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"ART THOU WEARY? ART THOU LANGUID?"

Nonne fessus tu, languensque

Multis premeris?

"Ad me veni, veniensque
Quies sis!"

Quid vocantem indicabit

Mihi si sit Dux?

"Manus, pedes, heu! foedavit
Latus Crux."

Fors corona speciosa

Frontem decorat?

"Immo vero; sed spinosa
Sanguinat!"

Quem inventum si sectabor,

Quid manebit me?

"Multus dolor, multus labor,
Lacrime."

Illi arcte adherentis

Quæ sit summa sors?

"Luctus et laborum finis,
Victa mors!"

Num repellat me, si velim

Ut recipiat?

"Non dum terra, non dum cælum
Transeat."

Quærens, sequens, fidens, luctans

An beatus sum?

"Sic testatur cohors lætans
Cælitum!"

W. H. C. KERR.

DECORATION DAY.

Our neighbours across the border, in accordance with a very beautiful custom, set aside and consecrate the 30th of May in each year to the memory of those who perished during the Civil War, and to the decoration of their graves. Last Decoration Day it was our fortune to be travelling in the northern part of New York State and to stop in the afternoon to rest at a small farm house. While chatting with the worthy old farmer and his wife I noticed on the wall opposite me, wreathed in evergreen, a framed document commemorating in brightly illuminated letters the death of a northern soldier. Perceiving that the name differed from the farmer's, for he had told me his, I ventured to ask him if it was a memorial of some cousin or other relative of his. He shook his head and answered in the negative. "A connection of your wife's, perhaps?" I suggested. With a slight tremor in his voice he again said "no."

Perceiving that the subject was a painful one, I turned to

his wife and was proceeding to address her on some indifferent topic when the old man interrupted me.

"I'll tell you about him, boys," said he slowly, drawing his sleeve across his forehead. "He was an old schoolmate of mine, and comrade in the ranks. He was shot in the capture of a small rebel fort. When you hear what he whispered to me as he lay dying in the hospital we fixed up for him, perhaps you'll understand why I keep that thing hanging on the wall." And the poor old fellow narrated the tale, which I have below endeavoured to convey in verse. I am well aware that this vehicle is but a weak substitute for the homely, artless English in which it was delivered, but as my attempt at its reproduction must lack the earnest expressiveness of countenance and the very eloquent huskiness of voice which accompanied the narrative I have chosen to avail myself of the assistance of metre as in some sort supplying the place of these dramatic qualities.

THROUGH THE BREACH.

"I a hero! Nay Tom, never say so;
Though I have a ball in my side,
And was first in the enemy's fortress
And tore down their colours and pride.

"There are twenty of you would have done it
And died so, though eager to live;
For you fellows have wives or have lovers,
And I, why I'd nothing to give.

"Talk of glory! Say suicide rather;
I died to be rid of my pain,
And because I could bear it no longer,—
To perish so soon is a gain.

"Still 'twas splendid! The charge at the double,
The dash, the balls whizzing round,
Then the struggle we had on the earth-works,
The mad tumble and jump for the ground!

"Did you see that damned long-legged rebel,
The officer, close by the mast?
When I'd stabbed him, I jumped for the halcyards
And fell with their flag,—shot at last.

"Tom, you know when we two were young fellows
Both loved her whom you won in the end;
And I said I'd forget and pretended
To be merely comrade and friend.

"But I'd like her to know, now I'm dying,
That I've loved her through all these years.
Don't be jealous, old fellow, now will you,
If perhaps a tear falls when she hears?

"Hold me up, Tom, so—my brain must be dizzy,
The walls, cots and men, how they spin!—
'Twas a glorious fight for the Union!—
Why it's dark—there's last post—time to turn in.

"Tom—come closer—Tom, don't tell her;
It would only give her pain,
And if there's a God and a heaven
I'll tell her some day again."

J. H. M.

ON THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

A person may learn a modern language in two ways; he may reside among the people who speak the language and almost insensibly acquire a practical knowledge of it, or he may, by a course of grammar, composition, and reading, obtain a thorough acquaintance with its literature.

But the results accomplished in each case will differ as widely as the means employed. The man who by residing in a country has obtained a practical knowledge of the language, undoubtedly possesses a showy and useful accomplishment, but it is not likely that he has grasped the spirit and meaning of its literature; while the person who can read and write a foreign language must have thoroughly studied its best authors, and thereby gained a host of new ideas and new food for thought.

His grammatical studies and his practice in composition furnish him with a mental training which can never be obtained by merely learning to speak the language. Mr. Marsh, quoted by Matthew Arnold, says that the accomplishment of speaking languages tends to strain the mind and to make it superficial and averse to going deeply into anything.

Probably the best way is to *combine* to a certain extent both methods and thus combine their results.

After a student has mastered the grammar of the language he proposes to learn and read a few books in it, he should board with a family who speak it, and, in addition to reading the authors prescribed on the curriculum, he should read as many easy *works* as possible, for it is only by an extensive course of easy reading that a person can ever acquire a practical knowledge of a language. Much may be gained from a careful perusal of historical and philosophical works that will render further reading easier, but it is only in plays, short stories and novels that expressions are found which can be easily remembered and used in conversation, for languages are learned by expressions, not by words.

Usually a beginner experiences considerable trouble in distinguishing the words in conversation; but a little practice and strict attention will soon obviate this difficulty. Even after he can readily understand the language when spoken he can by no means converse in it. His sentences may be strictly grammatical, but they will be clumsy and unnatural and will lack that grace and ease which characterize the conversation of a man speaking his mother-tongue. Only constant practice will give him command of those charming little words and phrases that make conversation a continuous flow rather than a chain of detached sentences.

It is not well to converse always with the same person, as the voice, style of speaking and modes of thought soon become familiar, and when a stranger comes upon the scene he can scarcely be understood.

Though this may to a certain extent be due to his using different words and conversing on different topics, yet it is almost wholly owing to the unfamiliarity of his voice. Much also may be learned from talking with children. Reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place, one is free from that fear of making mistakes and appearing ridiculous in consequence, which usually hampers students and very often prevents them from ever speaking a language fluently. And, secondly, though children are not particular about grammatical correctness, they will have exactness in expression and their replies are simple. Dr. Hart says that more can be learned from talking with ladies than with men, and we are inclined to believe this statement, particularly as he elsewhere notes that in the study of language, more than in any other study, the tone-giving element is *quantity*.

When talking the rules of grammar should be discarded; let errors in syntax and collocation be detected by the ear alone. In other words, speak French and German correctly for the same reason that the Frenchman or German does, who speaks correctly because bad grammar and clumsy arrangement offend his ear, not because they violate rules of which he may have scarcely any knowledge. It is useless to commence to master the genders of German and Italian nouns by committing long lists to memory. As each word is met in reading it should be pronounced with its proper article, and thus, instead of referring to long and laboriously acquired lists of exceptions, one may, by simply pronouncing a word, and the different articles, almost invariably determine its proper gender.

The order of words is one of the greatest difficulties with which the student of German has to contend. After the rules of order have been mastered, numbers of short sentences illustrating the different rules should be learned. This may be supplemented by reading aloud whatever authors are being studied. Soon in writing and speaking all rules may be dispensed with, as the ear will readily and accurately detect any errors.

The vocabulary for conversation should be enlarged, not by learning the foreign equivalent of English words, but by learning the English equivalent of foreign words. It is much better to enlarge one's vocabulary by learning the significance of foreign words only after they have been heard several times.

For a word thus heard fixes itself in mind from one's trying to discover its meaning from the different contexts, and when the explanation comes it takes root in soil well prepared. A profitable and interesting way for a student to increase his knowledge of a language is to translate his thoughts into short and simple sentences during the walks and hours of relaxation and afterwards to refer them to a competent person for correction.

The novelty of the exercise and the effort of retaining the sentences in the mind until they are corrected serves to impress them deeply on the mind. More can be learned from a person who knows little or nothing about English. You are then forced to say everything in the foreign language and if you do not know the exact word you wish to use you will try to get at it by telling him everything that it is not. Moreover, a person who has a fair knowledge of English is apt to exercise it at the expense of your French or German, as the case may be.

But however much progress a student may make by reading and speaking when opportunities present themselves, only years of residence in a country and a thorough knowledge of its best authors will give him the feeling when he is reading or listening to a public speaker that all the idioms and forms of thought are familiar to him and that he himself might have handled the subject in much the same way.

R. J. BONNER.

LETTER LEGACIES.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Sorry you couldn't fall in with my plan, but since you have found a spot to your liking, I suppose it's all right and I hope your health will improve, without further victimizing by the disciples of Æsculapius. You know my antipathy to doctors. I firmly believe that from Galen and Hippocrates down to Pasteur and Morell Mackenzie, they have mostly made their art of healing very secondary to that of becoming well heeled themselves. Not that I have any particular grudge against any of them. Since I passed safely through the infantile ordeals of mumps and whooping-cough I have entirely dispensed with their services. And perhaps I do wrong to blame them. If the universality of a fault may excuse it, then the doctors stand excused. For few indeed are they who follow science or art with singleness of high purpose.

Though this is not termed a golden age, gold is the idol of its generations. Especially is it so in this young country. Men are too eager in the search for it, and when you add to this that we have little or no national history to excite to emulation of high deeds and rouse the refining influence of romance, I think you have the reasons why Canadian Literature is a meaningless term, or at most, speaking figuratively, representative of a dim sphere, or outline, only a very small portion of which is filled in, like the moon in her first quarter.

The land that is to produce poets distinctively its own must have associations of romance. Here, everything is commonplace and prosy. The marriages are *mariages de convenance*, and love, erstwhile a god, is degraded to the station of a slave. But in Italy, for example, after nightfall beneath many casements stand loyal lovers serenading their *inamorate*, and in many a balcony amid the odour of roses not sweeter than the murmured words of passion may be seen two forms that blend as one in the divine thrill of clinging close caresses in which the very soul seems to rise up and embrace its mate. Can you wonder that even the common people there are poets

and *improvisatori*? Can you wonder at the sublime and altruistic devotion of the Italian organ-grinders among us to the plying of their intricate art? In a land given over to the worship of Mammon, they alone remind us, though we are often unwilling to hear, that there are nobler things than greed, and more precious things than gold.

Speaking of Hippocrates above reminded me of an interesting saying of his to the effect that art is long and life is short (I forget the original Ionic). Horace's "*Ars longa, vita brevis*" is a translation of it; Goethe echoes it in *Faust*: "*Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang, und kurz ist unser Leben*;" and Longfellow renders it prettily in his *Psalm of Life*:

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

But the thought is eternally true and deserves reiteration.

Your description of country scenery was very enthusiastic, and inspired me as I read with a desire to be in the midst of it with you. But I am leading a pleasant life here, free and easy. This is my first summer in town for many a year, and I find that the city in summer is not half bad. I have my same old lodgings, but I have adopted the plan of mealing in restaurants. I believe I have eaten in nearly every restaurant in the city, so that I am familiar with the good and bad points of one and all. I have even my hat-restaurant, where in audacious imitation of Byron's friend Matthews I eat with my hat on.

I think you exemplified very fairly the characteristics of your trinity of poets in viewing that tree through the spectacles of each. The only thing I take exception to is your emphasizing the passion of Keats as intense. He may have felt such passion, but do you think he transfused it through his verse? Compare the most thrilling passage he ever wrote with Swinburne's *Hymn of Man*, and tell me if the former does not dwindle into calmness beside the fierce defiant music of the latter. Like Byron, Swinburne would, I think, describe the forest rather than the tree, but he would bring to the description an infinitely greater art.

You might give me some account of your reading at your next writing, which I hope you won't delay.

Yours bosomly, G. F. A.

AMONG THE MILLET.*

It is with the greatest pleasure that we undertake a review of this collection, which has already been welcomed and appreciated in England. We accept it not only as a splendid contribution to Canada's poems, but as a sure fore-token that the genius of the author will ere long produce work that no limits of nationality or language can confine.

A Canadian reviewer of a Canadian book naturally looks upon it with a jealous eye to see if the subject matter is well chosen, if Canadian sentiment and Canadian vanity are in turn appealed to and flattered. This method is essentially false and pernicious, so according to Victor Hugo we will examine how he has worked, and not whereon and wherefore. "Let him write in prose or verse; let him carve in marble or cast in bronze; let him take root in such a century, or in such a climate; let him be of the north south east or west . . . all is admirable. The poet is free."

This quotation is not uncalled for, because many a critic doubtless will expect the accustomed hymn or sonnet to the swathed but gigantic limbs of the infant Canada. He will be disappointed, but will find instead that nearly all the rich colouring of every poem is borrowed from the hues of our Canadian fields and forests; that every season of our clime is celebrated in a delicate and a delightful manner, and all ideas that these seasons contain for him of suggestiveness and beauty are used with a rare poetical skill.

The praise that we bestow upon this book is not disproportionate to its worth, as numerous extracts would show if there was room to insert them. We have endeavoured to disassociate ourselves from the idea of a Canadian parentage for the poems, and to consider them with no more indulgence than if they had issued from the brain-scratchings of a Hottentot.

*Among the Millet and Other Poems. By Archibald Lampman. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son, 1888. To be obtained in the Janitor's Office, Univ. Coll.

And regarding them with the least possible favouritism we must not deny the existence of some crudities and stray faults amid much excellent matter. For instance, when the greatest poet in the world presumes to designate a certain poem as a Ballade, the meanest critic that crawls can also presume to refer to the many distracting rules that circumscribe the Ballade form, and destroy the said poem as a Ballade, though unable to find any existing restrictions to mar the ideas that it contains. So has Mr. Lampman failed to make his two Ballades truly artistic, but, as Mr. Gleeson White has said, "For the sake of poetry one is ready to forgive much." Some other few imperfections we thought we could detect; some readers may notice them, others perhaps not; for a cursory perusal of the poems will not reveal them.

The collection consists of forty-two poems and twenty-nine sonnets. The longest, "The Monk," contains forty-seven stanzas in the metre of "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," with the advantage that it does not deal with matters so revolting in nature and treatment. I am not aware if the plot is original, but whether or not the story is romantic and is delicately told. The tale, though as simple, is not conveyed in such sensuous language as is "The Eve of St. Agnes." In other respects it bears a certain resemblance to this poem, but does not recall the manner of Keats more perfectly than the seventeen rhymed couplets of a poem, "Sleep," which is indeed a charming word-picture.

It is generally concluded with too much haste that a new poet, being young and impressionable, will injure himself by continued imitation of some famed master. But Mr. Lampman can hardly be said even to imitate himself; for, although certain excellencies are alike apparent throughout, yet poems of distinct classes receive a distinctive treatment. He makes trial of many forms, and conquest of some. As a romancist in verse, if he improve upon himself, he is secure of fame. His purely reflective poem, "An Athenian Reverie," in the conversational style, contains a good character-study, and reveals some knowledge of classic romance, which he seems very sparing of elsewhere. His descriptive verses are faithful and quietly poetic, without much passion. Of his Ballades I have spoken; but Ballades are dangerous, and Sonnets suggest comparisons. He shows a greater mastery over simpler forms, and he has some especially good work in his ballads and in some of his songs. Of the latter the following is the best, and is too good for comment:—

Oh night and sleep,
Ye are so soft and deep,
I am so weary, come ye soon to me.
Oh, hours that creep,
With so much time to weep,
I am so tired: can ye no swifter be?

Come, night, anear;
I'll whisper in thine ear
What makes me so unhappy, full of care;
Dear night, I die
For love that all men buy
With tears, and know not it is black despair.

Dear night, I pray,
How is it that men say
That love is sweet? It is not sweet to me.
For one boy's sake
A poor girl's heart must break;
So sweet, so true, and yet it could not be!

Oh, I loved well,
Such love as none can tell:
It was so true, it could not make him know:
For he was blind,
All light and all unkind:
Oh, had he known, would he have hurt me so?

Oh night and sleep,
Ye are so soft and deep,
I am so weary, come ye soon to me.
Oh, hours that creep,
With so much time to weep,
I am so tired, can ye no swifter be?

PELHAM EDGAR.

In Memoriam.

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

In the midst of the general sorrow which has followed the death of Dr. Young, words can do little to express the real feeling of all those who have been in any way connected with him. It is useless to put in writing what all feel; the sorrow of all, professors and students, cannot be expressed on paper. It was no formal grief that moved that crowded company on Tuesday morning last; it was no conventional respect that hushed every heart as the President's voice, trembling with emotion, announced the sad news. The band of students that followed the funeral procession to the grave testified not alone their admiration for the brilliant scholar; they had assembled to honour, as much as the last poor tokens of respect can ever honour, the memory of one whose love of truth; whose clearness of view; above all, whose wide-hearted sympathy, had endeared him personally to each among them as earnest teacher; as trusted guide; as loving friend.

Gifts such as his are rare. In any department of study he would have shown himself the peer of its most distinguished exponents. Unequaled as a teacher, he might have filled almost any chair in the college to which he might have been called, with credit to himself and with honour to the University. The range of his scholarship was marvellous: marvellous no less was the retiring, gentle nature of so great a man. For he was great; great in mind, great in those qualities of heart which constitute the truest nobility of manhood. We cannot speak of him too highly. When we heard of his victories—and brilliant victories they were—in the field of that study in which, perhaps, America best knew him, we rejoiced; and we felt that we had among us a man of whom we might indeed be proud. When we heard him—those of us whom fortune had placed under his teaching—dealing with philosophical difficulties; encouraging the bright among us; aiding with kindly words the less highly favoured; showing in all his clearness of vision; his firmness of grasp; above all, his intense love for that living truth in pursuit of which he spent his life, we admired, and mingled wonder with our admiration. But, after all, we felt that our appreciation of him did not rest alone on that; we loved and admired not so much the scholar as the man.

Perhaps no man has exercised, or will continue to exercise, so great an influence as he upon the minds and consciences of men in Ontario. Out from our College halls have gone hundreds whose lives have been influenced for all time by the power of his kindly, truth-loving nature. The loss—how great a loss!—is not to his classes alone; it is a loss to us of all classes and of all years; a loss to the whole student-body of graduates and undergraduates, and through them to the Province—to the Dominion. For no man could leave these halls uninfluenced for good by him for whose death each student now mourns as for that of a dear and intimate friend.

So we of other courses may unite in heartfelt sorrow with those, his students, upon whom the unexpected blow will fall most heavily. To those of his own blood, who feel the sudden grief as peculiarly their own, we, who too have known his worth, extend our deep and respectful sympathy. While we mourn the loss to ourselves and to our College, we cannot but be grateful for what in the course of a long and busy and useful life he has been permitted to accomplish; in the midst of our sorrow for his death, we cannot but thank God for such a life.

We are indebted to the President, Sir Daniel Wilson, for the accompanying outline of the career of an intimate friend and earnest fellow-worker; others, too, who had more than common opportunities of learning to know and honour him, have added their words of high esteem and of unfeigned sorrow.

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

The death of Professor George Paxton Young deprives the University of Toronto of one of its most gifted teachers; and his colleagues in the University of one who commanded the esteem and confidence of all. To the President, Sir Daniel Wilson, it must now be a singularly gratifying, yet tender memorial of the long and intimate relations that had subsisted between them, that in his very last public utterance, given forth a very few days only before the fatal shock that brought his life to an end, he referred to "the unbroken friendship of more than thirty years' standing which had existed between them."

Professor Young was the son of a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church; and was born at Berwick-on-Tweed in the year 1819. He early manifested a studious disposition, and great aptitude for very diverse branches of learning. His later course of preparatory studies before entering the University of Edinburgh was pursued at the High School there. He referred more than once, with manifest pleasure, in recent years, to a gathering of old school and college-mates which took place in Toronto, at the house of Dr. Wilson, in 1870. An unexpected coincidence of travellers on a visit to Canada brought together Sir Andrew Ramsay, the head of the Geological Survey of Great Britain; Alexander Sprunt, British Consul, North Carolina; William Nelson, the eminent Scottish publisher; and with them the Hon. George Brown; the Hon. David Christie, Speaker of the Senate; Professor Young; and Dr. Wilson. Our own university men are only now entering heartily into the spirit of university life, with its true *esprit de corps*, and are forming themselves into class societies of their graduating years. Here was a meeting of old school-mates gathering after more than a quarter of a century, from both sides of the Atlantic, to live again, once moreover, those happy student years. It was a meeting of old friends and rivals. William Nelson passed from the High School as its classical gold medalist, to contend with George Paxton Young, at the University, for pre-eminence as a classical student, under the guidance of Professor Pillans, an eminent Etonian, who is described, in Sir Alexander Grant's History of the University, in words that would apply with equal fitness to his old pupil, as "a born teacher." In the Humanity Class, as in Scottish University parlance it is called, the future professor of Metaphysics distinguished himself, especially in Latin prose composition, in which his most successful rival was William Nelson. The retiring modesty, and the instinctive distaste for all public display, which so eminently characterized Professor Young, prevented any but his most intimate friends knowing the varied range of his tastes and studies. His sympathies in these respects had, indeed, very definite limitations; and he frankly avowed his utter indifference to some of the favourite pursuits of his friends and colleagues. He had a quiet sense of humour which at times found play in his undisguised indication of the unattractive elements of the studies he repudiated. Nevertheless, his intellectual sympathies were large; and he sometimes surprised those who had fancied him the mere metaphysician, by the evidence of his critical appreciation of the poets, and his taste in Belles Lettres.

But it is as the teacher of Philosophy, and the singularly popular and attractive lecturer in the Chair of Metaphysics and Ethics, that he will be long held in remembrance among those who year by year have crowded his lecture room in University College. His style of teaching was alike peculiar and effective. He took under review the system of some leader of thought; or the work which aimed at its interpretation. He assumed for the time the position of advocate, maintaining his cause against all objectors; and anticipating the arguments by which the thoughtful student might be supposed to challenge the text. Having thus thoroughly cleared the way, by the overthrow of all unsound criticism, and enabled the student to master the views of the author in question; he then, with trenchant critical acumen, exposed any weak point in the system; and turned to ridicule the fallacies on which every false reasoning was based. His training for this important department of academic instruction had been peculiar; for it was as a theologian that he first encountered the fallacies of metaphysical speculation, and dealt with the essential principles on which Ethics must be based. He was trained in the Scottish school of metaphysics; but the principles taught

there by Sir William Hamilton were controverted by him with keenest opposition in his class-room. He followed up his Arts studies in the University of Edinburgh, with those of Divinity, and was admitted as a licentiate of the Presbyterian Church.

It was, we believe, in 1847 that Professor Young came to Canada, bringing with him his widowed mother and a younger brother. He became pastor of Knox Church, Hamilton, and fulfilled that important charge for years, leaving behind him the affectionate esteem of many who then learned to love him alike as their minister and their sympathizing friend. In 1854, he was appointed to the Chair of Divinity in Knox College, Toronto; and then for the next ten years his wide and varied knowledge was turned to account for the benefit of the students of that College. Vigorous and enthusiastic—as he continued to be to the last,—he lectured on Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, leaving the impress of his earnest teaching on the minds of many thoughtful students. But his own mind was not readily constrained within formulated and elaborately detailed Confessions of Faith, and he retired from his Professorship in 1864; though subsequently welcomed again among the staff of Knox College, where for a time he took the chief charge of the students' preparatory training. On his final retirement from Knox College his services were engaged by the Education Department of Ontario; and under the Chief Superintendent, Dr. Ryerson, and two successive Ministers of Education, he acted as School Inspector, Chairman of Educational Committees, and trusted adviser in every doubt and difficulty. The Hon. Mr. Crooks relied largely on his judgment, and the present Minister of Education is known to deplore the loss of his wise and independent counsel.

The late Dr. Beaven, who had come to Canada, under the patronage of Sir Charles Bagot, to fill the Chair of Divinity in King's College, at the time when the Provincial University was originated in connection with the Church of England, was transferred to the Chair of Metaphysics, on the secularization of the University. He was a man of sound learning; but formal and precise. The later subject assigned to him was not one of his own choice; and though painstaking and laborious, he failed to excite an interest in its study. When, therefore, on his resignation in 1871, Professor Young was appointed to succeed to him the change was marvellous. He was, as we all know, an enthusiastic and soul-inspiring lecturer; and the students were astonished to find what they had been accustomed to regard as a dry and arid, if not repulsive subject, transformed into the most popular of all their College studies. The new professor speedily won the esteem and confidence of his colleagues, and the loving regard of his students. He was ready to respond to every appeal for elucidation of difficulties, and spared no pains in adapting his teaching to the aims and capacities of his students. Whoever may be the choice of those on whom the responsibility of selecting a successor devolves, he will require the possession of rare gifts and graces, if he is acceptably to fill the place of him whose recent loss has cast a gloom over our *Alma Mater*, and filled with sorrow the faculty and students alike.

We have referred to Professor Young as the singularly attractive teacher in his favourite metaphysical studies. It was characteristic of him that he turned to the study of German in his later years; and mastered the obscurities of Kant and the other German metaphysicians, as alone they can be thoroughly done, in their own native utterances. It was indeed one of his most noticeable characteristics, that he never, if he could possibly avoid it, took anything at second hand.

As a Mathematician, Professor Young's standing was altogether unique; and his processes were entirely distinct from those ordinarily pursued and taught. His published papers relate chiefly to the Theory of Equations; and among those the most remarkable were his researches in relation to Quintic Equations. The characteristic feature in these researches which specially struck the mathematician was that his methods were wholly his own. He was wont to say that his work had to be original; for he was unacquainted with the ordinary processes of other mathematicians. The results he arrived at were published in the *American Journal of Mathematics*, and excited great interest among the most distin-

guished mathematicians, both in Europe and on this continent. A lengthened correspondence was carried on between him and Professor Cayley; and the latter acknowledged the aid which he derived from Professor Young in some of his most important researches.

The methods of Professor Young were peculiarly his own; and illustrate in a remarkable manner the independent resources of an original mind. They have been as yet very partially studied, and are only imperfectly understood. But it cannot be doubted that, when they are appreciated at their true worth by the highest order of mathematicians, they will extend our knowledge, not only in the Theory of Equations, but also in other branches of mathematics. Professor Young's mind was active to the last; and he mastered knowledge by ways of his own, arriving at times at results which he was unaware had already been demonstrated by others. It was in this way, for example, that in the course of his mathematical researches he discovered for himself the essential principles of Quaternions.

It only remains to refer to the personal qualities of the late Professor. He was in all social and domestic relations truly admirable; a tender son, a faithful friend; a self-sacrificing relative. He never married. The care of a venerable widowed mother was his loving duty far on in life. He adopted two orphan nieces, who were as daughters to him; and repaid his generous kindness by brightening the home of the abstruse student, and affording room for the full play of the tender character of a singularly affectionate nature. The widowed niece, in later years returned to him, as to a father's house, bringing with her her little orphan boy, in whose education and training he took unwearied delight. The private charities of Professor Young were as liberal as they were unostentatious. No case of distress ever appealed to him in vain. As an earnest Christian his intimate friends knew his worth. He had battled with doubts and difficulties himself; and knew how to sympathize with the perplexities of an earnest searcher after truth. The Rev. John Burton thus wrote of him, as one who had known the value of his instructions: "The lives he has inspired, the minds he has trained, and they who have been thrown upon his affectionate care, will know that a good man and true has entered into rest." He took a lively interest in the University College Young Men's Christian Association; and in the College White Cross Society, contributing with willing liberality when funds were needed to promote their success. His influence on college life, in his intercourse alike with his brother professors and with the students, was ever felt to be wise and elevating; and they will long miss his kindly face and genial presence.

In thoughtful hours, and in his confidential intercourse with trusted friends, he speculated with reverent earnestness on the realities of the unseen world; and anticipated the active employment of all his intellectual faculties in that higher life to which he looked forward in the confident humility of Christian hope and trust. The unseen and eternal were, indeed, more real to him than all the transitory and fleeting things of time; and now it is the consolation of those who mourn the loss of a beloved colleague, instructor and friend, to rest in the assured belief that he has entered on the enjoyment of those infinite realities.

As a mark of respect to the memory of Professor Young, we publish below tributes to his supreme worth, written by some of those who came closely in contact with him. These may in some sort voice the universal sentiment of affection and esteem dwelling in the hearts of all whose lot it was to meet him, whether as associates or pupils.

University men in Ontario will long deplore the irreparable loss to the Province of Professor Young. He combined in himself the inestimable qualities of an accomplished scholar and the never-failing courtesy and deference of the Christian gentleman.

My own personal relations with Dr. Young extend back to 1863. They were always of the most pleasant character; and even in matters of educational policy and procedure, in which I did not always agree with him, I was nevertheless impressed with the kindly manner and yet manly courtesy with which he maintained his views on those subjects.

The Grammar Schools of those days occupied no such intimate relations with the public schools as they do to-day. They affected to stand entirely apart from them and from the general school system. They professed to occupy a much higher educational plane than these schools, and claimed that their relations were entirely with the universities and with them alone. For this they certainly had historical fact and educational precedent to sustain them. They, as district classical schools, were established by Act of Parliament in 1809, while the grade of schools below them had no existence in the Province until 1816.

This feeling of dignified antagonism on the part of the Grammar Schools had by no means died out when Professor Young was appointed to inspect them as successor to Rev. Dr. Orniston, who was himself an able and energetic inspector.

No more fitting appointment for this service could have been made than that of Professor Young. He was an acknowledged classical scholar—a man of varied experience as teacher, and thoroughly well-informed on the subjects with which he had to deal. His duties were virtually to reorganize the Grammar Schools and adjust the relative values and place in the curriculum of the subjects to be taught therein.

For four years Professor Young admirably performed his difficult and delicate task. At the close of his labours in that behalf he was justly complimented by Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent, who highly appreciated the great value and exhaustive character of his reports.

The pleasant relations between these two gentlemen may be gathered from the closing sentences of Prof. Young's last report in 1867. He said:—

"I wish to be allowed to express my very warm gratitude for the uniform kindness and consideration which, during my connection with the Department of Education, I have met with from you as Chief Superintendent. Your generous appreciation of my services has encouraged me in my efforts to discharge my duty to your satisfaction."

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

Toronto, 28th February, 1889.

I became first acquainted with Professor Young when I was appointed a member of the Central Committee in 1876. My first impression of him was that he possessed rare qualities as a business man; that he was exceedingly quick in his comprehension of the difficulties involved in every case submitted to the Committee and equally quick in forming a judgment as to what should be done. His control of the Committee as chairman was remarkable. Though always patient in hearing suggestions from his fellow members and anxious to have a question looked at from every standpoint he never surrendered his own right of judgment. He was more than an ordinary presiding officer; he was a judge who felt it to be his duty to sum up evidence submitted and decide every case purely and impartially on its merits. He was invariably courteous to his colleagues and in the three years during which I served with him an irritable expression never escaped his lips.

Since my appointment as Minister of Education my relations with him were even more intimate. As Chairman of the Central Committee, particularly while examinations were in progress, I had to consult him almost daily, and I need not say that his advice was almost invaluable. Few men seemed to understand better the scope of an examination paper. It was simply marvellous how readily the Professor who had to deal with honour graduates in Metaphysics and Logic could descend to the level of the child who had to grapple with an entrance examination paper. He seemed instinctively to understand the mental plane of the High School pupil as well as of the first-class teacher; and whatever may have been the faults of examination papers it could not be said of any prepared by him that they were either complex, technical or confusing.

In revising the School Act and Regulations in 1885 his judgment was equally valuable. He understood our school-system thoroughly; and his experience as a High School Inspector gave him a thorough insight into all the details of the organization and classification necessary in the ordinary working of a school.

No warmer friend of elementary education could be found than the late Dr. Young. He was an inveterate enemy of overloaded programmes, and could scarcely entertain with patience the suggestions of those who favoured teaching "all the sciences" in our Public Schools. Even the Kindergarten did not escape his attention; and among the early visitors to the class-room occupied for that purpose, no one seemed more interested than he in the amusements and exercises of the little ones.

It may well be said that by Prof. Young's death we have lost one of our foremost educators; a man whose sympathies with every department of education were liberal and broad-minded; one whose mind was always open to the reception of advanced opinions, and one who combined in himself the dignity of a noble manhood with the refinement and breadth of the ripest scholarship.

G. W. ROSS.

My acquaintance with Professor Young began in 1850, when he came to Hamilton, and was settled there as Pastor of Knox Church; but from 1853, when we both came to Toronto, my acquaintance with him was much more intimate. We were officially brought a good deal together, and, besides this, we were members of the same congregation, for many years occupied the same pew, and lived in close proximity to each other. Long and intimate acquaintance led me to form the very highest estimate of his character. Not to speak of his mental qualities, or of his high attainments as a scholar, there was a peculiar charm in intercourse with him, which could not but attract those who had an opportunity of really knowing him. His thorough transparency of character, his child-like simplicity, his genial disposition, and his uniform cheerfulness, often mixed with pleasant humour, made his society peculiarly agreeable. Having very fine feelings himself, he was most studious in avoiding anything that might hurt the feelings of others, and on several occasions when, in after thought, he fancied that something which he had said or done might have wounded the feelings of some one, I have known him to return to the subject, and in a pleasant way seek to remove any impression which he feared might have been produced.

Dr. Young was somewhat retiring in his habits, and did not court society; but he was not a recluse. He enjoyed the society of friends in his own house and in the houses of others, and his life was a happy one, rendered all the happier by the presence and the affectionate attention of the dear relatives who for years were the inmates of his home. Few lives are entirely free from troubles in some form or other, and the life of Dr. Young was no exception to the general rule; but all troubles were borne with admirable patience, gentleness and serenity.

Perhaps his theological views would not have fully harmonized with those of his brethren; but his great reverence for divine things, his humble but firm trust in the goodness and love of God, his simple faith in Christ as the only Saviour, and his pure and devoted Christian character proved the sincerity, depth and practical character of his personal religion. While in the ministry his pulpit addresses were clear, simple, and evangelical, and his private ministrations were peculiarly tender and sympathetic.

I do not refer to his profound attainments as a mathematician or a metaphysician, nor to the wonderful influence which he had as a teacher. Writing these few sentences for THE VARSITY, I feel that this is unnecessary, as there are many graduates and undergraduates who know, better than any words of mine could express, his power and influence both in the class room and out of it. In thinking of the death of Dr. Young we may truly say that a prince and a great man hath fallen in the midst of us.

W. REID.

It was my privilege to be a great deal in the company of Dr. Young in University College during the last three months of his life. About a week before he was stricken with his fatal illness he told me, with the calmness of one long accustomed to look before and after, that he felt he was breaking down. It was very touching to see the noble man return day after day

in increasing feebleness to continue to the end the work he loved.

It is well known that Prof. Young, among his multifarious duties in Knox College, gave instruction in Hebrew and the Old Testament, and his old pupils say they never knew such a Hebrew teacher, he had such a power of clear and vivid presentation. I have never been able to induce him to speak at any length on this department of his former work. He so entirely repudiated the idea of his being a critical Oriental scholar that the subject seemed almost unwelcome to him. But it is certain that he studied the Hebrew Scriptures lovingly and profoundly, and also published an original work upon a portion of them. This treatise, with others, he since did his best to recall, so that now it is very hard to find a copy.

Though he ceased many years ago to make these matters an object of special study, I cannot but think that they left a deep impress on his intellectual and spiritual character. There was much about Dr. Young that suggests a comparison with the great prophets of ancient Israel—his mien betokening habitual converse with the highest themes, his unworldliness, his profound seriousness, his enthusiasm for truth and justice, his reach of mental and moral vision. I doubt not that we must reckon them as chief among the masters that had a part in the forming of that many-sided mind, and in the inspiring of that large and strenuous heart. Yet in most beautiful and captivating harmony with these qualities were just as conspicuous traits of the New Testament type—gentleness, humility, patience, tolerance, sympathy, "sweet reasonableness," showing that he had yielded himself to the sway and guidance of a Master greater and more potent still.

Others will analyse much better than I can do his intellectual character. If I may venture to note one general impression, I would say that no scholar that I have ever met seemed to me to possess more quick and sure *intelligence*. His faculty of getting at the essence of a doctrine, of tracing the history of an opinion, of grasping the details of a system, no matter how foreign to his own views and predilections, and of at once bringing them into relation with his already acquired knowledge or settled convictions, was nothing short of marvellous. Along with this quality was another no less remarkable—his power and habit of bringing under general laws all that he learned or observed. When we reckon with this his natural and cultivated judicial temper it becomes easier to understand his constant largeness of view, his impartiality, his "unsyllogistic rationality." So his richly-stored memory was rather a topical than a verbal index. Life and nature were present to him not as single concrete parts, but as large abstract symbols, while others were groping through the alphabet of truth or working slowly along with the grammar and dictionary of objective facts, he was feeling and living through the deepest problems of co-ordination and final interpretation.

These qualities go a long way to explain how Dr. Young was so great a *liberalizer* of men's minds and opinions. He was in this respect a force altogether unique. Young men and older men have learned from his life as well as from his teachings that truth is a very large as well as a very precious thing, that none can grasp it all, and that all do not grasp the same part of it, that a search for truth, and not a blind adoption of formulas to represent it, is an essential condition of its real appropriation, and that this method uses the heart and conscience as well as the intellect. If Dr. Young's life and work mean anything practical to his and the coming generation this is their teaching. And that the lesson has been and is being learned, witness the pulpits and schools of Ontario, witness the converging tribute of homage, love and reverence paid to this man by men of all creeds and of all shades of religious and philosophic opinion.

Of his more purely moral endowments the one that has impressed me most strongly is his *reverence*. This quality, so often missing from the make-up of scholars and thinkers of the second rank, was in him a natural corollary to wide and growing knowledge. It was, moreover, the key to what was most lovable in him—his simplicity, his tenderness and his magnanimity—since his reverence was felt for all that was good and pure and honest and lovely. It may not be out of the way for me to refer in this connection to his habits of connection with public worship. During the greater part of the latest years of his life he was never absent during the

morning service from St. Andrew's Church, in this city, always walking to and fro the distance of over two miles from his residence. It was an actual help to devotion to see that grand old head and face with that countenance of wise humility bowed with the reverence of simple child-like faith before the God and Father of all. But he neither found his religiousness in church nor did he leave it there. His devoutness was not of his life a thing apart; it was with him everywhere and under all conditions. He wore the aspect of one who was always worshipping, and so he helped others to worship what he himself loved and revered. This was in fact the highest and finest outcome of his life, the choicest result of the years that bring the philosophic mind. The sense of the being and presence of God was in him one with the sense of reality, potency, and urgency of truth and goodness. His scholarship and his philosophy had this for their groundwork and issue, and his sure and ample faith in what he thus sought and found shall perpetually remind us that in this way too, *the pure in heart shall see God*.

J. F. McCURDY.

Univ. College.

THE FUNERAL.

At half-past two on Friday afternoon Convocation Hall and the adjoining corridors were thronged with University men and others, who had assembled to render the last tokens of respect to the great man who has passed away from our midst. A great hush pervaded the hall while the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell offered up the opening prayer of the funeral service, which was followed by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Milligan. The Rev. Dr. Caven read solemn portions of the Old and New Testaments, when the whole congregation joined in the beautiful hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."

Sir Daniel Wilson, in a few simple and impressive words, referred to the irreparable loss which had befallen the University in the removal of one who had been so earnest in the pursuit of truth. The hymn of consolation, "Rock of Ages," was rendered with earnest feeling, whereupon the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell strove, in heartfelt prayer, to imprint on his hearers the lessons which such a life and death should bear for all who witness it.

After the benediction had been pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Reid, the students filed out and formed in line down the carriage drive while the coffin was being borne forth. The procession, more than a quarter of a mile long, marched slowly along St. Alban St. and up Yonge St. to the C. P. R. railway crossing, where the students formed in open line and allowed the hearse and carriages to pass through and on to Mount Pleasant Cemetery where the last sad rites were performed.

Sir Daniel Wilson, the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Dr. Gregg, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Justice McLennan, and the Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, acted as pallbearers.

GEORGE PAXTON YOUNG.

The day goes down upon a life as fair
As ever looked unblinded on the sun
With eagle eyes, and bright with laurels won
Of love, renown and reverence, meet to bear.
We mourn thee not with passion of despair
As one death-stricken ere his work be done,
Thou mad'st ambition and achievement one,
The fame that is, one with the dreams that were.

Calm, steadfast sorrow doth our hearts control
For thee, in whom were grace and virtue met.
For faintless flight adown the years that roll
Beyond our sight on whom thy star hath set
Furled are the pinions of thy stainless soul,
But spread the wings of memory and regret.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

Univ. Coll., Feb. 27th.

THE VARSITY.

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PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Two weeks ago THE VARSITY took occasion to comment in no measured terms of disapproval on the anonymous attacks of "Torontoniensis" and his following on Sir Daniel Wilson. This week, however, has seen these outrages on good taste and proper feeling far surpassed by a slanderous assault made simultaneously by an anonymous letter in the *Mail* and by an editorial in the *World*. Our President has been accused of a deep-laid plan by which he might debase his responsible position to the advancement of personal friends. No proof has been adduced. Allegation, insinuation and accusation have been the only weapons used.

THE VARSITY has frequently in the past found it its duty to take its stand in opposition to the authorities, and will doubtless do so in the future, but it would be unworthy of the name of College Paper if it did not do its utmost to repudiate the calumnies cast against the President and in his person against the College.

The brutality which characterizes the whole proceeding is only emphasized by the extreme unfitness of the time of its occurrence. Could a virulent attack on Sir Daniel Wilson be more unseasonable than when he was bowed down with grief at the sudden illness of a life-long friend and co-worker, or the supposed unearthing of a plot to fill the Chair of Philosophy be more out of place than when its occupant was lying between life and death? Surely the ordinary formalities of decency might have been observed.

To explicitly refute such attacks as the present must always be difficult. Where no proof is adduced, (for even if the alleged newspaper puffs emanated from Dr. Shurman Sir Daniel would be in no wise implicated) no explanation can be offered. For all those, however, who have come in contact with Sir Daniel his upright and gentlemanly bearing on all occasions must place him far above the reach of such aspersions. Of Dr. Shurman we know little, and it is not within our province to defend him, but common justice compels us to indicate the peculiar malignancy of attempting by a slanderous attack to cut off beforehand any prospect of his appointment to the Chair in Philosophy, which might very reasonably be expected to occur without any wire-pulling, in view of his present position.

In his unthinking frenzy "Argus" does not hesitate to cast aspersions indiscriminately on any one he mentions. Not satisfied with representing a Professor of Cornell University as stooping to such degrading practices, he considers that the Faculty of that University would be a pliable tool in the hands of the place-seeker, though what motive would induce them thus to betray their trust does not appear.

The University has frequently suffered in the past from the hostility or apathy of the daily press, but it can far better sustain open attacks, than such professedly disinterested concern for its welfare as the *World* exhibits.

This paper it appears, is ever on the watch, jealously cherishing every germ of prosperity for the University, and ready to stamp out ruthlessly any weeds of corruption that may impede its fair growth.

Is there not something "Argus"-like in this sudden vigilance of the *World*?

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

If the letters of "W. C. H." are perhaps not over clear to the non-classical undergraduate, they have at least done good

service to our College Societies in drawing attention to certain faults with which the latter may with fairness be charged. It is common talk among the students that more than one of our organizations is in a state of decay; "W. C. H." deserves our thanks for having put such complaints in a tangible and discussible form.

He has specially mentioned three societies: the Literary and Scientific Society, the Modern Language Club, and the Political Science Association. Of these he claims to speak from personal knowledge. It is as well, perhaps, that his statements should be confined within these limits; they certainly cannot apply, for example, to the Glee Club, which this year honoured itself and the College.

These charges are not quite new. They were made concerning one of the minor societies in question last spring; yet, though weakness was shown at the beginning of this year, good work has been done since Christmas, and the signs of increased, not diminished, usefulness are at present visible. As for the other, it should not be allowed to die. It has its mission, and (with some self-sacrifice on the part of its members for the sake of a greater gain) it can and should be made an invaluable adjunct of the course whose work it studies.

And now for the Literary—the great mother-society. Do we indeed live in the degenerate days which are to see its decay and death? Is the Society really declining in power and usefulness?

To answer this question one must have seen it in the days of its much-talked-of prime. We have no standard by which we can measure ourselves. The question, after all, important as it may seem, is in reality not the one with which we are immediately concerned. Of much more importance is another query. Is the Society doing its full duty by its members and by itself? This we can judge for ourselves, and to this we are compelled to answer, emphatically, No.

We call it the Literary and Scientific Society—it is not literary; it is not scientific. Its readings are often valueless; its songs, with a few notable exceptions, have not been, this year at least, of a high order either as regards music or, sometimes, good taste; its debates furnish what benefit is to be derived from its meetings. And if there has been this year a decline in the usefulness of the Society, it is here that we must seek the cause. What has there been in the meetings to discourage connected and logical speaking—it is at this that we should aim—and to encourage light and flippant bandying of words; carping criticism; punctilious squabbling over rules of order? For we must admit—and it is with an earnest desire for the well-being of the old College Society that we say it—that there has been a lamentable lack in its meetings of seriousness and real dignity. This has told not only on those who have contributed towards the result indicated, in making the Society valueless to themselves; but, as well, on every reader, every singer, every debater in the College. It is not, we would remark, highly encouraging to a man who has prepared an elaborate discourse on the relevant subject, "Resolved, that the dress customs of the Sandwich Islanders are unsuitable for the Canadian climate," that a stock oration on "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" should be interpolated between him and the decision of the Chair. This is not fiction; it is only ornamented fact. Those who were present will remember the occurrence.

There is no use in faultfinding unaccompanied by suggestions for improvement. THE VARSITY, in its reports of the Society's meetings, has criticised candidly and well; we have no desire to shirk responsibility for what has been said in our news columns, even in view of the writer's manly avowal of their authorship and assumption of what blame the Society may feel disposed to attach to them. If reform comes, it will come largely as the result of these reports. It has been quasi-humorously suggested that they be "smoked" for a week in the Sanctum to "cure" them of their spicy flavour. Has it occurred to the members that the same laudable purpose might be served by cutting off the supply of spice?

We have no startling propositions to make. What we shall say, will be the suggestion not alone of THE VARSITY but of every thoughtful member of the Literary and Scientific

Society. Here are a few fundamental requisites of the highest success :

I. The Society must be considered as a means of real improvement ; not of amusement merely. To speak of the benefits to be derived from it is meaningless until the desire has become general to get out of it all the good there is in it.

II. While not all the singers can be expected to do wonders in their line, it is yet incumbent on every one to do his absolute best.

III. Readings should be literary ; fresh, if possible ; carefully chosen for interest and for style, and rendered, *after some study*, in the reader's best manner. Some of the numbers given this year under the heads of "music" and "reading" have been an insult to the intelligence of the Society.

IV. Of the essayists, nothing unfavourable can fairly be said ; they, at least, have made an honest attempt to do their work well. Better order during the reading, and greater attention to the subject-matter of the essays, are probably the chief reforms to be advocated under this head.

V. No debater, regularly, chosen by the Committee, should decline to speak for any reason short of absolute necessity. No debater, thus regularly chosen, should presume to address the Society without the most careful preparation which his time allows. Cases occurred this year, where one side, after much careful study of the subject, found that the other had cheerfully neglected the question altogether, and on the evening of the debate insulted its opponents with flippant fooleries. No member, thus acting, is doing any part of his duty to the Society.

VI. The Constitution was made for the Society, not the Society for the Constitution. Points of order should not be raised, except to enforce due order and discipline. To use the Laws or Rules of Order to burk discussion ; to worry a speaker ; or to collect fees, is to crush the life out of the Society.

VII. To sum up, let the Society be really *literary*. It is not a law school ; nor a training institute for practical politicians. Let nothing crowd out the literary programme. Let us return to our first love ; let us abandon practices which have destroyed in part the usefulness if not the interest of our meetings.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Some weeks ago I communicated with you on the topic of "College Societies," and you kindly inserted my letter ; and if the subject is of sufficient importance, surely a second letter from me now will not be rejected. My design in writing to you at first was to turn absorbed attention to our societies, and, advisedly leaving myself open to attack, I have found that the Literary Society at least has a champion. But while your late correspondent believes with me, that this society is "declining in efficiency and in literary character," he sees this effect from a different cause. In fact, sirs, we both regard the same ultimate state of affairs, but he, being near-sighted, is not able with exactness to discern the remote causatives. It is important to join issue, for if his words go unchallenged, they may gain currence with bad effect. There is only a limited amount of truth in what he says. Of course, with "Mutamur," I observe we have changed, *i.e.*, the composition of the student body has become altered, but because we have changed, we are not by any law of necessity coerced into changing our societies when they might be sufficient. I maintain they might be sufficient. Without looking at "Mutamur's" prognostications, he tells us that "admission is too cheap." What does he mean? Some even now grumble at the size of the fee ; indeed, very many have resorted to the two rival benefit organizations started every spring. The fact that we are having class societies does not indicate a substitute, but I think increases the necessity for a society-general. If the class societies take up the work of the Literary Society,—who would turn out once more each week to attend the latter? The tendency would be to a still

greater falling-off' in membership and attendance. And the fact that there is now an almost absolute "specialization of studies" in the college (this is a college society, remember) only shows the need for the meetings of the Literary, where a chance may be offered to students to leave the close observatory of their peculiar labours, and with other men engage in general intercourse. But, sirs, if "Mutamur" will look a little more closely, he will see that the sole object of this society is not literary attainment, but also, what is supplied by no other institution, a chance association with men of other years. This your correspondent has never noticed, or has failed to attach the importance due. I maintain this is pre-eminently the best aim of our general society. Club organizations will afford an opportunity to see men of your own year, but will you undertake to say that the men of other years will often see you or you them? To plead such would be giving daylight to so much truculent bombast! I like the Literary Society ; I see a use for it far beyond what could be accomplished by any year organization ; and I hold my first ground that erring disinterestedness on the part of the student body will eventually cause its demise, for when men do not attend, how can it effect good? It is as futile as trying to "extract sunbeams from cucumbers." I look with regret on the utterance of the words of "Mutamur," which almost advocate the *sine die* adjournment of the meetings. Would it not be better to be conservative and disregard all radical sophisms which look to the disintegration of the student body? And, sirs, have our numbers become so unmanageable and interests so diversified that we have little in common? Despite the single handedness of my position, I yet hold that individual reformation among the students is the only thing that will keep us together in one body ; and I ridicule the idea of our being yet too large. I set down the disease of our club to another cause. If you don't understand me, look at other societies. Are their numbers too large? Yet they are affected by the same disease, be it what it will. Must we here resort to a splitting process? He speaks of the Literary Society (he could not use these arguments for other societies). I speak of all societies, would his arguments even "seem plausible" in reference to other societies—analagous cases.

But while he and I differ as to causes, I readily see he has observed a failing, and we will both do our best to remedy the ill. He may take his high-handed policy and strike at the head ; I would examine the roots and urge the individual. He may lop off the tops ; but I would encourage the roots to supply sap.

W. C. H.

THE LADIES IN THE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In my visit to the reading-rooms I have lately noticed some things which need explanation. It is well-known that owing to the large increase in the numbers of the ladies attending lectures the Common Room has proved too small to accommodate them, and that to obviate this difficulty the College authorities have placed at their disposal a few tables in the Library. Apparently this arrangement is quite satisfactory, especially to the ladies ; for besides being able to read to better advantage, they have splendid opportunities for using the librarians much in the same way as the men use the catalogues and, I may add, with more satisfactory results. But their privileges do not stop here. I have seen some of these young ladies going into the alcoves and handling the books there. Nay, more ; they may be seen outside handling even the books in common use.

Have some of the ladies been appointed assistant librarians? If so, why do they not attend to their duties and let us have books out from 9 until 5? Or has permission been granted them to do as they please in the Library while the men cannot so much as get beyond the barriers? If so, then it is most unjust ; for we have among us a small number of undergraduates who have special privileges. It is just possible that, abusing the privileges actually granted to them, "they arrogate unto themselves" the right to use the Library as if it were open to all undergraduates. If this be the case, besides being a very unladylike proceeding, it is both insulting to the College authorities and unfair to the men ; for everybody well knows that immense advantages are to be derived from free access to the Library. The matter, I think, requires investigation.

S.P.Q.R.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The question of substitutes for hazing has been receiving great attention of late. The Antiquarian of the Table came across a book somewhat rare, he thinks, but which is a very mine of wealth on the subject of university and college customs. The book is entitled: "A Collection of College Words and Customs; by B. H. Hall; Cambridge (Mass.), 1856." It is a sort of dictionary of college slang, but nevertheless contains a vast deal of most interesting information relative to English, Continental, and American college customs.

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In looking over this book The Antiquarian came across one or two references to the treatment meted out to offenders against college discipline or decorum, and he transcribes them here for the benefit of readers of the Table who are interested in the "Court" scheme. Under the word "Confession" the following information is given: "It was formerly the custom in the older American colleges, when a student had rendered himself obnoxious to punishment, provided the crime was not of an aggravated nature, to pardon and restore him to his place in the class, on his presenting a confession of his fault, to be read publicly in the hall. The Diary of President Leverett, of Harvard College, under date of the 20th March, 1714, contains an interesting account of the confession of Larvel, an Indian student belonging to the Junior Sophister class, who had been found guilty of some offence for which he had been dismissed from college."

* * *

"He remained," says Mr. Leverett, "a considerable time at Boston, in a state of penance. He presented his confession to Mr. Pemberton, who thereupon became his intercessor, and in his letter to the President expresses himself thus: 'This comes by Larvel, who brings a confession as good as Austin's, and I am charitably disposed to hope it flows from a like spirit of penitence.' In the public reading of his confession, the flowing of his passions was extraordinarily timed, and his expressions accented, and most peculiarly and emphatically those of the grace of God to him; which indeed gave a peculiar grace to the performance itself, and raised, I believe, a charity in some that had very little I am sure, and ratified wonderfully that which I had conceived of him. Having made his public confession, he was restored to his standing in the college."

* * *

The other references to condign punishment are more belligerent. Take this one: In the year 1642 one of the rules of Harvard College, prescribed by President Dunster, read as follows: "*Si quis scholarium ullam Dei et hujus Collegii legem, sive animo perverso, seu ex supina negligentia, violarit, postquam fuerit bis admonitus, si non adultus virgis coërceatur, sin adultus, ad Inspectores Collegii deferendus erit, ut publice in eum pro meritis animadversio fiat.*"

* * *

In the year 1656, this law was strengthened by another, recorded by Quincy, in these words: "It is hereby ordered that the President and Fellows of Harvard College, for the time being, or the major part of them, are hereby empowered, according to their best discretion, to punish all misdemeanors of the youth in their society, either by fine, or *whipping in the hall openly*, as the nature of the offence shall require, not exceeding ten shillings, or *ten stripes* for one offence."

* * *

At Yale, so we learn from ex-President Woolsey, much the same punishment was inflicted; it, however, sometimes took the form of boxing or cuffing the culprit's ears. This method of chastisement was "applied before the Faculty to the luckless offender by the President, towards whom the culprit, in a standing position, inclined his head, while blows fell in quick succession upon his head." "No one," we are told, "seems to have been served in this way except freshmen and commencing sophomores."

In England similar methods of punishment were in vogue. Corporal punishment was there inflicted upon persons "below the age of eighteen for a variety of offences; and among the rest for disrespect to Seniors; for frequenting places where '*vinum aut quivis alisu potus aut herba Nicotiana ordurarie venditur*;' for coming home to their rooms after the great Tom or bell of Christ's Church had sounded; and for playing football within the University precincts or in the city streets."

* * *

From the above extracts it will be seen that Freshmen were kept in due order by the Dons in the "good old days." They were not allowed to drink, or smoke or "cheek" their Seniors, or stay out late at nights or play games in the streets. Alas! those halcyon days have fled and Freshmen are allowed to be "cheek by jowl" with Seniors, to smoke cigarettes and carry canes! It is indeed time that the "Court" was established in our midst and that those members of the University, so fittingly described as "*non adultus*," should be taught their proper place!

* * *

Into controverted theological points the Table has no desire to enter. But it came across, recently, a piece of ecclesiastical terminology which surpasses anything in that line with which even our Theological Editor is acquainted. The following statement of the doctrine of the Real Presence is ascribed to the late Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York: "A hyper-physical, supra-local, ineffable presence of the Lord in the elements, which always evades analysis."

* * *

We had been discussing the proposed College Court and the German Editor had given it as his opinion that at the bottom of all such schemes and of the old hazing itself there lay a real sense of order; that they must always exist as the result of a natural tendency of the student-heart towards the recognition of actual superiority. To prove how deep-rooted was this feeling he told the following "ower true tale:"

* * *

"I was one day walking home from lectures—I was then in my third year—in company with a Freshman. It was in October—my friend was an old Collegiate Institute acquaintance—had been for two bare weeks a student of the College. We fell to discussing an old schoolmate not in the least loved by either of us, whom the onflowing tide of time had not yet swept from his quiet High School harbour; and I expressed a fear that when at last he should reach the College his peculiar qualities of mind and heart might make him run a-muck of the Mufti's minions. 'But,' I added, 'I don't know. He has hardly spunk enough to be cheeky.' My companion mused a moment. 'Ye-es,' he said thoughtfully. Then, after another pause, he took Time by the forelock. 'But, you know, Fitz, I think he'd try to be awfully familiar with us fellows, don't you know!'"

* * *

The Table was compelled to agree with the German Editor's conclusions. The Ingenious Man was observed to smile pleasantly. "Talking of this matter of precedence," he said blandly, "I learned the other day a curious fact. In Spain, where etiquette is life, there are some strange results of this insistence on degrees of social importance. It is said that in their state processions the son, in all cases, takes precedence of the father, solely on the ground of his longer pedigree!"

* * *

The most noble the Aide-de-Camp in Waiting has just done a very foolish thing in Ottawa. The story is short but instructive. On each invitation card issued for the Government House Ball on Monday he has written in bold characters along the top, "*Full Dress*." If it would not have involved too great a labour of the pen, he might with equal propriety have requested the Colonials to leave their red shirts at home, and to take off their hats before entering the reception room.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

Arrangements are being made for the carrying on of the work in Professor Young's classes during the remainder of the term. Notices will be posted on the door of Lecture Room No. 7 in due time.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

The Committee held a jubilation meeting on Friday of last week to rejoice over an unexpected surplus of \$65. The management of our great annual event has this year been highly commendable. Every committee worked; all went in for economy and efficiency combined. The Treasurer especially deserves the hearty thanks of the undergraduates and friends of the University. Promptness of payment characterized all the financiers. So the Conversazione of 1889 has been a success in all respects. The programme was first-class; the crowd was better managed than in any recent year; and it is gratifying to know that to these items of excellence there has been added a striking financial success.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Friday, February 22nd. A large meeting, but good-humoured and decorous, filled the benches of our conventicle to-night. No songs, no readings, no essays, no literary programme. No lifting up of prophetic voices in sounds that will whiff away the doubts of the anxious world on the matters that so vex it. Merely an ordering of our own affairs that concern not the world without.

Mr. Spence had a lien on the fore part of the evening. His amendments to the Constitution will make a notice of motion go as chaperone to the gay and fickle resolutions that have of late been flirting with our periodicals.

Mr. Coatsworth was present, radiant with a grievance. He wanted this correspondence smoked—"cured," by being hung up in THE VARSITY'S hamhouse. In his happiest manner, he smoked out the correspondent, even the garrulous one. The President of THE VARSITY and the President of the Literary rose as one man. The former defended the correspondent, the latter reprehended. Finally, not being able to agree, they mutually subsided into neutrality. The offender then got up and made an apology, with too much of Mr. Coatsworth's smoke still clinging to it to be very soothing. A vote of the meeting blew the air clear.

The main business of the meeting was now given attention—the Court scheme of Mr. Hunter. The owner of the business first cried up his wares and was fortunate inasmuch as he found a seconder. For some time the members hesitated. No one wanted to make the plunge. They were feeling the water like a bevy of small boys taking the first swim of the season. Then Mr. Rodd waded out and swam a few strokes to show the way. And now the plunging grows bolder and bolder. Mr. Smith bowls along, heaving the waters like a big propellor and leaves them boiling behind him. The water spirit is affrighted and in vain calls for help. Till at last Mr. Coatsworth, who has this time been smoking nothing but the pipe of peace comes to his aid and checks the pursuit.

Like oil on the troubled flames is Mr. Coatsworth's speech. The odds grew bigger and bigger against the court party until at length and in high time, the hunted one made a stand and rallied his three comrades. It was a curious sight to see one member beleaguered by so many (had the process been less courteous and good natured we had called it a bearbaiting). The member on the floor let cry that he was there to answer whatsoever questions members might ask. His loquacity stretched its legs in vain. The President was offered and took occasion to rule the thing out of order. The Glorious Court was *ultra vires*—and *sine viribus* (if that be good latinity) by the time the meeting was done with it.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The Club met as usual on Monday last; the attendance was select.

The programme was opened with a vocal solo by Miss Platt,

who gave Jean Ingelow's "O fair Dove, O fond Dove," and was deservedly encored.

The subject for the evening was "Woman Authors." In addition Mr. Brebner was requested to give his postponed essay on "Lowell." His treatment of the subject was exhaustive; he dealt with the life of the author and with several of his works at considerable length. Miss Hart followed with a piano solo which, though not a member of the Club, she had kindly consented to give, and which added not a little to the attractiveness of the programme. Miss Ackerman, lately elected a member, showed a praiseworthy readiness to do her share of the Club's work and read in good style from Jean Ingelow. An essay on "Woman's Place in English Literature," written by a member of the Club and read by the President, next followed, and a long discussion in which Messrs. Squair, Chamberlain, Ferguson, Brebner and Spence took part, brought the meeting to a close.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held last Tuesday afternoon at a quarter past three o'clock in the School of Practical Science, the President occupying the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. L. B. Stewart, D. T. S., read a paper, entitled "A Description of a Timber Limit Survey in the Rocky Mountains," which contained much valuable information respecting choice of party, amount of provisions required, modes of transport, and the system by which timber limits are surveyed along the Ranamaskis and Bow Rivers. In the latter part of his paper he gave an explanation of the method of finding distances by stadia measurements and a description of the returns of the survey required by the Department. T. Roseburgh, B. A., read a short paper in "Wire Gauges," and illustrated the advantage of the latest system over the older ones. The discussion of Power which was carried over from last meeting was resumed by W. H. Shillinglaw. He treated of obtaining Water Power by dams, &c., and the various ways employed for using such pressure when obtained. After a few remarks from the President concerning the Library and University Gymnasium the meeting adjourned.

THE VARSITY BASEBALL CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Varsity Baseball Club was held in Room 15, Residence, on Saturday evening, 23rd February, at 8 o'clock.

President S. D. Schultz, B. A., was in the chair, and about twenty members were present.

J. H. A. Proctor, Secretary-Treasurer, presented his annual statement, which showed a balance on the right side, and a capital performance of the Varsity nine in the field during the past season.

The election of officers for 1889-90 was then proceeded with and resulted as follows:—

Honorary President—Professor Baker, M. A.

President—S. D. Schultz, B. A.

Vice-President—W. I. Senkler.

Secretary-Treasurer—J. B. Peat.

Captain—H. Wardell.

Curator—W. J. O. Mallock.

Committee—3rd Year, J. H. A. Proctor, I. R. Carling; 2nd Year, A. F. Rykert, W. J. Moran; 1st Year, E. Murphy, J. McIntosh.

An animated discussion took place upon the proposed Varsity Baseball tour among the American Colleges.

J. F. Snetsinger read letters from several American Colleges offering favourable guarantees and asking for dates.

F. B. Hodgins, B. A., gave the result of his conferences with certain railroad officials regarding rates. He ascertained the following facts: That a party of 10 and over can secure reduced railway fares; that the approximate cost of the proposed tour would be about \$30 or \$35 per man. Mr. Hodgins then outlined the following tour, which he submitted for the consideration of the meeting, and upon which the figures which he had given were based: Start from Toronto on Friday, 24th May, play a game at Lindsay on that day; thence to Kingston, playing there on Saturday, May 25th; from there to Boston, *via* Syracuse,—playing Harvard on Monday, May 27th; from Cambridge to New Haven, where a game or two would be played with Yale on Tuesday and Wednesday,

May 28th and 29th; then to New York, playing Columbia on Thursday, May 30th, and perhaps Staten Island same day; thence to Princeton on Friday, May 31st, then to Philadelphia, playing there on Saturday, June 1st; Ithaca would be reached on Monday, June 3rd, where Cornell would be encountered. The team could then reach Toronto by Wednesday, June 5th.

The tour, above outlined, Mr. Hodgins said, would occupy about two weeks, and was a very complete one, though it might be found too long and expensive. In that case, of course, certain games could be dropped. The distance covered by the tour described is about 1,400 miles.

Coming down to matters of finance Mr. Hodgins figured it out this way:

EXPENSES.	
10 Suits, @ \$6.....	\$ 60
Outfit, balls, &c.....	30
Railway fares.....	360
	\$450
ESTIMATED RECEIPTS.	
Guarantees in Toronto; gate receipts at Lindsay and Kingston.....	\$100
Guarantees at six American Colleges @ \$60 per game.....	360
Contributed by team and others.....	100
	\$560

Thus the scheme showed itself to be feasible and workable. Upon the strength of the reports just received Mr. Hodgins moved, seconded by Mr. G. B. McClean, that the Club be authorized to gather together the strongest and best team available, and if this can be done, to communicate with the various American Colleges in New England and vicinity with a view to secure dates and guarantees.

After further discussion on the subject and upon the probable *personnel* of the team, the meeting broke up, more than ever determined to "see the thing through."

It might be stated, that the Committee have already opened communications with several American colleges. When full particulars have been received, and when other details are perfected, another meeting will be called, of which due notice will be given.

GLEE CLUB.

On Thursday of last week, ten members of the Glee Club took the afternoon train for Hamilton, their object being to give two concerts, one in Carluke, the other in Waterdown, in response to invitations which had been received from the ladies of the Presbyterian congregations in these villages. *En route* a rehearsal was held and the University reputation for "making Rome howl with melody" vindicated.

However, Hamilton station was reached, and word had just been passed round to enter the town as unostentatiously as possible, when the graduate of the party, in a freak of *diablerie*, shouted: "Who's got them bats?" This momentous query and the fatal resemblance which was perceived to exist between a theological student in the party and the world renowned Mickey Jones, immediately informed the crowd that it was "de ball team" of 1889. Soon, however, a way was cleared through the admiring crowd of newsboys and boot-blacks and the street reached where all hands embarked in a sleigh for Carluke, a village about 12 miles from Hamilton. In an effort to curtail the distance as much as possible, the sleigh was inadvertently driven over the end of a culvert, and an upset was the immediate consequence. The scene which followed was of that kind which in the daily papers is usually alluded to as "beggarly description." Luckily nobody was hurt. The church was reached a little after eight o'clock and, gowns having been donned, the "glorious ten" made at once for the platform. The clergyman, after a short prayer, introduced the performers for the evening, winding up by declaring that he would leave the audience in the hands of the young lady elocutionist and the young men from University College, "not from Knox College as had been announced to the congregation the Sunday before." Two or three choruses were sung by the Club, after which the young lady recited "The Maid of Bregens" in a style which immediately gave her a

first place in the hearts of the audience. Two more choruses were sung, to the last of which an encore was demanded and given. Then for a time the heavy tragedian of the Club stalked the stage. He read a selection from Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad," which was immensely relished. After another chorus or two, the sprightly comedian of the party pranced airily up and down the stage, his recitation being "How Christopher Columbus discovered America." In reply to a vigorous encore "Tim Rafferty's Fox-hunting Mare" was given and the comedy man retired, fairly smothered in glory. After three choruses, "The Hypochondriac" was given by the lady elocutionist. As an encore she gave an Irish selection, the climax to which is reached in the last line where the "light-hearted boy" asks the "purty one," "Has your mother any pigs for sale?" A vote of thanks,—the national anthem,—a hearty hand-shake all round, and the sleigh was again laden. After driving about a mile, a halt was called at the house of a member of the congregation where an oyster supper had been prepared and where the Club plainly demonstrated that vocal efforts in nowise interfere with the appetite. A song having been given by each of the boys, the sleigh was again brought into requisition, and the songsters in three batches were left for the night at the houses of different members of the congregation.

Next day (Friday) Hamilton was reached about four o'clock and soon after the train was boarded for Waterdown, which was destined to be the scene of one of the most enthusiastic receptions which has ever been accorded to the Club. The concert was to take place in the town hall, and a packed house awaited the arrival of the Company. After hastily swallowing some refreshments, the performers sought the platform. The same recitations and readings were given as had been given the evening before, but the number of songs had to be greatly enlarged. Three ladies of the village sang in very creditable style and a gentleman from Burlington recited "The Man on the Wheel" and "The Newsboy's Death," but the old truism concerning a prophet in his own land was rather forcibly illustrated at their expense. Everybody was immensely pleased with the Glee Club and "extra-extra-encores" were the order of the day. After singing just about every chorus in the Song Book, the Club was tendered a vote of thanks, to which the president replied. Then a descent was made to the ground floor where supper was waiting. After that, such members as favoured the "light fantastic" were invited to an *impromptu* dance, whilst the more sober-minded members of the party went home with their friends to a much-needed rest after the travelling of the two previous days.

On Saturday six members of the party returned to Toronto, the other four having decided to stay over Sunday with friends in the neighbourhood. And thus was concluded the most enjoyable outing that the Glee Club has had this year.

T. D. D.

The annual elections of the club are to be held next week, Lists of the nominations have been posted on the board

FOOTBALL.

The annual meetings of the two foot-ball clubs which were to have taken place yesterday afternoon have been postponed till Friday, March 8th, on account of the death of Professor Young.

CLASS OF '91.

A meeting of the Class of '91 is to be held in Lecture Room No. 7 on Monday, March 4th, at 4 p. m. to discuss the desirability of celebrating their organization by a social gathering.

Mr. Munro has also given notice of his intention to bring in a motion to alter the constitution by adding an Athletic Director to the list of officers.

U. C. WHITE CROSS SOCIETY.

The penultimate meeting for the present year of the U. C. White Cross Society, which was postponed owing to the death of Professor Young, will be held in Y. M. C. A. Hall on Tuesday, March 5th, at 4 o'clock. Nominations of officers for the ensuing year will take place, and ways and means for more definite work in the future will be discussed. It is hoped that all friends of the Personal Purity Movement will be in attendance.