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# THE VARSITY

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

Vol. X.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1891.

No. 17.

## Editorial Comments.



THE meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening was the first of the important meetings that always presage the close of the year and the near approach of examinations. The Executive Committee having resolved, the society concurring, to hold the annual elections on the evening of March the 20th, there will be only four more meetings of the society; two of these will be devoted to nominations and elections, one to discussion of the franchise and membership clauses of the constitution and the other to general discussion of the constitution and reception of reports from the different committees. Thus as far as the literary programmes are concerned the work of the society for the year is done; the remainder of the year will be given up entirely to the business that always accumulates at this time. The last meeting deserves attention.

The adjournment of the Mock Parliament was a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Lieut. George A. Badgerow, a fellow student and a member of the society. The resolution of condolence, which was carried by the silent yet unanimous vote of the large number of students present, was but a feeble expression of the sorrow that every member felt. Had it been at any other time of the year the business as well as the literary part would have been adjourned, but the pressure of some very important business rendered the action impossible.

The resolution of Mr. Donald, moved in the latter's absence by Mr. McLaren, authorizing a grant of fifty dollars to the Glee Club, aroused considerable warm, and at some stages acrimonious, discussion. It has been the custom of the society to make a grant to the Glee Club each year on the ground that the club rendered very important services to the society at the *Conversazione*, at the public debates and at the ordinary meetings of the society. There being no *conversazione* this year, the Glee Club has not had the opportunity of doing as much for the society as it has done in the past years, and this has probably led to a partial neglect of the society's interests. The prevalent opinion, though not very strongly expressed, seemed to be that the Glee Club had treated the society with somewhat scant courtesy during the past year, and that their services had been rather meagre. Notwithstanding this, most, if not all, present were willing to make the grant even if the services of the club were not sufficient to warrant it, but they wished to know if the finances of the club demanded it; this alleged interference in the private affairs of the club excited considerable feeling on the part of its members which certainly did not help their case. The statement of the society's finances almost took away the breath of most of the members, and rendered the possibility of the grant being made rather doubtful. The society has been dealing out money with a lavish hand

this year, and the low ebb at which our own treasury is admonishes us to call a halt. The grant to the Glee Club will come up again on Friday, the 6th, and in all probability will be made. THE VARSITY wishes to join with one of the speakers in expressing the hope that the day is not far distant when every organization around the college will depend entirely on itself, and not expect aid from the Literary Society.

The action of the society in the matter of an Athletic Association will no doubt result in such an association being speedily formed. The interest taken in athletics by all men in college is a very pleasing sign and an augury for success in the future. At the same time care must be taken that the support of athletics does not fall on the Literary Society but on this Athletic Association, and it might have been advisable for the society to have informed itself as to what the authorities would do in the matter of the dollar fee collected from the students before pledging itself to take athletics under its wing. But we apprehend no difficulty in the matter, and have no doubt but that next year athletics will be placed on a sound and safe basis.

We have received a communication from H. R. Moore, B.A., on the subject of the medal in Physics. Mr. Moore belongs to that class "whose only fault," he writes, "was that too many of them were fortunate enough to secure first-class honors and concerning which class Mr. McKay stated in a letter that he was willing to declare it to be the best he had ever examined." The letter merely describes the steps taken by the writer to obtain some satisfactory reason for what he, in common with so many others, considers an injustice, and as they are almost identical with those so clearly stated in Mr. Chant's letter, the publication of Mr. Moore's letter would be but to repeat the substance of what has already been said. As for ourselves the discussion on the subject will close. THE VARSITY has done its duty in laying bare the facts of the case as far as it lay in its power, but all must admit that the argument has been entirely on one side. That this has been so has not been the fault of THE VARSITY, as its columns have been open for the presentation of the other side of the case. Are our readers to conclude that there is no other side, that justice is all on the side of those who have used this journal to state their position? This much has been shown, that the College Council offered a medal in Physics, that four students took high first-class honors (we have been informed on good authority that some, if not all, took over ninety per cent.), that notwithstanding this no medal was given, that in view of the high stand taken the words "not awarded," on the Convocation list, were monstrously unjust, that the College Council virtually acknowledged their error by asking Professor Loudon to award the medal after their attention had been drawn to their mistake and that now they still refuse to do what is their duty to do, award their own medals. We make no further comment; the graduates and undergraduates of the University can form their own conclusions.

## A SONG.

I was ling'ring on the river,  
It was quiet then, in fair,  
There was life then, and mere sunshine,  
There was alchemy in air.  
And the sunbeams touched the water  
And the ripples caught their light,  
And they laughed and fled together,  
O'er the meadlands, out of sight.

Where the sky lay deeply mirrored  
On the bosom of the stream,  
I beheld an image growing,  
Swift and silent as a dream.  
As the moon breaks through the darkness  
In the heaven's vasty space,  
In the shadow on the river  
Dawned the beauty of a face.

And the eyes, whose wealth of meaning  
Lent a lustre to the brow,  
Into mine looked one glad moment,  
For it seems a moment, now.  
Then the wavelets swept it onward  
With the river's buoyant course,  
And I knew not even whither  
As I knew not whence its source.

We must learn at last a patience  
That will suffer, not essay  
To resist the flux, or ebbing;  
There is nothing that shall stay.  
But I pray the current bore it  
To some fair and gracious clime,  
For the sweet, sweet face was yours, dear,  
And the flowing river, time.

EVELYN DURAND.

## PERFECTION OF FORM IN LITERATURE.

Few men care to say of their work what Browning's  
Andrea del Sarto makes bold to say of his art:—

"I can do with my pencil what I know,  
What I see, what at bottom of my heart  
I wish for. . . .  
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly  
I do not boast, perhaps."

And not many, on the first thought, are disposed to agree with him in saying of other artists who are unable to execute all that they dimly conceive—who cannot paint perfectly the fair visions that float before them:—

"There burns a truer light of God in them.

Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,  
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me

Though they come back and can not tell the world."

If this is true, it ought to bring a measure of comfort to a vast crowd of artists of various kinds who are often in despair at the unworthy representation they give of their inward conception, so far does their "reach exceed their grasp." It may be worth while to consider whether in general one who can perfectly delineate the various moods of his mind is not, after all, one whose thoughts are not subtle and suggestive enough, and whose feelings are not strong enough, to perplex his brain or to unnerve his hand.

Two pupils, for example, are studying music. To the one music means little more than rhythm and movement, and he selects compositions accordingly. The other recog-

nizes music as a means of expressing a great variety of thoughts and feelings, and he strives not only to execute correctly as to pitch and rhythm, but also to express the rapidly-changing moods of his composition by softness and delicacy of touch here, by strength and firmness there; now by increasing speed and vigor, and again by languishing strains dying away into silence. At a certain stage in the progress of these two pupils, if they were called on to the disadvantage of the second. He endeavors to express more than the other does, and he is conscious that to express it perfectly is beyond his power yet; thus, to a more difficult task he brings a less confident spirit. The result is that many false touches mar the effect of his piece, while the other pleases by his accurate rendering of a less complex and suggestive composition. Thus the possession of a fine musical susceptibility proves a hindrance to perfect execution. A similar remark might be made with reference to oratory. In sculpture, painting, literature, as well as in many of the useful arts, the self-consciousness that affects an orator or a musician on account of the presence of a critical audience is usually absent. But in all these arts alike, the higher the type of workmanship aimed at, the more likely is the artist to come short of perfection. The more delicate and complex the work, the more easily is it marred. And yet such attempts, failures though they are, often indicate conceptions of rare beauty or power lurking in the background of the imagination, which the artist has not quite succeeded in bringing into distinct outline.

Susceptibility to beauty of form or color, whether in nature or in art, is not confined to those who are able to reproduce that which stirs emotion in them. The charm of a quiet country landscape in early autumn is felt by many a one who never put brush to canvas or pen to paper in an attempt to give artistic expression to the sensations produced. None the less they can appreciate the truth and force of a reproduction of the scene by a skilful artist. It is possible for the perceptive and critical faculties to develop while the corresponding constructive faculties remain comparatively inactive. The ability to appreciate all that is excellent in works of art may run a long way in advance of the ability to produce such works. On the other hand, there may be great facility of execution with little corresponding depth of conception.

In the best poets we find a wider sympathy with nature and a deeper expression of the hearts of men than others possess, but some even eminent poets owe their eminence, I believe, more to facility in the use of language—mere fluency—together with other advantages of circumstance, than to any superior poetic sensitiveness which they possess over the majority of men. Like Andrea del Sarto, they can express almost perfectly what they see, what they wish for, but what they see and wish for has been seen and wished for and written of by many before they gave it expression. Men who see and yearn for forms of beauty and truth that have never yet been suggested to the world are truer poets, even though their power of expression is not adequate to their conception. In them "burns a truer light of God" than in the others, although it may not shine so far because the windows of their souls are not so easily thrown open.

Taking the hero of Browning's poem as the type of those who can execute well whatever they conceive, but whose conceptions are not of the highest order, we may still inquire whether the Andrea del Sartos of literature form a very numerous class. And here we come to the old question, much debated but still unsettled—what is genius? For a long time it was held that genius is a divine touch bestowed only on a favored few, who are thus separated by a great gulf from the mass of men; just as in statesmanship it was believed that the few were divinely ordained to rule the many. In these days when equality is the watchword of political and social progress, we are in danger of going to the other extreme and acting as if men

were as nearly equal in mental capacity as they are in civil rights. We assume that the existing differences among men are differences of degree in mental development, and not in kind of mental endowment. Yet, after all, what is development at any stage but endowment for further progress? Whether we consider the time of one's birth, or any subsequent time, one has a certain equipment in mental faculty. And just as an individual person, by chance or choice, develops during his life certain of his faculties to the neglect of others, so do families and races, during the progress of centuries, develop certain faculties while the germs of others remain latent. And in addition to differences that may be said to be due to accidents of development, there are also characteristic individual differences which we can not easily account for. But modern civilization, although at first sight it may seem to be differentiating us more and more by specializing our pursuits, really tends to bring the mass of men to a common intellectual level. No sooner does an eminent biologist announce a new theory of disease, or a new remedy, than the world eagerly devours every scrap of information that can be gained concerning it, and soon has a fairly intelligent understanding of the new theory. A particularly interesting criminal case is studied by the people of a continent, and judge, jury, lawyers and detectives are criticized by men and women of all conditions. Everybody, in these days, is somewhat of a theologian; everybody has his theory of education, and, above all things, everybody is a politician. There never was a time since history began when every person in the civilized world had as active and intelligent an interest in the sayings and doings of everybody else as now. And the natural result of this is a tendency to equality of mental capacity the world over.

This community of interest that goes along with diversity of special work in the present age has its influence on all departments of activity, and its influence is not least felt in the domain of literature. The number of readers of poetry to-day is much larger than it used to be, and every reader has become critical. He has acquired a liking for certain forms, and to some extent has lost his instinctive recognition of truth and naturalness in art. Consequently an accustomed form is insisted on as if it were the essential substance, and an innovator who perhaps gets nearer to nature finds himself neglected. It oftener happens that a constituency of readers creates its poet than that a poet creates his constituency. If it is true that he who sings a nation's songs has more to do with moulding its destiny than he who makes its laws, it is also true that those very songs are inspired by the people and must be sung by the people. Generally the character of poetry at any time will depend on the critical taste of those who read. If they are highly susceptible to what is artistic in forms of verse, but little interested in the spirit and purpose of the poet, their influence will tend to develop faultless execution more than depth of thought or feeling. At such a time there may be an abundance of shallow writers perfect in style and diction, "faultily faultless . . . splendidly null"; but true felicity of expression depends so much on its infinite suggestiveness that it is hard to imagine any person—least of all a poet—expressing anything perfectly unless he occasionally rises to the third heaven and gets glimpses of unspeakable things. A man without inspiration, yet perfect in execution, is probably as rare in literature as in art.

T. W. STANDING.

There are twenty-seven fraternities at Cornell.

Lectures in Volapuk are now delivered at Yale, which is the first American college to add the language to its curriculum.

Prof. White, of Cornell, has edited the German poet Heine's works. A useful feature is an appendix, setting forth the linguistic, syntactical and metrical characteristics of the poet's writings.

### LIEUT. GEORGE A. BADGEROW.

The melancholy duty devolves upon us this week of recording the death of one of our most prominent and popular fellow-students. Death laid his icy hands upon him without a moment's warning; and a single trivial occurrence—the bolting or shying of his horse—carried with it results as terrible and decisive for him as they were shocking for us.

The prominent place which George Badgerow has taken in college life during the three years of his undergraduate course has made him a well-known figure about the college and his face familiar to us all. He matriculated from Upper Canada College, where he passed about six years of his school days, and the cheerfulness and manliness which always characterized him at once made him a prominent figure in the class of '92. During his first year he took an active part in all the sports of the college and was a valuable acquisition to the Rugby team. At the end of the year he was elected to the office of Third Vice-President of the Literary Society, which he filled during his second year. Early in that year he took his commission as Second Lieutenant of "K" Co., and was until his death a most energetic and efficient officer. Last summer he qualified at the Infantry School by taking the prescribed course of three months, and became a universal favorite among his brother officers, who, on his leaving, made him an honorary member of their mess. He creditably filled the office of Secretary of the games last fall, and their success was largely due to his skilful management. Ever since he became an officer in the Queen's Own, he has shown a marked ability in military matters, and has often expressed a wish to go into the army. Throughout his college course he always showed a cheerful, manly and generous disposition, which was most attractive to those who knew him well. He was in short a man whom it was a pleasure to know and an honor to know intimately.

The circumstances of his death are the saddest, perhaps, of which it is possible to conceive. At one moment—and only a week after attaining his majority and less than a month after his parents had taken their departure for Bermuda—he is safely seated in his saddle riding alone in the moonlight, and, in the next, unseen by anyone, without a cry and probably without a murmur, he falls lifeless upon the snow-covered ground, and the work of death is done.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,  
No cold gradations of decay,  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And drove his youthful soul away.

Examinations in Arts begin *nine* weeks from next Friday, in Medicine, *five* weeks from to-morrow, and in Law, *nine* weeks from yesterday. Undergraduates, please take notice.

The last meeting of the Philosophical Seminary for the present term was held at the residence of Prof. Baldwin on Tuesday last. Mr. Mann closed the series of essays by a paper on "The Psychological Foundation of the Practical Reason." At these meetings the works of Kant, the great German philosopher, have been pretty thoroughly discussed, and much benefit has resulted to the members therefrom.

# The Varsity

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BY

## THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

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FEBRUARY 24, 1891.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



HE lisping Freshman says that last Friday's meeting of the Literary Society "wasn't a bit nice"; those effeminate Seniors, whose thews have been softened by the seductions of peace, say like women hateful themselves "It was simply hateful"; and the morgan of war wants to know "who roused the Gorgon from the buckler case"? It wasn't a pleasant meeting. The society hadn't enjoyed its dinner, it hadn't enjoyed its smoke after dinner, it hadn't enjoyed its walk over in the rain with a small rivulet running down its going-to-be-incorporated back, and it was prepared to be disagreeable, to hate itself and to curse its members. Ugh! Pickles, crab apples, vinegar, island cider and the acidulous Graham are as sweet as honey and the honey-comb compared to the sour looks and rancid speeches that the once-mild-mannered members showered on one another.

After the President took the chair, Mr. I. O. Stringer was the first to do a mean thing. He calmly announced that he desired to read the minutes of four previous meetings, and for the next half-hour he strung off dreary page after dreariest page of the society's chronicle, interrupted only by the society's sobbing protest, I.o., I.o., I.o.

But it was McLaren and McAlister that led out the *casus belli* with a rope around its neck—in the shape of a motion to grant \$50 to the Glee Club. Pope waived his snickersnee and led the attack on the motion. Knox blocked with his bulky utterances any attempt to make a post tergum attack. For a while the Pontiff and the Reformer lugged and strained and raged and fumed and sweated, and History stooped her ear to hear a parody on the old struggle of Geneva and Rome. But really it was nothing better than a jangle. The application wasn't made in good form and it wasn't met in good spirit. It was miserably defended and weakly attacked. It didn't win and it wasn't beaten, and it left nothing but a lump of bad feeling in the society's throat. On Mr. Stringer's motion it was withdrawn for two weeks.

The report of the Athletic Committee which was presented to the society last week, and which appeared in last week's VARSITY, was then discussed. It seemed to be the general wish of the society that an Athletic Association having some sort of connection with the society be formed at once, but there seemed to be some doubt whether the report of the Committee was final or not.

Mr. A. M. Stewart and Mr. McNichol moved in amendment to the report: "That this report be received. That it be resolved by this society (1) That it is advisable that an Athletic Association for the general direction and control of the athletic affairs of the body be established, the same to be appointed by and responsible to this society. (2) That this Association should be composed partly of members appointed directly by this society and partly of representatives from the different athletic clubs. (3) That the following gentlemen be appointed a sub-committee to draft a scheme upon these lines: Messrs. D. P. McColl, W. S. McLay, C. A. Stuart, Mackintosh, Edwards, Warbrick, Lingalbach and W. A. Lee.

The mover and seconder of this amendment imagine that the society rules the earth, the under-earth and all the little stars, that all the now and the after-now is entrusted to its keeping, that, compared to the society's province, the universe is a mere potato-patch, and that without the society the world would be what a bung-hole is without a barrel. For the last three years they have been trying to stretch the elastic belt of the constitution until it will girdle the society's bulgy waist, and now they fancy the clasps almost touch each other. The fidelity of Damon and Pythias, of David and Jonathan, of *fidus Achates* and of the faithful Friday is weak and colorless, lukewarm and tasteless compared to the strong abiding faith with which the one trusts the other to second his motion; when Damon moves Pythias seconds, and when Pythias moves Damon seconds, and their natures cleave together like two dove-tailed boards. The fool says in his folly that the society is getting the society's extension idea from A. M., that A. M. is getting it from McNichol, that McNichol got it from Des Barres, and that it came to Des Barres in a vision. That the society should grow and flourish as a mustard tree, that the athletes should oil their bodies under its branches, and that the horse reporter should recline in its shade, that all the little things of air should come under its cover, and all the big things of earth browse at its foot. But the world man says all things be the effect of their causes. At any rate Mr. Stewart's amendment carried.

Then the society played goose for a little while. One of its members cackled for a while about a gosling motion of reciprocity and imagined he was saving Rome, and the rest of the members hissed. He cackled again, and the others hissed again. A third time he tried to toot his trump, but suddenly he sat down, and the members nearest saw that his jaws were closed by a strong force, and some say that it was Minerva, and that we shouldn't lightly imitate the games of the gods; and some say that they saw common sense enter the distended jaws of the young man and fill his soul with silence, and some say that Davis was holding his hand over the young man's mouth.

The following notices of motion were given:—

Mr. Stringer—That the society instruct the executive to take steps to procure the incorporation of the society.

Mr. McNichol—That Art. I, Sec. 1, of the constitution be amended, so that Class A will consist of students registered in Arts in the University of Toronto, and Class B of graduates and undergraduates in Arts, Medicine and Law of the University of Toronto, also an amendment to Art. II., Sec. 7, to make the meaning less obscure.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society the following resolution was adopted unanimously:—

Moved by G. H. Ferguson, seconded by W. S. McLay. That, whereas we have learned with deep and heartfelt regret, of the sad and untimely death of our fellow student, Lieut. George A. Badgerow, be it resolved that we, the students of the University of Toronto, do hereby express our sorrow at the loss of one so highly esteemed by us, and that we extend our sincere sympathy to his family in their painful bereavement, and that a copy of this resolution, signed on behalf of the society, be forwarded to his parents.

## SECOND YEAR PASS GERMAN.

## SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—At a time like this when the Senate of the University is subject to so much adverse criticism from so many different quarters, one greatly dislikes to add to their trouble by opening up a new point of attack for the fault-finders; but when a body of students, most—if not all—of whom have arrived at years of discretion, request a slight change in the work prescribed for their course, surely it is no more than justice that they should be told some of the reasons which prevent the granting of the request. We have, and must have, faith in the good judgment of the senators, but surely that body cannot expect us to accept without reason a flat denial of the soundness of a position which we, lacking further evidence on the subject, have adopted even though the denial were made by the best informed minds in the world.

It is argued in defence of specialization in study, that while each course gives special training along one particular line the pass work is so arranged as to afford a fair knowledge of other subjects and a fair amount of mental training in other directions. Let us see how this doctrine applies to the prescribed philosophy course in the sophomore year. Prof. Baldwin has told us that second year work in philosophy consists almost entirely in the learning of facts and theories, and the actual work gives abundant proof of the correctness of the statement. The pass subjects are three languages—Greek, German, and a choice between Hebrew and French. Now the study of these languages by minds philosophically inclined may, perhaps, be best described by saying that it consists of the learning of facts without even the relief of theory. Thus to the writer's humble understanding the variety of mental training afforded here is exceedingly slight.

Then the philosophy men came to the conclusion some time ago that the amount of German set down in the curriculum was to say the least astonishing. No one who considers fairly the whole of the work in this course will expect four long books of German to be thoroughly mastered in the time given us. Those well acquainted with German in the first year may be able to get up 33½ per cent. of it, but to some the whole subject is a new one; and then some of us consider it advisable to re-establish the equilibrium of our brains by taking an hour off work occasionally. We belong to the Literary Society; and a few of us, like the Medicals, enjoy going to prayer meeting now and then; and we do insist on taking time to go to church on Sunday.

After faithfully considering all these things the philosophy men determined to petition the Senate to relieve them of some portion of the work in German. They did so at the last meeting of that body and the result was the most emphatic kind of refusal—at least that is the way it reached the petitioners. The refusal may possibly be right enough, curious though it seems, but why are we not given the reasons?

It might be well to state that the pass German of the second year is this year far in excess of what it ever was before.

SOPHOMORE.

[Without giving a decision as to the merits of the above case we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that "Sophomore" has a very crude idea of the end for which languages in general and German in this special instance are studied. If the second year students of philosophy ever expect to obtain a broad grasp of their subject or prepare themselves for original work, they will make an effort to thoroughly master the language which is the vehicle of the deepest modern philosophical thought.

—ED.]

Robson: Is Boston so very classical? Crane: Why yes! You often hear the expression "Plato Soup," there.

—Record.

The class of '91 Engineers has formed a class society and held its first meeting last week. The following are the officers: President, Andrew Lane; Vice-President, G. E. Sylvester; Secretary-Treasurer, John R. Allan; Historian, Thomas R. Deacon; Councillor, C. W. Dill.

The idea of forming a society for a class in engineering is a commendable one, for many reasons, and it is pleasing to note that the School of Science men are beginning to realize the benefits to be derived. Although the society in Engineering is to a certain extent similar to that in Arts, there are some points in which it differs. The chief object of the society is to offer mutual aid to its member while at college and afterwards, when engaged in professional life, and in this it has proved beneficial to the class of '90 which was the first to form such a society. The class of '91 have made some changes in the constitution which will be an improvement. We understand that the class of '90 intends to hold a reunion meeting in the city some time next month.

Last Tuesday and Wednesday there was a considerable stir about the school, the Ontario Association of Architects being in session in the building. A number of lectures, especially to those students in the architectural department, were postponed in order to permit them to attend the session of the association. There was a goodly number of the prominent architects of the Province present, and they expressed themselves pleased with the new buildings and appliances. A mysterious thing in this connection, which several arts men were unable to account for, was the regular appearance, three times a day, of the delivery waggon of a prominent caterer down town. The opinion seemed to be that the Engineers were becoming "aristocratic" and needlessly extravagant, but when it was explained that the well-known catering cart was in attendance upon the worthy architects, the wondering arts men continued their perilous voyage down the flooded sidewalk.

Our substitute for a gymnasium is still as popular as ever, and at all hours of the day men are to be found pounding and whacking each other with much relish. And when we notice the eagerness with which the majority seize upon this or any other means of exercise, and how many bewail the evil results of neglecting physical culture, we feel that we would like to add our voice to the general cry for a 'Varsity gymnasium.

For several days last week there was a keen interest taken in the testing of the large fifty-horse power steam engine in the mechanical laboratory. The engine is intended to be an experimental one, and was built by a prominent firm of engine builders of this city. The first tests were made in the presence of the Faculty and also a large number of the students. The engine was kept running almost continually for the two days, and gave satisfaction in every particular. In connection with the engine there was an extensive system of steam pumps, which were tested at the same time. The different machines for the laboratory keep coming in slowly, but it will not be complete until next October, so as to be in regular running order for the Michaelmas Term, when THE VARSITY will receive a full account of the new laboratory with its appliances.

Herr Deutcher (entertaining a friend): Waiter! Champagne und glasses! Waiter: Dry, Sir? Herr Deutcher: Nein! Zwei, you blag rascal! You needn't tink you in it vas! Donner wetter!—*Yale Record*.

Editor: Your production is footless. Indignant Contributor: That's good prose poetry. What do you mean by such insulting criticism? Editor: Just what I say. You can't scan a line of it.—*Yale Record*.

## COLLEGE LIFE AT YALE.

T. C. DES BARRES, '89.

(Continued.)



**A**THLETICS: This is probably the side of Yale life which is best known to the public. The interest which is taken in the various games, even by those who do not play them, is intense. The navy is perhaps the department of sport in which Yale takes the greatest pride. Early in January the crew begins to train for the great race with Harvard which takes place at New London towards the last of June. Men will make great personal sacrifices for the distinction of upholding the honor of their college in this race. They run and make use of the rowing machine (with real water) until the ice breaks up and the weather moderates sufficiently for them to begin to work on Lake Whitney. The navy has to be wholly supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the students.

Football would probably rank next in the interest it excites throughout the whole student body. The players enter into it in a spirit little dreamt of in Canada. They train carefully during the entire season, all members of the team boarding at the training-table. Each man pays just what he has previously been paying at his own club, and the football club makes up the difference. A paid surgeon attends all practices and cares for the wounded. The captain of the team is interviewed nearly every day during the season by representatives of the leading New York papers, and these interviews are published in the next day's paper. At least during the season the captain's name is a household word in New England. There are two great games each year—one at Springfield with Harvard on the Saturday before Thanksgiving, the other at New York with Princeton on Thanksgiving Day. Thousands of people attend each game, and the most intense interest prevails. Yale has been unfortunate for the last two years. In 1889 she was beaten by Princeton, and in 1890 by Harvard.

Baseball should, I suppose, next claim our attention. The interest taken in this game is quite as great as in the boat race or football, but it is more diffused. Four games are generally played with both Harvard and Princeton. Of late years Yale has always beaten both opponents.

Lawn tennis is very popular. Dirt and not grass courts are used. For several years past the inter-collegiate tournament has been held in New Haven. Representatives are sent from the various American colleges.

Fall and spring games are held every year, but not a great deal of interest is taken in these. Much greater interest is taken in the annual games at Mott Haven. A team of the best athletes is sent from each of the principal Eastern colleges to New York on some day during the last week in June. Whichever college wins the most points gains the inter-collegiate championship for that year. It was on the occasion of Harvard winning at Mott Haven last year that the "painting red" of John Harvard's statue occurred, of which the papers made so much.

Before leaving this side of Yale life the gymnasium must be spoken of. The present structure is very old. It is little better than a very much enlarged edition of Moss Hall would be. A new building is in the course of erection. It is to cost \$180,000, and is to be unsurpassed by anything in the country. This rather takes one's breath away when he remembers the old club scheme, which hoped for little more than a tenth of that sum to build a sort of paradise on earth, comprising a gymnasium, club rooms, refreshment rooms, smoking rooms and an indoor cricket crease.

To an outsider, I think, it must seem that the importance of athletics is much overestimated at Yale. Where so much stress is laid upon recreation, some cannot help

forgetting that out-door sports should only be a means to a development of the intellectual and moral side of a man's nature, and that no muscular attainments can compensate for any defect in character.

*Religious Life:* Of late years, perhaps, nothing has characterized Yale life more than the admixture of the muscular and the spiritual. Long before I ever saw Yale I had heard of this. Now, this union may not at times have been a happy one. And yet it is said that it has done much to transform the tone of Yale life. Dwight Hall is the centre of the religious activity. It is in some respects the handsomest building on the grounds. It contains a large reading-room, small library, large hall, and four smaller rooms, in which the class prayer-meetings are held. Some years ago the students, feeling the need of such a building, had begun to collect money for it when a New York gentleman came forward and assumed the entire expense, erecting a building on a much larger scale than had originally been hoped for.

A general meeting for all University men is held in the main hall on Sunday evening. It is addressed sometimes by the President, sometimes by one of the Professors, and sometimes by some one from abroad.

Every morning prayers are read in Battell Chapel at ten minutes after eight, at which all the College students are required to be present. On Sunday morning service is held at half-past ten. The attendance at this service is likewise compulsory, unless the student has obtained special dispensation in order to attend the church of some other denomination, for Yale is a Congregational College.

I have only touched on some of the phases of Yale life; I have said nothing of that side of Yale life which I know most about—life in the Divinity School. This probably would be of little interest to most of you, and should I paint it in brilliant colors, I would, no doubt, be accused of luring men away from the folds of Knox and Wycliffe, of Victoria and St. Michaels. There are four Canadians in the Seminary: one Nova Scotian, one Victoria graduate, one Toronto graduate of the class of '80, and the writer.

It is a great change when a man steps out from college, and it slowly dawns upon him that there are things in life besides literary society elections, "Old Grimes," and the classical society of '94; and yet the shell of the old life breaks slowly away. It is hard to realize that a man's college days are over. He forms friendships which are just as strong and perhaps deeper than those of his college days, and yet they are of a different kind, and never quite replace what is gone.

I was in Toronto at Christmas, and for the first time visited the new library quarters. I talked with the Assistant, and—vanity of a young graduate—was almost surprised that he did guess who I was. I pick up *The Varsity*—for which in a moment of rash generosity I subscribed—and behold the names of the speakers at the Philosophical Society of '92 and the Political Science Club of '93 are wholly unknown to me. I read a little further, when I observe that some indignant Junior has had the tail of his coat trodden upon by some misguided Freshman. I read that it was proposed to form a College Court. I smile. Truly there is nothing new under the sun. And yet it is only eighteen months since I knelt, and the venerable McKim did place the ermine upon my shoulders.

Yale University, January 31st, 1891.

A young man home from college, wishing to inspire his little sister with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: "Sis, do you see that bright little luminary? It's bigger than this whole world." "No 'tain't," said Sis. "Yes it is," declared the young collegian. "Then why don't it keep off the rain?" was the triumphant rejoinder.

—Spare Moments.

## OPPORTUNITY.

*(The Southern Collegian.)*

A king and a peasant, as legends say,  
 Reaped the grain in a broad wheat field,  
 Through the morning and noon till the close of day,  
 And the king's was the greater yield;  
 But the peasant found in the evening-tide  
 A rare and a precious stone,  
 And the king toiled on 'mid the golden grain,  
 But the peasant went up to a throne.

For the jewel was called Opportunity;  
 And find it perhaps you may,  
 And perhaps, like the king, you may toil and sigh,  
 Though you seek it forever and aye;  
 You may be a peasant and gain a crown,  
 Or perchance you may die unknown,  
 For there's many a king who gathers the grain,  
 While a peasant is filling his throne.

## EXCHANGE NOTES.

We were not a little surprised and no less amused at an article, headed "Why should we annex Canada?" which appears in the February number of the *Free Lance* Pennsylvania State College. It is a splendid evidence of the entire ignorance of the vast majority of Americans as to our history, our institutions, our resources, our phenomenal development and prosperity, and the position we occupy among the nations of the world to-day. At first we were inclined to overlook the article as being devoid of sincerity, but on closer inspection it does seem as if the writer is quite conscientious and earnest in what he says.

The article opens in this fashion: "During the past two or three years much has been said in an unofficial way concerning the plan of annexing Canada to the United States. The talk has been largely on our part, as it is generally known that Canadians are not very willing to give the matter consideration." *Plan* of annexation, eh! What blissful assurance! We are very glad to see, however, that our American friends are aware that Canadians will not be a party to their *plan*. But the fact that Canadians do not fall in with their "scheme" evidently does not worry Uncle Sam. It is at best merely a secondary consideration. The chief and almost sole reason, according to our esteemed cotem., that we have not long ago been swallowed up, is that the States has been too busy with domestic affairs and has not had time to come over after us. The "scheme" is quite feasible should they at any time desire it.

The whole tenor of the article is that Canada, although as large if not larger in extent than the United States, is in its northern half an icebound, trackless, uninhabitable region fringing on the North Pole; while the southern, or "old Canada," portion is occupied by a few squatters, who eke out a meagre livelihood as farmers, shanty-men, or fishermen. All this looks so ridiculous to us that we might have passed it over had it not been that an article of this kind appearing in a journal of the *Lance's* status must have some influence within the radius of its circulation.

We can assure the *Lance* that this *plan* of annexation has never been for a moment entertained by Canadians. We feel quite content to go on and prosper under the ægis of Britain's power and glory, quite independent of our neighbors. Although willing and anxious for peaceful and friendly relations with them, still we will gladly sacrifice these—aye, not only these, but our all,—rather than lose our autonomy.

All true Canadians would scout the idea of our becoming a mere backyard to the United States, a place which might be used as a basis of operations by them in case of war with England, and thus save their better (?) territory from the "devastating results of war." It is extremely

amusing to hear Americans thus talk as if the time has not yet come when they will have use for Canada, but when it does all Uncle Sam will have to do is to don his uniform, strut over into this little settlement, frown upon us, and we will all fall at his feet. Surely those who talk this way know little of the pride and spirit and loyalty of the Canadian people. We have only to remind them of how the Eagle has had his feathers badly ruffled every time he has yet attempted to prey upon our heritage.

The liberty and freedom and security which we enjoy under the protection of the Union Jack and blessed with the best system of governmental institutions in the world has fostered no servile spirit within our breasts. Wily politicians may reason as they will concerning more intimate relations with the great Republic, but no man dare advocate our absorption into the Union. Sam may give us all the nasal twang he likes on the subject, but let him make the slightest advance toward a trespass and he will soon realize how faithfully the British lion guards the entrance.

"The people of Canada have never been educated up to the ideas of a Republican form of Government" is another reason the *Lance* gives for not wanting to swoop down upon us and capture us. Presumably we would not be worth the trouble it would take to "educate us up." "Educate up." Indeed! What have Canadians to say to this? They simply smile long and loudly. Every Canadian knows the advantages and disadvantages of both countries; the merits and demerits of both constitutions, and is competent to discuss the main features of each. Can Americans say as much? After this sample from so learned a source, we are forced to doubt it. Contrast the position of the President with that of the Premier; compare the two judicial systems—the systems of local government; in short, look carefully and thoroughly into the constitution, laws and institutions of each and tell us which is the more representative; which means government by the people; which is the freer from despotism and tyranny. Will the *Lance* tell us? Can any one doubt?

But what surprises Canadians more than anything is that sixty-five millions, with all their resources, industries, wealth, prosperity, comforts and freedom, which they are so fond of parading before the world, should look with such covetous eyes upon this insignificant frozen, barren waste, which they have long been wont to consider as a mere break-water between them and the Arctic icebergs. Why this covetousness? Can it be that they envy us our progress—our railways, canals and other shipping facilities; our timber and mineral supply; our magnificent agricultural resources? Surely not!

We confess everybody admires and wonders at the strides—not only strides, but leaps and bounds—we have made during the last twenty-five years. But why envy us and endeavor to humble us? Why should a big, strong man strike down a vigorous young child merely because he gives promise of a healthier, more symmetrical and attractive development than himself? Jealousy, fear of the future or what is it? Pshaw! everybody knows as well as we do.

This much, in conclusion, as a sort of cud to save you lacerating your lip, *Mr. Lance*. If the Yankee will just keep the thin edge of his long nose out of our affairs until we get a few more years on our heads this country will give our chin-whiskered friends a pretty hot race for the commercial supremacy of this continent.

CANUCK.

In a Calcutta college where English is taught, a student in a great rage complained to his professor that another student had called him a liar. Surprised at such unwonted sensitiveness, the professor said: "I thought you Bengalis did not care about being called liars." "No," said the student, "if he had called me a liar in Bengali, I would have laughed at him; but, sir, he called me a liar in English, and I won't stand it."



## NOTICE.

All reports of meetings or events occurring up to Thursday evening must be in the hands of the Editor by Friday noon, or they will not be published.

## 'MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Prof. Loudon resumed lectures yesterday.

Prof. Ashley has commenced a series lectures on "Economic Theories" to the third year.

The Philosophical Society of '92 will meet this afternoon to discuss the "Freedom of the Will."

The General Committee of the Literary and Scientific Society sat for their photo at Stanton's on Saturday.

The Treasurer of the Modern Language Club requests all members of the club to pay their fees to him at once.

W. McQueen, '92, has the sympathy of his class, and other college friends, in the loss of his father, who died at his home in Brucefield a week ago.

At the last meeting of the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Harvie gave a very interesting talk on "Perfect Womanhood." Tomorrow the meeting will be devoted to missions.

The Y. M. C. A. regular weekly prayer-meeting, on Thursday last, was fairly well attended. Mr. T. A. Watson opened the subject and several others took part.

The Class of '92 appointed Messrs. Lamont, Tennant and Davis a Committee to write a letter of condolence on behalf of the class to the parents of their classmate, Lieut. George A. Badgerow.

The funeral of the late George Badgerow will take place from his father's residence, 63, Avenue Road, this afternoon at three o'clock. It will be a military and public funeral, and it is hoped that a large number of students will attend.

The Recording-secretary of the Literary Society wishes to announce that he will post up the list of life members of the Society on the bulletin board this week. He asks any who may see any mistakes in spelling of names or any omissions, to report the same to him, or to the treasurer.

The Glee Club will journey to Hamilton next Friday, to take part in a concert to be given in the Opera House in aid of the Newsboys' Home. Fifty-three members have been selected, and it is hoped that all these will be able to go. While in Hamilton they will be entertained by the young ladies of the Wesleyan Ladies' College.

The Honorable the Leader of the Government in the Mock Parliament

was absent from his place last Friday night. Cares of state are agitating his noble breast; wherefore, he has gone to stump the county of Grey with Brother Creighton, of the *Empire*. For the denizens of that Northern clime to fail to be duly impressed by the silver-tongued oratory of our Premier will, indeed, be palpable and criminal negligence, but, notwithstanding, rumor has it that his efforts may be in vain.

'93 AND '94 CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.  
—This society, originally composed of the first year men, has been materially strengthened by the addition to its numbers of the second year students, who elected as officers from among themselves: Vice-President, Mr. A. B. Cushing; Councillors, Messrs. R. S. Jenkins and D. A. Glassey. The Association with this reinforcement held a meeting last Tuesday afternoon and took up the subject of Virgil. Excellent papers on the life and works of this great poet were furnished by Messrs. Cushing, Sissons and Nivens and the chairman. Mr. Wm. Dale, M.A., criticised their essays to the very great profit of the members. It cannot be doubted that the society's meetings are encouraging among its members the study of the classics and affording a considerable amount of pleasure.

## HER COUNTRY COUSIN.

A dim-lit bank of clouds  
That floats low on the stream;  
A smiling maiden in the boat,  
A golden summer dream.

A word that's whispered soft,  
A girlish, low reply,  
A vow that will bind forever,  
Under the summer sky.

## DI-VARSITIES.

## L'ENVOI.

A maiden in a seal skin sack,  
Tripping along the street;  
A backwoods man with a broken heart;  
A summer time deceit.

## L'ENVOI.

"Go, pretty Rose, and to her tell  
All I would say, could I but see  
The slender form I know so well,  
The roguish eyes that laughed at me.

"And when your fragrance fills the  
room,  
Tell her of all I hope and fear.  
With every breath of sweet perfume,  
Whisper my greetings in her ear.

"But, Roses, stay, there is one thing  
You must not mention. Don't forget!  
(For it might be embarrassing)  
And that is—you're not paid for  
yet!"—*Yale Record*.

## RETROSPECTION.

But yesterday, the woods and trees  
Were clothed in Nature's garments  
green;  
The south wind murmured through the  
leaves,  
And Summer reigned, a gentle queen.

And then the Autumn's kindly touch,  
The sombre green in beauty drest;  
In richest red, and colors such  
As dying suns paint in the west.

Now, Summer's joys are gone and past,  
And Autumn's glories have grown  
dim,  
For through the leafless trees the blast  
Is chanting Winter's funeral hymn.

Ah me! How fast the seasons move  
(As I have finely written)  
Two weeks ago I stole her glove—  
But now—I have her mitten.  
*Yale Record*.

## R.S.V.P.

Now what in thunder could I say?  
It happened somewhat in this way:  
It was the first call I had made,  
And yet she didn't seem afraid  
To sit beside me in a nook  
And gaze upon a picture book.  
And so some impulse made me haste  
To slip my arm around her waist.  
She seemed to like it pretty well,  
Just how and why I couldn't tell.  
But soon she brushed aside a curl  
And said, "I'll bet no other girl,  
When first you called upon the miss,  
Has ever acted just like this."  
I smiled and tried to look quite gay,  
But what in thunder could I say?  
—*Brunonian*.

## AT THE MENAGERIE.

"I think there's a storm Bruin,"  
said the Fox. "Stop your Lion,"  
roared the Bear. "Well, I'm not a  
Boa, if I am a crawler," said the  
Black Snake. Then they gave three  
cheers and a Tiger, and passed the  
growler.—*Yale Record*.

The maiden at sweet seventeen,  
Bewails her chaperone,  
And wonders if she'll e'er be seen  
Entirely alone.

This maiden fine at thirty-nine  
Is utterly alone,  
And now she'd give her head to live  
With one dear chap-her own —*Ex.*



## STUDENTS ATTENTION!

This is a fac-simile of our plan  
made from the metal from the  
College bell, which we are selling  
at a moderate price. Every  
student should have one, as they make an  
interesting souvenir of the fire.

J. E. ELLIS,  
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.