S.P.S., Mr. Rolph. Medicine, Mr. Ferris.

Y. M. C. A.—Dr. O. R. Avison, who is shortly to start for Korea as missionary, delivered a very interesting lecture on that country to a large gathering of students in Y.M.C.A. Hall on Thursday last. After describing the customs, country and creed of the Koreans, Dr. Avison made an earnest appeal to the students on behalf of Dr. Harvie, who is at present laboring in Korea supported by the Canadian Colleges Mission.

The following have been nominated for the different offices of the glee club. The elections will be held on Friday at 4 p.m.:—President, A. L. McAllister; Treasurers, Blythe, Pease and Knox; Secretary, McKay and Wilson, '95; Curator, Brown and White, '96; Pianists, Blythe and Cameron; Councillors, '94, McMillan, Lash, Fry, Bigelow, Sissons and Trotter; '96, Fielding, N. Lash, Boyd

and Dutton; '96, Fitzsymons, Eby, Young and Lander. Two councillors will be elected from each year.

It was proposed that the site of the new Chemical Laboratory should be on Hosking avenue, north-west of Wycliffe, but this has been changed, as it was too far away from the School of Science and the Biological building, and the professors would be unable to lecture in the different buildings. The new site which has been finally accepted is immediately alongside of the Observatory, and work will be commenced in the course of a few weeks.

On Thursday evening March 16th, 1893, an opportunity will be offered of hearing for the first time in Toronto, James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, in one of his inimitable entertainments. To hear him read his own poems and recite his dialect anecdotes is a treat which no one should miss. On this occasion he will be assisted by the popular mezzo-soprano, Miss Lilli Kleiser of this city, who will sing some of Riley's own poems. Seldom is an opportunity given of hearing at one entertainment as great a star as Riley and as charming a singer as Miss Kleiser, and we hope to see the pavilion filled with an appreciative audience on this occasion.

## BASEBALL.

Although ice and snow seemed determined to retain unchallenged possession of the campus for some time to come, yet the enthusiastic and undaunted "Knights of the Diamond" are manfully struggling against this, another hindrance to proper training for the season's work. The baseball club seemed destined to a continuous struggle against unfortunate surroundings. The club depends on spring for practice, when everyone is thinking of exams., and of them alone; thus if spring is late in its arrival, there is all too little time before 'Varsity closes. Then there is, as yet, no gymnasium in which to acquire the preliminary training and constant athletic exercise which is absolutely necessary for good play on the field. The boys have courageously endeavored to overcome these difficulties, and some of the more ardent spirits have been attempting to practice in what will be, when completed, the bowling alley of the gym. where immense heaps of bricks, dirt, and plaster, and piles of lumber, gas pipes and machinery, have united efforts with plumbers, carpenters, plasterers, steam-fitters and day laborers, in occupying all the available space. The manager and committee are also busily engaged in planning and arranging the season's play. An extended tour through Ontario, Vermont, New York, Michigan and Wisconsin, may now be considered a fix-

ture, as a few of the dates have already been chosen and accepted, and it is quite possible that the club may play at the World's Fair Baseball Tournament for the championship of American colleges, at Chicago in July. The application of our club for entry in the tournament is now being considered by the World's Fair committee. Altogether the indications are that this season's work will be crowned with even greater success than has attended the efforts of former years, and that the club will do much to spread the fame of our university through the upper U.S. and Ontario.

L. Haben '96, is a pitcher of great ability and promise, whose gyratory twisters seem as perplexing as those of our star twirler, J. R. Cote, of St. Michael's, and we are extremely sorry that he intends to leave us. He would have been a great addition to our team.

Manager Garrett will probably hold down 1st base this season, and at the same time cover half the field with his usual star playing.

The old invincible, Cote-Fitzgerald combination, will probably appear as the Varsity battery at all home games this spring.

Much new blood will undoubtedly be introduced this year. Prominent among likely men for positions on the team are: J. Brennan '95, S. J. Westman '96, and C. E. Wilson, Vet. College. P. P. P.



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