

THE VARSITY

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SONNET.

Like as a bird whose wings are not yet grown,
From out the nest makes effort to arise,
And spread its wings to fly and breast the skies,
And drink the deep ethereal blue unknown
To those of meaner power who halt and moan
Upon the level earth the vain emprise,
But ah! too weak as yet! It fruitless tries
To wing the unsupported air alone.

Thus with the fledgling of the muses nest,
He feels the immortal harmony of song
Throb in his heart; and strives, with deep unrest,
To scale the rhythmic heights, and borne along,
To grasp the prize that highest powers attest.
Not yet! It needs sore trial and effort strong.

ORMSBY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

III. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

By the Act of 1853 the teaching part of the University, under its new name of University College, was put on an entirely new and enlarged footing; but no local habitation was provided for it. It is not generally known to the present generation that before that date the Canadian Parliament had cast covetous eyes on the University park, and appropriated the site which the local Legislature have at last laid hands on. In the defence of the University before the Quebec Parliamentary Committee in 1860, the following statement by Dr. Wilson recalls the fact that University College began its work in 1853 as a temporary lodger, or "literary tramp," in the old parliament buildings which are about to be superseded by the new erection on the site of King's College. After disclaiming responsibility for the preliminary steps, which he nevertheless defended as not only justifiable, but indispensable, he thus proceeds:—

"In defence of the necessity of the building, I will only say that during seven years in which I have been a professor of University College, I have witnessed five removals. Since the Act of 1853 was passed we have been turned out of the old King's College building, and established in the Parliament buildings on Front-street. Parliament returning to Toronto, we were sent back to the old building; Government requiring that, we were thrust into a little brick edifice originally built for a medical school (*i. e.*, Moss Hall!); and before we at length moved into our present buildings, we had been compelled to waste thousands of dollars on removals, fittings, and temporary makeshifts, as distasteful to us as they were wasteful and extravagant. Surely it was wiser to put up adequate and permanent buildings than fritter away the endowment in a system like that, which destroyed all faith in the perpetuity of the institution, and impeded everything but the mere daily scramble to accomplish such work as could be got through, in the absence of nearly every needful provision of a well-appointed College."

When our readers realize that there was actually a time, within the terms of President Wilson and Professor Chapman, when the whole work, both of the present College and the School of Science, was carried on within the walls of Moss Hall, they will form some idea of the growth of the College from its first small beginnings. But not only was it needful to provide adequate College buildings. It was no less wise than needful to invest the surplus funds in this useful and substantial fashion;

for so long as a surplus lay in the bursar's hands, the grand aim of the denominational colleges was to have a slice of it. The most extravagant notions, moreover, prevailed as to its amount. It was fancied to include wealth enough to equip half-a-dozen universities.

Fortunately at this critical stage in the history of the University of Toronto the Governor-General was Sir Edmund Head*, an old Oxford professor; a man of eminent scholarly attainments; and sincerely bent on furthering the plan for a national university. He took the liveliest interest in the new buildings; and under his countenance matters were pushed on so effectually that the contracts had been signed, and the work was far advanced, before the public were aware that it was even under consideration. The friends of the National University clearly perceived that without permanent buildings there was no guarantee for its endurance. The work accordingly was pushed on energetically. The site in those days lay altogether out of observation. The Yonge Street avenue went no farther than Sleepy Hollow. All beyond, where College Street, St. George street, and the populous district to the west, now stand, was in bush; a mere trackless wilderness. So masons, bricklayers, and carpenters plied their busy tools unheeded; till, to the mortification of some who had set their hearts on a division of the endowment, the surplus was safely invested in a new building, and a well furnished museum and library. We have referred to the grand ceremonial at the laying of the foundation stone of King's College in 1842. The corner stone of the present magnificent building was quietly laid on the morning of the 4th of October, 1856, by three members of the committee, with no other ceremonial than the cordial wishes for the success of the undertaking in which Mr. Langton, Dr. Croft, and Dr. Wilson so heartily united. But the hour of triumph was only delayed. On the same date, exactly two years later, His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head, the steadfast friend of the institution through all its early difficulties, placed the top stone on the summit of the turret at the north-east angle of the great tower, after depositing benetah it a glass cylinder containing various documents connected with the history of the institution; and over this a brass plate thus inscribed:—

HOC LAPIDE

OMNIUM IN ÆDIBUS ACADEMICIS
SUMMO TURRI IMPOSITO
OPUS ABHINC BIENNII SE AUSPICE INCHOATUM
CORONAVIT
EDMUNDUS WALKER HEAD BARONETTUS A. M. OXON.
E SECRET. REGIN. CONSIL.,
VICE REGIA RERUM SUMMAM
PER PROVINC. BRITANN. IN AMERICA SEPTENTR.
ADMINISTRANS
IDEMQUE UNIV. ET UNIV. COLL. APUD TORONTONENSES
VISITATOR
IV NON OCTOBR.
A. D. MDCCCLVIII.
ET
VICT. REG. XXII.
HON. ROBERTO R. BURNS REV JOHANNES McCAUL, LL.D.
UNIV. CANC. UNIV. COLL. PRES.
JOHANNES LANGTON, A.M.
UNIV. V. CANC.

* By the Act of 1853 the senate was appointed by the Governor-General. Lord Elgin should have been named in our last number as Governor-General of that date. He was succeeded by Sir Edmund Head, who was the active promoter of the newly organized university.

A banquet followed this crowning ceremonial. The apartment destined for the library furnished the banquet hall; for Convocation Hall was not then built. Sir Edmund Head presided,—an unwonted proceeding, strikingly marking the deep interest he took in the work. In proposing his health the Vice-Chancellor, after referring to the services rendered by Sir Peregrine Maitland and Lord Elgin, added: "But no one had shown such special care concerning it as His Excellency. In reference to the building, from the smallest details to the most important matters, his interest had been manifest; and, indeed, had it not been for his unfaltering aid, it was doubtful if it would ever have been built. It was a gratification to have the privilege, as chairman of the building committee, to present the silver trowel with which His Excellency had that day laid the topmost stone."

It fell to Dr. Wilson, as another member of the building committee, to propose the health of the architect; and one little passage in his speech is historical. He said: "In the choice of this day for the inauguration of our new building, the Building Committee were guided by the fact that upon the same day, two years ago, we laid the foundation of this structure. We did not then invite Your Excellency to aid us in that work. We rather proceeded in it somewhat like the returned captive Jews of old, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Secretly, as though it had been a deed of shame, we laid that stone; full of hope; yet not without apprehension. Perhaps it were well and wisely that it were so done." The justice of this, we may add, became abundantly manifest. When, too late, it was discovered that the long-coveted surplus was invested beyond recall in this substantial security for the permanence of the institution. The expenditure has since been criticised; but the investigations of a hostile commission showed that the building had been most economically executed; and experience has proved that instead of being on too large a scale, the opposite fault may rather be suggested. The demand already is for a greatly larger Convocation and Examination Hall. It was not till the following October that the College moved into its new home. The students of to-day know what Moss Hall is. They can imagine the change for the men of that olden time, from the small, low-ceiled, ill-lighted rooms, which had for years furnished the whole accommodation to the University and College, to the present lecture rooms, library, and Hall of their Alma Mater.

VIDI.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FARCE.

The optimist and the pessimist both get a certain satisfaction out of their systems, but their philosophies alike contain within themselves their own refutation. The most, long-suffering optimist must here and there find his theory fail, and be driven to doubt its universality. Schopenhauer preaches his doctrine by day, and by night—! The optimist will remark, "What a beastly day," and the pessimist must sometimes exclaim, "What charming weather."

And consider the grave seriousness with which it is necessary to regard life in order to steadfastly maintain either of these *roles*,—to affirm consistently that everything is constituted to the end that the human animal may derive therefrom the greatest amount of happiness or misery. None but a sober soul can hope to imbue itself with principles so desperate. The majority of mankind must have a philosophy that sits more easily.

The Philosophy of the Farce! Here is one within reach of any individual who will spend some slight pains on self-cultivation, and what a never-ending harvest of mirth it ensures! Life is then neither a tragedy nor a comedy, nor even a melodrama, but an irresistible screaming farce, with an infinite variety of characters and unparalleled scenic attractions. What a magnificent humour runs through the plot! What side-splitting scenes pursue one another over the boards,—not always boisterous and noisy and within the comprehension of the pit. Some of the touches are so fine, some of the conceits are so delicate that perhaps only one or two in the audience suspect the humour. But follow the action patiently, and the true spirit of the play will appear.

Half the theatre weeps when Love leads across the stage a train that sighs, and moans, and makes piteous plaint. But

what a quip is here! The clever actors humbug one another (themselves even) in a perfect good faith. Playing the part with so keen an imagination of its proprieties that they refuse to be undeceived. Attempt it, and they smile at you in superior fashion. Wait but a little while, and they will sheepishly join in the laugh.

The credulity of man to his fellow-man is a beautiful sight to the philosopher of this school, because he knows that the next scene will show how artistically it is abused. Governments, professions, trades act their part to the people, who are deceived with the utmost good humour. The people in turn play their little part to one another, nor do they ever weary or lose interest.

Well, while we are here let us make the best of it,—laugh our fill and get our share of the jollity; for when we are carried feet foremost off into the wings our friends will have the laugh on us, and we won't be able to laugh back!

TABAC.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

IX

Curteys sche was, discret, and debonaire,
And compainable, and bare hire self ful faire;
And nevere was there no word hem bitweene
Of jelousye, or any other teene.

Canterbury Ta'es.

On a certain day not many weeks later, a youth and a maiden passed through the eastern gate of the University grounds, and strolled together along one of the northward paths in the park. It was a beautiful afternoon; for though now late in September, the sky was bright and clear as though it were over a spring day; and against it the long, loose boughs, from which the wind, warm and dry, was scattering yellow leaves over the grass, showed with the softness of an etching, as the mellow sunlight streamed through them and over all,—slanting on the drives and grassy slopes, where the withered leaves, by fits and starts, were whisking about breezily: and striking on the sides of the little hollows, where they were blown into windrows, here and there.

Elsie Fraine's mood was bright and merry, and she seemed to catch and transform some of the rare, elusive beauty of the brown, golden, pensive afternoon; but Evans looked ill at ease, and rather puzzled. He found himself still wondering how it had come about that he was once again taken into Elsie's favour with the same frankness as of old. He had been telling her the story of the idols, and all that had passed between Wiley and himself,—though with some discreet reservations, you may be sure, and not a little judicious remodelling; and harping still on the misfortunes the idols had brought upon him, he seemed to feel himself more and more ill-used at the hands of the world at large.

"And you descended," she was saying, "to a degrading fetish-worship!—you, Frederic Evans, that perfect, faultless, highest development of time, that heir of all the ages, a student in Residence! Let me see,

'Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees gods in—in—'

what *does* he see gods in, Fred?"

"Can't say off-hand," answered Evans; "my early religious education was sadly neglected. But with Wiley to tutor his mind, he'd be pretty apt to see gods in those two images, anyway. Why, there was one thing, now," he continued, still justifying himself, "that I didn't speak of to Wiley; and you must acknowledge that it,—well, you remember you had the idols only one afternoon,—the afternoon of your History paper."

"Yes, but how could they have prevailed on the examiner to ask questions I couldn't answer?"

"It was exceedingly mean of the examiner, then, if he did it of his own accord."

"It's a great pity you're not an examiner, Fred. I had a very blunt pen, too, that afternoon,—a very annoying pen, when you have to write *S-y-z-y-g-y* at the top of each sheet of paper. So there's the whole explanation, and why can't you be reasonable like that?"

"Somehow," he said smiling, "the masculine intellect finds it rather difficult to go to such extreme lengths of reasonableness."

"Indeed? I'm sure I wouldn't let myself be persuaded that some mysterious power resided in two absurd ugly images,—as if you were one of the people in Anstey's novels!"

"Well, they may be ugly enough, but they seemed to be very influential; and I don't think it altogether fair, now, begging your pardon, that only the beautiful should be powerful. What's this Pope says,

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

—capillary attraction, Wiley used to call it, in his clever way."

After going out of his way to repeat this remark of Wiley's, he felt humiliated that all its brilliancy had so utterly vanished as it fell from his lips, and yet was conscious at the same time of ridiculous depths of gratefulness to Elsie, for her kindly tolerance of all things less perfect than herself.

"That fable of his," the gracious divinity said, "about the images was rather clever."

"Oh, it wasn't his, remember," answered Evans, recalling his thoughts from wandering. "I told you of how he read me your uncle's letter."

"Well, I wrote to uncle this summer, too—and I asked him about the *Algonquin* accident. The two voyagers were my uncle and Mr. Jack Wiley, after all."

"And your uncle gave Jack the idols?"

"He knew nothing of them whatever, Fred. Have you them yet?"

"Not now. Wiley asked me for them before he left for Chicago."

"And I do hope," she said quickly, "that uncle will not tell him how I was asking about the accident. But I am so sorry—you can't think Fred,—that any one could do what *he* did to make you miserable like that!"

A dim light was beginning to break on Evans, though it left many things indistinct and uncertain, as yet. He said, as if with a sudden inspiration, "Your bright sunshine, Elsie, has dispelled the gloom which—"

"There, that's nice, and so original, too," she interrupted, looking pleased, however, with his rhetoric. "And now we'll talk about something else. I'm tired of your idolatry,—"

She checked herself, and then laughed a little at Evans, who was actually beginning to blush, as he answered her. And after that their talk, no doubt, was of the pleasant, melancholy autumn weather; for as they walked on side by side, the maples and oaks and beeches around these two foolish young persons were fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,—so many Malvolios, "sad and civil" now, standing soberly about the fields in their frayed finery, like old-time gentlemen of broken fortune.

X

When the contents of the scroll met his view—
Ingoldsbys Legends.

And now, while our friend Evans, late in the night, is poring intently over a letter from Wiley, we will take the liberty—we have done so before—of glancing over his shoulder, and reading it ourselves; for it is full in the light of the shaded lamp; and indeed, as Virginius said, (though on a more momentous occasion it is true), "there is no way save this."

I doubt not (*Wiley wrote*) that you are censuring me in your wisdom for my exodus Chicago-wards on the eve of the Supplementals. Well, I am now fairly started here with Pearson, and do not in the least regret having come out of the "Macaulay's Essays stage" of my development, in which I have been foolishly wasting away my days. All through last year, however, I was storing my mind with such valuable knowledge as I could lay hands on; and indeed I was beginning to be afraid that if I prolonged my stay in Residence, my mental furniture would soon become altogether too solid, cumbrous, and unwieldy for one of my light tonnage.

But this is not why I am writing to you now. Pearson has been telling me that in a letter to him Miss Fraine has made some enquiries about an accident you've heard of, which befell two certain voyagers as their small boat was being hoisted up the *Algonquin's* side. Now, Pearson and myself solemnly covenanted at that time, to let that little mishap, as not reflecting great glory on us, pass out of history,—each of us being a Cornelius Tacitus, as it were. But Miss Fraine's question was put so artfully, that he thought I had

been publishing the facts of the case in Toronto, and unwillingly,—being a Chicago lawyer,—he told the whole truth. Yes, Fred, I was the other occupant of that small boat. The hand that wields this pen wildly grasped the rope thrown towards your humble servant, gamboling gracefully in the liquid element.

The letter which I read to you last August was, I blush to say it, a fabrication, and as for the *soi disant* idols, I got them, as paper-weights I believe, in Toronto; and

"Time, who like the merchant lives on 'Change,"

saw each of them later "the Lar of a Canadian chief," to quote Hood again. One of them,—indeed neither of them would stay away from you long,—you found a very *apto cum Lare*, as our friend Horace has it.

You will find it instructive and entertaining to take mental glances over the doings of the idols since I gave you them. Can you divine, for instance, by what means they came back to you the first time? Of course I at once took advantage, as you will remember now, of each of the different turns things were taking; and things did seem so to shape themselves that I was rendered the greatest assistance in the way of being enabled to ascribe plausibly to the idols such copious discharges of thaumaturgic force. Indeed, when I think of how much seemed to come about of itself,—for that matter, the whole train of circumstances, though under my hands, may be said to have shaped and moulded itself,—I am ashamed that I did not do it all up more artistically, and in a less haphazard way.

With regard to the second return of the idols, I was for a long time completely at a loss how to manage it, and I made many attempts which failed,—perhaps you can recall some of them. At length I arranged the matter with Dekker, and by a fortunate linking of events, it came to pass as it did. I was careful enough, you may rest assured, in what I said to Dekker; he had no idea of the actual state of affairs; and is not likely ever to suspect it, not being gifted with what they call in the reviews "profound psychological insight." But then he didn't have the making of his own skull, you know.

I need say no more, I think, and I'll leave you now to your meditations. But you must not judge me too severely and unsparingly; reflect on and weigh well the temptation. And remember that after all, as Mr. Sludge says,—

"Strictly, it's what good people style untruth;
But yet, so far, not quite the full-grown thing;
It's fancying, fable-making, nonsense work—
What never meant to be so very bad—
The knack of story-telling, brightening up
Each dull old bit of fact that drops its shine,
One does see somewhat when one shuts one's eyes,
If only spots and streaks; tables do tip
In the oddest way of themselves; and pens, good Lord,
Who knows if you drive them or they drive you?"

I will allow myself to say, in conclusion, that I foresaw all this. I never hoped for a moment, Fred, that Miss Fraine would throw herself with your *abandon* into an unquestioning acceptance of my little fiction, or that she would at all repose in yours very truly, such a touching quantity of trust and confiding belief.

J. W.

Can you guess why I took the idols with me when leaving? I will tell you. I haven't the slightest doubt that by this time Elsie and you are no longer "out," but are once again brought into sweet accord,—*amantium irae*, and that sort of thing. Considering, then, how disastrous it is that the idols should be kept apart, and how they *will* come together, I have sent them by express back to Toronto; one addressed to you, the other (in Pearson's handwriting) to Miss Elsie Fraine. I know that she disliked them for their ugliness; but hasn't Goethe said that "miracle-working pictures are rarely works of art"? You will find, unbeliever though you are, that they still have some of their old power; for you believed in them once, and a clock doesn't stop the moment you throw away the key. Well, Miss Fraine will receive what Pearson and myself, after due deliberation, have pronounced to be the best-looking one; and it is for you to win her over to an appreciation of how fitting and delightfully appropriate an arrangement it is that she should have one of the two idols, and you the other.

While Evans was filling his pipe, with his eyes still fixed on what Wiley had written, he was not without a dim consciousness of having spoken aloud. He did not change his attitude while slowly folding the letter into a long strip, with which he lighted his pipe thoughtfully; and as he sat smoking, he stared straight before him.

W. J. HEALY.

(The End.)

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Harvard has just celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation with appropriate ceremonial. The event was of more than usual importance, as being connected with the oldest and most representative university of America. The commemoration, as planned by the Alumni Association, lasted four days. The most notable features of the anniversary proceedings were: The sermon by Professor F. G. Peabody; the oration by James Russell Lowell; and the conferring of degrees upon, and the speeches by, the distinguished representatives of foreign and American universities. The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes was a tame and commonplace performance—the only effect of which was to stir up the wrath of the redoubtable Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. The sermon by Dr. Peabody was from a very suggestive text: "Even so would he have removed thee out of the strait into a broad place" (Job 36:16.) The discourse was largely retrospective, and showed how the College had gradually freed itself from the limitations of Puritanism; had done away with doctrinal tests; how its control, to the great gain of itself and the clergy, had passed from clerical hands; how the Puritan view of life as an obligation had developed into the higher view of life as an opportunity; and how the same development had been reached in our views of religion.

The oration by James Russell Lowell was certainly the most noteworthy feature of the celebration. It was dignified in tone, practical in spirit, and eminently worthy of the great occasion and of its distinguished author. It contains an admirable sketch of the colonial period when Harvard was in its infancy; of the spirit that characterized the men of that time; and the foundation of the New England community, "for which," Mr. Lowell says, "in civic virtue, in intelligence and general efficacy, I seek a parallel in vain." The remainder of the address was devoted to a discussion as to what a university really should be; in how far American colleges—and Harvard in particular—approach the ideal; and the elective system, as incidental thereto. Mr. Lowell has a broad and comprehensive idea of what a university should be. We can best illustrate it by a quotation or two. Thirty years ago he gave the following as his definition:—

"A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is only possible where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots."

As Mr. Lowell explains, his meaning was:—

"That the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so-named was to distribute the true bread of life, the *pane degli angeli*, as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but that it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their trivium and quadrivium. . . . I hope, then, the day will come when a competent professor may lecture here for three years on the first three vowels of the Roman alphabet, and find fit audience, though few."

On the whole, Mr. Lowell thinks that Harvard still occupies the place of a German gymnasium, and urges in strong and terse language the necessity for enlarged post-graduate courses. He regards the elective system as having been carried somewhat to an extreme, and thinks that if the advanced courses were pushed on, the voluntary system would not only be possible, but would come of itself. The number pursuing such courses being few, instruction would be thorough and the opportunities greater for original work,

We regret that space will not allow us to give more of Mr. Lowell's admirable address. We will, however, quote a very striking passage, referring to the study of the classics. Speaking of the Greeks he said:—

"If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is ramed with life, as perhaps no other writing except Shakspeare's ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Man is ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's grey fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian muse only to forget her purpose."

The concluding portion of the oration was on the duty of the College as a factor in civilization. "Let it," the orator says, "continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches, and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Let it be the hope of the College to make a gentleman, not a conventional gentleman, out of every student; make them men of culture intellectual resource, public spirit and refinement; and endow them with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Harvard distributed her honours with a lavish hand, and yet Dr. McCosh was not satisfied. About forty honorary degrees were conferred upon the visitors at the recent commemoration. According to custom, the authorities of the University notified the President of the United States that they had a doctor's gown and hood waiting for him. But, contrary to custom, President Cleveland replied that as he had not been a college man in his youth, and was not really a learned man, he felt constrained to decline an honour—as he acknowledged it to be—to which he did not feel himself justly entitled. This is Jeffersonian simplicity indeed, and one which does Mr. Cleveland infinite credit. The simple manliness of his reply, and the reasons for his refusal of the degree, are of a piece with that honest and straightforward course which has been so characteristic of Mr. Cleveland's policy, both in private and public, since his elevation to the Presidency. His conduct in this matter shows him to be possessed in a rare degree of what is popularly called common sense, and an idea of the eternal fitness of things. Having been a politician all his life—though now entitled to rank amongst the few living statesmen of the age—and never having been a student or scholar in the broad sense of the term, it was an act of the strictest consistency to decline the degree. And for these very same reasons it may have been harder for Mr. Cleveland to refuse the proffered honour and the opportunity of connecting himself with an institution of such noble worth and venerable dignity as that which Harvard typifies.

It is a pity that the highest degrees of a university are made to do duty as rewards for the attainment of eminent political or social position, inasmuch as such eminence has no necessary connection with literary or scholarly worth. If we have honorary degrees, let them be given in recognition of scholarship and upon no other pretext. But, if we can avoid it, let us do without honorary degrees. We trust President Cleveland in his manly stand on this question will have many imitators.

In all the distinguished throng that assembled to do honour to Harvard, we do not notice the name of a single representative from any of the Canadian universities. This must surely have been an oversight on the part of the Harvard authorities. We trust this mistake will be rectified at the next 250th anniversary. Nevertheless, we know that all Canadian university men rejoice in Harvard's rejoicings, and heartily congratulate her on the noble work she has done in the past and join in sincere wishes for her future success and prosperity.

We understand that the authorities of Woodstock College intend to apply for university powers at the coming session of the Legislature. The liberality of Senator McMaster has rendered this application possible; for without it the Baptist denomination could not hope to establish and adequately endow a university of their own. We are far from wishing to appear, in what we shall say on this matter, to disparage the good work which Mr. McMaster is seeking to do in behalf of higher education in so far as it affects

his own denomination. We wish there were more wealthy men like him in Ontario who would come forward and assist the great cause of education on its financial side. But at the same time we regard the proposal to establish another university in Ontario as the indication of a mistaken policy. And in objecting to this proposal we cannot fairly be charged with jealousy. For the staff of University College is most certainly capable of keeping our College abreast of the times and ahead of all competitors. We have no wish, either, to belittle the good work done by the other colleges in Ontario. We rejoice most heartily in their success; for their object, no less than that of University College, is the advancement of higher education. But that University College stands at the head of our educational system in Ontario, no less from its official position than from its intrinsic worth, is a fact the truth of which we believe most denominational college advocates cannot but acknowledge.

Rivalry in educational matters, when not carried to an extreme, is a powerful spur. Especially is this the case when it takes place between teachers or teaching institutions, as such. But if it is allowed to take the form of competition between universities in respect to degrees or diplomas it is an unmitigated evil. And this sort of rivalry has been the cause of much weakness in the system of higher education as pursued in Ontario. The movement for university confederation, inaugurated three years ago, drew attention to this defect and suggested a remedy for the evil complained of. The action of the Methodist Church, in bringing Victoria College to this city and holding in abeyance the functions of that University, was a denominational movement worthy of all praise. We believe it will ultimately be of immense value to both Victoria and University Colleges and to university education generally in this Province. It will, in our opinion, force the present independent universities to reconsider and modify their decisions. In any event they cannot hope to compete with two thoroughly equipped arts colleges backed by an influential corporation which can command the services of the very best men for its professoriate. The standard will undoubtedly be raised here, and Toronto degrees, being of more value, will be eagerly sought after rather than those given by small independent universities with inadequate resources. In fact, the only competition will be amongst students of Victoria College and University College; the others will be out of the race altogether.

Competition between teaching institutions is right and proper, and we would not object to a Baptist Arts College at Woodstock—though why not at Toronto? But competition between universities as degree-conferring bodies is a cause of much scandal and harm to higher education. In the keen race for existence or popularity standards have to be lowered in order to attract students. While rival universities flourish under these conditions, education suffers.

There are at present six institutions in Ontario that hold university powers. The Western University, about whose worth than useless existence enough has been said in these columns, is practically dead; Victoria temporarily resigns her university powers; this reduces the number of degree-conferring bodies to four, one of which (Ottawa College) may be left out of consideration for all practical purposes. Is it wise or prudent, then, when the tide of educational opinion is so manifestly flowing in the direction of consolidation, to add to this number—already large, if not too large, for our needs and resources? We believe that the answer of all thoughtful and unprejudiced minds will be in the negative.

The gain—if it be any—to Woodstock College, is certainly not commensurate with the injury which the government would do to higher education should they grant university powers to Woodstock College. The Provincial administration has openly pledged itself to support University Confederation in the most practical manner. We cannot imagine, therefore, that it will seek to perpetuate a state of things which it is endeavouring to alter for the better. Such inconsistency, to use no stronger term, could only be explained upon the ground of the exigencies of a general election. We do not know what the Government propose to do in this matter; by the next session a new House will have to deal with the question,—perhaps a new administration. But whatever party may be in power, we would enter our most decided protest against the granting of University functions to Woodstock College, as calculated to do great and lasting harm to the cause of higher education in this Province.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I am unwilling that old customs should perish, or that new ones should be established, without being bewailed or hailed by some fitting monument. From the depth of my passion Love emanated, in celebration of a recent event, the following lines, which, owing to the profundity of my feelings, and the obstinacy of my Muse, are not metrically exact, but which I think the cultured taste will none the less appreciate on that account.

There is a certain homeliness in some of the terms, also, which I could have wished to purge away, but the occasion must be my excuse. Neither have I yet learned the art to blot.

AD INITIANDOS TYRONES.

Weep with me ye sulphurous shades, and fumes of boiling tar, weep with me! Weep solemn state, and midnight gloom, and muffled groans! Tremble ye mufti's throne, and quake with fear! For the Assyrians are encamped against you! Litoria's strains become a woful dirge, and draw rivers of briny rain from Freshmen's vision balls! Let Taddle's stream, encased in mortar walls, prolong the mournful note, and, amid a universal wail, roll on its muddy tribute to the filthier bay!

O lacrymarum fons, course through mine eyes, and let your crystal drops roll down my cheeks to form a flood mightier than swift-flowing Rhodanus! Ye bells toll out a muffled knell in solemn time! Spirits of ye who have bowed the knee before the awful throne, put on your mourning weeds and walk on tacks, for your number is complete! Time-honored use, farewell!

Hail, bread and butter, and Bologna sausage, hail! Ye are the new panacea to cheese the freshie's cheek. Ye shall take your course, moistened with China's weed, shall transform yourselves into chyme and chyle and spread your soothing influence through the reins of Freshdom. Under your fostering care, meekness and humility shall abound, and cheek find no resort in academic halls.

Rejoice, ye gods, rejoice! and let Apollo tune his lyre anew! No longer let the wayward youth be chastised with *cauda bovis*, but let him be soothed with oleus' balm!

Let the fumes of tar, and the fowls' down give way to the fragrance of sausage, and let the immortal gather the inhabitant of Freshdom under his protecting arm, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her sheltering wings!

Mufti, *pax vobiscum!* Salve! sausage.

BUYGUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—One can hardly say that a sign of the times is hazing, but rather that the times are a sign of hazing. No sooner do the freshmen enter college than a hungry watch is set on them to determine who shall be hazed: and this too by men who forget that they once entered those doors, with the same mixed feelings of fear and hope, ready to breathe an inward blessing upon him who would hold out to them the hand of fellowship. In the eyes of ordinary justice first year men have equal rights with those of the senior years, and if one of their number happens to appreciate this fact, it is no reason that his fellow-students should pounce upon him and submit him to degradations which are galling to any man, especially when the situation forces it upon him that it is useless to resist. We all too soon forget that we once were gentlemen of the first year.

It is not with any desire to spoil the fun of the students that I am writing; I thoroughly believe in amusement and will always be its ready supporter. But it has been undeniably proved by the hazing practices of past years that these scenes usually pass from the region of fun into that of barbarity and maliciousness. And here let me remark that for this and other reasons, hazing has long ago been laid on the shelf by the majority of our sister institutions over the line. It is well then that we, who pride ourselves as worthy of being quoted to these colleges as exemplary, should discountenance a practice which they will not tolerate. But further, to say nothing of its being in direct opposition to the college authorities, this buffoonery is very much out of keeping with the prevalent spirit in our college, which is displayed in such institutions as Y. M. C. A., the seniors' reception of a few evenings ago, and other like endeavors to promote social intercourse.

I have heard of no argument in favor of hazing except that it is an "institution" of the students. Now it has happened during the history of the race that certain regular institutions have been given up or changed. Let us hope then that another will soon pass over to the great majority.

N. H. RUSSELL.

ROUND THE TABLE.

So many elements enter into our appreciation of an author that to determine at all accurately, wherein such appreciation consists is rather difficult. Of one class of readers, however, it can be said that they regard a thought only statistically or chronologically. The thought or image, in itself, is not of interest to them; their great concern is to know—who said it first? As if a writer did not, on publication, make all the world partner in his thought. When the question of ownership is settled to their satisfaction, they come to regard the object of their investigation as in some way peculiarly private. Beware of trespassing, or you will be pursued by the full-mouthed clamour of the pack. The memory of such a character is not consecrated to choice passages that yield him the most intense enjoyment, but is much like a ledger of the debts of authors to one another. An extract from the Holinshed account might read like this:—W. Shakspeare to Holinshed, debtor, one fact and wording thereof. W. Shakspeare, per contra, creditor, one image improved. What beautiful appreciation! Just as among bibliomaniacs the 'tall-copyist' estimates literature with a brass-tipped foot-rule, does the plagiarism-hunter use a calendar.

* * *

A mild, yet disagreeable type of this genus is the man who is careful to remind you of the paternity of any quotation you may have happened to use in conversation. I remember sitting with one such on a lake-shore, when the purple flush that attends the death of a summer day, tinged with gorgeous coloring the deep vault above, and the gentle swell, lazily lapping on the sandy beach, conveyed a dreamy rhythm to eye and ear. Content was I to forget my companion and lose my senses in that serene loveliness of nature that seemed to fill up my whole core of being. Half unconsciously I repeated from the 'Lotos-Eaters,' as I followed the lines of swell,

"To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

With leaden utterance, my companion broke in on my reverie—"That's Tennyson," he said, in a tone that implied I did him a personal injury in working off on him Tennyson without giving chapter and verse. I promptly retorted "No, sir, it is mine; for I feel it." But on turning again to the scene, I found the mood had changed; the subtle charm had fled—I have not quite forgiven him yet.

* * *

When a writer deliberately palms off, as his own, imagery borrowed from another, of course it is proper to expose the fraud. But to limit him to treat of those thoughts, if any, that have not been embodied in words before his time, is to condemn him to silence. What more ancient passion than love? Yet what affection of the mind do men still describe more willingly, and with greater pleasure to their audience? No one man, in his treatment thereof, ever exhausted the attractiveness of that most sweet madness, and in all likelihood never will. Fancy modern novelists deprived of this setting for their work!

I am entitled to make use of whatever thoughts I can master. This is the criterion, not a parrot-like repetition; but such a mastery that it is possible for me, by its aid, to make further conquests. But if I keep my thoughts, like tender plants in a hot-house, to look at, for fear they may come to harm, they are but useless lumber, not mental furnishings.

* * *

Let me whisper a question in your ear,—did you ever keep a commonplace book? A friend of mine has one with thirty four and a half pages written, the last dated July 7th, 1884. It is a large square book with a nicely embossed cover of olive green, and he used to write out in it, late in the night, his crude yearnings, his bitter, juvenile scorn, his wild, passionate hopes and fears,—all that was astir in his soul. It was not without a certain approbation from himself, I believe, that he made these needless soundings in the shallows; and the olive green book was a friend to whom he said nightly, *Liberavi animam meam*. But as is our want with friends, this one came, in time, to be less and less in his thoughts—

* * *

(He treasures it carefully now, and sometimes, when he is alone with himself and not over well pleased with his company, looks into it with half a sigh and half a grin, just as some day, doubtless, I shall grin at what I have written here. For it was only two years ago.)

* * *

—Well, on the date I have recorded—it was after he had matri-

culated—he wrote, in red ink, at the bottom of what he had written last, these words from George Eliot:—

"Examine your mind well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, especially about your own feelings—much harder than it is to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth."

This made such a revelation of him, the foolishly anxious, self-questioning, introverted diary-keeper, to himself as to make him ashamed of himself. *Confiteor*.

* * *

The following is from our esteemed exchange the *Amherst Student*.—A new chapter has opened in the history of the College Senate. Since the framing of the constitution last year, no matter of special importance has come before the body, but at the last meeting, on Friday, the 28th ult., a step in advance was taken, important enough to show that in the near future the administration in matters of discipline, will be wholly in the hands of students. The case brought up at this meeting was that of a student who had promised one of his professors not to use a translation in the class-room, but had failed to keep the promise. The facts in the case were obtained, as far as possible, by the President, and given to the Senate, and the student was summoned to appear before the body and give his defence. This was done, and after considerable discussion, it was decided on the evidence that the student had broken the contract, and was therefore no longer a member of the college. There being many extenuating facts in the case, a motion was then passed advising the President, as President of the College, to grant a readmission on certain conditions. Hitherto, matters of this sort have been referred to the Faculty, and this is the first case of the kind that has been left to the Senate. The action is important in that it means a transference of power from the Faculty to the Senate, which will make the latter body what it was intended to be in the college. It also puts the final seal on the success of student government, as it was conceived by President Seelye, and as it is being adopted generally in the college world.

* * *

I have a curious old book, *The Pursuits of Literature*, bearing on its title-page the date 1794. It is a satiric poem in four parts, foolish and pedantic, and deals largely with everything under the sun, and especially with the progress of the French Revolution. It ran through a dozen editions before the world very willingly let it die with the last century; De Quincey devotes a few pages to it in one of his essays, and you will find it mentioned in the *Curiosities of Literature*. A dull, pretentious, solemn noodle of a book, which one would find exquisitely amusing, were it not for its ponderous, elaborate witticisms. What I esteem it for is that its strong old binding, discoloured and time-worn, bears four or five circular stains such as might have been made by the pewter-pots from some ancient London tavern. Whatever name was on the fly-leaf has long since been carefully cut out, leaving no check to my fancy when I choose to picture to myself the attic in Grub street where such an affront was put upon its grave and reverend seemliness by some poor scribbler's pot of ale,—some bookseller's hack, who in the end sold it for tenpence at a stall; perhaps, like Bludyer in *Pendennis*, after having reviewed it. A strange den it was, I feel sure,—full of books and papers, bread-crusts, tobacco boxes and stray boots; like the den which Swift described, in writing so cruelly of John Dennis, "its whole floor covered with manuscripts as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas Eve, while on the table were some ends of verse and candles, a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale, covered with a Longinus."

* * *

Speaking of authors' dens, you will remember how Thackeray, not without a certain fellow feeling, writes of the sorrows of Fitzroy. "No sooner was he gone than the women pounced upon his little study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the encyclopædia, some they jammed into the drawers," and so forth. A few chapters on we read of the mother-in-law, "how in Fitz's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It had been described how she had sacked his study, and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of our article for the *Law Magazine*, 'Lives of the Sheriffs' Officers' he has never been able to find to this day."

* * *

"It is, indeed, a literary journal of which all Canada may well be proud; for though thoroughly Canadian in tone, its pages present an admirably wide range of thought. It is without the slightest tinge of provincialism; and as for enterprise,—it stands unrivalled!" This was the ingenious man's contribution to a talk about the *Week*.

"No doubt you have heard the rumor," he added, "that in an early issue there will appear an article by Goldwin Smith."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

A. B. Thompson—'85—has gone to San Antonio, Texas.

R. Haddow, B.A., is spending a year in New Brunswick, at Riverside, Albert Co.

Justin McCarthy visited the University the other day in company with Chancellor Blake.

In reporting the last public debate the VARSITY stated that decision was given in favour of the negative. It should have read *affirmative*, not negative. The mistake is due to the peculiar wording of the question.

The Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science held its regular meeting in Professor Pike's lecture room on Tuesday afternoon. The regular business of the society being disposed of, several new members were admitted. G. H. Richardson read a paper on the subject of "Rodding on Railroad Work." In the course of the paper Mr. Richardson elucidated many important details in the preliminary work of railroad construction, it being quite apparent that the author has not only a theoretical but also a practical knowledge of his subject. An interesting feature of the meeting was a discussion on the subject of "The Preservation of Wood." This discussion was opened by C. H. Pinhey taken up by the meeting and fully discussed.

On Thursday afternoon a meeting was held in Moss Hall to reconsider the business transacted at the meeting of Tuesday, in regard to a College dinner. Mr. J. G. Hume, chairman, explained that in order not to encroach upon the time of the Temperance League meeting, the business of Tuesday was hurriedly brought to a close; whereas, had it not been so, in all probability a second ballot would have been called to decide the question of the chairmanship of the dinner. A vote was taken to ascertain the feeling of the students on the question of opening the meeting again. The motion carried by a two-thirds vote. Mr. Jones moved, Mr. W. A. Bradley seconded, that the College dinner be held in Residence dining hall if 200 tickets be sold; if more than 200 in Convocation Hall. The motion was carried. Mr. J. S. McLean declining the nomination for chairmanship, Mr. A. H. Young was declared elected.

The usual weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan Hall on Wednesday afternoon at 4:15; the president in the chair. After the election of new members and the nomination of several others, a ballot was cast for the remaining offices to be filled from the present third year. The result was as follows:—Second Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Sparling; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. Cross; Councillors, Messrs. J. M. Higgins and R. Harkness. Messrs. Sparling and Cross then addressed the meeting on "Currency and Credit as parts of the mechanism of Exchange." Both addresses were well delivered and showed much thought and careful preparation. The words of these gentlemen were supplemented by some valuable and interesting remarks from the chair on the currency and general fiscal policy of the United States. The meeting next week will be addressed by Messrs. J. W. Harrison and W. H. Grant on "Money with special reference to the Metallic Controversy."

Between fifty and sixty students attended the regular Y.M.C.A. meeting on Thursday evening. The leader, E. S. Hogarth, spoke on the subject "Overcoming the World"—John 16: 33. His remarks were of a practical character. The leader was followed by a large number of other speakers who made suitable remarks on the subject. On Tuesday evening of the week of Prayer, the students had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Jos. Cook, the celebrated lecturer, on Friday to Dr. McCurdy, on Thursday to C. C. Owen, B.A., and on Wednesday to Mr. Harkness. A number of classes meet for Bible study in the building during the week. About seventy-five students are in attendance. The Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society have kindly presented the Association with three dozen copies of the Old and New Testament, combined, and also a copy of Cruden's Concordance. Dr. Sheraton's Greek Testament class had an increased attendance this week and promises to overflow the parlor in which it is held at present. The Dr. meets his class every Sunday at 3 p.m. Messrs. Crawford, on Monday, Gould and Wright, on Tuesday, and Wilson and Fortune, on Thursday, have charge of the work in the Newsboys' Lodgings next week.

The first public meeting of the Temperance League was held on Tuesday afternoon in Moss Hall, Dr. Wilson in the chair. Mr. N. W. Hoyles pointed out the dangers that threaten the British nation from the prevalence of drinking habits. Moral reforms are

necessary, and these may be brought about by personal influence and perseverance on the part of individuals. Let young men take the matter in hand and call a halt in the onward march of intemperance. Let University men take a firm stand against this growing evil, for it is their privilege to wield a mighty influence in after years. Rev. Father McCann, of Brockton, addressed the meeting in a humorous speech. "Temperance is a cardinal virtue," and "when the taste for strong drink becomes a danger prohibition becomes a necessity, total abstinence a golden rule." Excess is condemned by natural law, as is shown in its inevitable results. Moderation is not a safe thing, for the moderate drinker is in continued danger of becoming an immoderate drinker. The use of ardent liquors weakens the moral resolve. Intemperance unfits a man for good citizenship. Mr. F. H. Spence showed that the cause need not lag on account of failures. The failures it has sustained are but valuable experiences. Legislation and moral suasion should go hand in hand in furthering the interests of this great cause. It is better to suppress an evil than to attempt to "regulate" it.

The following were the Association Football teams of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Varsity second eleven who met in Hamilton on Thanksgiving Day: H. C. I.—Goal, R. Gourley, B.A.; Backs, W. Stevens, B.A., and Hamilton; H. Backs, Coats, T. Marshall, B.A.; Forwards, J. Sanford, C. F. Carpenter, T. Johnson, B.A., J. Short, B.A., Anderson, Roseburg. 2nd Varsity.—Goal, J. C. Stuart; Backs, J. D. Edgar, H. Senkler; H. Backs, J. N. Dales, T. Elliott; Forwards, B. M. Aikins, J. T. Crawford, J. Johnson, W. Prendergast, R. Gibson, H. Laflamme.

A cold wind was blowing lengthwise of the field, driving before it heavy flakes of snow which froze into ice on the jerseys of the players and covered the ground to the depth of three inches. Being unexpected the visitors were forced to wait an hour and a half before the home team could be collected. Play was called at 4 p.m. The wind was strong and in favor of the Varsity, but the ball being wet was not much affected by it. If the waiting was unpleasantly cold the game was pleasantly warm. In the first half each side scored a goal. In the second half the Varsity pulled together and by some pretty combined playing placed two more goals to their credit. The Collegiates failed to balance accounts, thus losing the game—three to one in the hour's play.

After supper the Varsity men spent a social hour with the graduates, of whom quite a number are in attendance at the Hamilton Training School. On the way to the train the quiet of the street was broken by the merry songs of a well-pleased company, who will not soon forget the "outing" at Hamilton.

Missionary day, on which lectures are abandoned and the time is occupied by such exercises as tend to cultivate amongst the students a missionary spirit, was observed, as is usual each month, on Friday, 12th inst. In the morning, Dr. Judson, of New York, the son of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, spoke at some length on "City Missions," after which he answered a number of questions pertaining to that work. All were pleased with his happy, sympathetic and inspiring spirit. In the afternoon, papers were read by Messrs. R. Garrick, B.A., and J. L. Gilmour, B.A., on "Wm. Burns," and "China Inland Missions," respectively.—The allotment of Mission Fields has been made for the union. Four students have been appointed to every field which each supplies in turn.—Mr. R. E. Millar, a third year University man, has been forced, through ill-health, to discontinue his college course.—Tuesday afternoon, 16th inst., the chapel room of the College was well-filled with Divinity students from the different schools to hear the Rev. Jos. Cook on the "Origin of Evil," and to propound questions. In a few sentences the lecturer stated his belief in regard to the subject, and devoted the remainder of the hour in answering the questions. These were mainly of a theological and metaphysical character. At the conclusion he remarked that no new question had been asked. They were the same as many he had answered in Calcutta, Japan, England and other countries. So the world currents of religious thought, though separated by distance, do run in the same direction.—The Theological Society gives an open meeting on Friday evening, 3rd prox. The subject for debate regards the advisability of forming a third, or Prohibition party in Canadian politics.

Last Tuesday afternoon a fairly large number of undergraduates met in Moss Hall to receive and discuss the report of the committee—appointed about two weeks ago—regarding the proposed second annual dinner. There has been considerable opposition this year to holding the dinner in one of the city hotels, and this feeling found vent in the discussion of Mr. McLean's motion that the dinner be held in the Rossin House. Mr. A. H. Young, moved an amendment that a semi-cold dinner be served in Convocation Hall or Residence dining room on the ground, that being less expensive it would be more generally attended. Then followed an exciting discussion, the principal arguments being, on the one side, that an expensive dinner would not be representative, and on the other, that a "cold collation," beside being unsatisfactory, would be unbecoming to the dignity of the University, and that, after all, the difference in expense was trifling between a good dinner and a poor one. The gourmants eventually triumphed, and it has been deci-

ded to hold the dinner in the Rossin House. The following committee was then elected with power to add to their number: Chairman, J. S. MacLean; First vice chairman, J. O. Miller; Second vice chairman, J. H. Moss; Secretary, F. A. C. Redden; Treasurer, J. S. Johnson. The business transacted at this meeting was set aside by a second meeting on Thursday, at which the following committee was appointed:—Chairman, A. H. Young; Vice-chairmen, J. E. Jones and E. C. Acheson; Secretary, T. A. Gibson; Treasurer, J. C. Stuart. Mr. J. S. MacLean declining the nomination for chairmanship of the dinner, Mr. A. H. Young was declared elected. Mr. Jones moved, Mr. W. A. Bradley seconded, That the College dinner be held in Residence Dining Hall if 200 tickets be sold; if more than 200, in Convocation Hall. Carried.

The first annual cross country run of the Varsity students, being the wind-up of their recent sports, was held Monday afternoon, when seventeen students participated in an exciting race. The start was made at 3.44 from the north of the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds, and the course was thence east along the south drive, and back of Mr. Edgar J. Jarvis' house, down to the Don flats; along the flats to Taylor's paper mills; thence west for thirty yards on the Don Mills-road; then north across fields and fences to a side-line, along which a westerly run of a couple of miles brought the racers opposite Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton, where the finish was. This was the course over which the annual run of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association was held a couple of weeks ago. At that time Mr. S. D. Jones, of Montreal, covered the course in 35 minutes. The best time made on Monday, that of G. B. McClean, was 44 minutes. The slowness of this is due to the fact that the ground was exceedingly heavy from recent wet weather. In some places, especially on the Don flats, it was quite marshy. The exact length of the course is $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Mr. J. A. Garvin acted as starter, while Mr. C. P. Orr, of Toronto Lacrosse Club, and Mr. J. S. Johnson were the judges at the turn, a point on the Don Mills-road, a little over three miles from the starting place. The starters' names, their times at the finish, and the order of winning, are: G. B. McClean, 4.28; A. A. Macdonald, 4.29; E. C. Senkler, 4.29.15; J. B. Pyke, 4.29.30; H. McLaren, 4.30; L. E. Skey, 4.30.30. The next in order were:—A. H. O'Brien, H. J. Chewett, A. G. Smith, C. M. Canniff, N. Morrison, J. H. Moss, R. H. Johnston, J. H. A. Proctor, J. S. MacLean, J. H. Senkler, E. C. Acheson. Quite a number of fellow students, a few ladies and Prof. Keys greeted the boys at the finish. A party of fifty-two sat down to supper at Oulcott's Hotel, Mr. McKendrick presiding. The chief trophy, a silver cup, the gift of Mr. S. B. Windrum, was presented to Mr. McClean, who, together with the five next men, received handsome silver medals, all of different designs. Mr. Acheson received a tasty cake. Mr. Oulcott was the donor of one of the medals. A pleasant time was spent with song and speech and all enjoyed themselves as the Varsity boys ever do. Mr. J. S. MacLean proposed a scheme, which it is hoped will be carried out, viz.: the formation of a "University College Amateur Athletic Association," which will comprise all the athletic clubs now in the college, Rugby and association football, baseball, cricket and hockey, the Executive Committee to manage the gymnasium and sports on Convocation Day.

The first match this year for the cup presented by J. K. Kerr, Esq., for competition by the City Rugby Football Clubs, and at present held by the Varsity, was played on Saturday last, the Torontos being the challenging club. Each was represented by its best team, and, without doubt, the game was the fastest and best seen in Toronto this season. Although this game was announced to commence at 2.30 p.m., the Torontos, as usual, were late in putting in an appearance, and it was over an hour later before the game was started. Mr. Gordon, Upper Canada College, was chosen referee, and Messrs. Boyd and Bayly, umpires. MacLean winning the toss, took the kick-off, and Toronto defended the northern goal. Mustard sent the ball far into Toronto territory, and Varsity following up fast, prevented a return. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes the play was in the vicinity of Toronto goal, and all in favour of Varsity, the former seeming more or less rattled by the speed and energy of Varsity. E. C. Senkler secured the ball and passed to Boyd, who punted over Toronto goal, and rushing in, secured a try. Toronto, however, claimed that the ball had been pitched out of the scrimmage, and the referee allowed the claim. Varsity brought back the ball without a word, in contrast to the conduct of the Torontos, later, when their claims were not allowed. In a few minutes the ball was again sent across Toronto line and rouged, but a claim of foul play by Varsity being allowed, the ball was brought back. Here Saunders, by a long kick, sent the ball away down the field, and Varsity backs failing to return it, the scene of war was transferred to the latter's territory. Another long kick scored a rouge for Toronto. H. Senkler kicked off. Shortly afterwards the ball was kicked behind Varsity goal, and Mustard in returning slipped. The ball struck a Toronto forward and bounded back. J. E. Senkler attempted to rouge, but being somewhat dazed by a kick on the head, received a few minutes

before, missed it, and W. Smith secured a try. Saunders, however, failed to kick a goal, and shortly afterwards half-time was called, the score being 5 to 0 in favour of Toronto. After a short intermission goals were changed and play resumed. "Chippie" Smith returned the ball beautifully on the kick-off, and it went into touch near Toronto twenty-five yard post. With the exception of a few minutes when Toronto rushed the ball down within a few feet of Varsity goal and Varsity as promptly rushed it back, the play was decidedly in favour of the latter. Varsity secured two rouges in quick succession. Finally E. Senkler secured the ball and passed to his brother who, being tackled by Cameron, passed to Smith. A Toronto man ran into the latter from behind and knocked the ball out of his hands. Rykert secured it, and rushing in, obtained a try. Toronto claimed that Smith had passed the ball forward, but the claim was not allowed. Toronto growled. H. Senkler failed to kick a goal. Cameron hurt his leg in tackling Senkler, and had to withdraw, so Varsity dropped a man to make the numbers equal. Saunders, in kicking off, sent the ball against a Varsity forward. The ball bounded back, and scrimmaging was resumed near Toronto goal. McClean, by one of his brilliant rushes, secured a try near the touch-line. Being a very difficult one to kick no goal was obtained, but the Varsity score was raised to 10. Saunders kicked off and Boyd returned the ball by one of the prettiest kicks of the day, sending it into touch near Toronto goal-line. A few minutes after Smith got the ball, and winding his way through the Toronto players, obtained another try. Senkler, who was very much off in place-kicking, again failed to convert the try into a goal. Before Varsity had time to secure another try time was called and the match awarded to Varsity by a score of 14 points to 5. For Toronto both Saunders and Muntz played a splendid game. The Varsity team one and all played well. Smith and Boyd made some fine kicks. Mill, who played full the second half, was quite at home there, and did what little work he had well. McClean at quarter did very effective service, his rushes gaining ground every time. The Varsity looked considerably lighter than their opponents, but made up their deficiency in this respect by their superior condition. It required a great deal of self-sacrifice to train for two months as our boys have done, but they have the consolation of knowing that their efforts are appreciated by all lovers of sport in the College.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is brought to conclusion. In the present issue appears the third of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. Several communications have been held over for want of space.

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DI-VARSITIES.

LAMIA.

Lamia, thou art wistful wise,
With knowledge born of sorrows;
Lamia, thou hast mystic eyes,
Full of sweet to-morrows.

Lamia, thou hast lashes fair,
Long and soft and curling;
When thou lift'st them—ah, that's rare—
Thy glance sets blood a-whirling.

Lamia, thou hast lips so red,
A man might gladly sever
Soul from body, and lie dead,
To kiss them warm forever.

Lamia, thine's the whitest arm
That ever lace enfolded;
Aphrodite lost a charm
When that fair limb was moulded.

Lamia, thy white dainty hand,
With diamonds on it basking,—
How my heart would leap, and stand
All trembling, in the asking!

L'Envoi.

But, Lamia, I will ask thee not,
For all thy smiling pensive,
I'll ask thee not to share my lot;
The racket's too expensive.

Smith.—What is Brown doing now on the item?

Jones.—(an editor).—Everything from writing poetry up to soliciting advertising.

Smith.—You mean from soliciting up to writing poetry, dont you?

Jones.—Did you ever read any of Brown's poetry?

Smith.—No.

Jones.—(conclusively).—I thought not.

Well, ole Bill Jump were goin' through the woods one day, an' he met a big b'ar. Bill didn't want to fight, but the b'ar did an' were boun' to. Bill see he were in fur it, an' got skeert a little. So he flopped down on his marrer-bones an' 'gun to pray. "O Lord!" he sez, "I ain't ever ast ye fur nuthin' afore," he sez, "an' if y'll unly help me out this time, I'll never ast ye fur nuthin' agin," he sez. "But, O Lord," he sez, "if ye can't help me, don't help the b'ar," he sez; "an' ye'll see the dod-durndest b'ar-fight," he sez, th't ever shuck up these woods!"

Queen Elizabeth, while visiting Westminster school, noticed a bright-faced boy in the ranks drawn up to receive her. "My boy," she asked pleasantly, "have you ever been flogged?" His answer was, "*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.*"

Dumas one day called on a lady to present her with a copy of his last play. A physician was present who sneered, "Still dabbling in tragedies?" The dramatist answered, "Come, doctor, no jealousy! you know nobody can mistake my work for yours, as all your tragedies are bound in mahogany, mine in morocco."

An old schoolmaster in Swabia, in a service of fifty-three years, according to his own faithful statement, administered 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodies, 10,200 ear-boxes, 22,700 tasks, 136 tips with the rule, 700 boys to stand on peas, 6,000 to kneel on sharp edged wood, 5,000 to wear the fool's cap, 1,700 to hold the rod—in all, 1,282,036 cases of punishment.

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So great has grown his aversion to capital in all its forms, that he now writes his name, "henry george."

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THOUGHT SOME HAD BEEN ORDERED.—
Mr. Isaacstein (at spiritualistic seance): Tell me how was de clothing pizness up there?
Disembodied Spirit: We wear only angel's clothes up here.

Mr. I.: Shimminy Christmas, an' I ain't got none in shtock.

A TALE OF TWO FINGERS.
He took "two fingers" before he went,
To brace his nerves a bit;
On hunting woodcock he was bent,
And hunted away with grit:
But the liquor muddled his whirling brain,
As liquor will often do,
And the gun went off in a moment vain,
And it took two fingers too!

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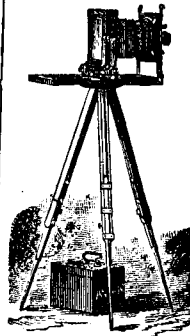
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