

x. McNairn W. H.

THE VARSITY



VOL. XVII. No. 20

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH 17TH, 1898.

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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XVII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1898.

No. 20.

THE DOUBTING METAPHYSICIAN.

I have a little nest of ants
Within my little brain ;
These little ants are little doubts
Which sting and sting again.

I doubt if freshmen after all
Are not the happiest folk,
Even if they do not think a think,
Nor tell a modern joke.

I doubt if some calm, muley cows,
Do not enjoy this life
A great deal more than Mr. Jones,
Or Mr. Jones' wife.

I doubt if politicians are
As honest as the sun,
Or if while breath is in their lungs,
Their trickiness is done.

I doubt if bachelors are as snug
As they would have us think ;
I doubt if benedicts are fools,
To drown their cares in drink.

I doubt, I doubt ; yes, yes, I doubt
That I do really doubt ;
I doubt that doubters will believe
That all my doubts are out.

W. T. ALLISON.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, THE POET.

It is strange how little is known about Matthew Arnold's poetry. In Stead's recent anthology we are told that one great reason is that Arnold's work has never been published in cheap form. This fact, however, has little to do with his popularity in that world where appreciation of poetry is most to be expected. Arnold did not write for the people to whom Stead would introduce him. He wrote for the cultured classes ; and this is the strange thing, that even among those who regard cost as no barrier to a purchase, and who look on themselves as the patricians in the realm of literature and art—even here few know anything definite of his poetry.

Is it that his poems are too cold and formal, or too intellectual ? Perhaps the answer should be,—not that they are too cold, but that they are thought to be. Because he was so famous as a prose writer, thinker and critic, the world has judged him by this one standard. That such a man could write poems which were not argument or doctrine seems to have been more than the world expected. The very necessity for stating that Arnold's poetry is not the chilled, clear-cut, metrical embodiment of doctrine brings out this fact most clearly. People seem to have believed that the impassive thinker, if he turned to verse, would have set forth there lofty imaginings of the aims of life, of the nature of Deity, or some such theme. And expecting this, they have turned aside, practically saying, "We have listened to your doctrines in philosophy and

politics, we shall not listen to them in the realm of poetry." If this view is correct nothing shows more plainly the distaste of the present day for didactic poetry than this neglect. And how universal this neglect is may be gathered from the fact that three years ago at this time, in the leading stores of this city, there was only one edition of his poetical works to be found.

And yet this same poetry is one of the great achievements of our century. A critic who speaks of the Apostle of Culture as "a writer whose curious earnestness and ability in attempting the impossible, will soon be a mere curiosity in literature," speaks of him at the same time as one of the most considerable of English poets ; one whose place will probably be above that of any poet of the eighteenth century, excepting Burns, and not excepting Pope or Cowper, Goldsmith or Gray. Among the great poets of the nineteenth century he would class him as sixth or probably even fourth. To some of us these words must seem strange.

Although his Grecian treatment, and his strange doctrine that all truly great poems must be objective, have kept Arnold's personality out of his work somewhat, especially in his early poems, yet so much has been said with reference to his personal character that we must pause a moment to consider it. Most people in Philistia (and most people are in Philistia) would say that Arnold was a sort of Voltaire, a pessimistic, sceptical writer,—the latter adjective always in italics,—who dared to revise and "verify" the Bible, who defined Deity as a "stream of tendency which makes for righteousness," and religion as "morality touched with emotion." Men shuddered to think of such a creature. They pictured him as a cold, gloomy man, without heart, scoffing at what was sacred truth to all the rest of the world. A distorted truth makes the worst lie, and never was truth more easily distorted. As year by year the confusion of that time of controversy subsides into the still realm of history, the coarse taunts will be silenced, and men believing he was wrong, shall wonder at his firm, noble life, strong in contrast with such a background.

In spite of his early principle that all poetry should be objective, the burden of Matthew Arnold's poetry is that lyric cry of a solitary, passionate heart, repressed by stoic will. Of course there is no sentimentalism here ; no one expects that in Arnold. But on the other hand, because his poetry comes to us mostly from those intervals when the stoic was not supreme, there is not that icy coldness in it which we find in some of his prose.

The events of Arnold's life were in part just such as those which affected Milton, and his work shows many of the peculiarities of the great Puritan. The great Oxford movement of the central years of this century came to Arnold's sequestered world with all the force that the puritan movement exerted over Milton's mind. Both men threw aside the formalism and tradition by which they were surrounded, and stood out as stern, uncompromising champions of what they believed to be right. Both forsook scholastic seclusion to urge their cause in the world of common life, and again in Arnold, as we must suppose in Milton also, there always lingered in the inmost mind a breathing of the solemn hush that comes to all unfettered souls, a glimpse of the far-off landscape, where the memory

and imagination rest beyond the tumults of the moment, and the din of factious disputes. No matter how closely humanity surged around him, Arnold strove to help "the core of self" beyond the reach of any defilement, and this is, after all, the subject for his song utterances.

It is this thought that suggests one of the sweetest of his lyrics, from which the following stanzas are taken :

Yes! in the sea of life existed,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*,
The islands feel the enclaspings flow,
And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
And they are swept by balms of spring,
And in their glens on starry nights
The nightingales divinely sing ;
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh! then a longing-like despair
Is to their farthest caverns sent ;
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent !
Now round us meets the watery plain—
Oh might our marges meet again !

But we must now, in this hurried sketch, confine our attention to one or two distinct phases of Arnold's poetry. And first let us see if this " pessimist " could nerve himself to anything but broken wailings over the darkness of fate. Poems of such a nature can never be supremely great, for the world knows how easy it is to despair. But the strong, clear song that springs from a loftier conception of life, that tells of an unconquerable spirit,—this is rare, and has the qualities of endurance. It will last, either in its own form or in the manifold music of human lives of which it affects. This is a subject we cannot enter upon here, however, and we shall simply quote some lines of " Obermann Once More," to show the virile force and simple power which Arnold had to portray in historical setting the stern facts of his own life.

In his cool hall with haggard eyes
The Roman noble lay,
He drove abroad in furious guise
Along the Appian way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crowned his hair with flowers ;
No easier nor no quicker passed
The impracticable hours

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world ;
The Roman tempest swelled and swelled
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bowed low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain,
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray :
A conquering, new-born joy awoke
And filled her life with day.

" Poor world," she cried, " so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst,
Go seek it in thy soul ! "

None of Arnold's narrative poems are great, but all are good. The " Sick King in Bokhara " has more of the dramatic in it than his tragedies, but strikes the reader as somewhat abrupt in thought and form. There has been great difference of opinion with regard to " Sohrab and Rustum." The first reviewers, in articles now mere curiosities, found fault with the minute treatment—an imitation of Homer. They said that the slight action of the story was impeded by such " truck," as it was called. Now this and the other narrative poems are taken more as idylls, and the excellence of the treatment less questioned. How much would it take away from this poem to omit, as one critic insists on doing, the last fifty lines? He would omit that picture of the twilight falling by the Aral sea, of the two gazing hosts and the lonely plain between, where the father knelt by the son he had just killed, and then the camp-fires twinkling through the fog on either side the Oxus.

" But the majestic river floated on
Out of the mist and hum of that low land
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon."

There is a fine suggestion through it all that the river is not merely the Oxus. It flows almost as a phantom stream. Upon its banks the banners are rippling in the pomp of war, but its dark, sluggish current seems to give a chill that haunts the reader to the close.

Tristram and Iseult suffers in some respects by contrast with Tennyson's Idylls, but it is full of clear, yet short, glimpses into that romantic world. The dramatic element is not strong here, but yet not absent, and there is more reality, more human passion in it than in Tennyson's romantic work. Who of us does not retain the picture of that wild, bleak coast of France, where the frail Iseult bends over the knight whose eyes are—

" Gazing seaward for the light
Of some ship that fronts the gale
On this wild December night ? "

We are startled at the picture on the swinging, ghost-like tapestry, as the wind blows the arras to and fro beside the dead lovers, and the hunter stares at the corpses and then at the blown rushes on the floor, and the fitful fire ; and in a lull of the storm comes the long roar of the Atlantic!

And yet Arnold was not a poet of the past, though he wished for a return to Grecian ideals. He had to live too much in the present to become an idle admirer of the past, and from most of his poems, treating of a classical or romantic subject, we feel almost as in an allegory, the direct influence on our life now. The others he leaves as we must leave them. They may be restful to us when we are wearied with the struggle of life, but when we are strong again it is our duty to turn from the dim pagentry to the stern needs of the day. Let the scene come once before the eyes, and then in Arnold's own words :

" Pass banners, pass, and bugles cease,
And leave their deserts to their peace."

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

Mr. Robertson, whose article on Residence appeared last week, very kindly provided a cut at his own expense to go with it. We are very sorry that it arrived too late for us to use it with the article, but we are very thankful to Mr. Robertson for his kindness in sending it.

A REVIEW REVIEWED.

In order to be fully impressed with the fact that Canada is a growing country and gradually securing an increasing share of attention from historians, one has only to turn to the latest Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada, of which volume II has just appeared. This exceedingly useful and handy volume, containing a review or mention of every work pertaining to Canada, worthy of any notice whatever, is the work of Prof. Wrong, assisted by Mr. H. H. Langton. It reviews those historical publications which have appeared in the year just closed. Over 150 have been touched upon, covering a very extensive field, and relating to Canada's relations to the Empire, Provincial and Local History, Geography, Economics and Statistics, Law, Education and Bibliography.

The book, which is published by the Librarian, is well gotten up, and should form a welcome addition to every library. The individual reviews are fairly written, some exceptionally so, being marked neither by a captious fault-finding on the one hand, nor a desire to say nothing but good on the other, a defect which mars so many criticisms. An honest attempt is made to be fair, although in a few cases there is a mingling of severity.

Perhaps one of the most difficult things in connection with a review like that of Prof. Wrong's, is to know just what works should be given a prominent position, since some must of necessity receive minor notices. This will depend largely on the individual tastes of the editor, and while some of us would perhaps have wished to see more extended notice given to books which are dismissed with a few paragraphs, we cannot but feel that on the whole, the editors have exercised judicious selection.

1897 was not marked by the appearance of any work of exceptional merit, but by a great many of a rather mediocre standard. Perhaps the greatest work of the year is the publication of the Henry-Thompson journals, under the name of, *New Light on the North-West*, edited by Elliot Coues, of New York. Last year produced a great deal of literature dealing with the far west, and, now that the Yukon is occupying such a large part in the public mind, we may expect much more. Dr. Dawson of the Canadian Geological survey has contributed some very interesting notes and statistics regarding that part of the country. French Canada also occupies some prominence. Old manuscripts are constantly turning up in which very valuable historical information may be secured. Our government archives should possess ample material for throwing some light on the more obscure periods of our history, for example between 1760 and 1774.

We understand that it is the intention of Prof. Wrong to issue his Review annually. The next volume will appear next February, and will deal with the historical publications of the present year. An undertaking so peculiarly our own, should receive the most active assistance from all who feel any interest in matters relating to Canada, and should meet with the hearty welcome which it deserves. Prof. Wrong and his able staff of contributors may well feel proud of the character of the work which they have done. To a student with any predilections towards history or economics, every one of the 250 pages will prove highly interesting. Those who have read the present volume, will look forward with some expectancy to the appearance of the next.

J. T. A. SMITHSON.

A GENEROUS ACT.

Mr. R. A. Thompson, M.A., of '85, has donated \$25.00 to the Department of Mathematics, to be used in purchasing books for the Library. Mr. Thompson's generosity is greatly appreciated by the undergraduates and cannot be too highly commended to other loyal graduates.

THE PERSONALITY OF WALTER SCOTT.

"Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners."

T. AND C.

The world's history is nowhere better read than in the personalities of her great poets, because it is in them we have the embodiment of the principles through which we detect the universal tendency of mankind. Great poets are the natural and inevitable product of a national life marked by distinct tendencies, not the prodigies of capricious chance, but growths developed by principles and laws that work with the same inevitableness and consistency as those that bring the rosebud in the gentle days of springtime.

The poet stands for and propagates the truth that is man's need, and because he incorporates in his being a larger share of human experience than his fellow-men he sees beyond the horizon of present fact and reads in its significance the tendency of human hopes and aspirations. He is at once priest and prophet of his people; priest in that he knows the national life, prophet in that he sees into the future.

His knowledge of national life, however, will be commensurate with his penetration of insight into the range of human knowledge, his capacity for experience, and the degree in which the absolute man within him comes into consciousness. He it is who listens to the inner and mysterious song of the universe, hears and sees that to which others are deaf and blind, because it is all the harmony of the world heard in the inner sanctuary of his own soul,—that soul in which is mirrored the world's shadows, that sees the eternal in the transient, the ideal in the real. Such a soul feels itself stirred to utterance: the content seems divine; it has a message for man and longs for artistic expression. What will its medium of revelation be? Will it speak of humanity, of nature, or of the unseen world?

Shakespeare saw the important things of life centred in *humanity*, ever mindful, however, of nature's place, and had a message of universal application, the revelation of which was cast so far down the ages that men still cry, hundreds of years afterwards, not the eureka of sudden acquisition but the ever hopeful cry of Ariel,—

"Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer."

Wordsworth, on the other hand, would teach us to see the expression of an Absolute Being in the daisy, the grass and starlit-sky: man's path is along the streams, through the meadows and on the hills,—through all *nature* rather than among men; "and 'tis my faith," he says,—

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes"

Milton saw the importance of the spiritual element in man. He tells us of the invisible powers of the *unseen world*, and teaches us to find our light and guidance in them:—

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven."

Each poet, then, must have an attitude toward life; his poetry must be his interpretation of it as revealed through his personality; it must be a revelation of what he considers important in life, and in the measure of his greatness will embody, through the creative impulse, a larger element of truth than he himself has consciously embodied,—such is the strangeness of the consistency of

truth. It is by the study of the varied character of this expression, the form in which it is moulded and the style that characterizes it all, that we gain a limited knowledge of the personality of a poet.

When we approach the study of the personality of Scott, as revealed in his poems, we at once perceive that his field is wide. He saw the strength of the combined treatment of the human element with the natural world, and, indeed, has an occasional vague and suggestive reference to the unseen. Truly, here is extensive treatment, but possibly the extensiveness has been at the cost of fineness and delicacy of touch in the all important detail.

It can be justly claimed that Scott's treatment of the human element is of adequate fulness to meet his requirements; but here it is wherein lies the fact at once significant and interpretative of the author's personality. Along with the *adequacy* of treatment must go the worth or greatness of the object treated, when determining an author's power. The lightly drawn characters of comedy are the fit representatives of the foibles of humanity, but a deep and determining force in human existence must have a range and fulness of power such as we find in tragedy. This fact, then, is apparent with regard to Scott, that he has treated adequately what he chose, but his choice is comparatively low down the scale. Character with him is revealed more through *description* than through the concrete and more artistic method. His characters lack the *potential*,—that positiveness of existing character—because they are not the life-blood of experience alike bitter and sweet. Scott could not have written, "The rest is silence," because such a conclusion would have been inconsistent where characters do not attain even the limited philosophic introspection of Shakespeare's historical characters, not to mention those of the tragedy.

Scott's creations do not act out of any complexity of motives, being in this respect a perfect commentary on their creator. The pensive mood of a *Hamlet* found no place in Scott's Utopia—if, indeed, he had one at all—but that his love and delight in man was centred chiefly in the accomplishment of the heroic we can see from the sympathetic portrayal of a *William of Deloraine*. Hence it is that his works are not replete with aphorisms indicative of an intimate knowledge of human experience, ethical, at least, if not æsthetic. Scott caught the dominant principles of life and expressed some of them well, as, indeed, we can see from such splendid utterance as,—

"True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

But even this is not sustained, and we find such weak and clumsy lines as—

"When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified."

Measured by some standards, we are prone to disparage Scott's treatment of human nature as being limited and superficial, but it is not to be disparaged. When we think but momentarily of the possibilities of pessimism we see how clearly stands out the strong, robust, genuinely patriotic and entirely natural mind that moulded the elements of unmeasured possibilities into a harmonious and pleasing whole. His strongest and best work in his poems is actu-

ated by strong, vigorous and wholesome feeling, and when he cries:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

we know that it comes from the heart and that Scott is free from hypocrisy, despite his pride. It is because of the wholesomeness of his own being that he has at times touched the fountain-head of truth, and though no large element of greatness is requisite to reach such a plane, yet we must rejoice that a force has been added on the side of good and truth through one, who, though untroubled by philosophic doubt, or the mystery of existence, was, nevertheless, content to see, admire, and live for, the generation of truth through manly heroic activity. Scott's treatment of the human element is not great nor complete, but it is in general principle good, sound and wholesome, and thoroughly indicative of the man himself.

Perhaps it is in his attitude toward Nature that Scott best and most fully reveals himself, and exterior evidences alone suffice to show his preponderating delight in the natural world as compared with men.

Scott rejoiced in his creations rather as they embodied the principles which he specially recognized, but with Nature his love was unbounded. It was the very essence of his being to love all the beauty and picturesqueness of Nature, not alone the mountain crag and roaring stream but the wild birds and little flowers. Without a touch of self-consciousness he can write the line:

"But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,"

showing that he had a finely appreciative ear and a power of expression inconstant, perhaps, yet productive of the fineness and perfection of finish so delightful to the ear of Tennyson. He who writes of what appears to be a star and says it

"Shakes its loose tresses on the night,"

and, again, of the morning,—

"The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose,"

calling the violet *pale*, surely has claims for being called a nature poet.

When we say that Scott was content to revel in all the beauty that he found, and that that was all it meant to him, we have set his limit in his dealing with the natural world. It was with Nature that he flung open his heart to impressions, and we can see that its range was wide, but with it all he never was stirred to cry with Keats,—

"Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art"—

He did detect a sympathy existent between Nature and her poet, but that is all. His progress was not in the spiritual. Nature was a great and beautiful garden; a place delightful to wander in and listen to the morning song of the little bird, the murmuring water and the sighing of the trees, but for him it never came to mean the embodiment of existence under its proper laws,—the need of which Keats felt so keenly. Scott read his sermons not in stones, but rather from the "scrolls that teach thee to live and die." For him there was not the solace and joy that comes from seeing that the bird's flight and the great mountain crag alike belong to beauty; that, inasmuch as they are the product of the activity of an Absolute Mind, some element of which is in his own being, they are the means by which he and his Maker are brought together.

Of Beauty itself Scott had not the full and *broad* recognition, or if he had he has not given it expression. His feeling toward the natural world approaches what I imagine was Shakespeare's, when he wrote :

“ Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither.”

Throughout Scott reveals a fineness of feeling and a delicacy of mind readily responsive to Beauty's appeal. We can say of his appreciation that it was deep-felt and genuine, and that the joy and delight derived from the mere contemplation and description of Nature was self-satisfying. This is the chief and best part of the man, Walter Scott, and we cannot but rejoice that, though Nature did not mean to him what it did to Keats, he was yet saved from the cold and formal didacticism to which Wordsworth, for instance, *occasionally* fell.

Scott's claims to greatness are not many; he is loved and cherished because he was a fine, healthy and genuinely optimistic mind. He took a joy out of living; men appealed to him, Nature appealed to him still more, and his work has a distinct and unique place in literature. He was the strong tonic to the maudlin thought and langour that characterized his period, the reviver of an ebbing life, the restorer of literature to a higher plane, nay, such a force as the present analysis-run-mad age, in its continued and self-weakening struggle for the all important and cold-blooded *fact* might well profit by.

The harmony existent between man's being and the natural world binds them together, and even as Scott felt this, but gave it no definite expression, so may we, through him, be consoled; so ever turn, in the want of the actual, for the attunement of our being by Nature that such communion gives. Scott had no great message for humanity; he accepted the past, rested on it, gloried in it, and lived, so far as his poems reveal, a good, vigorous life in his present. His work is free from a pessimistic line, and its influence is all for the good, the true, the beautiful and eternal, and Scott was all that his poetry is—not great, but good and wholesome.

A. H. R. FAIRCHILD.

THE LIT.

Never before, perhaps, have such floods of surging oratory poured over an excited assembly as last Friday night at the Lit. Each speaker had complete command over about one half of the audience; the other half seemed to look on his clinched arguments and soul stirring peroration as so much wind. This fact does not, however, detract from the quality of the eloquence; it is simply a peculiarity in our modern audience.

After the minutes had been taken as read, and some routine business put through, Mr. Cleland brought in the report of the Nominating Committee which had been referred back at the last meeting. In deference to the wish of the Society Mr. Alexander's name was added to the Board and the report was then unanimously adopted.

The Treasurer, Mr. McKay, had no report, and so Mr. Pringle thought, logically enough, as there was no financial statement it could not be audited.

On Mr. Munroe's motion, Messrs. Carson, McKay and Smithson were asked to prepare a list of life members for election night.

At this point Mr. Hinch, with the greatest deliberation, withdrew his motion of the week before. “Nick” stood unmoved before the shouting audience as he calmly and slowly stated his reasons for so doing.

It was unanimously decided to petition the council for permission to use the Students' Union as the polling booth on Friday.

By this time the nominations were reached, and Mr. Young, who, I forgot to say, was in the chair, asked for nominations for President. Amid the greatest enthusiasm Mr. Carson, seconded by Mr. Murray, proposed Mr. Young for a second term. Mr. Young's name called forth wild applause. He rose and very warmly thanked the Society for the honor they did him. He thanked the retiring Executive for the assistance they had given him and then sat down, but Mr. Young remembered he had forgotten something, rose again and laughingly said he must decline the nomination. As both Mr. Carson and Mr. Murray said, the Society owes a great deal to the hard work which Mr. Young has devoted to its affairs.

Thereupon Mr. Perrin, '92, who had a seat on the platform, got up and, greatly to Mr. Narraway's surprise, nominated Mr. Moore as President for next year. Mr. Moore's name elicited prolonged cheers from those on the Chairman's right.

Scarcely had Mr. Perrin finished his eloquent tribute to Mr. Moore, when Mr. Narraway stepped on the platform and nominated Dr. Wickett in opposition to Mr. Moore. Dr. Wickett's name called forth counter cheers from the left. The mover then proceeded in soaring oratory to tear to pieces the “Alma Mater” platform and point out the many beauties of the “Old Lit.” propositions.

It would be quite impossible from now on to attempt any detailed report of the numerous speeches which followed. Mr. Carson nominated Mr. Bone for First Vice-President, and incidentally showed that the “Old Lit.” platform was really composed not of beauties, but of snares and deceptions.

Mr. Martin followed, and after explanations, criticisms and a good deal of disturbance, proposed Mr. John McKay as Mr. Bone's opponent.

Then Mr. Piper jumped up and insisted that Mr. Narraway owed the “School” an apology for some remarks he had made.

Mr. Biggar was of opinion—and about half the meeting shared this view—that Mr. Jones was an ideal candidate for the Second Vice-Presidency. On the other hand, Mr. Shotwell, after speaking soothing words to the “School,” considered that Mr. Brown had even better qualifications than Mr. Jones.

For the office of Recording Secretary, Mr. Hobbs, who got an excellent hearing, proposed the name of Mr. Davidson. Mr. Munroe followed nominating Mr. LeSueur. He, too, was heard with some attention.

For the remaining offices the following gentlemen were nominated:—Corresponding Secretary—C. B. Gordon and J. Patterson. Curator—E. A. Cleary and D. Macdougall. Treasurer—E. H. Cooper and D. E. Kilgour. Secretary of Committees—F. G. Lucas and E. M. Ashworth. Historical Secretary—G. C. King and W. A. Groves. Fourth Year Councillor—D. A. Sinclair and J. L. Hogg. Third Year Councillor—A. C. Campbell and W. J. Donovan; Second Year Councillor, A. W. Green and M. A. Buchanan; S. P. S. Councillor, F. W. Thorold and J. C. Johnston.

It was quite a late hour when the meeting finally broke up. So ended the last meeting of the Lit. of '97-'8. It still seems to have some signs of vitality about it.

Prof. Gates, of the Smithsonian Institute, has made the startling statement that all crime will eventually be stopped by science. He thinks that if a man has a desire for stealing or murder, his brain may be cut and the portion containing this desire taken out.

THE VARSITY.

TO A WATER LILY.

Lily is growing so stately and slender
 Up from the glen where the dark waters lie ;
 Dost thou fear the shadowy silence beneath thee ?
 Canst thou read all the future with face to the sky ?
 Ah, Lily white Lily ! we gladly enwreath thee
 Emblem of truth that never shall die.

The night breeze is lingering with death-sighs about thee
 Alone ! 'neath the stars he has sought for thine eye,
 Thy fragrance subdued by the pall that broods o'er thee,
 Shall never be borne by the Zephyr on high,
 Ah breeze, sighing breeze ! thou too hast a story
 Sad to mankind that for truth some must die.

Afar in the east the red token of morrow
 Proclaims that the Sun God rides over the lea
 Thy petals will ope at the touch of the morning
 Thy dew-drops will glisten like gems from the sea
 Then flower, fair white flower ! the wave-lets adorning
 Emblem of truth that soon shall be free.

—MATHESIS.

LONDONDERRY.

To be told, on going to bed, that we would be roused
 the next morning at six, that breakfast would follow, and
 that everything must be ready to be transferred to the
 tender immediately after, is welcome enough, even if some-
 what disturbing news after the monotony of a sea voyage.
 Then the next morning, after rising and getting breakfast,
 eaten for some reason or other without interest and in a
 hurry, we rushed on deck hoping to see the sun glittering
 on the dewy hills of Ireland. But our arrival on deck only
 showed that the ship was surrounded by a fog more wet-
 ting than a rain, and instead of that "fine, bold coast" of
 which we hear so much, we could only catch an occasional
 glimpse of some misty headland.

Still, though we could make out but little in the
 distance, there was great activity close by among the
 sailors ; ropes were being hauled about, the deck hands
 were making the gangway ready, and the baggage of those
 passengers leaving the steamer at Moville was being
 stacked in a convenient place. And all this time the ship
 was moving quietly along, and every minute or two the
 ordinary noises of shipboard would be drowned out in the
 hoarse roar of the foghorn.

Suddenly there is a weak little toot, and out of the
 mist appears the tender. After a little manœuvering, she
 ranges up alongside. While we are saying farewell to our
 fellow-passengers—we have already done so probably
 half-a-dozen times on false alarms, but nobody thinks
 about that—the gangway has been laid, the mails and
 baggage carried over, and now it is our turn to go. The
 moment we set foot on the tender, the ropes are cast off,
 and in a minute the great liner is lost in the fog.

The thump and shake of the little tender might warn
 us that we were on a craft that was not intended for a
 journey any great distance from shore, and so it proved.
 The mist began to blow off, and very soon land was quite
 plain on the right and then on the left ; we had in fact
 entered Lough Foyle. The banks of the lough kept
 steadily encroaching, so that the lough, with the river
 entering it at the upper end, would not be badly repre-
 sented by a funnel flattened out. As the shores approached
 us we could see the fields stretching back to where the
 hills met the sky. And the fields certainly were green—a
 brilliant green—the green of an early springtime ; and
 this particular morning was in June, in fact it was Jubilee
 Day. Yet there did not seem to be anything supernatural

about the greenness, for surely if any country were
 drenched with rain and mist, as Ireland seems to be, its
 fields would probably produce an equally good shade.

After a while we passed a place where the banks came
 close together, and the look-out told me that it was just
 there that the Jacobites laid the boom in the famous siege
 of Derry in 1689. The fog had almost cleared off by this
 time, and we were able to make out spires in the distance.
 These turned out to belong to the city of Derry.

Soon after we entered the harbor, and, as the tender
 rounded up to the dock, I noticed a crowd of porters
 standing on the wharf and trying to get the attention of
 the passengers. They kept gesticulating wildly, and point-
 ing to numbers, which seemed to be license-tags, on their
 breasts. No sooner was the gangway in position than these
 men rushed on board and began fighting amongst them-
 selves for the baggage. I remember two fellows in par-
 ticular who, at different ends of a trunk, each grabbed the
 handle which was beside him. They rushed off ashore
 with it. I thought they must be partners, but as soon as
 they set foot on land they commenced to pull in opposite
 directions. They each began to shout that it was their
 "fare." The swearing grew louder, and the tugging and
 wrenching more violent. Every moment I expected to see
 the unfortunate trunk, which was squeaking and straining
 ominously, give way. Suddenly the two let the trunk fall
 with a crash, and devoted all their time to each other.
 Things were just getting interesting when a big constable
 sauntered up, stepped forward and, seizing each of the
 worthies by the collar of his coat, he jerked them apart,
 and sent them spinning in different directions.

But notwithstanding such little interruptions as these,
 our luggage was soon landed and put through the custom
 house. When we came out on the streets we were
 reminded that it was Jubilee Day, for the streets were
 hung with bunting, the shops were closed, and the people,
 who appeared to be dressed in their Sunday best, were
 strolling about in an aimless kind of way. One of their
 favorite walks seemed to be round the walls, and to a
 stranger, anyhow, there are many interesting things about
 the walls, most of them of course recalling the great siege
 of 1688. At one point there stands a monument to Col.
 Walker, one of the most gallant defenders of the city.
 Further on lies "Old Meg," a veteran gun, which still
 occupies a position of honor on one of the bastions. Then
 there is a cathedral in Derry, where many of the founders
 of the town in the time of the plantation were buried.

It seems at present to be rather a sleepy old place, and
 I dare say that if the transatlantic mails were not landed
 here it would be even more sleepy than it is now. Its
 trade has no doubt suffered, too, from the vicinity of
 Belfast, which, like so many cities, has grown at the
 expense of the neighboring country.

Later in the day the sun, which in the earlier morning
 had driven off the fog, was in his turn subdued, and the
 weather settled down for a serious rainfall, which seemed,
 so far at least as a stranger could judge, to have no inten-
 tion of stopping. We were for this reason only too glad
 to get an afternoon train for Belfast, our journey's end, yet
 sorry at the same time to leave the lingering town with a
 history for what is said to be the most "American" city
 in Europe.

W. A. R. KERR.

"To choose to-day, and day by day, the very best
 that you know, is the sole secret of success and happiness.
 This is not a dry precept but a cold hard fact. It is worth
 \$1,000 a month to you if you know how to act upon it.
 It is not a truth of the books, nor of the preachers, nor of
 John the Baptist, nor of Plato nor Emerson ; but it is true
 right here on the campus for you to-day."—David Starr
 Jordan.

THE CANADIAN SKY.

I've seen the skies of other lands
Of the old-world lands to the east ;
The gray blue dome of our fathers' home,
And its chilling rain and mist.

I've seen the ocean's sky that smiles
And frowns with every hour.
And its senseless slave the restless wave
Fret under its sovereign power.

But give me the sky of my native land,
Of the land I love the best,
That blue blue sky that far on high
Lies in eternal rest.

And then, when the sun swings low to the west,
And the sky like a furnace glows,
And the red-gold gleam of the sunset beam
Redder and redder grows,

There steals on my mind the Red man's dream
Of Paradise in sight,
Where the happy brave beyond the grave,
Hunts to his heart's delight.

But the Indian's strength exhausted yields ;
Yet smiles the Indian's sky
In its fleckless blue forever new
As time sweeps ceaselessly by. KERRY.

FACILE PRINCEPS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ALWAYS LEADS.

"By their fruits ye shall know them" is as fair a test to apply to Universities as to anything else. And judged by this test Toronto can hold up her head as proudly as any great seat of higher learning on this continent. A good deal was said last year about the large number of Toronto graduates who are holding high places of honor in American Universities. Since then another class, that of '97, has gone out, and has proved no mean successor of those that preceded it. Members of '97 have already won distinction at Harvard, Yale and elsewhere.

This week has brought us word of the continued success attending Toronto men and women away from home in the persons of Mr. F. B. R. Hellems, B.A. '93 ; Mr. W. E. Lingelbach, B.A. '94, and Miss L. R. Laird, B.A. '96.

Mr. Hellems took a very high stand in Classics as an undergraduate, and was appointed after his graduation to the fellowship in Latin in University College, which office he held when the present fourth year class was in its first year. His excellent lectures and genial manner will not soon be forgotten by any who had the pleasure of knowing him. When Prof. Dale was dismissed as a result of the unpleasantness of that time, Mr. Hellems promptly resigned his fellowship out of sympathy with his professor. This raised him even higher in the esteem of the students. Soon after Mr. Hellems was given a travelling fellowship by Chicago University, and spent some time in Rome and elsewhere on the continent making original researches in his chosen field, in company with others from Chicago's faculty. His latest success is to receive the Professorship in Latin in the State University of Colorado. This is a high honor for a man as young as Mr. Hellems, and THE VARSITY voices the sentiments of all its readers in expressing the hope that Mr. Hellems may long continue to distinguish himself and reflect honor upon his Alma Mater.

Mr. Lingelbach's success is in the field of athletics, and shows that Toronto men are not confined to one sphere of pre-eminence ; they excel in all. Mr. Lingelbach was one of the big men of the '94 Moderns class, and many of our readers will remember him as Fellow in French in '94-'95. In his final year he was captain of the University of Toronto Association Football team which won the championship. At Chicago University, where Mr. Lingelbach is studying, he recently won the gold medal and the inter-collegiate fencing championship of America. This is not only a great achievement for Mr. Lingelbach, but it is also a high honor for Prof. Williams who was Mr. Lingelbach's instructor while he was in our University.

The third of the successes we have to chronicle belongs to a lady, Miss L. R. Laird, B.A., graduate in Physics, '96, and proves that Toronto's honor is not upheld by the sterner sex alone. Miss Laird's course at Toronto was a brilliant one, and since graduation she has held high positions. Latterly she has been Fellow in Physics in Bryn Mawr University, and has now been awarded the Mary Garrett European Fellowship of the same university. This is a great honor, as only two are awarded each year—one to the first year and one to the second year of post-graduate study. This fellowship is worth \$500, and enables its holder to study at any desired British or Continental University for one year. This is a rare distinction for Miss Laird, and points a moral for those who doubt the capacity of women for higher education, that he who runs may read.

Altogether the University of Toronto has great reason to be proud of her sons and daughters, and we are delighted to receive these further testimonies to our merit to publish in THE VARSITY before it ceases for the summer months.

THE SEASON OF ELECTIONS.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

The Classical Association held its last meeting for '97-'98 last Tuesday afternoon, and chose the executive committee with which it is desirous of entrusting its destinies for '98-'99. The new officers of the society are :—President, W. H. Alexander, '99 ; 1st Vice-President, N. C. Wilson, '00 ; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Wicher, '01 ; Secretary, A. H. R. Fairchild, '00 ; Treasurer, E. J. Kylie, '01 ; Senior Councillor, Miss G. O. Burgess, '99.

LADIES ON THE VARSITY BOARD.

In the College Girl Department in another column will be found the names of the officers elected to run the Women's Literary Society for next year. The members of the new Editorial and Business Boards of THE VARSITY who will be charged with looking after the women's interests in the paper were elected at a later meeting on Tuesday afternoon. They are as follows :—Editorial Board, Miss Grace Downey, '99, Miss H. M. Hughes, '00, and Miss Jessie Forrest, '01 ; Business Board, Miss Burgess, '99, and Miss L. Wright, '00. We predict that the College Girl will be safe in the hands of these new editors.

There are hosts of young men who are fretting because they were not born with gold spoons in their mouths who, likely as not, would have been spoiled by riches. One such young man thought it pretty hard to receive this "bequest" from his father, who probably knew him well : "I give and bequeath to my son John the entire state of New York, to make his living in."—From "Men."

The Varsity

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JOHN M. GUNN, *Editor-in-Chief.*

FRED. A. CLELAND *Business Manager.*

ERIC N. ARMOUR, *Assistant Business Manager.*

Editorial Board.—Miss Lynde, '98; Burriss Gahan, '98; O. M. Biggar, '98; A. E. McFarlane, '98; Miss C. C. Benson, '99; W. H. Alexander, '99; N. T. Johnston, '99; G. W. Ross, '99; Miss Cockburn '00; G. F. Kay, '00; J. R. S. Scott, '00; R. M. Stewart, '01; H. W. Charlton; W. E. H. Carter; W. Foreman, S. P. S.

Business Board.—Miss A. Ashwell, '98; G. M. Murray, '98; Miss H. Woolverton, '99; A. N. Mitchell, '00; A. J. Isbester, '01; A. G. Piper and L. Allan, S.P.S.

IN accordance with a *lex non scripta* of college journalism, which it would ill become us to ignore, we are called upon in this last number of THE VARSITY for the present year to say something of a valedictory character, and to make such other observations as the occasion may reasonably suggest. And at this time, it is expected of the editor that he drop for the moment his cloak of impersonality and come out from behind the scenes to make his final bow to his readers. President Young at the Literary Society last Friday evening quoted Dr. Johnson as having said that no man ever does anything consciously for the last time without a feeling of sadness. Today we can testify to the truth of the old Doctor's remark. There have been times during the present term when THE VARSITY was being made the medium of warm blooded controversialists, and when we were earnestly striving to do justice to all, and yet seemed to give satisfaction to few of the interested ones, that we imagined we could drop the editorial quill without a tear. But these things are all of the past now as far as THE VARSITY is concerned, and we hope that our readers will give us credit for having endeavored, at least, to keep a fair, middle course throughout, even though in our human fallibility, we may have failed egregiously.

* * *

The work of editing THE VARSITY is heavy, but it is also very pleasant. When we assumed charge at the New Year we had many misgivings. The Spring term is supposed to be a very bad season for cultivating the literary field of the University, and we expected small returns. But from the very first we were agreeably disappointed. Our requests for assistance were met in all quarters in the heartiest manner, and through the whole term this splendid willing support has never flagged. It is, therefore, in no merely formal way, but from the bottom of our heart that we thank the Business Manager, the members of the Edi-

torial Board and all the other friends of THE VARSITY, without whose generous aid it is painful to contemplate what the paper for this term might have been.

* * *

But while a small circle of students take a very active interest in THE VARSITY, we consider it a matter of regret that it is not a much wider one. There is abundant literary talent in the University, if it were brought out, to produce a creditable magazine. We would urge upon *all* the undergraduates to rally around the editor next year, and not leave to a few ardent spirits the work and the honor of making THE VARSITY a great journalistic success. It seems to us that the ideal should be to have a daily newspaper as in many American colleges, or at first it might be a semi-weekly; and to supplement this by a high class literary magazine of student contributions to appear weekly or fortnightly. This consummation may be a long way off, but it is none the less devoutly to be wished.

* * *

Apropos of Dr. Johnson's saying, it is a strange, but fortunate phenomenon of our mental experience which our philosophical friends might explain for us scientifically, that in thinking of the past the pleasant features predominate so largely in our minds over the unpleasant. There is a stanza of poetry that has often recurred to us ever since we read it years ago as a chapter-heading in a novel:

"Here will we sit and dream of happy days gone by;
Forgetting sorrows that have come between,
As sunlight gilds some distant mountain high,
And leaves the valleys dark that intervene."

Such is our experience to-day. There have been disagreeable things to encounter—most of them of such a character that no one is accountable for them—the thousand little worries and troubles that come to the amateur in journalism as in any other field. But as we sit and look back over the ten weeks that are past—ten weeks that seem but as ten short days—we see only the sun-kissed mountain tops of pleasant memories—the word of approbation, the helping hand of whole-souled friendship, and the cordial sympathy that makes any labor light; while on the other hand all the little difficulties and disappointments and annoyances, which seemed so great at the time of their occurrence, are lost forever in the darkness of the valleys below.

* * *

So much for the past; what of the future? In our first editorial for this term we assumed a very optimistic tone in discussing the situation among the undergraduates. We see no reason for viewing things in a different light in our last editorial. True, there has been friction and dissension more than usual, and the term promises to close in a bitter fight in the elections of to-morrow night. But as an evidence of vigorous life, we consider that these struggles are good signs, provided only they are carried on without leaving the scars of irreparable animosities on the student body. As we have urged before, we believe it

possible to have our fights in a purely friendly spirit, and everyone should see to it that his influence bears the right way in this matter

To those of us who are about to leave these halls for the wider world outside, the season brings serious thoughts. What have we done or gained during four years? What are we going to do with the equipment for life we may have received? We are entering upon the broader field of action at a portentous time. Probably before any of us have reached middle life, the great social, political, and moral problems of to-day will demand very vigorous and very wise treatment. It is ours to go out, not as men who have a right to dominate over their less fortunate fellows, but humbly, as men who have received much, and of whom much shall be required, as men whose duty it is, in return for the advantages that are theirs, to give themselves up unselfishly to every movement that can advance the common welfare.

To those others whose privilege it will be to remain a short while longer, the same words apply. In addition, however, it is their part to uphold the undergraduate honor while they stay, and pass it on unsullied to their successors. But whether graduates or undergraduates matters little. We have all the same dear Alma Mater. Whatever differences may divide us this is a common meeting ground. Let us emphasize this, and frown down all undue distinctions of classes and societies. As universities go, we are still young. But we have a goodly heritage of noble men, and of splendid results from their labors. The future is in our own hands. Each of us is a unit with a responsibility all his own, and our duty is clear. Our University has been called by Lord Kelvin the greatest in the British colonies, but we need not stop at that. If we all do our share manfully, we may make progress beyond the most sanguine thought, and every year as it passes will make it a prouder and prouder boast with each of us that we have the honor to claim the University of Toronto as our Alma Mater.

THE CHAPEL IDEA.

In response to the request of THE VARSITY for discussion of the question of founding a college chapel the following pertinent observations of a Princeton student have been kindly offered us for publication:—

It is always wise to reserve religious buildings for sacred exercises alone; otherwise, the same building which is used on Sundays for a church, or on week days as a chapel, might be used at all other times as a popular lecture hall. Such use deprives a church or chapel of that peculiar characteristic which above all others it should possess—an atmosphere of reverence and sacredness.

With regard to places for the various kinds of collegiate assemblies, Princeton is peculiarly fortunate. She has had a beautiful chapel for a number of years, and she obtained by gifts two or three years ago a handsome hall, costing over \$250,000, which is used exclusively for all exercises (requiring a large auditorium) of a non-religious nature.

But half a loaf is better than no bread. A large University like Toronto should have at least one good auditorium, if it can't afford two.

The question of compulsory or non-compulsory attendance at chapel is one which can hardly affect

Toronto. Most of the American institutions, being founded by religious organizations or through religious influence and motives, have, in their infancy, at least, made attendance upon religious exercises obligatory. But on account of their growth many such colleges have found it necessary to make the attendance optional. This has been the case with Cornell and Harvard—although other motives actuated the latter. Of colleges proper, Princeton is at present the largest, which makes such attendance a necessary part of the students' curriculum. As far as small colleges are concerned, and especially those which are controlled either financially or otherwise by any religious denomination, it is next to necessary that they should make attendance compulsory, until, at least, an increase in members renders it inexpedient.

In such a large University as Toronto, it would be hard, if not inexpedient, to *institute* such a practice or custom among the undergraduate body. Accordingly, the problem to be faced is simply one of the ways and means of making the exercises interesting and helpful to the student body. First (by way of suggestion), you should have an attractive chapel; and secondly, you should have attractive services. How the latter may be obtained is theoretically more difficult than the former. \$100,000 would easily settle one-half of the difficulty; whereas much experiment would be needed for the other.

If we wish to institute a custom or practice, we must do so with all regularity. Prayers should be held daily. Moreover, they should be led by some member of the university who is in authority, or who, at least, commands the respect and admiration of the students at large. The reason for this, both as regards attendance and influence, is too manifest to need enlargement.

As the time of services depends upon the hours of lectures, etc., so the character of the services themselves will depend upon the religious affiliations of the majority of the students. If the greater part of them are of the Church of England the exercises should naturally follow, with more or less closeness, the customs of that church; and so with any other church. Care should be taken here, however, not to emphasize the peculiarities of *any* denomination. The services should be catholic—liberal to a fault, and, to this end, simple.

The singing should appeal to many as an exceedingly attractive part of the service. Everyone, whether he can sing or not, likes to try occasionally, and almost always takes pleasure in hearing others. Singing, therefore, should be a constant practice; and it should be good singing, for bad is worse than none. At Princeton the chapel has a large pipe organ and a well drilled choir. The effect of these, with one or two cornets, is always good.

The length of the service should also receive one word; it should never be *long*; and it *need not be*, if conducted in a spirited manner. Fifteen minutes is fully sufficient time if the management be good.

The order may vary; but an opening with the reading of the Scriptures, followed by the song service and prayer, and closing with doxology and benediction would be practicable.

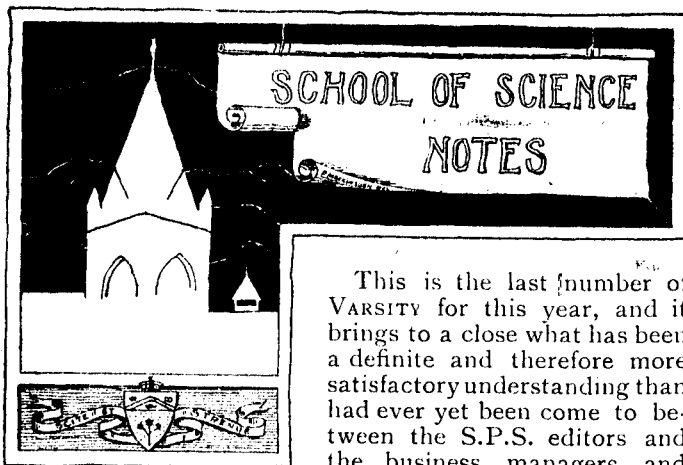
The bowling team of the University of Pennsylvania has an average of 153.

Columbia now allows ten minutes for students to pass to and from recitations.

Every State in the Union and fourteen countries are represented at Harvard.

There were over two hundred entries in the fall athletic games of Columbia University.

Oxford has conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Science on Nansen, the Arctic explorer.



This is the last number of VARSITY for this year, and it brings to a close what has been a definite and therefore more satisfactory understanding than had ever yet been come to between the S.P.S. editors and the business managers and editor-in-chief. These latter

guaranteed that the S.P.S. men should own one page of VARSITY and might exceed this if necessary on any occasion, provided that forty subscriptions could be obtained. A few over this number were obtained and the other party have done all that they said they would. We all know that at the close of last year there was much ill-feeling between the School and the managers of VARSITY, and so the small number of subscribers can be explained. After this year, in which everything has gone smoothly, we hope that the School as a whole will take more interest in their page not only by more subscribing, but by everyone contributing whatever items of interest to the men they see or hear of.

The Constitution of the Literary Society regarding VARSITY states that there be an editor for every so many students. Now the three editors at the School have been held by the Society as sufficient, and that is why the name of the representative, Mr. Gulick, who was elected shortly after Christmas from the present I. year has not been printed; nevertheless he has worked as hard for us, as if it had been.

We join in wishing the S.P.S. men a successful termination of the coming struggle, the exams, and a very pleasant summer.

On Friday afternoon, when nearly all the students were in the drawing rooms, three maidens who had safely been inspecting the deserted lower parts of the building, came wandering innocently into the square upstairs, and had almost gone into the rooms before they discovered where they were at, and then they made a very sudden and hasty exit, followed by about a hundred pairs of curious eyes.

A week from to-morrow night is election night for the Engineering Society. We have always had an enjoyable as well as a hot old time on that night, and so let every I. year man, who has not yet been to one, be sure to come. Everyone else will come. There is to be a musical programme gotten up from among those at the School who are musically inclined, assisted by several outside noted musicians.

Last week one of the specials from the Chemical Laboratory took a paper in to one of the boys in the II. year draughting room and did not create any disturbance. He turned and was about to depart when he was brought up suddenly, and it was discovered to him that he had created a disturbance; and now he shall not visit the draughting room for a week.

One of the lecturers appeared at the School last week sporting a transparent tie. The novelty of the thing caused quite a general stir whenever the wearer came in sight during the day.

The following article appeared in the *Detroit Free Press* last week:—"Prof. W. C. Peckham, a Brooklyn

scientist, gave a public exhibition at the Adelphi College, Brooklyn, of the phenomena of liquid air. The results of some of the professor's experiments were startling and it was not until to day (March 9) that the discovery of the process was fully known.

"The Prof. brought several gallons of the liquid air into the lecture room. He explained that the process by which it was made was in the main like that used in the manufacture of ice in the skating rinks and other places where artificial cold had to be developed.

"The first scientists to liquefy oxygen did so at a cost of \$2,500 a quart. Charles E. Tripler had recently discovered a method, the Prof. said, to produce it at a nominal cost, with a forty horse-power engine. He could make from two to three gallons every hour. In the liquid form it may be drawn out in pipes and can be handled as easily as water.

"In his experiments the Prof. took a handful of fluid mercury and placed it in a kind of mould. This was poured into a pot of liquid air, and before it became hard, a stick of iron was inserted in the mercury, in a moment the Prof. drew out what appeared to be a hammer with a silver tip. The mercury had become frozen so hard that a nail could be driven in with it.

"A unique test was the apparent freezing of fire. A quantity of liquid air was put in a tea kettle and the top was placed on. In a few moments the air began to evaporate, and the moisture shot out of the stem of the kettle to a great height.

"The kettle was then placed on a coal fire, and the violence of the boiling began to increase. The Prof. poured a tumblerful of water into the kettle and in three minutes, although the kettle was over a red hot stove, took out the water in the shape of a large piece of ice.

"In the meantime the kettle had become covered with ice from the freezing of moisture in the air, and on lifting it from the fire instead of soot was a thick layer of hoar frost from the carbonic acid of the fire freezing as it escaped."

Charlie McBeth a graduate of last year, has been engaged as Constructing Engineer for the St. Thomas Electric Railroad.

Monds has again treated himself to his annual haircut. Keep on "old boy" you will soon have it all off!

LAND SURVEYORS' DINNER.

On the evening of Wednesday the 9th inst. the annual dinner of the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association was held at McConkey's; about 40 members were present. Prof. Galbraith, one of the oldest members of the association, responded very ably to the toast of "Sister Societies." Mr. M. B. Weeks, representing the Engineering Society of the School, also replied to this toast. Hereafter all candidates presenting themselves for admission to the association will be required to pass an examination in singing. Such was the decree of those present at the dinner after singing "God Save Our Queen."

Mr. Narraway, of the Old Lit. Party, accused the School of Science of holding a meeting in the interests of the Alma Mater Party on Friday, March 4th.

The true facts of the case are as follows;—A mass meeting was held to elect a representative to attend the O.L.S. dinner, and it was at the conclusion of this meeting that the platforms of both sides were discussed.

It was thoroughly non-partisan, and such is the character of all meetings held in the S.P.S. The School feel that Mr. A. G. Piper, one of their representatives on the Literary Society, was quite justified in demanding an apology from Mr. Narraway.

A SONG.

Of Love my song is not,—and would ye why?
 My soul o'erflows with joy.
 'Tis good to live, only to live!
 And loving, I must droop, and drooping, die.

For once, in days ago, I dreamed a dream.
 'Twas Springtime e'en as now;
 But youth's dear season joyless grew,
 And earth, and sky, to mock me all did seem.

Avaunt ye, then, all sentiments of love!
 For I would live away.
 Sweet happiness dwell ever nigh,
 And peace divine attend me, spotless dove.
 FUFANUN 'OI.

IAN MACLAREN TO COLLEGE MEN.

If one desires to understand life of the best kind he must trace it away from the great cities, over the monotonous plains to the solitudes of the everlasting hills. There will he find the spring whence life began, and will understand in what manner man believes, hopes, suffers, and works. The stream from that spring may flow in many directions; it may cut through many rocky obstacles, but to the end it will carry some of its original freshness and color.

* * * * *

There is such a thing as sight. There is such a thing as vision. Without vision man cannot believe, hope, endure, or rejoice. Sight gives to man one world, where everything is discouraging. It gives to man the huge misery that encompasses him on every side. It is no use to say that you can see anything else. But vision reveals to man the progress of the human race, the things that are unseen and eternal. It is this vision that enables man to live, to go out into the light of God, believing in his fellow men and in society. Without it he believes in no one and nothing. He is discouraged and disheartened.

It does not follow that the visible world serves no purpose. If man believes in the unseen he must adjust his life to the seen. He gets the unseen through the seen, which becomes his servant and prepares him for the world to come. The world is like a scaffold built around the unseen to keep it hidden from sight. We live in a mist which encompasses us, and through the rare vents in it, we catch glimpses of the unseen. We must have moments of vision and believe in the unseen. When storm-tossed on the sea, no preaching will convince a man that land is at sight. He must climb the mast himself and, looking over the mist, catch a glimpse of the shore. He can't stay there long, but he will come down with new hope and new courage and belief with which to continue the battle.

THE ROWING CLUB.

A meeting of the Varsity crew was held on Friday, last week, and they elected Thrift Burnside, captain for '98. The prospects of the organization were never brighter than now, and the club is going to repeat its performance of last year at Detroit.

If possible the club intends getting up an "Eight," and should this be done it would bring still more prestige to "Old Varsity." Every one should go in for this delightful summer sport, and all who intend doing so should hand in their names at once to Captain Burnside or to any member of the executive.

TWO REMOTE PROBLEMS.

One of the most interesting lectures delivered around Varsity for a long time was that given last Friday afternoon by Dr. Kirschmann, lecturer in philosophy, to the Philosophical Society. His subject was "The Two most Remote Problems of Natural Philosophy." These, the Doctor explained, were the end of the world and life on other planets. In his own humorous and attractive way Dr. Kirschmann dealt with all the different theories that have been advanced upon these two subjects and showed that for the most part they were very unwarrantable. The many illustrations adduced by the Doctor were of a very entertaining and instructive character. In closing his lecture he expressed his conviction that, concerning the problem of life on other planets, we have only the word of scripture: "In my Father's house are many mansions," and with respect to the other problem of the end of the world, we have that other passage from Holy Writ: "Of that day and that hour knoweth no man."

ES WAR EIN ALTER KÖNIG.

An old old king once was there,
 Heavy his heart and gray his head,
 This old old king in his sadness
 A young wife did he wed.

There was a pretty page-boy,
 Blond was his head and gay his mien;
 The silken train he carried
 Of the fair young queen.

Knowst thou that old old ballad?
 It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad;
 They could do naught but die then,
 Too great was the love they had.

—KERRY.

AN EXPLANATION.

The late appearance of THE VARSITY this week requires an explanation. It was our first intention to issue the paper in its usual size. But we had on hand a wealth of matter such as seldom falls to the good fortune of a college editor. We did not wish to deprive our readers of this boon, and accordingly, after obtaining the generous approval of our Business Manager, we decided to add four pages to the paper for this week.

This delayed publication somewhat, but we trust our readers will pardon us in consideration of the better measure provided for them. This explanation may account also for any repetitions or other incongruities that may strike the eye of the critical reader.

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The College Girl.

The present correspondent feels rather diffident about what the tenor of her remarks should be concerning the interesting subject of the elections on Saturday evening. It is not at all probable that there will be the slightest feeling of unpleasantness over the events of Saturday night, and there is no reason that there should be. Although on Saturday the two factions—upholding the two different candidates for the Presidency—looked alarmingly distinct and divided, still that was on election night, and in the fervor of the electioneering contest it was rather amusing to see one party banded together on one side of the room, directing rather suspicious looks at the other party on the opposite side, whom they regarded as misguided members of society. Elections, even of minor importance all the world over, have a good deal to answer for, in bringing out the pugnacious propensities of even the mildest people, and also in contributing a good deal of humor upon occasion.

The process of electing candidates was very long and tedious. Before the real business of the evening could be commenced, constitutional matters which are always a nuisance, and which to a person not steeped to the core in the love of formalities, always seem unduly insisted upon, had to be discussed and decided. The discussion as to whether occasional students should be allowed to vote called forth a great deal of oratory—some of a rather unfriendly sort. Those supporting the claim of the occasionals to vote, rightly said that they were a good example to some of the regular students who were too lukewarm to care about attending the elections. Debates of one kind and another retarded the progress of the elections, and made it necessary to postpone the least important until Tuesday, March 15th. However other matters may stand, it may well be prophesied that the Literary Society affairs will be admirably conducted by the very capable President and Committee that have just been appointed to do its honors in the ensuing year.

The great night of the year in the Women's Literary Society is a thing of the past, and those who are to guide the affairs of the society for the next academic year have been duly elected.

Before the voting for the office of president began Miss Benson was chosen by acclamation to fill the position of editor-in-chief of *Sesame* for the ensuing year. Miss Annie Patterson was chosen by acclamation to fill the position of business manager of the same magazine. Miss Benson then withdrew as a candidate for vice-president of the society. Miss Tennant was then declared vice-president. Miss Robertson withdrew from the contest for corresponding secretary, therefore Miss Darling will fill that position for the next year. The results were very close, with majorities of four or five in many cases. The following is the list of the executive for next year: President, Miss L. K. White; vice-president, Miss B. Tennant; fourth year councillor, Miss Woolverton; recording secretary, Miss Wegg; treasurer, Miss Laing; third year councillor, Miss M. E. Mason; corresponding secretary, Miss Darling; second year councillor, Miss B. B. White. On account of the lateness of the hour it was decided to postpone the rest of the elections until Tuesday afternoon, March 15th.

Miss MacDougall, in a characteristic speech, conveyed to Miss Hunter, the retiring president, the thanks of the society for the able manner in which she had conducted

the affairs of the society during the past year. This was accompanied by a leather writing case. Miss Hunter made a brief reply of thanks and the meeting came to a close.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association of University College was addressed by Rev. H. J. Cody, on Wednesday last. The subject of the address was "Prayer," as described by our Lord in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew. There are three things to be borne in mind: Prayer is to glorify God and not ourselves; prayer is not judged by its length but by its intensity; prayer is not necessary to tell God what we have need of, He knows that already. The attitude in which we should approach God is important. He is our Father, and not only that, but our Father in heaven. The holiness of God must therefore be borne in mind. All are benefited by prayer and communion with God. Humility and true dignity are increased thereby. In proportion as we neglect prayer we lose our sense of the reality of God. The time spent in prayer is not wasted in our busy college life, but is a wondrous source of strength in each day's work. This address by Mr. Cody could not but be very helpful to each one present.

Owing to the absence of the president the vice-president, Miss Little, occupied the chair. A letter, in answer to the expression of sympathy sent to Mr. Cameron during the severe illness of Mrs. Cameron, the honorary president, was read to the society. The usual announcements concerning morning prayer, missionary study class, and Dr. Tracy's Bible Class, were then made. The attendance was fair.

A BELATED REPORT.

The following report of a Y.M.C.A. meeting, held in January, was "set up" at the time but unavoidably crowded out. We think that its intrinsic merit, and the fact that it will give a little prominence to the most worthy undergraduate society in Varsity, warrants us in inserting it even now:

We sometimes think we cannot walk anywhere but in the beaten track, till, some day, we lose the path; when we often find that though the walking may be harder otherwise it is not always less pleasant. Our Y.M.C.A. weekly meeting took such an excursion last Thursday evening. Mr. J. A. Macdonald, of *The Westminster*, was to have spoken but failed to appear. The president of the association was in Brantford, the first vice-president was probably in his room in Residence debating within himself what he should say and allow others to say in this week's VARSITY, and the second vice-president had not yet arrived, so Mr. Pringle took charge of the meeting.

The second chapter of the Book of Revelation was read. As the regular speaker for the afternoon was not present it was suggested and approved by all, that his place should be taken by any of the men who had something to say that would do us good. Mr. Pringle gave a quiet, forceful talk on the overcoming life in connection with the words: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna." Mr. Rennie spoke for a few minutes about progress in the Christ-life, and Mr. McLeod and Mr. McAlpine spoke along the same line. N. F. Coleman said a few words about how we might best overcome and Dan Urquhart impressed upon the men the truth that the overcoming life was the spirit-filled life.

It wasn't a regulation meeting, but it was a good meeting; for the blessings of God do not come only through regulation channels.

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT CALENDAR

APRIL

- Applications for examination for Specialist certificates other than Commercial, to Department, due.
- Annual Meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto.
- Last day for receiving applications for examination of candidates not in attendance at the Ontario Normal College.
- Art School examinations begin.

MAY

- Examinations for Specialists' certificates (except Commercial) at the University of Toronto, begin.
Notice by candidates for the High School Entrance and Public School Leaving Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
- Arbor Day.
- Notice by candidates for the High School, forms I., II., III. and IV., University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations, to Inspectors, due.
Application for Kindergarten Examinations to Inspectors, due.
- Examination at Ontario Normal College, Hamilton, begins.
- Inspectors to report number of candidates for the High School forms, University Matriculation and Commercial Specialist Examinations to Department.
- Close of session of Ontario Normal College.

JUNE

- Kindergarten Examinations at Hamilton, London, Ottawa and Toronto, begin.
- High School Entrance Examinations begin. Public School Leaving Examinations begin.

JULY

- High School Examinations, Form I., begin.
- High School Form II. and Commercial Specialist Examinations begin.
- High School Forms III. and IV. Examinations begin.

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NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the Natural Science Association held in the Biological lecture room, on Wednesday, March 2nd, two very interesting papers were read. The first of these on "The Petroleum Industry" was read by Mr. E. A. Gray, '00.

Petroleum has been known for many centuries, and is found in many parts of the world. Perhaps the largest area is in the region of lake Athabasca and MacKenzie river, but little of this has been worked. There are large petroleum districts in Pennsylvania; and in Ontario, Lambton County, especially around Oil Springs and Petrolia, gives a fair supply.

The methods of drilling, pumping where necessary, distilling, refining and filtering the oil were accurately described. The products are chiefly illuminating and lubricating oils and paraffins.

The second paper on "Chalazogamy" was read by Mr. R. B. Thomson, '99.

The term "Chalazogamy" refers to the method of fertilization of the ovules of a class of plants known as Chalazogamia, which appears to be in the transition stage, between Gymnosperms and Angiosperms. In the Gymnosperms there is a wide opening in the integument of the ovule, which serves to collect the pollen grains and the ovule is hence directly fertilized. In the Angiosperms, on the other hand, this opening is extremely narrow. The pollen falls on the outside of the integument, and a tube grows out from the grain, passes down the narrow opening, the micropyle, and hence to the ovule. In the Chalazogamy the micropyle is narrow, but the pollen tube instead of growing downward through it, grows rather through the tissue of the integument to the base, the chalaza, and hence upward to fertilize the egg cell.

Mr. Thomson, by means of lantern slides, illustrated the work that has been done in this line by Truite, Nawaschi and Miss Benson, on the Birch, Elm and other primitive apetalas. This work shows conclusively the steps in the transition, from the typical Gymnosperms to the typical Angiosperms.

At the next meeting, nominations for next year's officers will take place, and the theses for the Cawthorne and the McMurrich medal competition will be read.

C. M. FRASER,

Secy.



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HEXAMETERS.

This is the Poet of Spring. Black midnight reigns o'er the landscape,
 March winds howl o'er the wold and whistle thro' cracks in the shingles
 Down on his head, as he sits in his highly poetical garret.
 Cold is the empty stove as the flickering beams of the new moon,
 Cold are his feet as the smile of a landlady asking for money;
 Yet as the midsummer sun shines down on the back of the hired man
 Sowing the succulent squash or hoeing the argus-eyed Murphy,
 So doth the fire of the Muses keep warm the heart of the poet.
 Poems of Spring he writes, ever writes from sunset to moonset,
 Poems of beauty divine, for evening papers intended:
 While from his sounding kennel the deep-voiced neighboring bull-dog
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the tom-cat.
 X, '98.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The Executive of the Mathematical and Physical Society are to be congratulated upon the success of their open meeting, which was held in Room 16, University College, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd. The meetings of this Society throughout the present year have been successful beyond those of previous years, and, in this respect, the open meeting was no exception. Prof. Baker charmed his hearers with an address on "Mathematical Pot Pourri," developing a similar theme to those with which he favored this Society on former occasions. Mr. W. J. Loudon, B.A., treated the Society to an address on "Optical Illusions," giving many practical and interesting illustrations of his subject. The vocal solos by Miss V. Kennedy, '99, and Miss A. Lick, '99, were much appreciated, as was also the violin solo by Miss Grace Evans. The playing of M. Le Barge on the mandolin and banjo was another special feature of the evening, and this, along with the selections given by the Victoria Mandolin and Guitar Club, comprised considerable of the musical programme. The large and appreciative audience fully demonstrated that the public find, in mathematically-trained men, the talent and cultured refinement with which they seek to come in contact, nor could they have modified their opinions in the least after listening to the programme which the Society provided for the evening.

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THE VARSITY.

CORRIDOR CULLINGS.

Character is what a man is in the dark.

A man's duty is but the measure of his usefulness.

This afternoon the Y.M.C.A. will nominate officers for next year.

Prof. Vander Smissen will not be able to lecture to the Modern Language Club next Monday evening as previously announced.

Election excitement has been running high all the week, and both sides are "sure" of winning to-morrow night. If you doubt it, ask them.

The Dentals have their exams, next week: Poor Dentals! The Dentals' exams will be over next Friday, and they will celebrate by a big dinner that night: Happy Dentals!

Cartoons in the rotunda seem to have taken the place of the campaign dodgers of former elections. Some of them are good: of some others, on both sides, the less said the better.

With this number THE VARSITY says Good-bye to its readers before taking its annual well-earned vacation of seven months. It hopes to be on hand next October, "bigger and better" than ever.

Games have been arranged by the management of the Lehigh lacrosse team with Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Toronto, Stevens and Swarthmore. Seven of the men who composed last year's team remain at college.

Next Sunday night, at the Western Congregational Church, addresses on the great Student Missionary Convention at Cleveland, will be given by R. W. Crow, R. Davidson and others. Mr. F. H. Barron, B.A., will preside.

A violent opposition is manifesting itself against the German Government proposal to make all university instructors, including the so-called privat docenten, subject to Government discipline. This may prove the death blow to the prestige of German scholarship, for liberty is as essential to university teachers as sunshine is to flowers.

American students can profit by German instruction in chemistry and possibly physics, but there are no teachers in history, political economy, the science of government or philosophy equal to our own. The German professor now preaches to please his Emperor, and the pattern of historical writing for the German court is the flattery of Treitschke.

We have received a letter from Mr. E. M. Ashworth, '01, describing the new pin chosen by the color committee of his year. The design is a new and original one, and the pin is strong and handsome. It will be made by Ambrose Kent and Sons. The terms will be as follows: If thirty to fifty are ordered, 65 cents; fifty to one hundred, 50 cents each; one hundred orders or over, 40 cents each. At these easy terms it is hoped that all the students of the first year will buy and so get the lowest

price for all. Further information will be given cheerfully by any member of the color committee: Misses Crane, McNally and Ward, and Messrs F. H. Wood, E. M. Wood and E. M. Ashworth.

Things are looking bright for lacrosse this year. A splendid trip through the New England States is now assured, and this affords the members of the team an excellent chance of seeing and learning a great deal, enjoying a good time trip, as well as giving them the opportunity of defending the honor of the University, as the producer of the Champion Inter-College Team of America, which proud distinction we have held for several years.

The "fixtures" that we can announce definitely at present are, Hobart University May 26th, Lehigh 28th, reaching New York 29th and playing the Crescent Athletic Club on the 30th. The day following we play Columbia University. Negotiations are under way, with every indication of success, for games at Boston (Harvard) and other places. The guarantee list is sufficiently large as to allow the management to promise the best trip in the gift of any university organization to those who are fortunate enough to be one of the twelve men who shall represent the University of Toronto this year against the American Universities.

Work will be started in the Gymnasium not later than the 23rd of this month and outdoor practice as soon as possible. For all information regarding special Gymnasium rates, etc., see G. W. Ross, '99, assistant manager.

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