

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. IX

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, NOV. 3, 1888.

No. 1.

GOLDEN ROD.

As I went walking towards the west
I met a maiden ; on her breast
Were spread ripe sprays of golden rod,
With its glad measure they did nod.

The sky was gray and gray the sea,
Bright as the sun she shone on me,
And dazzled by her youthful grace,
I scarce could look upon her face.

A tam-o'-shanter she did wear
Upon a wreath of yellow hair,
Her eyes were like forget-me-nots,
Aglow with love and tender thoughts.

I said the fay will pass me by,
Nor stop for such a one as I,
She stopped ; she broke my idle dreams,
Her voice was like the sound of streams.

She had been wandering in the hills,
Had caught the laughter of their rills,
An angel bright by nature lent
To scatter smiles where'er she went.

I watched her vanish up the street,
I heard the music of her feet,
Her low melodious adieu,
Leng after she was lost to view.

Long time 'twill be ere I forget
That face untouched by one regret ;
No fairer form hath Art designed
She seemed so beautiful, so kind.

Ah, hapless one ! that golden flower
Shall fill with bloom another's bower ;
That sunbeam that upon thee shone
Shall gleam for others when thou'rt gone !

PHILLIPS STEWART.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AGAIN.

And of the learners you will not find that one is like another ; but they differ among themselves.

Plato.

I.

The long grey front of University College, with its endless, intricate beauties of detail in carved stone, was softened in the mellow afternoon sunlight, when Miss Sadie Turner ap-

peared on the threshold and moved to the head of the stone steps, where she stood a moment looking out across the lawn. There was a languid interest in the gaze of her brown eyes, lustrous under the airy looseness of her overhanging hair. Her dress, which was in admirable accord with her brunette colouring of dusky red and white, was not obviously academic in character or suggestive of attendance at lectures ; it was suited, rather, to some pretty effects of pose and gesture. In her daintily-gloved hand she held a very charming little manuscript note-book, in mou e coloured, flexible leather, with red edges. It was a book she carried a great deal with that costume.

She looked up and down the carriage drive with unsatisfied eyes ; and seeming to see no one,—though a score of undergraduates were fitfully knocking a football about the lawn,—she undid her attitude, and disappeared again through the doorway. The two huge blindworms in stone, on either side the steps, looked suddenly desolate and unhappy in the sunshine.

Miss Turner's loveliness went slowly down the corridor to the ladies' common room. It seemed to her that there was an unusual quiet about the college that afternoon. She glanced into the Society reading-room as she passed, and two freshmen, who were turning over periodicals, paused to look up. The afternoon was certainly at a standstill.

"Why, Annie!" she exclaimed, as the door of the ladies' room closed behind her. She went to the side of a slim, large-eyed girl, with fair hair, who was sitting alone before the fire in the grate, in an attitude which pictured her grieving mood. "Is it headache, dear?"

"Oh, not very bad," replied the drooping figure before the fire ; and as her gaze fell, her long eye-lash swept the curve of her pale cheek again. "Just enough to keep my mind occupied, I suppose."

"You shouldn't stay in here before the fire on a day like this. The idea !—it's suffocating in this room !"

"I have my honour German lecture at three," said the sufferer.

"Well, I'd like to see myself, I'm sure, going to an honour German lecture with a headache. You will not be so conscientious about lectures when you get out of your first year. I'm going to sit down now and visit, and I think I shall forbid you to go. Why, Annie Easton, you'll get paler and thinner till—gracious, I'd be a perfect fright if I carried on as you do! You'll get yourself into an illness, just because—"

"Oh, it will go away," protested Miss Easton, pressing her handkerchief to her forehead, and then sitting up resolutely. "This is merely one of the burdens a girl has to struggle under to get what comes so easy to a man. Why were we made so wretchedly weak? I think contempt is all our sex

deserves,—nature takes every opportunity of showing the way. It is *so hard* for a woman to distinguish herself!"

The listener made a series of faces expressive of mock-heroic patience under exaggerated suffering.

"I will not miss my lecture," pursued the other in the same even tones. "It would be my first breach in the regulations I have made for myself. I've planned it all out, and written down seventeen rules, and I won't begin breaking them." She ended with a despondent sigh.

Miss Turner mused over the intensity of such devotion. "Oh," she cried quickly, "how good you are,—how I wish I were as good! Why, you're like somebody in George Eliot? Oh, you poor, unhappy thing?" And the brunette was prettily affectionate.

The heroine from George Eliot sighed again. "Even for men," she lamented pathetically, "who are strong, talent is often unhappiness; but for women it can be nothing but misery." She had read it somewhere.

"Oh, how noble you are, dear! We will be true friends, won't we?" pleaded Miss Turner, "and tell each other everything? We will—you must join our Greek letter society—you will, won't you, dear? I will propose you at the next meeting. Oh, it's just splendid,—you can't imagine! You must be as secret as—as the grave! When I was initiated, I felt awfully solemn, as solemn"—and her voice became sober with recollected awe—"as if I were being married!"

"I—I don't know," faltered Miss Easton, in a voice as faint as the blush on her cheek, at the other's audacity.

"Why, Miss Prim!" cooed the brunette, and her laughter rippled over the silence. She patted Miss Easton's cheek and pressed the pale face against her breast. "How pretty you are, dear," she murmured, "with your hair brushed down like that in front! I wonder how I should look!" She started up and went into the adjoining room, leaving the door open, and, taking up a brush, she smoothed down the loose hair above her forehead. Then, holding it on either side with her hands to keep it down, she glanced into the mirror.

"Oh! oh! oh!" she laughed; "I look slyer than anything in the world! That would never do."

The sound of the bell from the tower invaded the room while she still stood scrutinizing her mirrored demureness. Immediately she began to arrange her dress for walking, looking first over one shoulder and then over the other, at her skirt behind. Then she caught up her mouse coloured notebook, with the red edges, and went out into the corridor.

II.

It was rarely beautiful weather, that afternoon; the lingering sunshine was pensive with autumn's melancholy. September was past, but the maples and beeches in the fields back of the College had kindled day by day, and stood a flame of red and gold against the sky; and the air that rustled the luminous boughs was warm and moist with woodland odours.

Miss Turner strolled along the path that passes Convocation Hall and leads the wanderer by pleasant ways on to McMaster Hall and out on Bloor Street. Jack French strolled by her side; they were in the same year, and had many things in common to talk of, doubtless. The Senate has deemed it not unfitting that youths and maidens should tread alike the same road to knowledge; why should their footsteps, on departing, seek diverse paths?

The two crossed the narrow plank that spans the dry channel of the brook that flowed of old down to the ravine, and they passed on under the maples. Somewhere in the distance there were bands of school children in noisy quest of beech-

nuts; and a far-voiced crow cawed faintly at times from the soft blue of the sky.

"I was thinking," said French, in his careless, laughing voice, "I was thinking—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly prompted Miss Turner, "thinking,—(of course you can't have been doing it long!)—really thinking—"

French laughed at her light mockeries and made no answer. "Oh, let us get those asters!" she cried suddenly, as her eye caught the blue glimpse of wildflowers among the tangled grasses at the edge of the ravine. There the shade was denser; earlier in the season, when the sun could look through the maple-boughs, it saw a host of flowers among the ground vines that tangled round mouldering stumps. The asters and the white ox-eyed daisies lingered latest.

She led the way to a granite boulder, where she sat for some moments in smiling silence, while French gathered the flowers. "Do you know," she said, arranging them and holding them out critically before her, to get the effect, "I wonder how they would look in my hat!"

She began to undo the elastic from her hair; but there were hair-pins upon which it was entangled, and she dropped her arms and tried to unloose her glove. It was fastened by one of those little clasps which are so hard to undo, and after many attempts she was obliged to look up at French in despair.

"May I?" he ventured.

"Why, if you will be so very kind," she answered, and held out her hand. It was a task of some moments, and the young man wrought at it in silence. "Oh, is it really finished?" she asked when it was done, and took her hand from him. She pulled off her glove, and put her hand to her hair again, feeling about with quick feminine fingers. "I'm afraid, Mr. French," she appealed at last with an embarrassed little laugh, "that I must tax your kindness once more. Would you be so very good as to look what can be the matter?" And she bent round her slim, lithe shape, that he might see.

"It's caught," he answered gravely, "on a hair-pin."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Miss Turner.

"May I—," asked French, after a pause.

"Why—yes—please," she answered faintly.

He knelt down on the rock beside her, and his hand scarcely touched the warm, fragrant, silken mass, as he lightly disengaged the string. When he handed her the hat, she thanked him for it very sweetly, and laid it in her lap. But she let the flowers lie as they had fallen, and sat with a downcast, absent gaze at her hat; and French would not change the delight of her silence for the delight of her speech.

"How still and beautiful it is here," she said gently, lifting her eyes at last. "Do you know, I sometimes think the invisible wall between the two worlds is nowhere so thin as in places like this." Miss Turner looked up at French with the eyes of a nun. "It seems as if one could draw nearer better influences here than anywhere else. Of course, I suppose you should be good, no matter where you are, but then you don't always want to be good, do you? You won't laugh at me for moralizing, will you? Oh, I wish you knew Miss Easton better! She is noble,—she has more talent and character than all the rest of us girls put together."

She bent over a spray of aster, making it tilt on its stem, and was silent for some moments. Then she began, as if unconsciously, to whistle in a soft, low note. Catching her breath, she drew up her eyebrows and exclaimed, "Why, excuse me, excuse me! What shocking behaviour in company!"

"Oh, I can stand it," laughed French.

"How extremely good of you!"

"Yes," he admitted lightly, "there's nothing mean about me."

Miss Turner stood up and put on her hat again. "I suppose we shall have to leave," she said. "But isn't it beautiful here!"

They had not proceeded five steps on the path, when she stopped suddenly. "My note-book!" she exclaimed.

French returned to the boulder, and brought back the mouse-coloured little volume, with the red edges, and the two went their way in the close of the autumn afternoon.

This was but one afternoon in Miss Turner's pursuit of The Higher Education. There were some, of course, who did not grant her methods of study their entire approbation; and others who even termed her a flirt. She was, at any rate, nothing if not original.

W. J. HEALY.

COMRADE WIND.

Now that I have reached the top of the hill and leave the city lights behind, you join me again to-night, you rough-handed mate. I am glad of your joyous company. The road is so lonely in the quiet nights. There is no one to talk to, and the stillness makes me home-sick and afraid to turn my head. You noisy comrade! your boisterous laughter and rude jesting please me. You push hard against me and jostle me, but there is no malice in it at all. I love you better for it than your soft-spoken brother Breeze for all his quiet ways.

How long we have been comrades by land and water! How many the miles we have left behind on long, solitary wanderings and rambles, on headlong gallops and over the flying scud of the stormy lake. How often your voice has called me out on dark nights from the irksome four walls and the brain-trying books. I have heard you calling and calling till I had to don hat and coat and join you. Then, as I stepped from the door and the lighted room into the darkness, how often you have welcomed me with a dash of rain in the face, that only made me laugh and say:

"Art there, old true-penny?" And an hour of your fellowship has sent me back refreshed and almost reconciled to my books. And on many a stormy morning and blustering afternoon you have driven away the disorders and sickly fancies from blood and brain. You have cleansed me in your ethereal, whirling bath till my flesh was as the flesh of a little child. Heart-ache and heaviness fly like fog-vapors or thin rain-clouds from your presence.

There is no malice in you. I know, even when you drive the rain and sleet in my face till it stings like a whip, that it is only your mirth. No malice, when you scatter the hand-fuls of snowflakes upon me till my limbs are stiff and my eyes glazed and blinded. It is only your sport. Even were my poor senses dulled into quiet, you would still pelt me till I should be just a little drifted heap above the white level. What an excellent jest that would be! No malice when you push my sail over till it almost touches the foam, and the sheet cuts my hand, and my arm aches in the struggle with the tiller. And if you had spread it on the green, dancing water, and the waves dipped in over the side, that would only have been your jesting too. Just one great frolic, part of the glancing sunlight, and blue sky, and drifting, white cloud.

You know I do not fear you and that I will never cease to struggle with you. For hours I have driven my frail shallop inch by inch and foot by foot against your power. Though you sent your armies of white-caps rolling against me, you could not change my purpose. I knew that a single error would be fatal and that you were waiting for me to make a slip, but for hours I banded the jest with you.

Some time or other, perhaps at mid-night and in storm, you will crush out the worm strength which resists you, but it will be merely a further jest to show how strong you are.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE following lines (said a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* the other day) appeared in Mr. F. A. Heath's annual, "The Keepsake," edited by Miss Power (Landseer's "Lady with the Spaniels"), published by Bogue, Christmas, 1850. They are not republished in Lord Tennyson's works:

STANZAS. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining winged powers
Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

As towards that gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labour is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

"Ouida" is writing a new novel, entitled "Gilderoy," to be published in the *Weekly Scotsman*. It is to be hoped that it will prove better than her last effort, "A House Party," which may be characterized as a mere skeleton of style without any sustaining principle of plot. The author's pen has been very prolific, and she has given to the world novels that will out-live the ephemeral reputation of the mass of mediocre nineteenth-century fiction; but her genius is declining with age, if we may judge from her latest work.

At a recent exhibition of the phonograph, at the London Press Club, the visitors were privileged to hear a series of stanzas, entitled "The Phonograph's Salutation," written by the Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers, and described as "The First Phonogramic Poem," by virtue of the fact that it has never yet been in manuscript. Mickle, the poet is, if we remember rightly, recorded to have set up his translations of "The Lusiad" in type line by line without the intervention of "copy;" but Mr. Powers, who dedicates his stanzas to Mr. Edison, goes beyond the dream of Mickle, in having simply confided his poetical utterances to the instrument, by which it was given back again in his own voice.

The sixteenth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," published on the 26th Sept., extends from Drant to Edridge. Mr. A. H. Bullen writes on Michael Drayton and Alexander Dyce; Mr. Lionel Cust on Martin Droeshout; Mr. Sidney L. Lee on William Drummond of Hawthornden and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Dryden, John Dunton, and Maria Edgeworth; Mr. Francis Espinasse on Sir William Dugdale; Mr. Thomas Bayne on William Dunbar, the Scottish poet; Mr. J. M. Rigg on Duns Scotus; and the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth on Tom D'Urfey.

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published on Saturdays in the University of Toronto, by THE VARSITY Publishing Company, in 21 weekly numbers during the academic year.

The Annual Subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions and items of College News should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The Office of THE VARSITY is at No. 4, King Street East, Room 10 (up-stairs).

VOLUME IX.

THE VARSITY begins its ninth annual volume with this number. Much that we shall say has been said before in former volumes, but as our constituency changes so much with each year, it becomes necessary to bring forward, annually, the claims which THE VARSITY has upon the University public.

We still retain as our motto: "A weekly journal of literature, University thought and events," and shall endeavour to make THE VARSITY unique in each department, placing literature first in importance. As we remarked once before: "If there is any one object for which a university should exist, it is the cultivation of literature and literary tastes." We are still of this opinion, and this is the faith which finds its outward expression in the columns of THE VARSITY. It is a journal of literature, first and foremost. THE VARSITY is a meeting-ground for graduates and students whose tastes run in similar directions, and all who cherish a true regard for their *Alma Mater* will find no closer mutual bond of union than the University journal.

To the student THE VARSITY affords an outlet for literary thoughts and aspirations, and contains besides a record of his sayings and doings, information upon university and college matters, and sympathy and support in all that concerns his welfare and advancement as an undergraduate.

To the graduate THE VARSITY furnishes a medium for the expression of literary tastes, for the criticism of current educational, literary, social and University affairs, and in its columns will be found the latest and best epitome of contemporary life and thought at the University.

One important change has been made this year which applies to students and graduates alike. The subscription price of THE VARSITY has been reduced to a uniform charge of \$1.00 for the academic year. We publish 21 weekly numbers during Michaelmas and Easter terms, with special double numbers at Christmas and midsummer, and at a price which most university journals charge for their monthly issues. In making this change the managers of THE VARSITY have assumed considerable risk, but they have done so for this reason: to remove all possible reason for failure to support THE VARSITY as a competitor of other literary or university journals. At the rate of \$1.00 THE VARSITY now gives the full worth of its subscription price, and is not brought into competition with other papers of a similar class.

It only remains for the editors to add that literary contributions from alumni and students are always welcomed, as well as items of university and college news and communications. We have always adhered to the rule that a contribution from any quarter shall be accepted, provided the subject discussed is of general or practical interest, that it is written with some regard to literary finish, and that the article is vouched for as *bona fide*. The correspondence column is always open and unless correspondents fail to acquaint the editors with their names, and unless the writer wishes simply to veil personal recriminations under the cheap device of anonymity, his communication will always find a place in the columns of THE VARSITY. Opinions at variance with those of the editors, and letters criticising the editorial utterances of THE VARSITY, so long as they conform to the above rules, are never refused.

This is our policy, this our platform for the current year. All we want is the encouragement, sympathy, confidence and practical help of graduates, undergraduates, and friends of the University and of higher education. With these we can, and without them we cannot, make THE VARSITY a worthy and helpful "journal of literature, University thought and events."

RECENT UNIVERSITY MATTERS.

The year that is fast drawing to a close has been a somewhat remarkable one as far as the University of Toronto is concerned. It has witnessed the inauguration of movements and reforms which all indicate that the time is rapidly approaching when the Provincial University will occupy a very different position in the educational world than it has ever done before. By this we mean that it is more than ever taking on the true university spirit and form—as we on this continent understand the term.

A review of the work accomplished by the University, not only during the past year, but during the quarter of a century of its existence as a national and unsectarian institution, is given us in the admirable and most interesting address delivered by the President, Sir Daniel Wilson, at the last College Convocation.

And here we would take advantage of the opportunity of expressing in this, the first issue of our new volume, the great gratification with which the alumni and students of the University of Toronto regard the honour conferred, no less upon the University than upon its venerable President personally, by Her Majesty the Queen. The long, faithful and distinguished services of Dr. Wilson were most fitly recognized in his selection to receive the dignity of a knighthood, and THE VARSITY joins most heartily in tendering to Sir Daniel Wilson its most cordial congratulations, and joins in the hope that he may long be spared to wear the honours which he has so honourably won, and to remain at the head of the institution which owes so much to him.

As the President truly remarked, "the history of this university is identified with successive stages of progress from the first settlement of Upper Canada to the federation of the Provinces of British North America into the Dominion." Though the retrospect of twenty-five years is interesting and instructive we must confine our attention for the present to the more recent changes which have occurred in the constitution and management of the University. And in doing so we cannot quote a better or a more well-informed authority than the President.

The reorganization of the Medical Faculty, though it hardly belongs to the operations of last year, is still so recent that it may fairly be classed as of that rate. It is most encouraging to chronicle, at the end of the first year of its new existence, the fact that the "revised medical faculty has been brought into effective operation; and, notwithstanding the unavoidable impediments incident to the resumption of such comprehensive work with inadequate accommodation and imperfect facilities, the results have, so far, surpassed our most sanguine expectations."

In connection with this branch of university work may be mentioned the erection, now going on, of the building designed, when completed, to accommodate the science departments with adequate laboratories and lecture-rooms. The east wing, specially devoted to biology and physiology, is already far advanced towards completion, and before next convocation will be available for students both in the faculty of arts and of medicine. While the old and venerable "Moss Hall"—the abode of the Literary Society and THE VARSITY—has been thus swept away, and Science has again shouldered Literature to the wall, we have not altogether lost faith in the future of the study of the "humanities" and *belles lettres* in the University, and as a representative of literature and literary pursuits THE VARSITY still retains for her "practical" sister a warm regard and affection.

While Science has thus been successful, the interests of Literature have not been overlooked. The recent addition of a yearly income of \$6,000—the result of the compromise with the City of Toronto in reference to the Queen's Park lease—has rendered it possible to achieve a long wished-for desire. One of the two chairs thus founded by the city is to be devoted to English Language and Literature, and thus this hitherto neglected but most important department will receive fitting attention, and will, we have no reason to doubt, increase in usefulness and popularity.

Referring to the most recent work accomplished, the President continued: "This year we hail with no less satisfaction the realization of a long cherished wish in the appointment of a professor to the Chair of Political Science, not only as the first step in the reorganization of the Faculty of Law, but

as an indication that in that revival we aim at something far beyond our professional training . . . and we have now the pleasure of welcoming, in the new professor of Political Science, a Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford, who comes to us accredited by the most eminent of British Historians, and by other high authorities of Oxford and Cambridge, and by distinguished professors of foreign universities."

The University has reason for congratulation at the appointment of Mr. Ashley to the Chair of Political Science, and especially so as his appointment marks the inauguration of a teaching Faculty of Law, to be composed of the following distinguished jurists and advocates: Chancellor Boyd (Dean), Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., Hon. David Mills, Q.C., M.P., Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P., and Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot.

These are the principal facts in the history of the past year, and they are bright with promise for the future. The closing words of the President's address are full of hope: "What a single generation has witnessed since we cleared the site for these University buildings, is the best index of what the twentieth century has in store for you. Our efforts seemed for a time like the labour of Sisiphus. But if the friends of this University are ever tempted to despond, they have only to recall that initial step when the founders of Upper Canada—amid all the engrossing cares of immigrants entering on the possession of an uncleared wilderness, yet with unbounded faith in the future—bethought themselves of the intellectual needs of unborn generations, and while putting the ploughshare into the virgin soil, dedicated a portion of it as the endowment, by means of which this University is now enabled to place within reach of all the priceless boon of intellectual culture."

THE HAZING QUESTION.

Recent events have brought this matter again to the front, and to haze or not to haze is once more the question. With the opinions as to the propriety of hazing held by one or the other of the two parties into which the discussion has for the time divided the undergraduates, THE VARSITY has no present intention of dealing. It is enough for our immediate purpose that such a division has taken place, that feeling runs high, and that, unless both parties are willing, for the sake of peace, to make concessions, serious results may follow. Serious, we say, not so much for the danger of hand-to-hand conflict—the common sense of the students will surely avert that—but serious for the bitterness and ill-feeling that must result from a continuance of a state of affairs in which one party in the college defies the opinion of the other, that other in its turn exercising an unfriendly surveillance over the actions of its opponents.

Leaving disputed points out of consideration, we may assume as granted on all hands that the one great justification for hazing—if justification indeed there is—is its antiquity as a college institution. Now, if it is true, as the Non-Hazing Union alleges, that it has in fact ceased to be a college institution and has become the special prerogative of a minority, which endeavours to carry on its operations in secret and in opposition to the wishes of the larger number of the students, it is evident that the great argument for its existence has ceased to be.

There is absolutely no reason why the question should not be quietly and satisfactorily settled. It has been suggested that a ballot should be taken to ascertain the opinions of the undergraduates on this matter. The result of such a ballot, it is thought, would show that while a majority of the students are opposed to hazing as it at present exists, not a few, even of the most active members of the N.-H. U., are in favour of some initiation ceremony, or of some college court for the trial of offences, while many more, who have declared themselves wholly opposed to the principle involved in such a ceremony, would gladly agree to a compromise by which peace could be secured and the—to them—objectionable features of hazing obviated. Similar courts, we believe, are in successful operation in several Canadian colleges, and it is darkly rumoured that in some of our own divinity halls the awful Mufti holds nocturnal sway. Conciliation is the order of the day. Accordingly, THE VARSITY takes pleasure in commending the above suggestion to the serious consideration of the two parties most immediately concerned.

COMMUNICATION.

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

CLASS ORGANIZATION FOR '89.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—During the college year 1887-8, THE VARSITY drew attention at different times to the urgent need of some organization among our students, which would preserve the bond uniting them to one another and to their common college, even after their visible connection with the institution should be broken.

It has long been felt that our loyalty is less unselfish, our enthusiasm for our Alma Mater less warm, than her position among the colleges of the country would seem to warrant. While the graduates of such institutions as Queen's and Victoria, on leaving their college halls, carry with them a spirit of honest fervour which makes the spot where they may elect to settle a centre of missionary effort on behalf of their respective colleges, Toronto, on the other hand, has had to contend not only with the fair rivalry of friendly contestants in the race of learning, not only with the bitter opposition of unscrupulous foes, but often with the apathy and neglect of her alumni, and even, at times, against the false words and unfilial acts of some few of her sons, who have left the friendly shelter of her walls only to slander and betray her.

In the stone and lime of a college building—even of such a building as ours—there is little that can excite a true and lasting enthusiasm. We love the place—if we love it at all—because of its associations. Rob it of the memories that cluster about it—memories of battles fought, of friendships formed and fostered—and you rob it of all that makes it dear to the graduate heart. Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, are loved for their associations, for the human interest that centres in them. So must it be with us. Our enthusiasm must be for men, not mortar.

Hence, all that tends to promote close friendship among our students tends directly to the upbuilding of our University. I am speaking, not for the exclusive, selfish *esprit de corps* which sees no fault within, no good without, the confines of our own institution; but rather for that wider sympathy for our fellows in the same college which is not incongruous with (which, in fact, culminates in) a desire for the greater success of colleges the world over.

What can be said of the advantages of organization to any one class graduating from our University can be said with equal truth concerning all. It is of the class of '89, however, that I wish specially to speak. If action is to be taken at all that action must be taken now.

The four years of our college course (now, *Senatu volente*, drawing near its close) have been years of hard fighting along many lines. We have been divided by differences of opinion on various matters. Hard words have been said on all sides, for which, in many cases, all sides have been sorry. Probably few of us would yet admit that our principles, as we have believed them to be, have been but prejudices after all, and probably, were the same battles again to be fought, blood would be as hot and words as bitter as before. But, admitting even that the war has been always righteous, and that the very eagerness of the conflict has been of benefit to many, the fact remains that it has left us not united, but divided, suspicious often of one another's motives, partisan not patriotic. Suspicion and party spirit are happily dying out. Can we not now forget old feuds and unite,—Inside and Out, Residence and Non-Residence, Affirmative and Opposition,—as an organized body, for the preservation of college friendships and for the good of our University.

The details of organization need not here be considered. We may follow in these the example of the American colleges, whose class societies form a marked feature of academic life in the United States; or we may devise plans of our own. The main idea—the keeping up of a connection among our graduates, as graduates, and binding all more closely to the college,—can be worked out in a variety of ways. Should the plan be adopted by '89, other years would no doubt follow suit, and a complete system might thus be established, which could not but result in good to all concerned.

And, above all, if we are to act, we must act now.

J. D. SPENCE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Scientists tell us that perfect life in any organism depends on the completeness of its correspondence with its environments. At the commencement of another college year should not every student consider how far he intends to fulfil this condition in relation to his college life? On examination would it not be found that many students do not conform to this law, that they are not in perfect touch with their surroundings, in fact, that they are not really *living* this college life at all? Are we all sure that there are not many things going on around us which, if we knew more of them, would make our life more perfect and so more profitable and enjoyable? Our surroundings here are manifold. The College societies, the College sports, the College paper, the enlivening conversation of friends and class-mates, are all sources of life and growth, and the student who refuses to take advantage of them but confines his attention to the lecture-room and the study is, as far as real college life is concerned, partially dead, because, to use again the phraseology of science, he is only in partial correspondence with his environments. If he neglects these various sources of intellectual growth he is as absurd as the man who, while supplying his table with every delicacy, shuts himself up for a season in a house with no windows to let in the sunlight. He may at length grow quite corpulent, but when he comes out into the light of day he will find that his eyes cannot endure its brightness. So the student may graduate with high honours and yet be unsuited for the new life he is entering upon; and, while he may talk wisely of the benefits of a college course, he may in his character and actions reveal the fact that during the four years he has spent here, he has been but half alive.

* * *

It is matter for surprise and comment that such a painting as that which has been on exhibition at Shaftesbury Hall for the past few weeks should have remained in such comparative obscurity and neglect. Instead of the crowds which greeted it in Montreal, a few occasional strangers—or at most a throng of ten or twenty—attested the appreciation of Toronto. This cannot be ascribed to lack of advertising, but it may partly be referred to the reluctance of the press to notice in its columns this fine work of art. Every day saw the announcement of the picture repeated in the various city dailies, but in none of the papers in which the advertisement appeared, with the exception, perhaps, of *The Globe*, was there anything approaching an adequate critical or descriptive reference which might direct the attention of the public to the merits of this painting.

* * *

But a deeper reason for indifference lies and must be sought in the deficiency of art taste. We have no great art of our own, and we are too far from European art centres that they should not be inaccessible to most of us; hence our opportunities for its cultivation are not large. Of course there are greater paintings than "Christ Entering Jerusalem," but that is not a reason why it should pass unnoticed.

* * *

I learned from the genial and well-informed manager of the picture, in the course of a brief but pleasant conversation, that the artist, M. Philippoteaux, like Goethe in literature, designs his work, not merely in outline, but down to the smallest detail, in the studio of his brain, before lifting his brush to reproduce it on the preserving canvas. Hence, he never erases, never changes any part after he has once attained the originally-conceived effect. He is also very methodical in his labours, working always in the morning hours, and always indulging in recreation and exercise after his toil. His forte lies in depicting "the human form divine." His faces are studies.

* * *

The picture itself demands at least a passing notice. Not being over-familiar with the esoteric terminology of art, I shall endeavour to record my impressions in every-day language. I

cannot aim at more than a faint admiration of the original. The artist has chosen from a history crowded with interesting events, perhaps the most artistic moment for perpetuation. Christ entering Jerusalem bears

"In his eyes foreknowledge of death,"

and of death soon to come. Yet, with inevitable fate flying on so ble a wing before him, he passes through a scene of present triumph. The conception and treatment of Christ in this picture show M. Philippoteaux to be a disciple of the modern realistic school. Tradition is discounted, and instead of the conventional halo and the immemorial red and blue garments, Jesus appears in a simple white raiment, and without any supernatural indices. In the face of the Madonna all the yearning tenderness of motherhood is expressed, blent with resignation to the famine of affection from which she has suffered. In strong contrast to the melancholy Mary is the Arab boy of joyous mien beside her, who has attained an elevation from which he views the unique procession. The pose of this figure is graceful and easy, but is somewhat marred by the length of the right foot, so plainly visible. The calm sadness of three of the characters, of the Virgin to the right of the canvas, of Christ in the centre, and of a silent female worshipper to the extreme right of the foreground, serves as a foil to the more ebullient feelings of the others. The doubt expressed in the features and gestures of the three doctors of law in the right middle foreground is a vigorous contrast to the unquestioned credence so manifest in the faces of the general throng, and so sternly incarnate in the person of St. John, who guides the animal on which the Saviour sits. The picture is too rife in detail for a minute description. The suppliant paralytic who receives the immediate attention of Jesus; the conscience-stricken Jewish maid who has succumbed in fear; the fawning face of Iscariot bending forward in designful sycophancy; the children strewing flowers; several of the female faces; many of the minor figures are studies in themselves.

* * *

Only one face in the canvas, I understand, was painted from a model, that of the blonde child scattering blossoms, the original of which was a Roman flower girl.

M. Philippoteaux' father was also a painter of repute, most of whose work is now owned by the French Government. A little incident I have heard of the artist proves him to be of the *vieille roche*: He was walking one day with a lady of his acquaintance, when a thunder-storm came up on a sudden. His fair companion was greatly perturbed, and asked M. Philippoteaux if it would not be better for her to remove what jewellery she wore, as she was sure its brightness would attract the lightning. His reply was: "*Mais non, madame; fermez les yeux, et vous serez de sureté*"

* * *

The late President of the University was not personally known to the present generation of undergraduates; but his name will ever remain honourably associated with the history of the University; and the close of his long life is so recent that many will recall the occasion when the first President was borne to his final rest in St. James' cemetery, attended by many both of the graduates and undergraduates of the University.

We recall these facts now, to note the recent placing over the grave in St. James' cemetery of a beautiful coped sepulchral slab, finished with a cruciform ridge, and bearing the following inscription:—

"In loving memory of
THE REV'D. JOHN McCAUL, LL.D.
For thirty-eight years President of University College, Toronto.
Born 7th March, 1807,
Died 15th April, 1887.
"For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him."

A visit to the cemetery will reward those who reverence the memory of an eminent teacher and distinguished classical scholar. The grave is on the edge of the northern path that winds along the top of the ravine.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

ALL reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

CONVOCAATION.

The annual Convocation of University College was held on Friday afternoon, the 19th of October. Notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather, Convocation Hall was filled with a large audience of ladies and gentlemen who gathered to witness the presentation of prizes, medals, and scholarships to the successful competitors, and to listen to the speeches of the day.

The proceedings of the afternoon were in many instances entirely different from those of preceding years and the innovations were, without exception, improvements, and seemed to give satisfaction to all present.

The Glee Club, under the direction of its leader, Mr. G. H. Fairclough, was stationed in the gallery, and at intervals sang the following programme of college songs: "Alma Mater," "God Preserve our Native Land," "The Undergraduate's Lament," "Way up on the Mountain Top," "Litoria," and "Old Grimes."

The proceedings were also varied by the delivery of a Latin oration by Mr. H. J. Crawford, B.A., winner of the McCaul Medal in Classics last year. Mr. Crawford's oration, on the advantages of Classical education, and the need for the cultivation of a true national spirit, was decidedly clever both in thought and in expression, being pleasantly satirical in tone, and, as Professor Hutton subsequently remarked, "must have awakened a responsive chord in the heart of each auditor present." Mr. Crawford recited his speech in good form and was loudly applauded at its conclusion.

The speakers of the day were: Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church, and Sir Daniel Wilson, President of the University. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Alexander Campbell, Official Visitor, was also present and occupied a seat on the dais.

The speech of the Minister of Education was especially interesting, owing to the official character of the utterances contained in it with reference to the proposed Faculty of Law. Mr. Ross announced that the new University Faculty would be composed of a number of fixed professors, of which Professor Ashley was the first, and of extra-mural lecturers, chosen from among the most eminent practitioners of the Ontario Bar.

Though he did not mention any names, it is regarded as official that the following gentlemen will compose the extra-mural staff of lecturers; Chancellor Boyd, Dean of the Faculty, Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot, Hon. David Mills, Q.C., M.P. and Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P.

Rev. Dr. Potts made a very short speech in which he expressed the hope that the foundation stone of the new building for Victoria College would be laid next May in the Queen's Park.

The President, Sir Daniel Wilson, then delivered his annual address, marked as usual by that combination of grace and power so characteristic of its author's Convocation addresses, and the more interesting this year by reason of the detailed and careful retrospect of the history of the University which it contained, a statement of its present position and its prospects for the future.

A more extended reference to this notable address will be found in another column.

A word only remains to be said in reference to the conduct of the students. It was, on the whole, a vast improvement on previous years, but there was still manifested on the part of some an inclination to transgress the bounds of ordinary politeness, and to indulge in cat-calls, stamping, and the like all the time that the speakers were speaking. This should be suppressed at once and forever. Those who do not want to hear the speeches can easily leave the hall when the speeches begin, and those who remain will not be annoyed, and so every one will be satisfied. There is no compulsion to attend Convocation, but those who elect to be present must learn, or else be taught, who to behave in public.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The second regular meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, Oct. 26th, in the College Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The removal of Moss Hall has deprived a good many of the college institutions of a home, but the society is to be congratulated on having secured such comfortable quarters for the season.

The society has frequently, in past years, had ladies proposed for membership and duly elected, but on Friday evening the climax was reached when twenty-one ladies were unceremoniously black-balled.

Mr. C. S. Wood was elected as representative of the first year on the General Committee, and at the next meeting a representative will be elected from the third year to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. R. Wells.

The following gentlemen have been nominated for the position: Messrs. C. A. Chant, E. B. Merrill, R. M. Thompson, W. E. Woodruff and J. A. McMillan.

The programme was a good one. Mr. A. T. Thompson opened with a song, "The Powder Monkey." Mr. Thompson was twice enthusiastically recalled, and in response gave "A Little Peach," and "Rosalie."

Mr. J. W. Henderson was the reader of the evening and read a selection from Bret Harte.

The debate was on the question "Resolved, that the exclusion of the Chinese or a tax on their immigration is justifiable."

The Society divided. In the 4th and 1st year division, Mr. J. N. Elliott supported the resolution and was opposed by Mr. J. A. Croll. Messrs. McNichol, Smith, Coatsworth and Spence also spoke.

In the 2nd and 3rd year division Messrs. Bonner and Walker supported the resolution while Messrs. Godfrey and Fortune opposed it. The decision in both divisions was in favour of the negative.

It was recommended that a public debate be held on the evening of Nov. 9th. Mr. J. D. Spence was elected reader and Messrs. J. J. Ferguson, J. N. Elliott, W. G. W. Fortune and A. T. Hunter were chosen speakers.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB held its first meeting for 1888-9 on Monday, 22nd instant, in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, the Honourary President, Sir Daniel Wilson, in the chair. The programme was in English, the subject being "American Authors," and the meeting proved to be a very enjoyable one. The musical selections on the violin and the piano by Miss Keys and Miss Green were especially good. A reading by Miss Stewart, with capital essays by Messrs. Rodd and DesBarres, made up the literary programme. The attendance was large, and gave every indication of a successful year.

A French meeting of the Club was held on Monday, the 29th inst., the President, J. D. Spence, in the chair. Miss Robson read an essay in French on Racine's *Iphigénie*, and was followed by Mr. W. R. Rutherford, who gave a reading from the same work.

Mr. Shiel was elected Treasurer and Mr. J. H. Rodd fourth year Councillor.

The meeting then resolved itself into groups for French conversation; Labiche's play, "La Grammaire," has been adopted by the members for reading in common. If the meeting of last Monday is to be taken as a criterion this experiment will prove highly successful.

The officers and members extend a cordial invitation to all Modern Language men—Pass and Honour—to unite with the Club. Nominations will be made at the next meeting for two Councillors from the first year and for one each from the second and third years.

THE VARSITY COMPANY'S ANNUAL MEETING.

The ninth annual meeting of THE VARSITY Publishing Company was held in the parlour of the College Y.M.C.A., on Thursday evening, the 18th of October, 1888, at 8 o'clock. The President, William Creelman, was in the chair, and about twenty shareholders were present.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read by the Secretary, J. D. Spence, and were confirmed.

The Treasurer, J. S. Johnston, presented his annual report, which, after some discussion, was adopted.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, William Creelman, B.A., L.L.B.
 Vice-President, William Blake, B.A.
 Editor-in-Chief, Fred. B. Hodgins, B.A.
 Associate Editors:—J. H. Moss, '89, J. D. Spence, '89,
 F. J. Davidson, '90, O. P. Edgar, '91, C. A. Stuart, '91.
 Secretary, H. M. Wood, '91.
 Treasurer, R. J. Gibson, '89.
 Business Manager, J. S. Johnston, '89.

Directors:—P. M. Forin, '89, J. Brebner, '90, A. A. Macdonald, '90, G. B. McClean, '90, F. H. Moss, '91, T. D. Dockray, '91, G. A. Badgerow, '92, and C. J. R. Bethune, '92.

It was moved by Rev. J. O. Miller, B.A., seconded by J. E. Jones, B.A., that the subscription price of THE VARSITY for 1888-9, be reduced to \$1.00 for graduates and undergraduates.

After considerable discussion of this important matter the resolution was adopted.

It was moved by J. H. Moss, '89, seconded by F. B. Hodgins, B.A., that two additional offices of Directors be created, to be open to undergraduates in the Faculty of Medicine, and that the Board of Directors be empowered to fill these positions at their discretion. The motion was adopted.

The meeting then adjourned.

ALUMNI NOTES.

P. Toews, '79, has been appointed to a Lectureship in Modern Languages at McGill University, Montreal.

R. S. Cassels, '79, has severed his connection with Blake & Co., and is now in partnership with his brother, Mr. Hamilton Cassels.

H. W. Mickle, '82, late of Blake & Co., has taken rooms in the Manning Arcade.

J. M. Clark, '82, has entered into partnership with W. D. McPherson, of this city.

Rev. Donald McGillivray, '82, has been sent as a missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church to India. He took the degree of B.D. at Knox College, at a special examination held this summer.

H. H. Dewart, '83, was banqueted recently by the Young Men's Liberal Club upon his retirement from the Presidency.

Rev. A. C. Miles, '84, is Rector of St. John's Church, West Toronto.

F. A. Drake, '84, has his law office in York Chambers, Toronto Street.

J. McGregor Young, '84, formerly Editor-in-Chief of THE VARSITY, is in town with Blake & Co.

E. W. H. Blake, '84, has been called to the Bar, and admitted as a partner into Blake & Co.

W. F. W. Creelman, '82, has entered the firm of Blake & Co.

Rev. W. A. Frost, '84, is curate of St. John's Church, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dr. John McGillivray, '84, has been appointed to the chair of English in Queen's University, Kingston.

Gordon Hunter, '85, has opened an office on King St. West.

M. S. Mercer, '85, took a First Class certificate (short course) at "C" School during the summer.

George Mickle, '86, is studying mining engineering in the mines at Freiburg, Germany.

H. B. Cronyn, '86, is in town again, with Blake & Co.

Rev. C. C. Owen, '86, is curate at St. Peter's Church, in this city.

F. A. C. Redden, '87, of King's College, Cambridge, paid a visit to Toronto during the summer. He has returned to England.

W. L. Miller, '87, of Berlin University (Germany), spent the summer on the Island of Orleans, and is, doubtless, at this time back in Berlin.

W. B. Nesbitt, '87, was married in October, and has taken a house on the corner of McCaul and College Streets—just opposite where he used to live when still a bachelor.

A. H. Gibbard, '87, is teaching at Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

CLASS OF '88.

The following members of the Class of '88 are studying law:—

E. F. Blake, with Blake & Co.
 H. C. Boulton, with Moss & Co.
 W. C. Burritt, with McCarthy, Osler & Co.
 T. A. Gibson, with Fullerton, Cook and Wallace.
 T. M. Harrison, with McCarthy, Osler & Co.
 T. M. Higgins, with Beaty, Hamilton & Cassels.
 J. E. Jones, with Armour & Gordon.
 W. A. Lamport, with Watson, Thorne & Smoke.
 A. H. O'Brien, with Robinson, O'Brien & Co.
 S. D. Schultz, with Bigelow & Morson.
 F. J. Steen, in Chicago.
 W. M. McKay, in Ottawa.

G. Waddron, with McPherson & Robinette.

E. C. Senkler, in Brockville, with Hon. C. F. Fraser, M.P.P.

The following are studying theology:—

L. E. Skey, J. R. S. Boyd, and F. B. Hodgins, at Wycliffe College.

M. P. Talling, at Knox College.

The following are studying medicine:—

A. J. L. Mackenzie, at Trinity School.

G. Boyd and H. MacLaren, at Toronto School.

The following are Fellows for 1888-89:—

J. McGowan, in Mathematics.

J. G. Witton, in Physics.

H. J. Crawford, McCaul Medallist, and Latin Oratorian at Convocation, is teaching in Belleville High School.

Rev. J. O. Miller is curate at St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

J. A. Sparling is attending the Training Institute at Strathroy.

W. Prendergast is teaching at Clinton Collegiate Institute.

J. W. Dales is teaching Modern Languages in Dutton.

E. S. Hogarth is at Strathroy Training Institute.

Miss Lennox is at Strathroy.

E. A. Hardy is at Guelph Training Institute.

J. G. Harkness is in a law office in Cornwall.

F. H. Suffel has blossomed out into a Professor of Classics in California somewhere.

S. B. Leacock, '90, and Miss Jean Scott, '89, are at the Strathroy Training Institute.

Mr. Robert Harkness, B.A. '87, and Mrs. Harkness left on Thursday evening last to join Mr. J. S. Gale, '88, in the mission field at Serul, Corea. Mr. Harkness is the eighth who has left the University within a short time for the foreign fields. The others are Messrs. Laflamme, Garside, Davis

(McMaster Hall), Wright, Stevenson (School of Practical Science), McGillivray (Knox College), and Gale.

J. D. Swanson, '89, is teaching in Listowel.

S. J. Radcliffe and J. A. Giffin, '88, and G. E. Mabee, '89, are at Owen Sound Training Institute.

W. H. Metzler, '88, is at Kingston Training Institute.

E. L. Hill, '88, is at Guelph Training Institute.

THE VARSITY is pleased to recognize in Professor McGillivray, recently chosen to fill the chair of Modern Languages in Queen's University, a graduate of our own college. We beg

to extend our congratulations to Mr. McGillivray on his appointment.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meetings have so far been well attended, and more than usual interest has been aroused in the work of the Association. On Thursday, Oct. 25th, the meeting was conducted by Mr. H. B. Fraser, who took as his text 1 John

2: 28. On Thursday last Mr. G. B. McClean was leader, speaking from 1 Corinthians 15: 58. Mr. G. W. Robinson

will conduct next week's meeting.

The reception to the students of the College given in the building soon after the opening of the term inaugurated a series of Saturday evening "At Homes" on a modest scale.

The building will always be open on that evening, all students are invited, and a pleasant evening may be spent by those who

care to go.

The Association was represented at the Northfield, (Mass.) Convention by four of its members—Rev. C. C. Owen, B.A., Messrs. T. C. DesBarres, G. B. McClean, F. R. Lillie and C.

A. Stuart.