



UNIVERSITY
 OF
 TORONTO

JANUARY 24, 1885

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL NOTES.....	PAGE	Natural Science Association.....	PAGE
	135	Mathematical and Physical Society	139
EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED—		Modern Language Club	140
The Curriculum	136	Rugby Club Meeting	140
An American View of Canadian Literature.....	136	The Glee Club.....	140
Old Caboose's Ball.....	X. Y. Z. 137	Conversazione Committee.....	140
Degrading the Muse	Exciseman Gill 138	Personals.....	141
From Lake to Sea (continued)	138	DRIFT.....	141
UNIVERSITY NEWS—		EDITOR'S TABLE.....	141
Literary and Scientific Society	139	DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.....	142
Y.M.C.A.	139		

GEO. ROGERS,
 IMPORTER OF
FINE GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts made to order.

346 YONGE STREET, COR. ELM.
 Special Discounts to Students.

THE FINEST IN THE LAND,

THE ARCADE

Pool and Billiard Hall,

Yonge St., Op. Temperance

14 Pool & Billiard Tables with all the latest improvements.

THE HANDSOMEST PARLORS IN CANADA.

Choice lines in Temperance drinks. Johnston's Fluid Beef on draught.

TURNBULL SMITH, Proprietor.

HARRY A. COLLINS,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

General House Furnishings.

Pen, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Electro-Plated Ware,
Students' Lamps, &c.

90 YONGE STREET.

Go to **COKE'S** for
TOBACCOS, CIGARS, &c.

First-Class Hair Dressing.

446 YONGE STREET, NEXT DOOR TO AVENUE HOTEL.

Call Telephone No. 3091.

FISHER'S EXPRESS LINE.

539 YONGE STREET.

Baggage Collected and Delivered at Colleges, Railway Stations,
AND IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

Checks given for baggage to stations. Telephone communication with all parts of city

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,
IMPORTERS,

21, 28, 25, 27 Front Street
28, 30, 32, 34 Wellington St. TORONTO.

AND 21 MAJOR STREET, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

A. R. TAYLOR,
SHAVING PARLOR,

329 YONGE STREET, OPP. EDWARD STREET.

Late foreman Rossin House barber shop.

Special Attention to Students.

Three First-Class Barbers Employed.



CHRISTY'S, CARRINGTON'S AND WOODROW'S
Latest Fall Styles.

Silk and
Felt Hats.

WRIGHT & CO.

LATE COLEMAN & CO.,

55 KING STREET EAST.

JOHN MELLON

Ten Per Cent. Discount to Students in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Gents' Boots made in latest styles and at lowest prices.

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

JOHN MELLON

308 SPADINA AVENUE.

Only ten minutes' walk from University.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY

695 YONGE STREET.

All kinds of Laundry Work
Well and Promptly executed.

H. D. PALSER,

Proprietor.

Parcels sent for and delivered to any part of the city.

THE DOMINION BOOK STORE

SUTHERLAND'S,

286 and 288 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

Is the place to buy, sell, or exchange your books of all kinds.

The Great Second Hand Book Depot.

STUDENTS' BOOKS A SPECIALITY.

Choice Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

CAER HOWELL HOTEL

COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.

HENRY A. ETT LAYTON,

Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

GEO. HARCOURT & SON,

Merchant Tailors & Robe Makers

43 King Street East, Toronto.

JOHN BRIMER,

MERCHANT TAILOR

210 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF
EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

Vol. V.

TORONTO, Jan. 24. 1885.

No. 13.

THE 'VARSITY.

EDITOR-IN CHIEF—Fred. H. Sykes.
ASSOCIATE-EDITORS—A. Stevenson, B.A.; F. B. Hodgins.
BUSINESS MANAGER—W. H. Irving.

The 'VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May, inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, F. W. HILL, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to immediately notify the Treasurer, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of the 'VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday of J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Rejected communications will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose. The name of the WRITER must always accompany a communication.

Editorial Notes.

In accordance with the suggestion which was made in our columns last week, the Executive Committee of Convocation have decided upon calling a meeting of Convocation at an early date for the purpose of discussing thoroughly the several clauses of the Confederation scheme. On account of the overwhelming importance of the subject, and the differences of opinion which prevail regarding it, the discussion will undoubtedly be of a lively nature. It is to be hoped that there will be a large and representative attendance of graduates from all parts of the province. We would press upon the chairman of every County Association the necessity of calling a meeting of the graduates of his county at once, to select delegates of ability and energy to represent in Convocation those of them who will be unable to attend in person.

As numerous complaints have been made to us, we deem it our duty to call attention to the tardiness which characterizes the preparation and issue of tickets and programmes for our public debates. Frequently, at least upon the last two occasions, tickets and programmes have not been issued till the very day before, and consequently reached the invited ones too late to prevent other and previous engagements being cancelled or put off. Consequently the attendance at our meetings is largely diminished. We acquit the Treasurer of any blame in the matter. It appears to rest upon the speakers and readers, but more especially with the Glee Club. This is alike unfair to the public and the students. If the matter is not attended to, our public debates will be conducted in the presence of rows of empty benches. The invitations should be issued a week before the meeting. And there is no valid reason why they should not be ready at that time.

We have received a copy of the programme of the International Congress on Education, which will be held in the city of New Orleans, during the Exposition, from the 23rd to the 28th of February, inclusive. The Honorary President is President Arthur, and the Honorary Secretary is Dr. J. George Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, who is the only other Honorary executive officer—besides Lord Reay, one of the Vice-Presidents,—belonging to a foreign country. The appointment of Dr. Hodgins is a compliment as much to Canada as to himself,

and it is to be hoped that he will be able to represent Ontario at the Congress. The meetings of the Congress will be of unusual interest, as the topics set down for discussion cover a wide field, and the speakers have been selected from the *elite* of the profession in the States. The holding of such a conference at this time, and in such a place as New Orleans, cannot but be of the highest importance, and will prove of inestimable benefit to the question of education in the South.

It is not often that anything so unspeakably absurd appears in our sprightly contemporary, the *Toronto World*, as the following sentence in a recent editorial on the university question. Speaking of the reasons why Trinity College should enter the confederation, the *World* says:—

“There is no doubt, further, that such an anglican institution, presided over by Provost Body and his fellow professors, would be the leading one from the social and other standpoints of the cluster of colleges now forming round the Provincial University.”

We shall be most happy to welcome the entrance of Trinity into the proposed confederation, but it may as well be understood from the outset that no such preposterous claims as these will be tolerated by the present alumni of Toronto University or the affiliated colleges. The fictitious superiority which is here alleged to belong to Trinity will not be admitted. Every institution will have to stand on its real merits, and these will require to be determined by more rigorous methods of reasoning than those which prompted the above conclusion, if, indeed, there was any reasoning in the case at all.

Vice-Chancellor Mulock, as chairman of the last public meeting of the Literary Society, earned and received in double measure the thanks of the Society for the effective manner in which he put a stop to the disgraceful conduct of certain occupants of the gallery and the lower end of the hall. There was a time, not so long ago, when no student of Toronto University would have demeaned himself so much as to act in such a way, but latterly we appear to have fallen in evil times, when four or five individuals set out to distinguish themselves and disgrace our society by imitating the petty follies of the students of European universities, being at the same time apparently incapable of imitating their virtues. This matter has gone much too far already. The Literary Society invite distinguished gentlemen to preside at their meetings, and issue special invitations to the public asking for their attendance, and it will surely be discreditable to the Society if it continue to permit any of its members or any other persons to insult the chairman and the audience after the fashion that has been too common of late. If these individuals have not common sense enough to enable them to conduct themselves in a manner consistent with the good name of the Society, they at least should be expelled from the Society and refused admission to its meetings. There is an article in the constitution quite sufficient for such cases as this, and if the provocation continues it should be enforced. The member who would call for its operation would receive the hearty support of a very large majority of his fellows. At any cost our public meetings must be kept free of the annoyance and terrorism of rowdies.

In the course of his sermon last Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. Wild made an allusion to the question of the day. The rev. gentleman very properly said:—“With regard to university federation in Ontario, the Government is strong, and if it ever

dares to use its power now is the time to use it. The country is ripe for this question, barring the narrow prejudices of denominations and sects. Neither University College nor the denominational colleges can hope to be thoroughly qualified and equipped for higher teaching under the present system." After referring to the spirit in which the discussion had been carried on, and to the objection that the instruction in the State University would be godless—which he dismissed as a *non sequitur*—the Dr. continued:—"It is said that private munificence will fail if not drawn out by denominations. I believe the opposite will be the case. A man wishing to leave a bequest which will perpetuate his name will naturally select for endowment an institution which is likely to be permanent. If he has \$100,000 to give he will leave it to the State University, because it will last as long as the State. We have no guarantee of permanence in a denominational institution. It is the poverty of the people which calls for this federation. We have not in this country numerous millionaires ready to endow seats of learning as in other lands. As to the taxation objection, if we do not pay taxes for colleges and professors we shall have to pay them for gaols and policemen. The denominational colleges, I think, should be left to educate for the pulpit. The means of members of the churches should not be squandered to educate men in arts and sciences. If all of their means were devoted to educating students for the pulpit they would not have enough." As Dr. Wild was a hard worker for Albert College—a denominational institution—his testimony on this point is of value. In this case, as in many others, Dr. Wild has got hold of the right idea.

THE CURRICULUM.

The revision of the Curriculum of studies, which is now being made by the Senate, demands the most earnest consideration from all graduates and undergraduates of the University. The nature of its Curriculum is one of the most important agencies in determining the character of the influence which our University will exert upon the embryotic Canadian nation. The other main agencies are the nature of the teaching which the students receive and the nature of their examinations. To some extent these three agencies act independently, but in a very large degree they limit and determine one another. Both professors and examiners are necessarily largely guided in their work by the Curriculum; if it is seriously defective, the results of their work will also be so to a somewhat corresponding degree. Hence it is of the greatest importance in relation to the intellectual welfare and progress of our country that all matters pertaining to the University Curriculum should receive the widest and most thorough discussion by the whole body of the Alumni. Such weighty questions should not be left to the deliberation of the Senate alone, much less to a small committee of that body. At all events the Senate should not pronounce finally upon the question until, after having given notice of their intentions, a sufficient time had elapsed to allow a full discussion of the whole position. Whether the Senate then chose to adopt or to reject the suggestions from outside graduates, this much is sure that they would be much more likely to arrive at a safe conclusion than if no opportunity had been given for a general discussion.

The truth of this observation may appear more obvious from the following considerations. It is held to be advisable, and perhaps rightly so, that a large proportion of the members of the Senate should be men of mature views—"men of experience" as it is termed. It is then taken for granted that this experience, implying special wisdom in its possessors, will enable them to arrive at correct conclusions on all matters which may be brought before them as a corporate body. Yet, right here lurks a very dangerous fallacy. For the question at once arises, Is their experience of the kind suited to the particular case under consideration? Will twenty years experience as a physician, for example, enable a member of the Senate to decide more intelligently what authors should be added or retained on an English course in a revised curriculum? It may be said that this difficulty is obviated by apportioning the several sections of the work to committees of specialists. But here another and even more serious danger appears. For the specialists, who are most frequently chosen in such cases and whose views have most

weight with the Senate, are men whose opinions on most subjects have long ago crystallized and who, (with all due respect be it spoken), are not competent to pronounce upon the educational value of what may in reality be the most important subjects of the time. Especially is this true in the departments of Political and of Natural Science and Modern Languages, in the domains of which the most extraordinary progress has been made during the last twenty years. Those whose university education ended before this period, and who have not strenuously exerted themselves to keep abreast of the swiftly flowing current of thought since then, are necessarily unable to estimate properly the import of recent discoveries and investigations in those subjects. Moreover, opposition of a similar origin is sure to present itself whenever a proposal is made to introduce a new subject of study or to establish a new course. Thus it has usually happened that intellectual people of the outside world have become almost tired of talking of a subject before it is heard of within the walls of a college, except in the mouths of the undergraduates and the younger graduates. Social science in its various phases is a subject quite to the point. Never before in the world's history has such intense interest been shown in social and economic questions, and yet it is only in a comparative few of the most progressive colleges that a chair has been established in this department of knowledge. In fact, in such cases chairs are rarely established until the aforesaid undergraduates, who felt the need of them most keenly, have come to have the controlling power of the college in their own hands.

In spite, however, of the prejudicial influences which the excessively conservative character of the Senate necessarily brings into operation, it is probable that the construction of the Curriculum should rest mainly and finally with them. The interests of liberal education will be safer in their hands than in those of a purely democratic body. But as the Senate itself is not at all infallible, it should (while not yielding to public opinion always) yet pay much more attention to it than has been hitherto done, especially when that opinion has been repeatedly and definitely expressed. The Senate should also take the university public more into their confidence by publishing the various reports of the Board of Arts studies and asking for discussion and suggestions thereon. The columns of THE VARSITY will always be open to matter of this nature, and we certainly know of nothing which would be more interesting reading to a majority of our subscribers.

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Although but of recent origin, the *Current* of Chicago has attained a wide circulation and a somewhat influential position among the weekly journals of the United States. It appears to be the aim of its managers to combine in it the qualities of the literary magazine and the political review. It was introduced to the Canadian public by Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Week*, with much flourishing of trumpets, and echoes of its greatness and glory have been heard in the halls of University College. In fact, there were those who would have us believe that the were of the great ones of the earth. But a more moderate estimate of the character of this periodical is beginning to prevail. A few months since that ablest of critical journals, the *Literary World*, ridiculed, and very properly, we think, the pretentious assertion of the *Current* that E. P. Roe is the greatest of American novelists. The "Bystander" has of late "dropped" the *Current* entirely, and the editor of the *Week* adjures by it no longer. A most amusing instance of the application of Chicago commercial methods to literature was the claim recently made by the *Current* of superiority over either Harper's or the *Century* magazine,—that claim being based mainly upon the number of words which each magazine printed during the past year! Shades of Jeffrey and Christopher North, truly these be critics! Apart, however, from its critical pretensions, the *Current* is in general a most readable journal. This is to some extent due to the excellence of its mechanical execution. Its contents are most tastefully arranged and printed, and the beauty of its pages is enhanced by fac-similies of the autographs of its contributors. Then, as it draws its contributions from a very wide field and pays reasonably for them, it is evident that many productions of first-class literary merit will appear in its columns during the course of a year. Hence when the publishers announced some weeks since that the issue of the *Current* for the 10th of January would present "a microcosm of Canadian literature," we were a little curious to see what the people of the porcine city considered Canadian literature to be.

Well, we have the number before us, and it has not entirely fulfilled our expectations. While the issue contains many articles of real excellence, yet there are a number quite mediocre in character, and some of them look very like twaddle. We propose to notice briefly merely the more important contributions. Canada may be proud of such a graceful and pleasing writer as Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who contributes a sketch entitled "Echoes from Old Acadia." Mr. Roberts is perhaps better known as a poet than as a prose writer. Yet he excels no less in the latter respect, having in the former capacity gained the distinction of being called "the American Keats." As an illustration of the force and elegance of Mr. Roberts' prose style, we quote the following extract from the article just mentioned. He is speaking of the first settlement of the island at the mouth of the St. Croix river by De Monts in the year 1605:

"On the mainland near they built a mill, and sowed their rye and barley; and they laid out garden plots in loving likeness to the thymy closes and beds of marjoram which sweetened the air about their Norman homes. . . . With digging and with building the summer passed merrily along. But by-and-bye the summer went out in a sudden blaze of scarlet and gold, and a dispiriting grayness stole across the landscape. . . . When late October winds began to pipe over the shelterless island, bending the sere long grasses all one way, and ridden by such a legion of crisped leaves that every brook was choked, and all the still pools hidden from sight, their hearts turned homeward very longingly." In simple and striking picturesqueness we doubt whether this passage can be excelled. Among English writers it reminds us of R. D. Blackmore, but even the author of "Lorna Doone" is not often so happy in expression.

Mr. W. Philip Robinson, the editor of the *Week*, contributes an able article on "The Promise in Canadian Literature." We question, however, his ability to maintain the assertion which has been made rather too often of late, that "Canadian poets and novelists have hitherto been almost invariably French." The distinction which the French Academy conferred recently on M. Frechette, appears to have dazzled the eyes of our English-Canadian critics so much that they can see merit only in French-Canadian literature.

"An Unappreciated Work" is the title of a well-written critical article by James M. Oxley, on Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." In the line of what might be called light writing, Mr. W. E. Maclellan contributes "The Decadence of the Red River Cart,—a clever sketch with delicate humor and felicitous turns of expression.

Among the poetical contributions by Canadian writers the palm must clearly be awarded to "Prometheus," by Mr. A. Werner. We take the liberty of reproducing this poem, being, as it is, in spite of occasional roughnesses of expression, a poem of high merit, and altogether the best in this alleged microcosm of Canadian literature. Indeed, in terse and graphic vigor Mr. Werner's poem is not often equalled.

PROMETHEUS.

Bare and grim and ghastly frowns the great Caucasian mountain,—
Great cliffs soaring up, snow-capped and steep, into the sky,—
No sweet song of summer bird or murmur low of fountain,
Clear and pitiless shine the heavens on his agony.
Stretched out on the rock-face, rough and hard and bare,—
Aching brow unshielded from the southern noon-day glare
Or the burning breath down-beating of the stifling furnace-air.
Oh! the awful stillness of the steeps!
Sunlight glaring on the stony sweeps—
Nct a moving leaf, or chirp of bird in tree—
Not a sea-gull fluttering o'er the distant sea,
Not a snake, or mouse, or wild thing—or the glance
Of a midge's wing upon its airy dance,—
Not a passing cloud to come in pity and in love
Twixt him and the cruel brightness of the great blue sky above:—
Feeling nothing save the strain of racking nerve and dizzy brain,—
Yet with high heart still unbroken, constant in his pain.

* * * * *
Starlight on the Caucasus! * * Steep for man,—but none for him!
Far away across the Euxine, cottage fires are burning dim—
Men are resting from their labours, knowing not that he lies there,
Stretched, and chained, and racked in anguish, on the rock-face bleak and bare.

All for them!—and none to thank him—none to pity or to bless,
Seeing no end, through the Ages, to his pain and loneliness,—
Yet defying, in the mighty strength of his despair,—
In the courage of his truth and death-denying love—
All the bolts of Zeus, Avenger, thundering above!

—A. WERNER.

The sonnet by J. Almon Ritchie, entitled "Love's Wane," is also deserving of praise. It is quite equal, if not superior, to the ordinary American magazine poetry. This poem appears in another column of THE VARSITY. Of lesser merit, but still commendable, are "Sometime" and "Alone," the former by John W. Dafeo, the latter by T. B. P. Stewart, who will be remembered by our readers as the writer of the prize poem in our own university last year. "Twilight Fields" and

"Lines to Death" are decidedly common-place, and "A Young Lover's Love" is at least bucolic in style and versification if it is not so in matter. We should judge the person referred to was a very young lover indeed.

Why these last three poems and the greater number of the remaining prose articles are assigned a place in a "microcosm of Canadian literature," we shall probably never be able to learn. We might venture the supposition that these articles were introduced into the collection on the famous *lucus a non lucendo* principle. At all events, they are lacking in this somewhat important qualification for a place in such a collection: they are not literary in any degree to speak of.

In fine, while there is so much to admire in this number of the *Current*, and while we thank the editors for bringing out several writers of merit who were hitherto unknown, we yet object most emphatically to the statement that this is to be considered a fair representation of what Canadian writers are able to do in the field of magazine and review literature. We should have thought that in such a "microcosm" as the *Current* professes to lay before us we might have met at least some of the names of our old acquaintances in the various departments of Canadian literature, as Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Mr. Kirby, Miss Machar, M. Frechette, Mr. Hunter Duvar, Dr. Mulvany, Mr. John A. Fraser, jr., and Mrs. Kate Seymour Maclean. But the *Current* knows them not, and while some of her contributors are quite equal to these and entirely worthy of the place assigned them, yet she has brought in various other strange divinities, declaring that these be thy gods, O Canada! Let those who wish accept the dictum of the *Current*; we decline to do so.

OLD CABOOSE'S BALL.

Old Caboose sat with his feet on the stove in his bar-room among a motley crowd of bull-whackers, cow-boys, miners and roustabouts, lamenting the good old days "before the police came into the country," when whiskey and rum were as plentiful as water, when the buffalo roamed the prairie in countless myriads, when the smallest coin known was a fifty cent piece, when justice was administered by himself and his Spitzee cavalry, and execution carried out by means of a lariat hung from the nearest tree, and other grand advantages of western life, all of which have gradually disappeared since the always-to-be-regretted advent of the police, and the establishment of Canadian control in the country. These were the good old days when any fellow with sand enough could get an outfit from one of the big trading posts at Fort Benton on the Missouri, consisting of a dozen bulls and a couple of large waggons laden with whiskey and alcohol. No cash down. All he had to do was to freight it up to Whoop-up or to Old Man River, build a log cabin and a stout corral, and trade it off to the Indians for furs and robes. In the fall—always provided he had not been shot or hanged in the summer—he returned to Benton, handed over his robes, and cleared enough to buy a complete outfit to repeat the experiment next year on his own behalf.

Old Caboose was a great favorite among the rounders and roustabouts who collected every evening round his bar-room stove, and used to delight in getting the old man to repeat his experiences, or to start him on his favourite subject: The unfair treatment that he, old Caboose, in particular, had received from the Dominion Government, and especially from Sir John Macdonald, who undoubtedly is to this day in complete ignorance of his criminal harshness, or indeed of the existence of such a personage as old Caboose. The old man's life, like that of most "old-timers" in the west, has been an eventful one. An Englishman by birth, he had received a good education, and was for a time a preacher in the Society of Friends. Finding this life a monotonous one, he emigrated to California in the stirring times of '49. Here he made a big "pile," but lost it all gambling. Then he wandered about to different mining camps, now in Nevada, now in British Columbia, now in Montana. Finally he joined some loose companions and adopted the dangerous, but lucrative, profession of a whiskey trader in the Canadian North-West. On the banks of the Spitzee (now High River) one of the most beautiful spots in the North-West, about fifty miles from the Rocky Mountains, they established a "Republic," of which old Caboose was President. He was also Generalissimo of the Forces—the celebrated "Spitzee Cavalry." This, however, like many other republics, has long since passed away—republics, as well as kingdoms, in the words of the hymn, "wax and wane," and the flag of the Spitzee Cavalry has long ceased to strike terror into the heart of the rival trader, who dared to infringe their monopoly of trading whiskey, fire-arms and ammunition to the Blackfeet and Crees. Old Caboose for the last ten years has been the sole proprietor of that celebrated house in Fort B—, whose sign is a full-cocked revolver with the motto: "No jaw-bone here!"

Well, we didn't seem to be getting any nearer the "Ball." Six-eyed Johnston was the first to moot the question, and he introduced the sub-

ject in a straightforward manner, characteristic of the bull-whacker *when he wants anything.*

"Caboose! ain't you goin' to give us a ball Xmas Eve?" Old Caboose gave him a withering glance and replied by a counter question: "Ain't I given a ball and supper in this town Xmas Eve for the last ten years? And do you think I'm going back on it now? I'd like to see the man 'd try to give a ball Xmas Eve in this town, 'cept me, boys." "Why," replied the *mal apropos* Johnston of the Six Eyes, "Tony Bucksmith's bills out for a ball and supper in the new town—\$2.00 each." "Tony Bucksmith be blowed," replied the insulted Caboose; "think any *white* man in this town 'd be so low down as to go to his dance! Why, I tell you, boys, I'm going to give the bossiest ball and supper the town's ever seen. My bills 'll be out to-morrow."

Old Caboose was as good as his word, and next day blue and red hand-bills announced the fact that old Caboose would give a Grand Ball and Supper at the Fort Blank Hotel on Xmas Eve. Tickets \$2.00, admitting to Ball and Supper.

Xmas Eve came round in due course, but alas! for the fickleness and ingratitude of human nature, the attractions of the opening of the new saloon—a very grand and magnificent palace for a Western town—proved too great.

Old Caboose had his hall swept and garnished, but the guests came not. The musicians were there, the supper had been preparing for a week and was of unheard-of luxury and delicacy, but eight, nine, ten o'clock passed, and still no one arrived. The old man's heart was well nigh broken, to think that an upstart pilgrim would give a ball on Xmas Eve and take away all his friends—it was too bad—and a dead loss of \$200.

At this unfortunate juncture Mr. Summers, the wealthiest merchant in the town, also an "old timer," who had been one of the opposition traders to old Caboose in the days of the Spitzee Republic, appeared on the scene, and to him old Caboose unfolded his grief "*infandum dolorem.*" Mr. Summers heard him out in silence, and then said: "Keep your shirt on, old man; I'll see you through." Mr. Summers went out into the by-ways and high-ways—he went to every saloon and gambling hall in town, and in each he made a little speech, somewhat in this form: "Boys, old Caboose has a big spread; there ain't no person there to eat it. I want you all to come down and have supper, and I'll stand the racket." Well, about a hundred of the "bhoys" collected, and old Caboose's supper was fully appreciated. The old times were celebrated in uproarious toasts, and Mr. Summers "stood the racket." Old Caboose's health was proposed with cheers, and when he rose to reply the tears rolled down his cheeks, and all he could say was: "God bless you, boys, and especially Dave Summers. I tried to hang him once, but didn't. Merry Xmas to the whole outfit!"

Fort McLeod, Alberta.

X. Y. Z.

DEGRADING THE MUSE.

"Not failure, but low aim, is crime."

—LOWELL: *Fable for Critics.*

"Then come, my love, and let us leave
The village din, the disty road,
Come let us, in this haunt of eve,
Pilfer the sweets of Ceres' load.
Ere yet the halcyon, like a shaft
Of flashing light shall seek his home,
We may of nectar quaff a draft,
As through the twilight fields we roam."

The above is taken from some verses by a Mr. Robert Elliott, called "Twilight Fields," published in the Canadian-literary-microcosmic edition of the *Chicago Current* of January 10th. From very internal evidence we are led to conjecture that the author is not a supporter of the Scott act.

Mr. Elliott begins by remarking to "his love" that the road is very dusty—the day is presumably hot—consequently Mr. Elliott is "somewhat dry." Then follows:—

"Come, let us, in this haunt of eve,
Pilfer the sweets of Ceres' load."

Now what other meaning can "Ceres' load" have than "bearded barley" or "waving corn"?

Mr. Elliott then proceeds:

"We may of nectar quaff a draft
As through the twilight fields we go."

The writer betrays himself here! Now, we submit that these high-falutin' words are used to convey the author's desire to have a horn or two of "old rye." When we divest these words of their poetical mask, they reveal the writer's intention. We can demonstrate our position mathematically:

Ceres' load = barley, or corn,

Now, reducing the right hand member of the equation to lowest terms, we obtain the following:

Barley, or corn = rye whiskey.

∴ Ceres' load = rye whiskey.

And it is perfectly obvious that:

Rye whiskey = nectar.

Now, when Mr. Elliott says:

"We may of nectar quaff a draft

As through the twilight fields we roam,"

the only reasonable deduction is that he wishes to have a "plain sour."

Divesting of their poetical garb the two lines which we have just quoted, we might render them:

"We may of whiskey have our fill

While kindly twilight hides our 'still.'"

Not only does Mr. Elliott make this offensive proposition to "his love," but also evidently wishes to hoodwink the excise officers by suggesting that they shall have their carousal after the twilight has rendered detection less probable. But that his degradation might be blazoned to the world, Mr. Elliott boldly asserts that he proposes to

"Pilfer the sweets of Ceres' load."

or, in other words, to "'hook' his drinks." The third and fourth lines, then, when translated into plain English, would read:

"Come, and we will in haunts of evil,
Steal 'Kinahan's LL' to drink."

Briefly to recapitulate: Mr. Elliott, while out walking with "his girl," feels rather hot, dusty, and "dry." He proposes that they shall wait till dusk, and then sally forth and break into some country hostel, steal as much whiskey as they can, and have a "big time" generally.

Mr. Elliott has clothed his nefarious plot in poetic dress, and we freely admit the charms of his verse, but we must say that the *morale* of the poem called "Twilight Fields" is very, very bad. We have never before read a more clumsily constructed, or ill-conceived invocation to Bacchus. It is clothed in high-sounding, but nevertheless unmistakable language. We feel assured that our readers will thank us for tearing the mask off Mr. Elliott and laying bare the infamous and degrading intention of his poem.

EXCISEMAN GILL.

FROM LAKE TO SEA.

(Continued.)

Notwithstanding a solemn warning by the Chaplain that we are to be raided by Indians during the night (he comes from the Green Isle, and shares with the majority of the denizens of Great Britain a certain vast and comprehensive ignorance about this Dominion of ours), sleep is for the others untroubled with any fears of murder or sudden death; and our weather still holding out, we are away again at seven in the morning. A distressing accident to the breakfast was the cause of this late start, and was likewise the occasion of bitter and undeserved recriminations heaped on the Cook. That faithful officer had risen at an early hour and was devoting his energies to compounding a pancake of water, pork and flour. The savory delicacy was gaining consistency over the fire, and now being cooked on one side, the critical moment had arrived when it must be detached from the pan, and, with a skilful movement only to be acquired by long and patient practice, tossed in the air and caught on the other side. Eyes of hungry anticipation follow every movement and grow more eager as the frying pancake slides sizzling to and fro and is finally impelled upward. Alas for the mutability of human affairs! The handle comes off, and during a moment of sickening suspense, frying-pan and contents perform a slow curve through the air, and alight wrong side up in the ashes. Great and bitter words are then addressed to the ash-covered Cook which it is not seemly here to write.

The first half dozen miles of our day's journey quickly pass, as the current is still strong. The river below Cornwall reminds one of the Thousand Islands heavily wooded and carpeted with smooth green sward; amongst these wind tortuous channels which it perplexes us not a little to follow. The sky over-night forecasted wind, and early in the morning it reaches us still from a favorable quarter, and we are able to drop the paddles and hoist sail. Soon the expanse of Lake St. Francis lies before us,—twenty-five miles long and five broad, with a few small islands at the upper end. The breeze freshens minute by minute and we are constantly obliged to reef. This is done by turning the mast and holding the sail around it. The canoes are locked, as they yaw less and wind a steadier course in this way when the wind is astern. The sea is rising, and the merry little waves now and then jump over to see what the inside of a canoe is like. About midday we are staggering along under two handkerchief-like patches of sail, and the white caps behind us give warning that the summer blow is not yet over. So orders are given to run for shore, and in the friendly shelter of the rushes which plentifully line the Southern side of the lake, we make the little village of St. Annisette.

The wind comes down so strong that it is not thought advisable to put off again for a couple of hours, and the Cook therefore has an opportunity of interviewing a blacksmith with reference to the pitiable condition of his trusty frying-pan. Quite a sea greets the canoes as they pass from the shel-

ter of the little quay, and double-reefs are still in order. While shaping our course straight for the foot of the lake, and being at the time some miles from shore, an incident occurred which very nearly effected a sudden and total alteration in our destination. Side by side we were steering for the distant spires of Valleyfield, and watching wind and water with the care which was necessary in the unsettled condition of both. A steamer crossing the lake to a point on the South shore was seemingly about to pass a little astern of us. As we advance she keeps altering her course, and constantly heads towards us. It is perilous to bring the canoes to, with such a sea running, and we hold on, scarcely believing that it can be her deliberate intention to run us down. Two hundred yards—one hundred and fifty yards—one hundred yards, and still she holds directly for us. And now a mighty shout goes up from four throats, and is not paid the slightest attention to on the steamer. Down sail! Paddle! And, nearly swamped by the sea, we barely manage to back out of her way and drop into the wash astern. The only damage suffered from this inexplicable piece of brutality is a slight wetting, but the mental anguish of the moment is not to be lightly estimated. Words were a vain medium to convey to that skipper our opinion of his conduct, and we are inclined to think that the little that did reach his ears did not tend to edification.

The sun had been down for some time when we reached Valleyfield, and we camped on the first point touched, although it did not look particularly inviting. A most unpretending spot of land it was, backed by half a mile of marsh, but decidedly worthy of mark as being the natural home of the mosquito. The creatures were of the largest and most bloodthirsty kind, and much superior in size and ferocity to the ordinary mosquito of commerce. After tea they sent out invitations to a picnic, and invited as many friends as the air in our immediate vicinity would hold. When the company arrived they were invited to help themselves, and this they did to such purpose that it was at once necessary to adopt vigorous measures of self-defence. Laying the tent flat on the ground, we crawled between the sides, made everything mosquito-tight, killed the mosquitoes inside with the hatchet which we had fortunately introduced, and then courted repose. This manœuvre disconcerted our enemies, and we could hear them outside swearing in impotent rage. Then they moved an influential mosquito into the chair, and fell to discussing projects. An important resolution was evidently soon passed, and a committee of investigation formed. The delegates made a circuit of the tent, halted opposite the opening, and one by one tried to crawl through. We fairly chuckled to hear the bad language consequent on their failures. Then they procured assistance, and, advancing together, went down on their hands and knees. One! two! three! Heave! They raised the edge of the tent, shouted to their fellow-assassins, and entered by legions. Slap! slap! slap! slappety, slap! slap! —! —! Cook! for the love of mercy make a fire! In sleepless anguish passed the night, and with earliest dawn the voyagers were glad to be off and away from this most cursed spot of earth.

The day's labours commence with a twelve mile paddle through the Beauharnois Canal, with nine portages interspersed for variety. It was found quicker to portage than to lock, and decidedly cheaper, for the lockmen, thinking we imposed this labor on ourselves out of consideration for their comfort, never charged us anything for the use of the canals. At Melocheville, a little village lying at the head of Lake St. Louis, we are fortified with a two-gallon measure of milk, and push off under shortened sail, as the wind is blowing quite fresh. Distant Mount Royal lies like a blue haze on the horizon, and the Commissary hilariously exclaims that he will dine at the St. Lawrence Hall to-night and sleep in a real bed. After treating us somewhat roughly for an hour the wind suddenly falls and leaves us an absolutely glassy surface to traverse. Not the faintest summer zephyr, not the thinnest haze in the sky, and the sun sending down heat which warmed the whole surface of the water and rendered it undrinkable. Eighteen miles of this reduces every one to a semi-cooked and stupid condition. The frying brain is capable of one thought, one hope, one prayer alone,—a swim when the lake is crossed; and this is destined not to be. The islands about Lachine are populous with Montreal's holiday-making citizens, for it is Dominion Day, and the wanderers are compelled to enter the Lachine Canal unrefreshed. Here the furnace is seven times heated, for the sloping stony banks reflect the sun's glare in a manner truly distressing. Eight miles of this, ornamented by five long portages, on the hottest day of the summer, with nothing but tepid canal water to drink, and this after thirty miles hard work, what wonder that the feeble remarks passing between the canoeists have reference almost invariably to Egypt and the Red Sea and—other places. The canal basin heaves in sight after a most weary while, and at last the canoes are stowed in a friendly shelter and their exhausted crews crawl into a hack and adjure the driver to use all convenient speed in getting to the St. Lawrence Hall. During the agonizing minutes which the journey takes, the occupants are vaguely conscious of three great wants which appear to solicit satisfaction in this order: Drink. Bath. Dinner. Having been fortunately warned of the virulent character of Montreal water, the bar of our hostelry is sought. The Commissary addressing the gentleman who there presides, "J—K—s, quick," and, extending his hands to their utmost limit, thus endeavoured to impress that functionary with the length of the desired drink. There are scenes in the life of every human being which the pen should not profane by attempting to pourtray. There are moments of exquisite delight—alas! too rare and short-lived—over which a kindly hand would draw a veil. We will also draw a veil over that page of the expeditionary cash-book which records the amount paid to the hospitable bar-tender. Let it be enough to say that the four men who shortly emerged were incomparably better fitted to cope with the trials of this troublous world and ready and able to astonish the wondering menials who waited at dinner.

Sleeping in civilized beds was a luxury so keen that the Commander had much ado to get the crews embarked at 8.30. The breeze was already blowing merrily, and the canoes made prodigious time down the St. Mary's

current. The smoke of Montreal soon lay far behind, but the steamships and ocean going vessels continually passing up the river reminded us of the great mart we had left and showed us that we were at last fairly on our way to the sea. At the end of the island of Montreal we met the current of the Back River, which hurried us forward at a great pace. In the afternoon the wind came fresh off the shore, and a capital stretch was made close hauled and under reef. Canoes sail much better under these circumstances than is commonly supposed, and will run well into the wind with lee-boards. Sundown saw us camped some forty miles below Montreal and eight above Sorel. We chose a sandy beach on the south shore, having found sand much softer than turf and more accommodating to the angles of the human frame.

The Chaplain has recently been instructed in some rudimentary French with the object of enabling him on occasion to procure milk, eggs, &c., from the *habitants*. He is now sent towards the nearest house with his newly learnt French lesson on his lips. Giving a "good-day" with an airy ease in the same tongue, he puts his question, "*Avez-vous du lait?*" and is surprised and hurt to see that the good woman regards him with a look of pained inquiry. However, he delivers himself more carefully of the question a second time, and now is pleased to see her countenance brighten intelligently. "Och! milk is it?" says she, and to think that he has wasted all this severe preparatory course in the Modern Languages on one of his own countrywomen! We judge that the remembrance of this scene is painful to him, for two days elapse before he reveals it to his comrades. After dark a large fire of drift-wood lights up the camp, and now and then shoots up into the darkness of the night a gorgeous display of dancing sparks. Songs, pipes, and stories from our special story-teller (the Chaplain) quickly brings bedtime, and soon the dying fire dimly shows four figures wrapped in grey blankets and slumber.

The Cook combines with his various other functions that of prophet. There has been little use for a prophet since the expedition started, but rather than let his remarkable talent fall into disuse he has consistently each night predicted storms on the morrow. During the first two or three hours of the following day the wind blows stiff from the East, and the weather generally portends that the "Cook's storm" is about to come off. No more lazy lolling back in canoes, bowmen asleep and steersman only enough awake to now and then give steering paddles a twist. Now the canoe has to be forced right in the teeth of the wind, and every foot made, means the expenditure of three times the amount of muscular force necessary in smooth water. About 9 o'clock we run into Sorel, determined to get weather probabilities, for to attempt to cross Lake St. Peter in this blow would be decidedly foolhardy. The telegraph operator here certainly keeps most shocking hours, and we have to content ourselves for an hour with wandering about, endeavouring most consistently to admire those of the gentler sex who present themselves in the quiet streets. Re-assured at last by finding that the wind is falling and "Cook's storm" at least a day off yet, we launch canoes again and push on to Lake St. Peter through the somewhat bewildering channels that lie below Sorel.

Our chart is one of the fifty cent panoramas sold on the steamers, and it endeavours to improve on the river by clearing it for the most part of islands, and leaving out any points that interfere with general symmetry of outline. From an artistic point of view and as an idealization of nature this chart deserves great praise, but as a practical record of bays and islands it is too vague and large in conception. Here certainly, following what appears as a straight shore line on the panorama, we find ourselves an odd mile or so in a bay and are fain to go back the way we came.

When the lake is at last reached, the wind has died away, but the whole sky is covered with a fine mesh of thin cloud which gives the Cook material for no end of prophecies on the morrow's weather. Lake St. Peter is twenty-five miles long and nine, broad without the slightest shelter from end to end. As it is very shallow a wind gets up a sea at once, and canoeists will therefore most readily acknowledge, that to set out straight down the middle of the lake towards the horizon with a solid paddle of five or six hours ahead and with the land at an hour's distance on either side was questionably prudent. Very, very slowly distance passes when one is far removed from everything by which to measure it and now others besides the Cabin boy keep looking astern "to see if we are getting further away from the end behind." We steer for a tiny shining spot which is the only point visible at the end of the lake. The opinion at first held is that this is the glass shining in a lighthouse about ten miles away. After the ten miles are covered the lighthouse theory is abandoned, but the object seems as distant as ever. Another hour of steady work reveals the fact that we have been making towards a large church, set on high ground at the end of the lake, and that its tin roof, blazing in the sun, was the tiny point of light we saw so many miles back. Now the lowland of Trois Rivières rises into sight, grows rapidly clearer, and soon the long weary paddle is over. At Nicolet we encounter an hospitable Irish-woman, who supplies us with bowl after bowl of cool delicious milk. At first she regards us as of the order of the common Canadian tramp and seems inclined to think that there must be some stringent reasons compelling us to travel by canoe when the steamer plies so conveniently between points. The winning tones of the Commissary, however, disabuse her of this belief and merely leave her mind clouded with a vague disbelief in our sanity. This is a result which frequently follows from the Commissary's explanations.

We camp at sundown on a beautiful stretch of sand on the other side of the river from Trois Rivières and a little above it. And now in truth the Cook is happy, and utters most dismal prognostications for the morrow—gale from the East—rain—and everything which makes the existence of a canoeist wretched. No more attention is paid to him than if he were Cassandra or Noah. The Commissary even addresses ironical remarks to the unfortunate official. "O Cook, hast thou then like Job's friends filled thy belly with the east wind, that thou thus so loudly prophesiest evil things, For seven days and seven nights hast thou been trying to produce this storm,

and behold during that time have we not made two hundred and eighty miles. And now, forsooth, when the lakes are past and danger over, dost thou threaten to stop our victorious way. Go to!" The Cook answered never a word, but sternly raised his right hand and pointed towards the storm ring round the moon.

All was peaceful enough until the first streaks of morning appeared, and then came the wind and no mistake, right up the river, and whitening its whole surface with its violence. It was hopeless to make a starting, and unsafe to cross, as the current and wind out in the centre of the river (here a mile wide) had raised a very nasty sea, so the voyageurs had to enjoy their enforced *dolce far niente* as best they might; and lay snoozing all day in the drifting sand. The tide is for the first time observable at Trois Rivières, and rises two or three inches, but immediately below it becomes a powerful factor in river navigation.

Towards evening the wind lulled for a short time and a mile was made along the shore, then up it came fresher than ever, and we were reluctantly compelled to make camp. It is well to mention that making camp hitherto has only meant spreading the tent flat on the ground and disposing blankets between its folds—this was a capital arrangement in fair weather, but five consecutive nights of rain now made us adopt a different plan. About 2 a.m. the rain commenced to fall in torrents, and soaked everything that was gifted with the power of absorbing water. At 4 o'clock all were glad to get up and wring themselves out. It was evident that the wind had not abated and that no distance could be made down the river, and a hurried consultation resulted in canoes being loaded and a start being made back to Nicolet. Through blinding rain and heavy sea it was reached just in time to wait two hours for the ferry for Trois Rivières.

We found this queer old place *en fete*, celebrating its 250th anniversary; and after drying wet garments and arranging the same with a view to producing the best effects, we set out to enjoy the festivities. It is astounding how much a man's appearance may be bettered by a trifling alteration in the brim of his hat. The Commissary may be pardoned for cocking his coquettishly, but we cannot forgive him for producing at this juncture a reserve necktie of gorgeous pattern and a clean handkerchief. By such low artifice he at once gained a hold on the susceptible female mind, which was most annoying to those who were without these means of attraction. The Trifluvian fair ones were making the best of the bad weather and filling the streets with bright colours and pretty faces. This alone would, perhaps, have made the place interesting to the canoeists, were it not also well worthy of a visit historically. The second oldest town in Canada, it has remains of fortifications and military buildings which date nearly from its foundation. The Roman Catholic church was probably the first built in Canada and is ornamented with exquisite oak carvings of great beauty, but which some Philistine, in his endeavour to improve, has covered with white paint and tinsel. To Canadians who are accustomed to think that the Dominion contains no ruins or no antiquities Trois Rivières is a most pleasing surprise. The voyageurs were treated most hospitably by Mr. Joseph Reynar, Government Inspector of Forests—himself an ardent canoeist and true woodsman—and they owe many of the pleasant memories of Three Rivers to his kindness.

As squalls and rainstorms still prevail, and there seems little hope of making a start on the morrow, the quartette, their time being limited, decide to take steamer to Quebec (ninety miles) and to continue the journey from there in canoes. The steamer is due at 1 a.m., and with a little sleep on chairs and benches and an extempore fight with a Frenchman the evening passes not unpleasantly.

(To be continued.)

University News.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The General Committee of the Literary Society has decided that after Friday, the 23rd, attendance at meetings must be recorded within two weeks' time. Otherwise credit will not be given.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The first ordinary meeting of the new year was held last night. The literary programme was opened by readings from Messrs. Graham and Russell, entitled respectively, "Arnold Winkelried," and "Ticket of Leave." The debate which followed after division was on the following resolution: That the ancient orators surpassed those of modern times.

In the senior division Messrs. Walker and Jno. Crawford conducted the affirmative, and Messrs. A. B. Thompson and J. Kyles the negative.

The affirmative held that ancient oratory, appealing as it did to the emotions, was of more persuasive power than modern oratory, which was directed to the reason chiefly, arguing in this connection that an audience can grasp appeals to their emotions with more facility than logical deduction. Again, that the ancients had a keener relish for oratorical ability than prevails in modern times, and so gave the orators additional impetus.

The negative were of opinion that rhetorical power was greatly aided by the richness of illustration, the produce of mines of thought worked in later ages, which characterizes languages of to-day. It was also contended that the inclination to reverence ancient orators and the way in

which eulogies of them gush forth from the pages of modern literature estranged minds from their real merits. Another and forcible argument advanced by the negative was that the causes which prompted modern orators to grand rhetorical efforts were vastly more widespread in their interest than were those of the ancients.

Mr. Walker's reply was brought to a sudden termination by the noisy and unceremonious entrance of the members of the other division. The debate was won by the negative.

In the junior division, Mr. J. D. Graham presiding, the same question was discussed by Messrs. Jones and Ross for the affirmative, and Messrs. Chamberlain and Duncan for the negative. The result of the debate here was the same.

The divisions reforming, the discussion of the motions, notices of which had been given at the previous meeting, was begun.

The motion by Mr. H. E. Irwin in favor of Canadian Independence, and that of Mr. W. H. Hunter regarding the abolition of Speaker and Reader prizes were adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting of the Association was on Thursday at 5 p.m. The leader, Mr. H. R. Fraser, gave an address on Romans i. 16—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The apostle had been prevented by circumstances from visiting Rome. The opponents of the truth insinuated that Paul dared not bring his gospel to Rome, where it would be exposed, and, as they thought, overthrown by the best scholars of the age. In reply Paul said, "I am not ashamed of the gospel."

One source from which he derived this faith in the religion of Jesus Christ, was the change which it had wrought in his own life. It found him a bitter persecutor, and murderer of a small company who sought to worship God as their consciences dictated; it gave him a heart full of love and sympathy for all men, and a burning desire to bless them. After Jesus appeared to him on the way to Damascus, a new power had entered his life and completely transformed his character.

Paul had enjoyed the world's best privileges and advantages. He was of high birth; he enjoyed the confidence and favour of the rulers of his country; he had reaped the pleasures and benefits of education and culture. "Yet," says he, "I count all these things to the loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord." Paul in finding Christ received a blessing so great above what the world had afforded him that he could not refrain from telling to all his joy—"I must needs glory." "I am not ashamed"—I am proud of the gospel. Paul's pride and joy in the gospel is only an instance of what we all may experience if we take the blessing which is freely offered.

Mr. J. M. Baldwin said that nothing can take the place of the gospel in the human heart. It alone saves and satisfies the soul.

Mr. W. H. Russell explained what the apostle here meant by the Gospel by a few quotations.

Mr. H. J. Hamilton drew attention to the fact that Paul was not ashamed of *proclaiming* the Gospel. A lesson for us.

Mr. J. Drummond said, through faith Christ gives us power to win success in His cause.

Mr. A. J. McLeod remarked that Paul was not ashamed of the Gospel in his day, much less should we be ashamed of it now, seeing its elevating power over the world past and present.

Mr. J. E. Jones said that our Captain is superior to all earthly rulers; we can follow Him in all things.

Mr. C. C. Owen and W. M. Walker regretted the want of courage of Christians in the cause. The only remedy is nearness to Christ in life.

The meeting was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyable. We were pleased to see some new faces, and hope that none of the undergraduates will fail to give us a call. Meeting every Thursday afternoon, opened at 5 p.m., closed at 5.45 sharp.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the term was held on Tuesday evening last, Mr. J. B. McCallum, B.A., the 1st Vice-President, in the chair.

A paper on the Crystallization of Calcite was read by Mr. H. Wood, B.A. The crystalline forms in which this mineral occurs were specified and explained, and several models and specimens illustrating the paper were shown.

Mr. Frank T. Shutt read a paper on the anatomy of the Woodlouse (*Oniscus*), in which the Appendages received special attention. The paper was accompanied by diagrams.

The following gentlemen were elected to constitute the Science sub-committee for the Conversazione: Messrs. Walmesley, Kenrick, Shutt, McKenzie, Roche, Wait, Roseburgh and Giffin.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting this term of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in Lecture Room No. 8, Professor Galbraith occupying the

chair. After the regular routine of business Mr. S. A. Henderson delivered his paper on the solution of some difficult problems in Trigonometrical series. It was well executed, and showed careful preparation. The only things that were lacking were the physical experiments. Mr. R. A. Thompson gave some very neat and lucid explanations of the problems that were handed in for solution. The following gentlemen were recommended as a sub-committee of the *Conversazione* Committee viz.:—Messrs. A. C. McKay (convener), R. R. Cochrane, W. Sanderson, A. Weir, S. K. Martin, L. H. Bowerman and A. H. Moore.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The first meeting of the Easter term was held on Monday, Jan. 19th. The chief subject treated at the meeting was Shakespeare's "Richard III." Essays were read by Mr. J. A. Ferguson on "The character of Richard III.," Mr. F. F. McPherson on "Shakespeare's Historical Plays," and Mr. T. Logie on "A comparison between Macbeth and Richard III." Readings from the chief scenes of the play were given by Messrs. Rowan, Dales, Hardie, Gibbard, and Hamilton. A French meeting will be held on Monday, 26th, at 4.15 p.m.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the 'Varsity Rugby Football Club, held last Tuesday afternoon, the 19th, was well attended, about 40 members being present. Mr. R. O. McCullough occupied the chair in the absence of the President, Mr. R. G. Macdonald. Mr. Cronyn, the Sec.-Treas., read the annual report, which was adopted without discussion. It was, on the whole, satisfactory, although the Club has had a rather unsuccessful year. The balance in hand was \$15.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was then held. The following gentlemen were elected: President, H. B. Cronyn; Sec.-Treas., J. S. McLean; Committee—4th year: W. P. Mustard, C. C. Owen, R. G. Macdonald; 3rd year: H. B. Bruce, G. A. H. Scott, A. H. O'Brien; 2nd year: L. Boyd, C. Marani, E. C. Senkler. Messrs. Cronyn, Gordon, Vickers, and Macdonnell were appointed delegates to the Ontario Union, the annual meeting of which will be held in the Rossin House on Saturday evening, the 24th inst. All members of the club can attend this meeting if they so desire. The meeting then adjourned.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Torrington, is making most satisfactory progress with Max Bruch's cantata "Frithjof," which is to be given at the coming *conversazione*. The membership has increased, and the practises are very well attended. Quite a number of graduates have joined the club and will assist at the concert, which promises to be of unusual merit this year. Next week we shall refer to this subject again and at greater length. We hope to be able to publish the musical programme.

CONVERSAZIONE SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

The above committee met on Monday afternoon last, with a very full attendance of members. It was decided, after discussion, to have no refreshments at the coming *conversazione*. The conveners of the different sub-committees reported, and the following appropriations were made:—Music, \$450.00; Printing, \$80.00; Lighting and Seating Hall, \$68.00; Dressing Rooms, \$23.00; Decorations, \$18.00; Invitations, \$6.00. To meet this expenditure, the tickets were placed at four for \$2.00. The tickets, it is expected, will be ready for distribution about the 1st. The next meeting will be held on Monday, at 5 p.m.

PERSONALS.

E. Wagle, B.A. '84, has joined the surpliced choir in the Windsor Anglican Church. "I want to be an ———"
Hugh Davidson, B.A. '84, has joined the Benedicts.
G. H. Cowan, B.A. '84, is now teaching at Strathroy Collegiate Institute.
W. A. Frost, B.A. '84, came out first in Dogmatics, at the Wycliffe Christmas examinations, beating all other competitors in the other years. He obtained 90 per cent., and the gentleman who stood second obtained 75 per cent. Theology evidently agrees with "Billy."

Drift.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Because another's rosy are?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

—George Wither.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the right things but *enjoy* the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—John Ruskin.

LOVE'S WANE.

What, if love grow weary with long waiting,
Pained with the frequent lapsing of long years
Unsatisfied of love, that knows but tears,
And winter passion, but no spring-time's mating;
Till sick at heart at each long hope's abating,
Seeking it find some soul not so remote,
To cling and twine soft arms about whose throat
Is joy enough to drown a whole world's prating:—

Shall we condemn, who know not of the sorrow
Endured beyond endurance, and the pain
Of love unsatisfied, or shall we borrow
That which hereafter we may count as gain?
Loves flame burns bright to-day, and dies to-morrow;
And love, unfed with love, is but love's wane.

—J. ALMON RITCHIE, in the *Current*.

BY THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

The king of rivers has a dolorous shore,
A dreadful dominion of cypress trees,
A grey bird rising forevermore,
And drifting away toward the Mexican seas—
A lone bird seeking for some lost mate,
So dolorous, lorn and desolate.

The shores are gray as the sands are gray;
And grey are the trees in their cloaks of moss:—
That grey bird rising and drifting away
Slow dragging its weary long legs across—
So weary, just over the gray wood's brink:
It wearies one, body and soul, to think.

These vast gray levels of cypress wood,
The gray soldiers' grave; and so, God's will—
These cypress trees' roots are still running blood;
The smoke of battle in their mosses still—
That grey bird wearily drifting away
Was startled some long-since battle day.

—JOAQUIN MILLER, in the *Current*.

Editor's Table.

Thousands upon thousands of people from all parts of the continent have gone to the Montreal Carnival now in progress. The *Montreal Daily Star* has brought out a magnificent Carnival number, eclipsing in artistic merit and absorbing interest every illustrated paper heretofore issued in this country. It has illustrations of the attack on the ice-palace and defence by the Garrison in all its magnificent pomp and brilliancy; the tobogganning-fête in its true natural beauty; the Ice-Condora after the Egyptian models, inaugurated with electric and pyrotechnic illuminations; the mammoth ice-lion (British); the great sleigh drive, embracing thousands of superb equipages, and probably the grandest thing of the kind of modern times; the fancy dress entertainments, true to nature; and a magnificent inset-plate of the ice-palace in tints—a fine picture for framing. It will be remembered that there was a tremendous *furor* over the last year's Carnival number of the *Montreal Star*, the issue running up near a quarter of a million. This year's number is far ahead of last. The artists are Bengough, Julian, Harris and Haberer. The writers, George Murray, John Reade, Dr. Beers, "Adirondack" Murray, and W. H. Turner. *Grip* sends a double page which is one of the most side-splitting cartoons ever published in this country. Fifteen cents in stamps

sent to the publishers, Graham & Co., Montreal, will secure a copy of what is the greatest illustrated paper ever issued in this country.

The first number of Volume III. of "Literary Life," for February, issued January 15th, contains in its new department "The Reading Room," among a "host of good things," a full page portrait of Hiram Powers, the famous American sculptor, with a full page autograph poem inscribed to him by John Quincy Adams, when President of the United States. "A Texas Excursion; or, The Great Southwest," by F. A. Conant and W. S. Abbot, containing twelve beautiful illustrations. "George and the Stranger," by Jane Grey Swisshelm. "The Analyst's Mistake," a poem; by Carlotta Perry. "The Human Face," a poem; by Ella Wheeler. "Wit and Humor," by Robt. J. Burdette. The subscription price of "Literary Life" has lately been reduced to \$1.00 per year.—Elder Publishing Co., Chicago.

Mr. W. W. Campbell, a frequent and able contributor to THE 'VARSITY in past years under the pseudonym of "Huron," has won the distinction of a place in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His "Canadian Folk-Song," which appeared in the January issue of that magazine, is a musical piece of verse. We reproduce it with pleasure:

A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast,
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road.
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall;
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom.
"Margery, Margery, make the tea,"
Singeth the kettle merrily.

De Nobis Nobilibus.

An excellent journal, THE 'VARSITY, comes to us from Toronto.—*St. Louis Palette Scrapings*.

THE 'VARSITY is one of our most pleasing exchanges.—*Virginia University Magazine*.

The Christmas number of THE 'VARSITY contains a large amount of valuable matter, and the management are to be congratulated on the enterprise shown.—*Toronto Week*.

The Christmas number of the 'VARSITY is at hand. It is without doubt the finest holiday number of any university organ of any university whatsoever that we have ever seen. The enterprise shown by its editors is truly commendable.—*Dalhousie College*. Shake, good for you Dalhousie!

THE 'VARSITY, published at Toronto, Canada, is a wide awake University magazine. We like it; it is intellectually strong.—*Calliopean Clarion*, Emory, Va., U. S.

THE 'VARSITY of University College is out this week with a special holiday number. In size, literary matter, and appearance the issue is an unrivalled effort in the line of college journalism. The 'VARSITY during the present year has given evidence of being under able management and their current number reflects the greatest credit on them.—*Toronto Globe*.

The Christmas 'VARSITY is an ambitious affair, and by its list of contributors it is apparent that any prejudice against it being the voice of the university has disappeared, for there are articles by Dr. Wilson, J. George Hodgins, Wm. Houston, D. R. Keys and a host of undergraduates and other university men.—*Toronto World*.

We have on our table three numbers of THE 'VARSITY, viz: those of the 15th, 22nd, and 29th of November. THE 'VARSITY well fulfils its aim as a College paper; and the reports of the Literary, Lingual and Scientific Societies are not uninteresting even to those who are not connected with University College.—*King's College Record*.

We received the Christmas number of THE 'VARSITY too late for notice last week. Its handsome cover is only in just keeping with the abundant and excellent matter within. A very thoughtful and discriminating essay on Joaquin Miller, by the editor, seemed to us worthy of great praise. Dr. Mulvany's most musical Latin translation of Heber's Hymn to the Trinity, and Dr. Wilson's "Our Ideal," are so beautiful that we cannot resist transferring them to our columns, knowing that our readers will be as delighted with them as we are.—*The Educational Weekly*, Toronto.

The Development of English Literature and Language.

BY PROF. A. K. WELSH, M.A.

UNIVERSITY EDITION, COMPLETE IN 1 VOL., UNABRIDGED, \$3.50.

"Several months ago I introduced Welsh's English Literature as a text book. I began with a high regard for the work, and that regard has constantly grown. The book is not a dry collection of dates and authors' names and works, nor is it a loosely continued narrative. It is a logical development of our great literature, expressed in language that would do credit to the pen of an Addison or an Irving. The characters are made to live and breathe and talk with us, until we come away with the feeling that we have been communing directly with the great masters of English thought.—*W. E. Scarritt, Prof of Eng. Lit., University of Colorado*. "It is of unparalleled excellence."—*A. U. Thresher, Prof. of English Literature, Denison University, Ohio*. From Oliver Wendell Holmes—"The work cannot fail to be of great assistance as a guide to all who wish to be directed in their study of the literature of the English language."

This book will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, by

WILLIAMSON & CO. Booksellers and Publishers, 5 King Street West, Toronto.

Professional Cards.

BLAKE, KERR, LASH & CASSELS, Barristers, &c., Millichamp's Buildings, Adelaide Street, Toronto, opposite Victoria Street. Edward Blake, Q.C., S. H. Blake, Q.C., J. K. Kerr, Q.C., Z. A. Lash, Q.C., Walter Cassels, Q.C., C. J. Holman, H. Cassels, K. Maclean.

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Barristers, &c. **MOSS, HOYLES & AYLESWORTH**, Barristers, &c. North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King Street West, Toronto. Charles Moss, Q.C., W. G. Falconbridge, N. W. Hoyles, Walter Barwick, A. T. Aylesworth, W. J. Franks, Douglas Armour.


MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & BIGGAR. **MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & LANGTON**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., York Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., James Macleennan, Q.C., John Downey, C. R. W. Biggar, Thomas Langton, C. W. Thompson.

MULOCK, TILT, MILLER & CROWTHER, Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Conveyancers, &c. Office—South-west corner of King and Church Streets, Toronto, Ontario. W. Mulock, J. Tilt, N. Miller, J. Crowther, Jr.

Professional Cards.

MCCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Temple Chambers, Toronto Street, Toronto. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., B. B. Osler, Q.C., John Hoskin, Q.C. Adam R. Creelman, T. S. Plumb, F. W. Harcourt, W. H. P. Clements, Wallace Nesbitt.

KINGSFORD, R. E., Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, &c. Office—Freehold Buildings, corner Court and Church Streets, Toronto.

G. S. CAESAR, Dental Surgeon. Office—34 Grosvenor Street, Toronto.  Tele. phone communication.

D. R. BURNS, 7 College Avenue, Toronto. Office Hours—9 to 10.30 a.m.; 1.30 to 6 and 6.30 to 8 p.m.

COYNE & MANN, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Talbot Street, Risdon Block, opp the Market, St. Thomas, Ont. Jehiel Mann, James H. Coyne.

LEAVE your measure and secure a sample of Treble's perfect fitting French yoke shirts at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay. Card for measurement free. Foot-ball Jerseys, Caps and Hose. Warm Underwear, all sizes and qualities, at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay Street. Dent's Kid Gloves, all sizes.

REV. DR. WILD,
Bond Street Church.

Subject for Sunday Evening, January the 25th, 1884:—
"THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION."

RODD WESTCOTT,

The Leading Barber of Yonge Street.
489 YONGE STREET, OPPOSITE THE FIRE HALL.

THE STUDENT'S CORNER.

SHAPTER & JEFFREY,

Dispensing Chemists, cor Yonge & Carlton Sts.
A full assortment of Toilet Requisites, Sponges, Soaps, Combs, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Perfumery, etc.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

CLUB HOTEL, 416 YONGE ST.

V. T. BERO, Proprietor.

Choice Brands Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Latest Improved Billiard and Pool Tables.

PERKINS,
PERKINS,
PERKINS.

Everybody is talking about

PERKINS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

His new Chocolate Tint, Gilt-edged Cards are attracting every one's attention.

No extra charge made for this superior style.

Studio—293 YONGE St.

Does Your Watch Stop?

Take it to T. H. ROBINSON,
510 Yonge Street, corner Breadalbane Street.
Repairing a Specialty.

COOK & BUNKER,

Gilders and Picture Frame Manufacturers.

Pictures of every description framed to order. Rubber and Metal Stamps, Notary Seals, Pocket Stamps, Banking Stamps, etc.

FINE ART EMPORIUM,
36 King Street West, TORONTO.

ELLIS & MOORE,
Printers and Publishers,
39 & 41 Melinda-street, Toronto.

Copper Plate Engravers,
WOOD ENGRAVERS,
LITHOGRAPHIC
PRINTERS.

Visiting Cards,
Illuminated Addresses,
Wedding Stationery,
Ball Programmes

NOTICE TO STUDENTS.

With a view to securing a greater measure of support from the Students we will give them a SPECIAL DISCOUNT on all Cash Purchases made at our Store.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

—OUR STOCK OF—

Boots and Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., IS THE LARGEST IN CANADA.

KENNEDY & FORTIER,

186 Yonge Street, Four doors North of Queen. 186.

J. BRUCE,

ART PHOTOGRAPHER,

118 KING STREET WEST.

Guarantees the finest and most artistic work that can be produced, and allows a liberal discount to Professors and Students connected with Toronto University and other Colleges.

HARRY WEBB,

Caterer and Confectioner. The Ontario Wedding Cake Manufactory.

447 Yonge Street, opposite the College Avenue,

TORONTO, ONT.

Jellies, Creams, Ices. Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties

JAFFRAY & RYAN,

IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,

LABATT'S AND OTHER ALES.

244 Yonge Street.

R. J. HUNTER,

Merchant Tailoring and Shirt Manufacturing.

Special discount to Students off all Purchases

R. J. HUNTER,

101 King Street East. Cor. King & Church Sts. TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON,

Importers of Books and Stationery,
PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS.

Have constantly in Stock the Books required for the Universities, Public and Private Schools.
CATALOGUES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON, - - - - - 76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Wm. West & Co., 206 Yonge St.

9 doors above Queen.

Sign of Golden Boot.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes always on hand. Splendid
Lace Boots, our own make, good and cheap.

AVENUE HOUSE.

Billiard Parlor in Connection.

448 Yonge Street, - - - - - TORONTO.

WM. J. HOWELL, PROPRIETOR.

MADILL & HOAR

(Successors to G. B. Smith & Co.)

Dispensing Chemists, 356 Yonge Street,
Have a large assortment of Hair Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Fancy
Soaps, &c.
A Special Discount to Students.

ROBERT M. WILLIAMS, LAW STATIONER.

Engrosser, Lithographer, and Illuminator.


Designer of Addresses, Resolutions of Condolence, &c.

4 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

WE will offer in our Clothing Department startling value in GENTS' WINTER SUITS AND OVERCOATS, and will give our patrons any goods which they may purchase **Free of Charge** if our prices are not lower than those of any wholesale or retail house in this city.

PETLEY AND PETLEY,

128 to 132 KING STREET EAST, Opposite Market, TORONTO.

\$25.  **\$25.**

Genuine Dimond, set in solid 15 karat Gold
Diamond size of cut Ring made to fit.

CHAS. STARK,
52 Church St., Toronto, near King,
Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery Diamonds, Silverware &c.
Send address for our 120 page Catalogue containing over 800 illustrations of all the latest and most elegant designs.

S. ROBERTSON & BROS.
Booksellers and Stationers.
TORONTO, ONT.
The Post Office Book Store. Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.

I. J. COOPER,

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, COLLARS AND CUFFS, GLOVES, SCARFS AND TIES,
HALF HOSE.

FOOT BALL, BYCICLE, TENNIS, LACROSSE, BOATING AND CAMPING

Special College Discounts.

SPECIAL MAKES.
All Sizes. LATEST STYLES.
JERSEY AND HOSE.

109 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ELDRIDGE STANTON, PHOTOGRAPHER.

134 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

SUNBEAMS, \$1.00 PER DOZEN, CABINETS \$3.00 PER DOZEN.

OLD PICTURES Copied, Enlarged and Finished in Colors,
Ink or Crayon. Orders Filled from any Negatives made
by the firm of STANTON & VICARS.

College Books. College Books.

The well known College Book Store, established by Mr. James Vannevar, in 1866.
Special attention given to

Toronto University Books.

Toronto School of Science Books.

Toronto School of Medicine Books.

Books both New and Second Hand.

Students will make a great mistake who fail to give us a call.

VANNEVAR & CO.,

440 Yonge St., opp. Carlton St., a few doors below College Ave., Toronto.
Booksellers and Stationers.

STUDENTS SAVE MONEY.

By buying where you will find the Largest and best Stocks of Umbrellas, Rubber and Tweed Waterproof Coats, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Gloves, in all the best makes. Underwear in all the different qualities.

WM. EAST, Cor. Yonge and Walton Streets.
DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

SMITH'S TORONTO DYE WORKS.

75 1/2 KING STREET WEST.

Gents' Suits Cleaned, \$1.50. Gents' Pants Dyed \$2.00. Madame Odds' Oderless Carpet Cleaning Fluid for sale. Price 50 cents per Bottle. Kid Gloves Cleaned 10 cents.

Reliable Watches.

First-Class Jewellery and Electro-Plate.

S. B. WINDRUM,

(Late London and Paris House)

31 KING STREET EAST, - - - - -

COMMUNION WARE.

UPSTAIRS.

He has Waltham and Swiss Watches at all prices, in gold and silver cases, French and American Clocks, English and American Jewellery, Electro-Plated Spoons and Forks, &c.
FOOT BALLS, BOXING GLOVES, CRICKETING OUTFIT AND TENNIS GOODS.
REPAIRING WATCHES AND JEWELLERY A SPECIALTY.