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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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No. 10.

Editorial Comments.



SOME time ago a motion was brought before the University Senate to substitute for the terms Pass and Honor, as applied to the two courses open to undergraduates, those of General and Special. This resolution never passed the preliminary stages, and in the curriculum of 1890-95, the customary terms are retained.

Under the odium arising from a misleading title, the pass course has fallen into undeserved disrepute. It has become the fashion to sneer at pass men, and it is not unfrequently insinuated that a conscious lack of ability is the potent determining factor in the choice of such course of study.

This is not necessarily the case. Leaving out of consideration those men who with ability yet choose the easier course, that they may devote their time and talents to the attainment of less worthy objects, there is, we think, a fair number of able, persevering and ambitious men who find the pass course affording them the best opportunities of attaining that knowledge which they deem most essential to success in their future calling.

Let a man enter the mathematical course, and he finds himself precluded from giving any due measure of attention to language or literature. The same is true in a more marked degree of Natural Sciences. There are many who maintain that such special and narrow training is not the acknowledged ideal of University education. These men believe that there are positions in life which may be best filled by those who in their university days did not attempt to fathom the height and breadth and depth of one little inlet in the ocean of knowledge, but rather explored it in all its parts, even if more superficially, who, if they have not themselves drunk most deeply of its waters, know where the refreshing springs abound, where the waters are pure and wholesome, where they can with assurance of right say to the thirsty seeker after wisdom: "Here let down your bucket, drink and be glad; these waters are truly the waters of intellectual life."

And so we have men taking the pass course, because they believe in it, because they think it better to leave the university equipped to pursue any branch of knowledge successfully rather than to have made considerable progress in one while practically ignorant of all others.

We think that the university owes it to such men to relieve them from the annoyances which these misleading terms entail by substituting therefor those which will express the distinction involved with exactness. One is a general course and the others are special courses; this is the real distinction which the names chosen should express.

There is besides, as far as the class lists go, no inducement to a pass man to do his work thoroughly; should he receive ninety per cent. he is classed on a level with those

who have obtained the minimum twenty-five. He may be industrious, may have studied diligently from October to May, there is nothing in the class list to show that he has worked better than the veriest idler who loafing and drinking for six months yet manages to eke out a miserable twenty or twenty-five per cent. by a few weeks' "cram" in the spring. With a suitable designation, with honors granted to those who obtain a good percentage, we might expect to find the present pass course, without detriment to the special courses, rise rapidly to that position of respect to which it is entitled.

We think this matter important and deserving of immediate attention from those who have the welfare of the university at heart. We should like to have some expression of opinion from the students in the matter.

We have selected from *The Varsity Annals* a few of the most noteworthy dates of the last few years:—

1888.

Moss Hall pulled down, to make way for the Biological Building.

October.—J. S. Gale, B.A., '88, sent out as a missionary to Korea, to represent the University Y.M.C.A.

November.—Agitation in favor of class organization.

December.—Hazing forbidden by resolution of College Council. (The entry is made in red ink.)

1889.

January 18.—Mr. A. T. Hunter moves, in the Literary Society, for the establishment of a court for the trial of persons possessing "a certain insolence of bearing, otherwise called 'cheek.'"

January 26.—The class of '89 adopt a constitution.

February 2.—The class of '91 organize. The formation of the class societies is probably the most important event in the year. The growth of class spirit has greatly changed the undergraduate life of the College.

February 15.—The conversazione. (To be remembered because it was the last.)

February 26.—Death of Dr. Young, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

March 22.—Literary Society elections in St. Vincent's Hall. Federals vs. Party of Progress. Whole Federal ticket elected by large majorities.

November 1.—'91 hold the first undergraduate class dinner.

November 29.—It is decided to introduce the Mock Parliament into the Literary Society.

AB UNIVERSITATE CONFLAGRATA.

The *Annalist* dates all the more recent events from the night of The Fire. Probably he is justified by the importance of the event.

A.U.C. I.—A.D. 1890.

February 14.—Our great Alas!

February 25.—Glee Club concert, in the Pavilion Music Hall, in aid of the Literary Society.

February 28.—Literary Society decide to revive *THE VARSITY*.

March 21.—Elections of the Literary Society, held in St. Andrew's Hall. Federals vs. Outside. Polls open from 8.30 p.m. till 10.30 a.m. Result declared at 5 p.m. the next day. A mixed ticket and small majorities.

October 7.—First issue of THE VARSITY under the new management.
 October 20.—The "other element" in '91 form a society.
 October 24.—Annual games. Currie wins the championship.
 November 17.—Varsity Association Team defeats the Grand Trunks and wins the championship of Canada. Score 5 to 1.
 November 20.—Buckingham wins the Cross Country.
 December 2.—Classical Association organized.

A.U.C. 2.—A.D. 1891.

January 15.—Hockey Club organized.
 March 13.—Nomination night in the Literary Society. No elections this year.
 June 15.—Corner stone of Victoria laid.
 July —.—University Library building commenced.
 October 28.—First of a series of Inter-class football matches.
 October 30.—Games held at Rosedale. Porter champion.
 November 10.—Orton wins Cross Country.
 November 14.—Prof. Hume's inaugural. The lady undergraduates form a Literary Society.

The History of University College will contain a chapter entitled "The Decay of College Society and the Rise of College Societies." With the former part of the chapter we have nothing to do, because few are interested in the history of decay; but no one can help noticing the rapid increase in the number of College societies during the last four years.

Since March, 1889, at least 150 new offices have been created, and forever and forever, so long as the ballot blooms, these offices will continue to be filled and re-filled, and Heaven knows how much littleness will be exalted into bigness, and how much bigness contracted into littleness by the simple process of election.

Words of Essayist, words of Orator, words of Poet and Critic—we have listened to them with interest and delight, and we will continue to listen till the end, but may the gods be kinder to those who come after us! We have done something for ourselves in learning to speak and learning to listen—let us now do something for posterity and forget what we have spoken and heard.

We cannot increase the number of societies indefinitely—one or two more and we shall have reached the limit—and then begins the struggle for existence.

[We notice that our Annalist has omitted some important dates, which we hope his diligence will soon supply.]

THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.



HE was always sure to be seen at the same place day after day, near the eastern entrance of the great Bazaar, waiting for custom or marching quickly away with his bundle on his head. There was always the same look on his face; and that was in no wise more significant than that of a flag in the pavement or a stone in the wall. His garments, too, were common and never changed to the slightest rag. He was so constant and serviceable that everyone in the Bazaar used him, though thinking no more of him than of the stones they trod on in the street. Not one of those who employed him daily could have said with certainty that he was young or old, tall or little of stature, dark in the face or ruddy. And so he was busy the whole day long bearing the goods of the shopkeepers to and fro in the city. Sometimes the merchants browbeat him, and the slave who took his burden from him at the door cursed him roughly for very hardness. Sometimes he did his errand amiss and must retrace his way through many long and weary streets before his error could be righted. Often

when his load was heavy and the sun hot he was jostled in the narrow streets by the trains of camels, laden, too, like himself, with great packs of silks and strange woods and spices brought from India to please the Commander of the Faithful. He was a good Mussulman, often in the mosque and praying at every call of the muezzin. At sunset his work was always over, and after he had bathed and prayed he was soon lost to sight in the crowds streaming over the bridges of the Tigris to the poor quarter in the south of the city.

There he lived alone in a large house of many tenants. He had neither slave nor wife nor child nor any friend in the whole quarter. Indeed, few knew he lived there, so silent was his life. His room was always dark when he reached it, and outwardly was like other rooms, but as soon as the Porter crossed the threshold all was changed. The room was dark, but it was soon light. For by his divan stood a hateful Djinn enchanted and motionless. It stood there just as the great Chinese magician had fixed it by his power. It was dwarfish and humpbacked with an evil face: its body bent, its hands clasped behind, and its long, thin legs, brown and shrivelled like a crane's, had grown together in one. As soon as the Porter touched the Djinn's single eye the whole room was one flood of mellow light, like the Caliph's spice-garden when the thousand silver lamps are lighted at once. Then you could see how large the room was, and how near it lay to the good Haroun's palace. The roof was so high and the walls so wide, that one would think it was an audience-chamber. For there was room for busy slaves, setting out a banquet in a wide portico that looked upon a garden of palms. They ever poured red wine from crystal goblets so thin it was a marvel their delicate sides held in the precious liquor. There were trains and troops of dancing-girls, brown-skinned and white, with little tinkling bells at ankle and wrist, and seated choirs of women-singers with sweet voices, that sang continually. Foreign princesses, in beauty like the full-blown lotus flower, knelt before the Porter's divan of silk tissue. But the great room seemed to have no walls, for the Porter could see from the divan he lay on far away, where the great black and yellow cats played in their lair beneath the forest leaves, and further—where the ocean gleamed blue beyond the utmost land. As in a theatre, the heroes of old in glancing mail passed before him, and in shining robes great priests that taught the people. As at a play, he saw the daring deeds that spring up amid the clash of meeting armies, and heard the words of mighty captains and the shoutings of the men of war. He saw a thousand perils men pass through from love or from strength alone. The many lovers of song and story who were faithful unto death passed before him; he saw them in their delights and in their despairs, and heard their softest whispered word. The Porter was a part of it all: he taught with the priest, warred with the hero, worshipped with the lover. And all this flowed to and fro before him endlessly; one brightness and beauty melting into another; each in turn changing, passing and replaced. The girls danced, the women sang, and the Porter with the bright-eyed Djinn at his side saw it all from his divan.

And up and down through and among it all floated and hovered a single roseleaf from the gardens of Gul, soft, white and creamy, steeping the air with an enchanted perfume of its own. It seemed blown by the longing music or moved to will and impulse of the sweet sounds among the slender waving arms of the dancing girls, sometimes almost falling to their bare, soft feet; then, rising as a bird rises, it might poise against the dark robes of an Indian princess or the painted hide of a beast of prey. But it never quite settled; it might rest a moment on the shining hair of a queen or the helmet of a warrior, but only as a white butterfly alights. The impulse of the music or the wind of the swaying robes came upon it and it was away. It advanced and receded. Sometimes it broadened to a banner of white silk fluttering in desert

winds at the head of a black steel-clad army : sometimes it was the sail of a king's galley on a distant sea, and again the rounded, gleaming snow-crest of the highest Hymalay. And ever among the beauties of women, the strength of heroes, the deeds that live, the words that burn, the gorgeous colors of beasts of prey, mountain wastes, ivory cities, and lonely forests floated and swayed that rare white rose leaf, while its scent lay heavy on the air.

Last of all, the fairest of the women slaves came to him on the wide divan. She took his head upon her lap and shut his eyes to sleeping with her white, soft hands, so gently that the Porter could not know it was the magic white rose leaf settling at last and falling there in coolness, perfume and unending rest. And darkness was over all.

At early morning he was at the eastern entrance of the Bazaar, waiting until some merchant should give him work to do. But none of those who hired him knew what things he had seen and lived through since the day before.

Varsity, Jan. 30th, 1885.

BOHEMIEN.

FOR THE CLASS OF '94.

When the autumn's gentle fingers touch the flowers and the leaves,
When the faithful farmer gathers in the ripened golden sheaves,

When the sunshine grows more chary and the hazy vapors rise,
Then like birds that nature summons to the warmer southern skies,

Hie the happy-hearted students, whom THE VARSITY recalls,
To receive again sweet nurture 'neath her academic walls.

And they come, for divers reasons, with ambitions great and small,
Some to ponder metaphysics, some to weigh—the winning ball.

Some to learn the laws of being and forget the laws of health,
Some to spend their only shilling on the theory of wealth.

But if any be unrivalled in pursuit of sport and lore,
They belong, I ween, O comrades, to the class of ninety-four.

And since Bacchus reigns no longer, we will not approach his shrine,
But will pledge ourselves in nectar more inspiriting than wine.

'Tis a cup as pure and vital as the air of heav'n above,
We will quaff it now together, 'tis the cup of fellow-love.

Life is lying still before us, and to each is given scope
For achievement, yea, fulfilment of the highest man can hope.

Arts there are to be developed, revolutions to be wrought,
Sciences that must be fathomed, heights that must be scaled by thought.

Even as the old explorers, careless of old world decrees,
Shed their light throughout the chaos, searched the dim waste of the seas,

Let us swing our lantern, knowledge, to the masthead of our bark,
Let our labor be as theirs was, to irradiate the dark.

Statesmen die upon the rostrum that their fame may there be sealed,
Soldiers seek their death and glory on the blood-stained battle-field.

But the scholar leaves to others, when he sinks to rest at length,
All his conquest in their wisdom, all his prowess in their strength.

May our trophy be the laurel, may its power aye increase ;
May we gain our highest honor in the storied halls of peace.

EVELYN DURAND.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ON POETRY.

With a new reverence for life, and a new enthusiasm for its possibilities, the highest feelings which a lecturer can arouse, the auditors filed out of University Hall on Saturday afternoon.

Professor Alexander delivered his critique of poetry in his usual sympathetic and comprehensive manner. Without defining what is almost indefinable, he passed on to the consideration of the earliest development of poetry, which is song, and its fundamental characteristic: the expression of strong emotion in metrical language. Like every art it has a technique, a method of execution, which, however varied in different languages—based as it is, in Greek and Latin on *time*, in English on *accent*—has ever the same object, the production of rhythm. But however perfect the mechanical ingenuity in the arrangement of metre, if the essence, the motive—emotion—be lacking, we

have merely verse ; and, on the other hand, no impassioned or imaginative writing, if it have not rhythmical form, can be properly termed poetry.

The distinctive aim of prose is information, the distinctive aim of poetry is feeling ; in the skill of the historian and novelist, the former may stir our deepest sentiment, but if with clearness and unity of purpose it only inform our intellect, it may be still true and excellent work, whereas when poetry does not penetrate beyond the intellect to what we term the heart of man, it has no excellence, and when it does, it manifests a higher inspiration than any other human art. The excitement of motion is its essential object, rhythm is its essential form ; and these two, the body and the soul of poetry, the greatest poets inseparably join. Sometimes we find one neglected, sometimes the other, and Professor Alexander illustrated this by reading a stanza from Swinburne in which sensuous beauty, the charm of measured sound, predominates :—

O garment not golden, but gilded,
O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory but builded
By hands that reach heaven from hell ;
O mystical rose of the mire,
O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
Our Lady of Pain !

Pope and the poets of his school exemplify the effect produced by mere fitness of term and felicity of language applied to subjects not in themselves poetic, and, however much the workmanship may be admired, no responsive feeling is aroused, and it is recognized, like that in which the pleasure comes from purely sensuous sources, to be poetry of the lowest order.

The field of the poet is as broad and full as life itself. He may roam through time and space, moving us by the experience of others, or he may simply turn within and make us feel his own emotion, as does the aged Tennyson in those last sweet and powerful lines, "Crossing the Bar."

He not only describes to us a beautiful landscape, he makes us ourselves perceive it, and hence his language is picturesque rather than scientific, concrete rather than abstract. The dramatic poet to win our entire sympathy carefully eliminates from a scene all that would distract our attention and produce incongruous images, thus Shakespeare places his young lovers, Romeo and Juliet, under the warm Italian sky, in the silvery sheen of the moon and the silence and beauty of night. Art, while faithful to the spirit, does not photograph the actual. It presents its object surrounded by an atmosphere harmonious and ideal.

Again, the poet is a "Revealer," quickening our sight, unveiling a world. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the one man, Wordsworth. He taught the people to see in life, in nature, in themselves—not the handiwork of God—but God Itself. He showed them beauty and noble sentiment, in the little meadow flower, in the smoky streets of the city, in the careworn workman ; condensing in rhythmic words the sum and total of human experience. Joy and sorrow, hope, and love, and death—all these are the themes of poetry ; and in the few verses of "The Lost Leader," Browning gathers the tragedy of a life. To his thoughtful and loving exposition of poetry, Professor Alexander added a peculiar charm, in rendering the several quotations, and we felt that he spoke with authority, as one possessing himself the nature of the poet.

A TREAT FOR POOR CHILDREN.

It is the custom every Christmas in Toronto to give a large number of children a Christmas treat. This year it will be taken in hand by the Children's Aid Society, who will feed some 1,500 little ones. This, of course, can't be done without money. It will require over \$200. Mayor Clarke is now receiving cash contributions towards defraying the expense. All moneys should be addressed to him at his office, City Hall.

The Varsity

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DECEMBER 8. 1891.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

For any one passing through the eastern wing of the College and meeting the troup of sweet girl undergraduates that there sweep the corridors at intervals it is difficult to realize that it is only six years since the University first opened its doors to women, and began to suspect that it might be in the best interests of humanity to encourage the highest intellectual development of the whole race and not merely of one half of it. The number of those who have taken advantage of this concession has increased so rapidly that probably the day is not far distant when the number of women in our halls will equal that of the men; already they number nearly one-fifth of all the students in arts. Indeed, whether fortunately or unfortunately, a university education for girls threatens to become fashionable, and perhaps a B.A. will soon be considered a necessary appendage to the name of every "finished" young lady. There is perceptible even now in many cases more school-girl thoughtlessness and less earnestness of purpose than characterized the pioneers in the movement—a natural result of the changed conditions, for the pioneer who has to hew out his own paths is likely to follow clearer aims and to develop firmer muscle, than his successors who find, ready made, the broad and beaten highways.

This rapid increase in numbers must soon bring up again a question which has been settled for the present, viz., that of accommodation. Large and commodious as the ladies' rooms are for the hundred and five girls who

occupy them, they will scarcely be so for three or four times that number, and yet to devote more space to reading and waiting rooms is scarcely possible. It seems as if the walls of the "Recluse Club" must, to a certain extent, be broken down and the reading rooms be used by ladies and gentlemen in common. It is difficult to see how this can be avoided if all undergraduates are to have the same rights and privileges in the new Library, for the girls, with few exceptions, take honor courses, and doubtless will desire to use the seminary rooms and to have free access to the books. Any attempt to provide special accommodation would involve a needless expense and trouble, and could scarcely be done without curtailing the privileges of some one. Perhaps it will be found that reading in the same room is fraught with no more danger than listening to a lecture in the same room.

Still another matter for speculation arises. Fully four-fifths of all the girls in attendance at lectures take the Modern Language course. In the lower years the classes of this department are already so large that the lecturers find it difficult to do their students justice, even with the additional assistance lately granted, while if we glance into the future the prospect is appalling. Now it is surely unnatural to suppose that four-fifths of all the women in the world are endowed with a special aptitude for the study of languages, and indeed when we consider the meagre result that is often yielded to the patient and conscientious labor of some of our girls, we are forced to think that they might have spent their time to better advantage in some other line of work, and their failure seems but the rap over the knuckles dealt so unsparingly by Dame Nature to such of her pupils as transgress her laws. Is this condition of affairs always to remain? Probably—or at least until it is considered worth while to teach girls to find out what their natural powers are, and to encourage them to cultivate these whatever they may be. At present French and German are considered too much in the light of accomplishments, like drawing and music, which must form a part of every cultured woman's education whether her talents incline in that direction or not, while a course in Science or Mathematics has a flavor of strong-mindedness that frightens the more timid and conservative. We can only hope that the future may bring broader views with regard to the education of women. K.

BRYANT.

In reading the life of Wm. C. Bryant, we are at once struck by the many-sidedness of the man's life, and the unvarying success in whatever he undertook. To speak of Bryant the poet is to speak of but a small part of Bryant the man, for he did not give himself to poetry, but merely added poetry to his other pursuits. This to a great extent explains many of the defects in his poetic work, but it is to be attributed solely to the times in which he lived. Born in an arid period of American literature, Bryant was the first permanent writer of the American school, which later added such illustrious names to its ranks. So he is rightly called the "Father of American Poetry." There was nothing in the literary life of that time to demand the whole life-work of a real man. The nation was too practical, in too great a hurry—as indeed it is to this day—for the proper development of a poet. What were wanted were workers, journalists, and practical teachers. So Bryant, as we shall see in a short summary of his life, was a thoroughly practical, successful man, but at all times he was a poet, but not always as spontaneous as one might wish.

He was born in Massachusetts in 1794, the son of loving and essentially sensible parents. Unlike the majority of poets, who owe their poetic temperament to their mothers, Bryant seems to have inherited his from his father, whose ancestors had been poets, and who was the first to aid and encourage his son in his poetic inclinations.

To this indebtedness to his father Bryant thus alludes in his beautiful and pathetic "Poem, to Death":—

"Alas! I little thought that the stern power,
Whose fearful praise I sang, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease;
For he is in his grave, who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! When thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. . . ."

To his mother he owed that force of character which showed itself in all his actions, and ever kept him in the paths of truth and rectitude which he followed throughout his almost blameless life. She was a woman of great strength of character, and, as is generally the case with such people, was very affectionate and rendered the home-life of the boy a very happy one. Indeed few of our poets were more fortunate in their parents than Bryant.

He early showed his love for nature, and probably nowhere could more suitable surroundings for a poetic mind be found than those of his beautiful Hampshire home, with its hills and valleys, woods, lakes, and streams, all of which we have celebrated in the poet's verse.

When sixteen years old Bryant went to Williams' College. This is chiefly of interest for the effect the magnificent scenery of the Hoosac Valley had on his work, and throughout his life he continued to visit these scenes of his childhood and youth, which calmed many a tumult in that noble heart. We can imagine the reserved, thoughtful—but never morose—student wandering off alone to commune with nature, drinking in inspiration from its majesty, to meditate on the great end of all, and to form plans for the future. All this he expresses in the beautiful poem entitled "Green River," written some time after this, and showing Bryant's disgust for law, which could not fail but be repugnant to him, with his keen sense of justice.

Leaving college, Bryant studied at home for sometime, where he wrote a little poetry. But all the time he was thinking out his great poem "Thanatopsis," a remarkable meditative poem of death. When it appeared Bryant's genius was at once recognized. It was the first enduring poem in American literature, and was all the more remarkable for having been written by a boy only eighteen years old, an age when most poets are writing light and gay love poems. This poem, so serious, so elevated and so noble shows us that Bryant was one of the few—perhaps fortunate, perhaps unfortunate—to whom the philosophic mind comes early in life. This too is seen in his great appreciation of Wordsworth at an age when most people can see little in him. He himself said that upon opening Wordsworth, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life. This remarkable poem is written in blank verse, which Bryant handled so well, and the simplest words imaginable are used. Here I may mention that one of Bryant's chief charms is his perfect simplicity. He never strove for effect either in his life or in his poetry. We find none of that excessive adornment, obscurity and far-fetched comparison which so mar the work of many writers that it is often a problem what they are talking about. Bryant never went beyond himself. He was too sincere. During his editorship he never ceased waging war against affectation, and he once said to a young writer afflicted with this plague, like many of our undergraduates, nay, graduates as well: "Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor." What is so admirable about the man is that he both preached and practised, for it would be difficult to find an obscure line in one of his poems. . . . —From an essay read by Miss M. Mackenzie before the Modern Language Club, Nov. 7.

ANOTHER SONG.

Must we still follow the dusty road?
Say not that thence we must never stray.
The pleasant path through the fragrant wood
Is haply—who knows?—the better way.

What boots it to sow, if none may reap?
The flowers are sweet in the forest glades.
Shall we leave them unheeded to ope and sleep,
A beauty wasted in each that fades?

Fear not night's darkness in yonder clouds;
First must they blazon the western air.
Lose not the beauty that all enshrouds;
The night may be dark, but the day is fair.

J. S. LANE.

THE "ENGINEERS'" DINE.

The third annual School of Science dinner was held last Friday night in the Arlington hotel. The success of the affair was greater than was anticipated by the committee, for it was feared that owing to many circumstances the students would not respond to the dinner call.

At half-past eight o'clock the guests to the number of about ten, including part of the Faculty, a number of graduates, and about seventy undergrads sat down to a dinner which amply satisfied the requirements of the inner man, and in some cases more than satisfied them. When the feasting had come to an end, the chairman, Mr. R. W. Thomson, '92, arose and addressed a few words of welcome to guests, Faculty, grads, and students, and then called upon the vice-chairman, Mr. E. W. Hinde, '93, to propose the toast to the Queen. After this had been deeply drunken and the National Anthem sung, Mr. V. G. Marani in a neat speech proposed the toast to Canada. Messrs. C. H. Mitchell, '92, and A. T. Fraser, '94, responded. The next toast on the list was that to the Faculty and was received with cheers; it was proposed by Mr. E. W. Hinde, '93. Prof. Galbraith responded for the Faculty, and his interesting remarks were followed with great attention. He spoke of many new items of interest in connection with the course, including the new fourth year and the much desired degree, which has now become a certainty. During his address he made some very touching allusions to the late Mr. J. K. Robinson, '91, the much loved president, who occupied the chair at the last dinner. Dr. Ellis and Mr. Stewart followed in neat speeches, and amid vociferous requests the new professor, Dr. Coleman, was brought to the platform and received with cheers; he spoke a few words of greeting, expressing his pleasure at being present for the first time at the dinner of S. P. S. Speeches from Mr. C. J. Marani and Mr. J. A. Duff, B.A., the new Fellow in Engineering, ended the response from the Faculty.

The toast to the Engineering Profession was proposed by Mr. A. T. Laing, '92, and was responded to by Mr. Allan McDougall, C.E., the representative from the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; also by Messrs. Keele, '93, and Wood, '94, in behalf of the students. Next came a toast to the Graduates, proposed by W. A. Lea, '92. This was responded to by Messrs. Chewett, '88, Canniff, '88, Richardson, '88, Laird, '86, Lane, '91, and "the three Bowmans," '85, '86, and '90. Mr. Laschinger proposed the toast to the Engineering Society, responded to by Messrs. R. W. Thomson, '92, McPherson, '93, and Gibson, '94 (P.L.S.). The toast to "Our Guests" was proposed by J. B. Hanley, '93, in response to which addresses of greeting were received from Sergeant Vercoe, of Royal Military College, Kingston, who was given the honors of "He's a jolly good fellow," and three cheers for R.M.C., and A. J. Van Nostrand, P.L.S., from the Provincial Land Surveyors' Association.

Following this came the toast to the Freshmen, pro-

posed by T. H. Alison, '92, in a neat speech. This was responded to by R. T. Wright and Mr. Chalmers. At this juncture a little unusual excitement occurred, occasioned by the odd antics of the "ancestral butler" of the hotel, making a capital run from the kitchen to the office, performing a very fair hornpipe on the dinner table on the way, but finally scoring. Several freshmen suggested the idea that perhaps the butler had run against a tack or had taken something hot, but they had no idea that there was something hotter in the next room, a fact which was corroborated by a very distinct odor of burning wood, a hurrying of feet, and afterward the clang of the fire reel gongs in the yard below. Cries of "Sit down, freshmen," "Order, gentlemen," "They're only kindling the fire for breakfast," were heard above the din, but fortunately order was maintained. When the excitement had subsided Mr. A. V. White, '92, proposed the toast to the Ladies, last but not least; this was responded to, as is the custom, by Mr. Taylor, '93, and an unassuming freshman, by which the regular toast list was completed.

During the evening music was furnished by the "band," the "orchestra," and a third year "quartette" (names unknown), whilst solos were sung by Messrs. Laing, Self, Mitchell, and Matthews. At about two o'clock the proceedings came to an end by singing "Auld Lang Syne." As usual the march home was enlivened with many a whoop and college yell, the different ladies' colleges and professors' residences being favored with serenades.

THE RECITAL.

On last Friday evening we took our umbrella, chained the dog, locked up the office (with the key on the inside), and went out into the dark night—through the puddle holes, under a leaky sky, down to the dingy city, down to Association Hall, down to hear Miss Knox.

As we entered, weak and weary, and shoved the streaming end of our La Tosca into the nearest boot-leg, we heard the elocutionist reciting the lines—

The world is full of folly and sin
And life must cling where it can, I say,
For beauty is easy enough to win,
And one isn't loved every day,

and a something started to steal down our cheek that looked like a loosened rain-drop—and may be it was, who knows? may be it was. A rain-drop, with a grain of salt in it. For we once had an Ideal, and she used to recite, too—and she used to recite Aux Italiens—and the last time we heard her she was standing between two banks of flowers, dressed in white, saying, "Beauty is easy enough to win," and apparently she was saying it to us. But we have learned since that she was looking at a man who sat three seats behind us. There! we were only shaking off the rain-drops. Beauty is easy enough to win, but our work was cut out for us that time. It was a long time ago—excuse the digression.

When we recovered from our emotion we turned our off-ear skyward and listened to the strumming of the guitars. "Sweet and low," "sweet and low"—we used to play the guitar once ourself. We had learned to play "The Students at Cadiz," and to play it well, but one night we laid our banjo down beside the kitchen range, and before morning the ligaments had tightened, and the poor thing's back was broken. Infinite are the possibilities of the guitar string—and we have never been rich enough since. Then came Saunders McGlashen's courtship, which, like Janet Henderson's salute, was "rale refreshin'."

To enumerate Miss Knox's selections would be to exhaust our supply of good superlatives. It is enough to say that "Arthur and Guinevere" alone was enough to make us glad that we were there, and very, very sorry for those that were absent.

AN ANTICIPATION.

He joined the Literary;
His attendance did not vary
At the meetings of the class of ninety-four;
At the College Y. M. C. A.
You might see him every day
Assisting at conventions by the score.

Oh! he could play base-ball;
And he didn't fail at all
In practising at cricket and lacrosse;
He considered it a shame
If he saw not every game;
In fact, in sporting matters he was boss.

He belonged to each variety
Of club, union and society
That is mentioned on our Varsity notice-board;
But he forgot to cram
For his second-year exam,
And by the dread examiner was flooded. Z.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Modern Language Club held its regular meeting on Monday last, and in the absence of the President, Mr. Brown, whom we are sorry to learn is somewhat indisposed, Mr. F. B. Hellems occupied the chair. It being German night Mr. Crosby, '93, sang a German song which so impressed the Chairman that he commenced quoting Carlyle. The subject of the evening was introduced by Mr. Bell, '91, in a general essay on "Contemporary Novelists." Miss Buchan followed with a carefully prepared essay on "Paul Héise (Die Novellen)," and after the reading of a German essay on "Killer as a Novelist," by W. E. Lingelbach, '94, the members engaged in German conversation.

The French meeting of Dec. 14th promises to be a very profitable one as Monsieur Coutellier will deliver a French lecture on "l'instruction en France et les différentes écoles du gouvernement."

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The Engineering Society met on Tuesday, Dec. 1st, in No. 2 lecture room. There was an unusually large attendance, a number of down town engineers and architects as well as visitors being present. After the business had been disposed of, the programme was proceeded with and the members were favored with a paper by Mr. C. J. Marani, Lecturer in Sanitary Engineering, on "Sanitary House Plumbing." The paper was most interesting and was full of valuable information and advice. Mr. Marani dealt especially with the sanitary part of the subject, setting forth the proper systems of plumbing as now practised. The reading of the paper created considerable discussion, especially as there were so many professional gentlemen present. A number of questions were asked and answered, and on the whole the discussion was a most profitable one.

One of our professors had a peculiar experience a few days ago, in regard to the behavior of certain of "new" gentlemen, said to belong to arts. The professor was lecturing to a senior year, and, considering that the confusion in No. 2 lecture room was not accountable for by any ordinary demonstration, he proceeded to the said room to quietly remonstrate with the students, but upon entering, to his surprise, the only sight was that of a score or more ladies of the first year quietly awaiting the arrival of the lecturer. The professor has since been heard to declare himself on the perils of co-education.

The immense hundred-ton testing machine is at last into

position and has been for the past few days the admiration of the student body. The lower part of the apparatus is situated in the basement of the Mechanical Laboratory, and as the machine is about twenty feet in height it extends up into the first floor laboratory. The testing machine is specially designed for testing the strength of beams, and is arranged to give by an automatic indicator the number of pounds pressure required to break the beam in different positions.

A PASTORAL.

It was on a July morning,
A morning soft and fair,
A breath from the fading cloud-land
Was stirring in the air.
There was dew on the blackberry bushes ;
The stones lay dry and bare.

She came through the heat-dried pasture,
Swinging her milking-pail,
He through the sunny orchard.
They met at the old fence rail.
A little bird in the distance
Sang, and began to fail.

Everything was as it should be,
Morning, and sun, and shade ;
But 'twas only a common-place meeting
After all has been said, I'm afraid ;
For she was in love with *another* man,
And *he*—with another maid.

"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION."

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

That the warning, "Let us see that our University does not lose its national character," in the article on "University Extension," is most opportune will be easily seen from the following occurrence.

One evening last week, while enjoying the pleasure of society, I had what might be called "an eyeopening conversation" with a young lady. The mere outline of it will suffice. Did she attend the *Varsity*? Yes, she attended the *University*. The other usual questions were responded to thus, viz.: that she graced the first year and was taking a general course. I concluded that she was a pass man, and remarked that a goodly number of lectures would be her portion. Oh, no! she had only one lecture a week, and that on Saturday at 3 o'clock. I imagine that she cannot appreciate, as *Studiosus Infelix* did, the following lines:

O'er the student is set
The sharp-eyed McKim ;
But 'tis we who do pluck him—
What care we for him ?

That one could think that "a few intermittent classes" were equal to "a genuine University training," tempted me almost to enquire when *Miss Undergraduate* would go up for her B.A. degree, but restrained for fear she would think the question a *little too previous*. However, I believe I drew a distinction between the popular and the true significance of a University training. X.

We have this week to chronicle the appointment of three new members of the Faculty. Mr. D. W. McGee, the newly appointed Fellow in Oriental Languages, was in his undergraduate days a man well known around college, and one whose phenomenal percentages in his favorite subject will not soon be forgotten by Professor McCurdy. Mr. J. F. Howard, who has been appointed to the Fellowship in Mathematics, has a remarkably brilliant record in his course. Mr. W. S. W. McLay, the new Fellow in Italian and Spanish, has claims to distinction in the part

taken by him in athletics, in college politics and in the establishment of THE VARSITY as well as in his class list record. All three are members of the class of '91. We have great pleasure in extending our congratulations to these gentlemen.

The most successful of the series of open meetings of the Literary Society of the School of Pedagogy was held last Saturday night in the theatre of the school. A large number from the city, Varsity and other colleges were present and had a thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment. Principal McIntosh of the Model School occupied the chair. Mr. Frost, of '93, and Mr. Shaw gave solos, Misses Bowers a duet and Miss Harris a couple of instrumentals. Mr. McCuaig spoke for about half an hour on "The Function of Music in Education." Miss Marguerite Dunn and Miss Knox gave recitations which were enthusiastically received, the latter being presented with a bouquet by the students. With this meeting the society terminates a brief but most successful career. It was not organized until about the end of September, yet the energy and activity of President McKellar and the General Committee infused life into it from the start. In point of excellence its meetings have ranked with those of any kindred society in the city.

EXCHANGES.

Our American exchanges show a liberality in their choice of subjects and a breadth in their treatment undreamt of in the philosophy of Canadian collegiate journalism. Some of their poems possess a spice, and their sketches a raciness, to which our "Odes to the Moon" and "Strolls by Purling Streams" are but as lentils and pottage compared to the fleshpots of Egypt.

The November number of *Harvard Monthly* contains valuable essays on "The Place of Mysticism in Modern Life," and on Ibsen. The leading feature of the issue is a very powerful sketch entitled "The Revels of Monmarcel."

The Toronto VARSITY of November 3rd has a ludicrous article called "Treatise on the Law and Custom of Hazing." For clear sheer fun their selection is enjoyable, and if VARSITY has not obtained a copyright, Mount Allison would do well to have a few dozen copies struck off for the benefit of our boys.—*The Argosy*.

THE VARSITY comes out, in its issue of October 27, with a new title-page, which is deserving of compliment as a decided improvement over the old one. We are pleased to count THE VARSITY among our best exchanges, and would extend the best wishes of the *Collegian* for her future welfare.—*The Colorado Collegian*.

THE VARSITY will be found among our many excellent exchanges hereafter. It is "a weekly journal of literature, university thoughts and events," and comes from the University of Toronto. The editor comments on the question of wearing the "cap and gown." He says: "About three-fifths of the men—and in the first year the percentage will be larger—are mildly in favor of adhering to the old custom." The opinions of the extremists are given in these words: "The one swears by the gown as the badge of an honored profession; the other swears at it as a relic of the time when learning wore long clothes." The students demand that the matter be left to individual choice.—*The Selphic*.

THE VARSITY comes to our table each week filled with readable and instructive matter. Its numbers, up to the present, have been of course chiefly made up of matter relating to the opening work of the University; however, to the students, and particularly the freshmen, this is, of all matter, perhaps the most important. Its editorial columns show the same liberality and intellectual spirit that has heretofore been characteristic of them. We are always pleased to find it among our exchanges.—*Acta Victoriana*.

'MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

The Y. M. C. A. will hold its regular weekly meeting next Thursday at 8 p. m. Dr. Ferguson will speak on "Social Purity."

The regular meeting on Thursday the 3rd, which was addressed by the delegates from Guelph Agricultural College, was a very successful one.

The Literary Society held a special meeting on Thursday afternoon, at which, after discussing the pros and cons of the dinner and the conversat., it was decided to go on with the conversat.

Miss Balmer, '93, met with a rather painful accident the other day; while working in the Laboratory, some acid from a test tube splashed into her eye. It is to be hoped that the inconvenience caused to her will be merely temporary.

This week Mr. Lewis Morrison will appear at the Grand in his favorite role of Mephisto in the spectacular play of Faust. The beautiful apotheosis at the close of the fifth act is claimed to be the most magnificent staged picture ever presented.

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Friday, at four o'clock. A paper was read on "Vector Trigonometry," and other papers and experiments of interest to mathematical men followed. A brave from the freshmen year was also admitted to the pow-wow in the position of first year councillor.

THE GRADUATING PHOTO.—The Class of '92 have made arrangements with J. Fraser Bryce, 107 King Street West, to take the Class photo. It will be necessary for the sittings to be made between twelve and three p. m. in order to obtain the same shading on the photos. The students will find a gown with Mr. Bryce.

The Political Science Club of '93 will hold a meeting on Tuesday the 8th at 2 p. m. The question under discussion will be "Resolved that Aristotle fails to refute Plato's argument in favor of communism." Messrs. Phillips and Stephenson will uphold the affirmative and Messrs. Island and Kilgour the negative.

The members of the Y.W.C.A. held an open meeting last Wednesday, and quite a number of the lady undergraduates were present to hear Mrs. Calvert address them. The meeting altogether was most interesting and hearty, and it is quite gratifying to see the way the ladies of the first year are taking up the work. At a meeting a few weeks ago it was decided that the Association which has hitherto been independent should join the International College Y.W.C.A.

Class '93 held a meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 1, at which besides usual business and a short programme the two

following resolutions were adopted: "That Messrs. H. Moore, Walks and Wilson be a committee to arrange for a Class Dinner in January next, and that the President, Vice-President and Secretary be requested to report to the Dinner Committee appointed by the Literary Society that as a year we should prefer not to sacrifice our class dinner to any such scheme as the proposed union dinner, and that such a dinner would involve such a sacrifice." "That the Class of '93 expresses its strongest disapproval of the over-boisterousness of certain undergraduates at the public debate on Nov. 27th last."

We are credibly informed that seventy-one out of ninety-six of the students in attendance at the School of Pedagogy have signed a petition asking that the term be extended to a year. For good straight supreme disregard for one's successors give me a motion like that. We have been here four months; let us sign this petition because it tickles the minds of the authorities and examiners, who will accordingly be light on us, and because we don't care a continental if you poor unfortunates who follow us spend a year of the best period of your life grinding away at training which we get in four months. We grant that two, perhaps three, of the petitioners think it ought to be a year, but would they come back to take it if it were made a year? Well not exactly, but as the boy said about the bird's nest, "I ain't no bird, and that makes a difference."

Ninety-four met on Wednesday afternoon in the Science room, the use of which the President and Professor Loudon had kindly granted to them for the occasion. The meeting was purely a business one. Mr. Stewart gave notice that at a subsequent meeting he would with malice aforethought—and other weapons—attack the constitution, and would also move to appoint a representative committee whose duty it should be to devise a constitutional joke; said joke to be pinned to said constitution. Then the members settled down to discuss the dinner—no, the dinner question. Then the wordy war began; the rival claims of conversat. and dinner were presented, and the doughty warriors who led the opposing parties displayed evidence of much investigation and statistical knowledge. What a scene was there! Motion and commotion; the President lost from view, in an eddy drift of motions, amendments and amendments to the amendments. After a while the clouds cleared up and the Class came to the conclusion that the decision of the matter had after all been placed in the hands of the Literary Society—the conservator of student rights. Hereupon the body corporate of '94 determined that the time for adjournment had come, and

manfully "stood not upon the order of its going but went at once."

DI-VARSITIES.

WHO MAKES THE COLLEGE.

Oh, who ish dot, dot bawl so loud,
Who vears der gown and feel so proud,
Who's always front in efery growd?
Der freshie.

Who always says he doesn't plug,
Who talks about der girls he hug,
Und looks so hairy 'round der mug?
Der sophie.

Who talks so much of "touchdown,"
"ruse,"
Und nefer vill your bet refuse,
Who schenerally drinks und schmokes
und chews?

Der junior.

Who vears a many-angled frown
To match his perforated gown,
Who's tinkin where he'll saddle
down?

Der senior.

Who's been all through the college
mill,
But marks his leedle ballot still
Dot's Mr. Villiam now—not Bill?
Der gradjute.

Who spends der night in screaming
"Ba!"

Who lofes so much his clever pa
For giving him a lofely ma?
Der paby.

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