

THE VARSITY

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NATURE'S SECOND THOUGHT.

When earth possessed one sex alone,
And man was lord of all, serene,
One-half life's sweetness was unknown ;
No golden link was forged between
This world of ours and the unseen ;
This golden link has stood the test
Of ages. Woman reigns supreme,
And Nature's second thought was best.

The golden link was forged, I ween,
'Twas stolen, too, from Adam's breast ;
But by these words I do not mean
That woman is a fraud at best.
She dwelt by nature next man's heart,
Since torn from thence by Heaven's decree ;
He seeks to win her back, to be
For ever his, no more to part.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

I. KING'S COLLEGE.

Our University is growing venerable. There are few survivors now even of those who were in their cradles when George Rex affixed the royal sign manual to its first charter. As to its history the present generation is very imperfectly informed on the subject ; and so THE VARSITY, as in duty bound, has set itself to enlighten its readers ; and with the aid of certain grave and reverend seniors, purposes to hunt up the record for their behoof.

The crest of the University is not the Lamp, with which we are all familiar, the College symbol of intellectual illumination. It is an umbrageous Maple, with the motto : *Crescit velut arbor ævo*. The supporters, we may add, are Minerva, and the Dolphin of Orion, as blazoned on the Ridgeway memorial window in Convocation Hall. If the restless spirit of everlasting change do not end in uprooting it, we see no reason why it should not fulfil its motto, under the fostering guardianship of its graduates.

But already in the first sixty years there has been more than one uprooting and transplanting of this tree of knowledge. The foundation stone of King's College was laid with wondrous clat, and much processioning ; amid ringing of bells, firing of cannon, singing of the "*Laudent omnes Deum*" &c., on the 23rd of April, 1842. It was St. George's Day ; Shakespeare's birthday ; the practical birthday, as was hoped, of a grand home of intellectual life for Upper Canada. But from the first it has been—as Sir Edmund Head designated it,—a college militant ; and in the struggle at its inception a long interval of inertia, or do-nothingism, transpired between the obtaining a charter, and this first step towards turning it to any practical account. It was in the year 1827 that a charter was granted by His Majesty George IV., for the establishment of a University at York (now Toronto), under the designation of "King's College ;" and in the following year the institution was endowed, by patent, with a portion of the lands which had previously been set apart by His Majesty George III. for educational purposes. Lord Bathurst's despatch accompanied the charter with a promised grant of £1,000 sterling per annum for the College buildings. Few incidents in the history of our

young province are more creditable than the Act of the Legislature of Upper Canada, so early as 1797, whereby King George III. was asked to set apart lands, to create the necessary fund for the establishment of Grammar Schools, "and also a College, or University, for the instruction of youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge." It is a proceeding to which Canadians will ever revert with pride. Assuredly in that first step the Loyalist Fathers of Upper Canada meant the liberal knowledge to be equally free to all.

With charter, funds, and all else at their disposal, it might have been expected that the promoters of the new College would go ahead. But the charter—in which His Gracious Majesty George IV. "of his special grace ordained that there shall be established, in the Province of Upper Canada, a College with the style and privileges of a University, to continue forever, to be called King's College"—was a somewhat peculiar document. It adapted itself to the special wants of the young western Province by ordaining "that our trusty and well-beloved, the Right Reverend Father in God, Charles James, Bishop of Quebec," shall be Visitor, and the Venerable John Strachan, D. D., Archdeacon of York, and subsequently Bishop of Toronto, President ; and his ecclesiastical successors in all time coming were to fill the same office as Heads of the College. It further provided for seven professors, who "shall be members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland, and shall, previously to their admission into the said College Council, severally sign and subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer." No wonder that the Charter proved unworkable in the youthful Province of Upper Canada, or Ontario as it is now styled.

The terms of the Charter were from the first a source of irritating controversy ; and, as stated in the official account of "The Educational System of the Province of Ontario" prepared for distribution at the recent Intercolonial Exhibition : "In consequence of a feeling of discontent, engendered by its exclusive character, the Charter was amended in 1834 ;" and some of the most objectionable denominational restrictions were abolished. Nevertheless it retained its Faculty of Divinity and other essentially Church of England features ; and all students belonging to other denominations occupied the position of dissentients, exempted from the regular requirements of the College. Bishop Bethune, in his life of his predecessor, Bishop Strachan, dwells with enthusiasm on the choral services in the College chapel, "with its plaintive tone of sacred song conducted by the rule of the ancient chaunts," where the antiphonal responses were rendered by the student choristers in their white surplices.

The inevitable fruit of such a system speedily made itself manifest. In 1828, the very year after the granting of the first Royal Charter, the Wesleyan Methodists started the movement for their Academy at Cobourg ; which by 1841 had developed into the University of Victoria College, with Rev. Dr. Ryerson for its principal. In 1835 steps were taken for establishing a Roman Catholic College at Kingston, under the name of Regiopolis College. In 1841 Queen's College was founded there, with its faculties of Arts and Theology, in connection with the Presbyterian Church ; and so the whole higher education of Canada was thus decreed to be denominational in its character. This is the work which the friends of higher education are now striving to undo, by getting rid of divided counsels and crippled efforts at feebly and imperfectly doing with four or five poorly equipped institutions, what may be thoroughly and successfully accomplished by united action.

VIDI.

AD MAIAM NOSTRAM.

Nata cara, Maia mea,
Mihi carior quam dea
Jovi magno Atlantea,

Dudum me rogasti, qui, pro
Pudor ! nondum scripsi, libro
Autographico ; en ! scribo.

Album est volumen, quare
Nolo nigro, quod precare,
Atramento violare.

Adhuc habet nil scribendum
Musa senex, nil vel flendum
Vel virginibus ridendum.

Quodsi placeat, et quia
Tu vis, cara mea Maia,
Hic inscribam vota pia :

Quicquid est in terræ solo,
Super astra, subter polo,
Boni esse tuum, volo ;

Longam vitam et salutem,
Et felicem juventutem,
Et apricam senectutem ;

Quantum sufficit nummorum,
Dies plenos gaudiorum,
Turbas fidas amicorum ;

Nomen carum, locum clarum
In choreis puellarum
Virginumque dilectarum ;

Mox matronam, anne dicam ?
Viro unico amicam,
Pulcram, garrulam, pudicam.

Viden' nescio quam sedentem
Aviam, speculis splendentem,
Inter parvulos ridentem ?

At humani nil securum,
Multum triste, multum durum,
Nec fas scire quid futurum.

Quod Fortuna dextra dedit,
Id sinistra extorquebit ;
Felix, illi qui nil credit !

Quod videtur tutum, pulcrum,
Ruiturum habet fulcrum,
Certum solum est sepulcrum.

Hinc in solis his precatis,
Non invenies tu satis
Sine Dis felicitatis.

Vos, cœlestes, hanc donate
Fide, spe, et caritate :
Gratiarum trinitate ;

Cui, post multos annos rite
Actos, tandem redimite
Tempora coronâ vitæ.

W. H. C. KERR.

Kal. Novemb.

SUMMER IN NOVEMBER.

On this bleak evening, pacing to and fro
The empty rooms beneath this lonely roof,
Listening the echo of a distant hoof,
Or the November winds that wildly blow,
One thought pursues me whereso'er I go,
As close entwined with me as warp to woof—
Dear one, no power can hold our hearts aloof,
Because—I love you so ! I love you so !
To-night your shadowy form to me is real
As when your visible presence made more blue
The August skies, and turned to song its rain ;
Gone is the storm—the solitude—I feel
You near to me ! What can November do ?
For us midsummer days have come again !

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

V

Comme dit Servius—*Nullus enim locus sine genio est*—vous savez.
Notre Dame de Paris.

It was five o'clock on a rainy afternoon that seemed dismally out of place in the third week of May, when Wiley threw down a book he had been reading for more than an hour, as he sprawled lazily in his red arm-chair, with the tobacco canister at his elbow. He went to the window and looked down upon the deserted quad ; letting his eye follow listlessly the lines of the wet, shining roofs, from Convocation Hall to the tower, which stood massive and cold and gray in the dreary light of the late afternoon. Since morning the rain had not ceased.

What with the rain and the examinations, Residence, he was thinking, had become intolerably dull ; and were it not for his own pleasant company, he should feel bored. He turned cheerfully to put his thought into words as Evans entered and threw himself into the arm-chair, remarking after a pause, " I didn't tell you, Wiley, that I gave those little stone heads to Miss Fraine, and she lost them the same day. I'm sure I don't know how."

Wiley gave expression to what he judged to be the proper degree of surprise.

" I don't think she was greatly pleased with them," Evans went on meditatively. " Of course I told her I got them from you, and perhaps that was the reason—maybe she doesn't like you, Jack."

" That's quite impossible, you know," modestly announced Jack, adjusting his neck-tie.

After another silence, Evans said, without looking up, " Well, it's all over now."

" Hello !" cried Wiley, " what's the row ?"

Evans continued, mournfully, " I'll not forget the way she drew herself up and said, ' You are forgetting yourself,'—there was such a cold look in her eyes, and she was so handsome, standing there ! Why, she doesn't care anything for me !" He paused, and went on despondently, " I thought that she saw,—why, I adore her, Jack. I don't love as others do !" he exclaimed, passionately.

" Nobody ever does" said Wiley, laughing. " But that's nothing. You'll be friendly again in a few days."

" No ; I met her on the Avenue this afternoon, and she looked at me as though she had never known me. She was with that pup Gus Dekker,—he was holding her umbrella, and you should have seen the way he grinned at me."

At this climax Wiley burst into laughter, " Why, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," said he, " you should have gone

up briskly and poked him in the ribs, roaring out, "How do, Chawls Augustus?" And then, as it was raining and all that, you might have got off neatly, *juvat ire sub umbras*.—that is, under the umbrella, you know. Now why didn't you quote that waggishly, you classical dog,—hey?"

This pleasantry failed to fathom the depths of Evans' melancholy; but as he thought of Dekker, whom Wiley used to speak of as "a mild, offensive young man," his disconsolate look changed of itself to a wrathful one, which afforded his friend still greater amusement.

"If you'd only stalk across the room, now," he suggested, "and scowl, like Othello! You're black enough in the face already, and I can let you have a superior article in blank verse."

"I'd need blank verse," Evans answered, "to tell what I think of that slim little sap-headed dude!"

"You'll challenge him, of course; pistols for two, coffee for one. I'm not a military man myself—like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, I've nothing to do with the K's—but I'll act as your second, and try to do my best, you know."

Evans' wrath, however, had not carried him to the point of wishing to blow out young Mr. Dekker's hypothetical brains; indeed, he seemed most angry with himself. We could wish to be able to analyze his feelings, and weigh everything that went to make up his regret for having offended Elsie Fraine; "it were not unprofitable, too," as Tenfeldroch would say, "could we look into Wiley's mind, where, in all likelihood, we should see unexpected things. But I have neither microscope nor skill in its use, and it strikes me now and again that even my spectacles, though an heirloom not to be parted with, and without which I should boggle dreadfully, are not to be trusted at all times. "It may be," Wiley once said to me, *moi qui vous parle*, as we talked together late into the night, "It may be that you think yourself resting in the fairy pavilion of a mid-summer eve, gazing upwards at the moonlit tracery of the tremulous screens that seem hovering over such slender graceful pillars, entwined around with the wreathed flowers that bloom only in fancy,"—and, pleased with the author of all this imagery, he paused to pat himself on the back mentally; "your friend sees you smoking Pace's twist in a long pipe. And you, when you would look through the smoke cloud to your friend, puffing his pipe in the midst, are at a loss to see him as clearly as you could wish, and cannot wipe the perplexity from your spectacles."

"There are faces," he went on, after an interval, "which, like that of a stopped clock, tell you no more than that they are not now betraying the secret workings of their inner mechanism; but even so obstinately reticent a clock as the one that does not move its hands at all, does tell the true hour at least once in the day. Did you ever notice how at that time the blank clock-face takes on a more conscious blankness, not unlike that queer uneasy easiness of expression,—which seems too subtle and fleeting to be transferred to a face on canvas,—by which you can tell that the eyes of a person, who is now perhaps looking another way, have been watching you closely until a moment ago?"

However, we have allowed ourselves to be led away from the metaphor of the spectacles and pipes, by which was meant, no doubt, that it is not such an easy matter, after all, for one person to read from another's face what is passing in his mind. You will doubtless have observed the art with which Wiley introduced pipes and the herb *Nicotiana*; thereby setting aside all question of reading the thoughts that have shelter behind fair brows and bright eyes. This he pronounced immeasurably more difficult than reading a Greek play without the crib.

But the bell of Residence has rung while we have been lost in these ill-timed, aimless musings, and Evans and Wiley have left together. We have missed their talk, and now there is an end of it; for after having dropped into Evans' room for a short time, they go on their way to tea speechless.

The two images were squatting, with complacent ugliness, on the open pages of Evans' Greek lexicon!

VI

The extremity of dire mishap!

Comedy of Errors.

Evans was staggered at the sight of the images, and altogether at a loss to make anything out of their so unaccountable return. But that they had come back to him, and were there staring

him in the face, was not to be denied, however puzzling it might be. He was dumb-founded; and even Wiley admitted that though at all times prepared to explain the obvious and make clear the evident, this was a problem beyond his powers.

After striving vainly for the greater part of the evening to unravel the mystery, Evans gave it up hopelessly. He had now come to regard the images with a sort of uneasy dislike for their uncanny ugliness, and a very unpleasant evening he passed, with his Greek lexicon still open at the same pages, and his other books untouched; after which it is not to be wondered at that, having written the following afternoon on a Greek honour paper, he left the Hall in what is commonly spoken of as "a state of mind." It was the last day of the examinations. "Think of my being plucked," he said gloomily to Wiley, "after my stand last year, and after taking two courses this year!"

The noisy rejoicings in Residence that evening accorded ill with his dull dejection. He sat dismally alone, in continued depression of spirits, and conscious of the change in himself,—for of old he would have lightly thrown it all aside, as something unpleasant and annoying; until now he had been a very Drysdale for mental gymnastics.

On the night the lists were made public his evident wincing under being plucked, as though it were something disgraceful and humiliating, was indeed a source of undisguised wonder to his friends. In Residence, a little *contretemps* of this kind was in those days very far from being generally looked on as bad form.

The following morning—it was now the first week in June—he saw by the papers, where the results of the examinations were given in detail, that Elsie Fraine was starred in History. He had just put down the *World* when Wiley came in, and seemed to find a change for the better.

"You're a great deal more cheerful this morning," he said. "Why, you'd cast merely a slight passing gloom over a small funeral."

"Well," Evans answered, "I'm expecting a letter to-day. I wrote to Elsie Fraine on Monday. You know she left the city after the exams were over."

Wiley said that the morning mail was in. "How did you address the letter?" he asked suddenly.

Evans answered that, with an exaggerated sense of what was fit and proper, he had addressed it to Miss Elizabeth Fraine. "Isn't Elsie short for Elizabeth?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," returned Wiley. "But Elizabeth is her aunt's name, you know."

"Her aunt went with her, I think."

"And you are the old lady's pet aversion," said Wiley, laughing. But Evans had hastened to the janitor's room in great alarm. One of the two letters for him bore, on its corner, the name of the firm from whom he obtained his sartorial habiliments. In reply to several notes, such as this, he had written a few days before, intimating that an immediate settlement of the bill would be attended with great inconvenience to himself. Leaving this then till the last, when he at length tore open the envelope, it was with no great interest, you may be sure.

He groaned and turned pale when he saw it enclosed the letter he had written to Elsie Fraine, so carefully composed, five others having perished before it was evolved, a masterpiece! It was plain now that he had directed the envelope at cross-purposes—and to think that his excuse to his tailor had gone to her!

Four hours of that summer day were to him as an intolerable eternity, while he roamed about desperately, counting the passing minutes until the afternoon mail came in. He seized the one letter addressed to him, and fiercely tore it open.

I do not know (*thus read the letter of the maiden aunt*) whether I owe it to your stupidity or your impertinence, that the enclosed letter was addressed to me.

Though I should properly take no notice of it or of you, I return it. You will please to not favour me with a reply.

ELIZABETH FRaine.

Here was a model of brevity, penned in a prim, angular hand, and like all Gaul of old, divided into three parts!

(*To be continued.*)

THE VARSITY.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

"Sigma" reminds us that the scholarship system intensifies all the evils of competitive examinations. As our correspondent has used this argument in his presentation of the case against material rewards for merit, it will not be unfair in us to pursue the train of thought suggested to its logical conclusion. The whole letter seems to be a bit of special pleading for the unsuccessful candidate. Here follow in their connection some of the points raised. The system encourages wrong methods of work. The same objection applies with equal force to all examinations. For the student who "is laid under the base compulsion" of examinations must have "an unworthy ideal placed before him." What intellectual immorality is occasioned by "studying the whims of an examiner," by "encouraging not truth, but skill in passing examinations!" Forsooth! students, real students who are alone worthy of the name, need not be compelled to sacrifice their ideal culture to the hated compulsion of obtaining a minimum of marks to entitle them to academic standing. Then our idealist friend must open the trenches against all examinations. Let the Senate grant degrees to all who on their own showing have spent the required four years in cultivating their intellects in the orthodox ideal way. Further, we think that the same class of arguments can be used to impugn any system of University distinctions. The possession of a degree "gives undue prominence" to some members of the community "at the expense of all the rest." "Often this prominence is not earned." Many men of fine ability and wide culture never become students of our University. "In any case there is not that difference in merit between" the possessors of University degrees and their fellows "at all commensurate with the reputation that is attached" to the designations of B.A., M.A. and LL.B. This is so manifest an injustice that as soon as the attention of all sensible men is called to it, it must be remedied. "Down with the University!" will be the next cry of the levellers. It exists purely for the wealthy; poor men's sons are practically debarred. It is an old abuse, no doubt, and old abuses die hard; but, courage, let the people arise in their might and force the Province of Ontario to cease inflicting this evil upon them.

Superiority and inferiority are relative terms. They may or may not be accurately determined. But they are hard facts of our everyday experience, to which convention and—prejudice, it may be—attach a very great deal of importance. Absolute equality is a most difficult thing to measure with any degree of accuracy or fairness. To arrive even at an approximate estimate of relative superiority or inferiority some test is necessary. It may be more or less arbitrary; it must of necessity be conventional. Relative intellectual superiority or inferiority can only be measured by methods confessedly faulty, and perhaps in many cases inaccurate. But if any order of merit or demerit is to be established, it stands to reason that some will either attain to or fall below the given standard. This standard is—as all standards are—determined by the fallible judgment of mankind. But this is the only court of appeal left to us. Rank then, whether in the abstract or as indicated by the gaining of a definite prize or reward, is an entirely necessary and unavoidable coincidence. This brings us to the question whether the winners of scholarships are, as a rule, the ones really in need of pecuniary assistance. In the case of our University students, we can almost unequivocally state that they are. And in asserting this we are not saying anything offensive or derogatory to the

student body. That a man is poor may be his misfortune, but it certainly is no disgrace, and is nothing of which he need be ashamed. There are very few students of whom it could be said that the money won by them in scholarships is of no use. In nine cases out of ten it is of real and positive benefit. It might as reasonably be objected that men should teach for nothing. Men should not be "hired" to teach; they should do it for its own sake. The Sophists were arraigned by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, for using their knowledge as a means of making money; such conduct, it was asserted, betokened a lack of philosophic earnestness; and evidenced a desire not to seek Truth absolute, but Truth relative to national prejudice and convention. But we cannot, and we take it our correspondent will not consent to accept such a doctrine, which is, after all, but a logical conclusion drawn from his arguments against scholarships, in so far, at least, as they encourage superficiality and intellectual immorality.

"Sigma" refers to the fact that "the students of University College have time and again protested against being "laid under the base compulsion of scholarships." As far as we are aware there was only one protest entered against scholarships by the students of University College. This was some five years ago. Those who have had any experience in the getting up of petitions know that it is the easiest thing in the world to obtain signatures thereto, especially if the petition is directed against any action of the dons. We have only to refer to the petition presented to the College Council *re* the library deposit to show what value can be set upon the average student "petition." And, furthermore, the action of the students of five years ago does not bind the students of to-day in any degree. Precedent is all very well in its way, but it is not an infallible or entirely safe guide. And students, above all other people in the world, should not lay too much stress on precedent. They are supposed to be in the receptive, not the dogmatic, stage of their existence. If they see fit to change their opinions they should be allowed, and even encouraged to do so, without being charged with inconsistency and without having precedents hurled at them. Sticking to one's opinions is a very laudable thing, no doubt, but a dogmatic and final settlement of questions by young men who are still students is mere egotistical self-assertion. Even consistency can be carried to an extreme. Students can only hope and strive to arrive at conclusions which shall serve for present guidance and evidence mental activity and development. They should not presume to settle questions in such a manner as will be final for future generations of students. Among the principal benefits, we conceive, to be derived from a university training is the cultivation of a proper mental attitude with regard to important subjects. While it is certainly desirable to arrive at conclusions, everything should not be sacrificed to this striving. To attempt to settle for oneself a tithe of the questions which one encounters in his daily experience is task enough for a lifetime. To settle all is absolutely impossible. All one can even attempt to do in his student career is to gather data from which, with the greater experience and mental development of later years, one can hope to arrive at conclusions which will satisfy and justify previous opinion. To gather together and arrange data for future thought and consideration is about as much as students should strive to do. And this will prove no easy task.

Our correspondent states that those who are really in need of such pecuniary assistance as scholarships afford, cannot compete with those who do not require such assistance. And for this reason: That the sons of rich parents have, by the superior educational advantages placed within their reach by reason of their wealth, been able to acquire superior training and more accurate knowledge. But so far from this being the case, the very reverse is what usually happens. Sons of rich parents, knowing that they will be provided for, generally take their education as a matter of course, as a genteel and proper way *pour passer le temps*. But those who are always aware of the fact that upon their own exertions their future largely depends, are the ones who, as a rule, make better use of their time and opportunities. These do as much, if not more, real solid work than their more wealthy companions.

Our correspondent "Sigma," in his letter on the "Scholarship question," states that the evils of scholarships are the same, no matter whether given by the University or by private individuals. We are prepared to reiterate our statement that, in the present crippled state of the University finances, scholarships should not be given by the University. But THE VARSITY certainly declines to take the position which our correspondent would force upon us, that private benefactors are to be snubbed when they generously come forward to aid our University with that financial assistance which in its present condition it so much needs. It is suggested in reply that there are other and more desirable channels for private benefaction. And what are these? That those generous friends of our University who have lately come forward to its help should unite and found a chair in some new department—presumably Jurisprudence and Sociology. But it must be borne in mind that while one donor can establish a scholarship, an equivalent subscription would be utterly lost in a general fund, and the not unworthy ambition of our benefactors—to connect in some way with our University their names, or those of some distinguished or worthy friend of the provincial institution—would be frustrated. And again, our correspondent's position warrants us in assuming that he believes that the Provincial University should be supported by Government funds. Then what avenue is left for private benefaction? Practically none.

So thickly strewn is the path of the spelling reformer with the merry jests flung down in his way by scoffers, that it is inspiring to behold with what calm disregard of all manner of outrageous slings and arrows he still presses on. It is strange that Mr. Houston, in his communication in the next column, should put himself to the trouble of stating his objection to being misunderstood by THE VARSITY. The most obvious of all the delusions under which the advocates of an improved orthography labour is their belief that their views are not rightly apprehended. One who has stated time and again, in good round terms, set in plain-faced type, that "spelling should be made more phonetic when it can be done without making it less philological, and more philological when it can be done without making it less phonetic," can have no grounds for conceiving that he is misunderstood—unless it be by those with whom their intellectual disadvantages have made spelling, of necessity, a matter of private opinion, and reading, consequently, an affair attended with the gravest difficulties. We would beg to assure Mr. Houston that we do not misunderstand him; but, to repeat what we said in a former issue, it is to be regretted that men of any intellectual force should dissipate their energy in seriously advocating so visionary a scheme. An article on the reform of spelling would be admirably in place as the ponderous trifling of a polysyllabic review; and the question cannot be said to bear a closer relation than this would imply, with the earnest, progressive thought of the day. It is a saddening reflection, indeed, that there should be men, our brothers, whose limbs are stiffened by day-long labour of the body, and into whose minds no light shines through their lives; but the desire to utterly obliterate whatever may in any way serve to distinguish the man of culture (we would call attention to Mr. Houston's inverted commas) from his illiterate brother must be looked on in no other light than as one of the many manifestations of that misty socialism which in the guise of an ennobling sense of our common humanity is clouding so many minds nowadays. The spelling reformers go to make up one contingent of a band which is already several thousand parasangs in advance of the rest of mankind. They should call a halt now and then, and reconnoitring, make sure that they are in the line of march, lest the main body, going its way and not theirs, lose all thought of them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—If I understand your note in a recent issue on this question, you do not apprehend the chief evil of the scholarship system. The mischief is the same to students whether the scholarships are paid from private benefactions or from the funds of the State.

The system places an unworthy ideal before students. If a young man will not study for its own sake and for the love of self-improvement, he should not be bribed to it with money, as fond and foolish mothers bribe their children to good conduct with toys and confectionery. It is a degradation to be hired to do what we should do.

The system of scholarships intensifies all the evils of competitive examinations. It encourages wrong methods of study. The ideal is, then, not truth but skill in passing examinations and cleverness in calculating the predispositions and whims of examiners.

It fosters jealousy and distrust among the competitors. There is no use denying this fact as some have done. I can cite cases from my own personal knowledge where students have taken important books out of the library, not to study, but merely to prevent their rivals from getting them. In other cases the ill-feeling between the head men was a matter of common notoriety.

The scholarship system gives undue prominence to some students at the expense of all the rest. Often this prominence is not earned. In any case there is not a difference in merit between the scholarship men and those next to them at all commensurate with the value of the awards or the reputation that is attached to them.

It is urged that scholarships assist needy students. But in the very nature of things these men cannot compete, because their primary training was not as thorough as that of their more wealthy companions. Consequently scholarships do not fall to those who are really in need of them. That this is the case, I need only refer to the recent matriculation examination.

Old abuses die hard. The students of University College have time and again protested against being laid under the base compulsion of scholarships. Why will the College authorities persist in inflicting this evil upon them?
SIGMA.

SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I notice that in recent numbers of your lively paper you have shown a disposition to "chaff" spelling reformers. To this I have no objection, for spelling reformers are sufficiently accustomed to that kind of treatment to be able to endure it in a philosophical spirit. But I do object to being misunderstood, and therefore if you will afford me a little of your space, I would like to show that there is a measure of spelling reform which is at once reasonable and scientific.

I have, as an advocate of an improved orthography, always contended that the task of simplifying our spelling should be undertaken by scholars in order to prevent the work from falling into the hands of empirics. I have further contended that the work of simplification should proceed along two lines, the phonetic and the philological. The relation between these lines of procedure, as I would have it established, may be embodied in these rules, which I enunciated and illustrated nearly three years ago in a paper read before the Canadian Institute.

1. Make spelling more phonetic when this can be done without making it less philological; and
2. Make spelling more philological when this can be done without making it less phonetic.

These rules seem reasonable enough, but they are very far-reaching in their application. They do not call for any alphabetical change, though a much greater degree of improvement in spelling might be effected if we could get rid of the redundant letters "c," "q," and "x," and restore the Old English simple equivalent for the modern digraph "th." All that is required is a more consistent use of our present letters and of the orthographical expedients to which we are compelled to resort in order to supplement a very defective alphabet.

Under the above rules we would use such forms as "iland," "agast," "excede," "hed," "host," "program," "dialog," "filosofer," "tho," "beuty," etc. The particular changes recommended by the Philological Society of England, amount to some hundreds, but the list prepared and published under its auspices has been abandoned, and the twenty-four rules recommended by the American Philological Association have been adopted in its stead. The Philological Society of England include in its membership Dr. Murray, Mr. Skeat, Mr. Sweet, Dr. Earle, Dr. Morris, Dr. Angus, Mr. Max Mueller, Mr. Sayce, Mr. A. J. Ellis, and others hardly less eminent for their philological acquirements. The American Philological Association has amongst its members Mr. Whitney, Mr. Lounsbury, Mr. Childs, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Corson, Mr. March, and others whose names are familiar to every student of English Philology. Surely such names as these should prevent any proposal put forward by men of such eminence, from being characterized as "visionary." If their aim is visionary, to whom are we to look for anything practical?

Allow me in this connection to call your readers' attention to an article in the October *Fortnightly* on "Manual Instruction," in the course of which the writer has some sensible remarks of his own, and some quoted from Dr. Gladstone, on the mischief caused by over-attention to the minutiae of spelling. I have frequently challenged the opponents of spelling reform to give a single good reason for regarding ability to spell well according to a capricious and conventional system as a fair index of a man's intellectual attainments. I have never yet been fortunate enough to get the challenge accepted. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you are in a position to give me the information I have so long sought in vain. If you are not, then perhaps some of the University College authorities on "Culture," may be. Prince Bismarck recently expressed in a boorish way, his contempt for a presentation volume because it was printed in Roman type. We have plenty of literary Bismarcks amongst us, but changes will take place nevertheless, and in English spelling as in other things.
WM. HOUSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"Shall I be thought fantastical," asks Lamb, "if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley." To this fanciful declaration I will set my hand freely enough; but I could not be made to go to the same length as one of us in the sanctum who says that there should be a statute providing against the writing of poetry on the part of a man with such a tuneless, unmusical name as Fogg. But if Fogg be dowered with the poet's intellect and passion, if the gloom and glory of life, bearing in upon his soul, makes him too one of the inspired, and constrain him to utter forth his vision of the future,—shall he crush down and trample the heaven-sent fire within him? Far better he should mourn melodiously in his verse, in that his father had been one of the ilk of Fogg.

You have read, no doubt,—and I hope with an eleemosynary smile,—Lamb's rather tenuous little comedy, *Mr. H—*, (the damning of which on its first night he took sorely to heart, it was so hissed and cried out upon.) And yet, as we all know, the Ettrick Shepherd went through this world as Mr. Hogg, without even the saving grace of an added *e*. If the soul of Shakspeare had come down from heaven to any other than the child born in Stratford-upon-Avon, you, if you ever met with the name nowadays, would mark it in your note book for its picturesque queerness. Dobson is the most charming and graceful of our writers of light verse; if you saw "Dobson" over a general store in some straggling village you would cry "Phœbus, what a name!" One can scarcely imagine a more ridiculous patronymic than Longfellow; but I have never yet been conscious that anything of the ludicrous presented itself prominently to me, in connection with the poet's name.

This calls into my mind an anecdote which you may have never heard. A Mr. Longworth, on being introduced to the poet, made a remark on the similarity of their names. Longfellow, however, insisting that they could not be made to approach, quoted the line from Pope,—

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

But to return to Shakspeare,—"*Old Bill*," *salva reverentia*, as we in the sanctum love to call him. Have you noticed that in William Black's *Judith Shakspeare*,—well, talk *will* fly off on a tangent at the most unexpected times; but have you noticed that throughout the novel Judith's father is never spoken of save with the words I have just used. One comes upon even such clumsy collocations as "Judith's father's return from London." There is of course a certain suggestiveness in the book, which prompts you to keep in mind that Shakspeare is in the next room, as it were; this was to be expected from Black. But he is brought before us in person very sparingly, and never otherwise than as the kindly father of the household in the touching, graceful scenes where he shows his affection for his daughter, and as a man of substance in Stratford town. The artifice to which I alluded has about it, indeed, a graceful air of diffidence, an acknowledgement of unattainment, a consciousness that the creative power demanded to do greater and higher things is wanting. It is really the touch of a true artist; and Thackeray himself could not have offered Shakspeare a finer tribute than he did in these words:—

"I should like to have been Shakspeare's boot-black—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him,—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face."

Did you ever sit down and calmly take stock, as it were, of your mental outfit, try to cull from the heterogeneous mass of theories and beliefs what might be worked up into a fair and symmetrical system? Try it and you will be surprised at the variance amongst the ideas to which you have given an asylum. Could our thoughts and beliefs, by some exercise of art-magic or diablerie, become embodied and visible to us, what a curious scene it would be! All the rags and finery of Petticoat Lane on parade! Let us walk through and survey our own, both past and present. But what's all this hub-bub? We listen and hear confusedly, as the dealers march up and down—"Old clo', old clo'; great bargains—bran new honesty cheap for cash—only been worn once—no further use to the owner, who is going into business."

What a rag-fair it is! What's this that now presents itself for my inspection? Surely I was never of such a stature as to wear that! Pah! it reeks of age, is mouldy and moth-eaten. That has never been worn for many a long year. A stately garment it was in its day if one may judge from its proportions— I declare: it seems familiar enough too; seen it before, I think—no—yes—fact, that's my Ethical Standard. When I was a young man, you know—in high-minded youth—long out of use. I had almost for-

gotten it. You may put that away carefully. Handle that gently, sir! It's very fragile, patched as it is with various odds and ends, till the original texture can hardly be made out. That? That, an it please you, is my working Hypothesis—my every-day suit of morality. Over there, looking rather uncomfortable in its gloss and ungainly newness, is my Sunday suit—little worn you may notice, for principles likewise wear best that are worn the least. This tatter—is that all that's left of Honour? This shred? Well, well; we are pretty ragged, most of us, after travelling some distance on life's thorny path. But there, tripping along lightly, is a garb that breathes yet of the joyous freshness and grace of youth—the grand passion. Ah! stay for me! I would fain put thee on again.

Much that the exigencies of rhyme demand must be forgiven the poet. A usage of allowable rhymes has long since grown up. It is probable that the greater proportion of such, if not all, have their origin in times when they actually did rhyme, and having been enshrined in the poetic literature of the day, became part of the poet's stock-in-trade. Thus Pope, whose ear can easily be trusted, rhymes *take* and *speak*, *obey* and *tea*. Are we to conclude, then, that these words were pronounced *spake* and *tay*? It seems so. The explanation of the peculiarities of Irish pronunciation confirms such a theory. Contemporary English was introduced into Ireland in the Elizabethan age, and, an exile as it were, was cut off from the springs of change which were at work in England to modify her language. There was a vital principle in English, which like all organisms could not remain stationary, but had its growth and decay. The Irish-English, then, is not a caricature, but in its main peculiarities of orthoepy, is a tolerably correct representation of English as Shakspeare spoke it.

It is an old saying that only the skilled can dance in fetters; and rhyme which has been described as the purple band on the princely toga of the poet, may with equal felicity be styled a golden fetter. It is sometimes a source of much amusement to observe the whimsical results of a struggle in rhyme.

The above was suggested by an extract from a quaint old carol called *Dives and Lazarus*, to be found in "*Ancient Mysteries Described*," by William Hone, published in London in 1823. Carol-singing was a regular profession, and the chanter was wont to draw out to its utmost length the last line of the stanza. So conceive the effect in this instance, which yet seems to have been gravely listened to by that song-loving age:—

"As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sicken'd and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.
Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you have a place provided in hell,
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

Irving, in his rendition of Hamlet, has departed somewhat from stage tradition in the scene at Ophelia's grave. The time-honoured custom was that the first gravedigger divested himself of an incontinent number of waistcoats before proceeding to business; very much in the style of the ordinary circus trick of a rider throwing off his civilian clothes, and finally, much to the relief of the spectators, appearing in the usual glittering uniform. In Hamlet, also, the curious have discovered what in modern stage cant are "local gags." "Go, get thee to Vaughan; fetch me a stout of liquor," says the first clown to his fellow. It is more than conjectured that Vaughan, corrupted from Johann, John, was the given name of a landlord of a hostel near the Globe Theatre. Shakspeare, then, must have found it necessary to relieve the profound gloom of the tragedy by bits of by-play and local hits, "which the same," as Truthful James would say, "I do despise."

The following thought, which is quoted in *Obiter Dicta* from Latham's book on the "Action of Examinations," though it may be familiar to many, is one that no student will resent to have put before him more than once. Its bearing is to be seen at a glance:

"A man who has been thus provided with views and acute observations may have destroyed in himself the germs of that power which he simulates. He might have had a thought or two now and then if he had been let alone, but if he is made first to aim at a standard of thought above his years, and then finds he can get the sort of thoughts he wants without thinking, he is in a fair way to be spoiled."

"I have been looking into the essay on Carlyle in that book," said the ingenious man. "After admitting that Carlyle's *dicta* are not final, and that he has not said the last word on many men and things, the *Obiter Dicta* man writes: 'But last words should be reserved for the last man, to whom they would appear to belong!' This assumption seemed to surprise him.

"Well," some one said, "you surely don't think that the last man will be dumb?"

"How do you know that he'll not be married?" asked the ingenious man.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

"Andy" Elliott—'86—has entered law in this city. Another good man gone wrong.

During the course of the debate on Friday night an awful sound was heard without as of ye mufti's trumpet; but nothing came of the summons.

A communication reaches us from Holyrood, La Salle River, N.W.T., stating that Mr. N. H. Russel—'87—received a pleasant send-off on the eve of his return to college.

Messrs. J. R. Mann, Carrick, and J. N. Elliott, all 3rd year men, have gone to parts between Winnipeg and Brandon—sent out by the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church.

The following team left for Montreal on Friday morning, to represent the University in the annual Inter-collegiate Rugby match, between McGill and Toronto: Forwards, Smith, Nesbitt, Cross, McDonall, Sullivan, Ferguson, MacLean (captain); Quarter-Backs, Senkler, E. C., McClean; Half-Backs, Boyd, L., Mill, F.; Back, Senkler, J. H.; Spareman, Watt. The team will stay at the "Balmoral," in Montreal.

We have received the first number of the *College Times*, a fortnightly newspaper published by the Upper Canada College boys. We welcome it back to life once more, and hope that henceforth there may be no hindrance to its regular appearance. The paper is very neatly printed on good paper. A good deal of enterprize has been displayed by the boys in every way, and the result so far is creditable. We hope to see the literary department of the paper improved as the term goes on.

A regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Tuesday in Professor Pike's lecture room; the President, Professor Galbraith, in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read, confirmed, and signed. The election of officers and members was then proceeded with. The following representatives were elected:—Graduates, D. Burns; First year, J. H. Fawell; Special students, J. Leash. An interesting paper on "The Manufacture of Potassic Carbonates from Raw Wool," was read by Mr. J. H. Fawell. Professor Galbraith gave a description of the Canadian process of manufacture of Caustic Potash from wood ashes. The subject, "What is the best Metal for use in Plumbing for Water Service and Sewage?" was then discussed. Mr. Burns gave some interesting facts about the use of different metals for pipes. After a short discussion the meeting adjourned.

The fifty-eighth public meeting of the Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society was held in Convocation Hall, on Friday November 13th, at 7.30 p.m., W. M. Clark, chairman. The subject of debate was "Resolved that England is going to decline." Affirmative, J. C. Tolmie, B. A., D. McGillivray. Negative, H. R. Fraser, B. A., D. G. McQueen, B. A. The monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Wednesday, 10th inst., when reports from the missionaries and from the delegates to the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance held at Montreal were read. The reports were all good and the fields reported to be in a favourable condition. Our football field is in a very bad condition just at present on account of the rain, but we hope that the weather will clear up and that we may have a few more practices before bleak winter sets in and turns our interest in sports in other directions.

The Glee Club met on Friday at four for the usual weekly practice. Forty-seven members were present and the regular work of the season was commenced, under the directorship of Mr. W. E. Haslam. The glee "The Winds Whistle Cold," from "Guy Mannering," was taken in hand. Members of the club will bear in mind the excellent rendition of this piece of music by the "Toronto Vocal Society" in the pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens last spring, and thus be inspired with the purpose to make it a success here and so to maintain Mr. Haslam's reputation there attained and our own of previous years. All the students who possess any considerable musical capability are expected to assist the efforts of the club by joining it. We are pleased to know that already we have among our members several gentlemen of attainment in the musical art. Members will please give their closest attention to the weekly rehearsals and to the private study of the music in hand.

The college session of McMaster Hall resumed on Oct. 1st, with a public lecture by Dr. MacVicar on "Mistakes in Regard to Education," and with the induction of the Rev. D. A. McGregor, B. A., of Stratford, who succeeds the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, B.A., in the chair of Homiletics.—Dr. Rand, who was last year professor of

Christian Ethics, has become Principal of Woodstock College, but is at the same time a member of the Faculty here.—There are now enrolled forty-five theological students, three more than in any previous year. Some seventeen undergraduates of the University board in the Hall.—Messrs. G. E. Morphy, B. A., and J. G. Brown, in answer to a call from the Home Mission Board, have left college for the session to take charge of mission fields.—Last week Messrs. W. J. McKay, B. A., and J. B. Kennedy, B. A., attended as delegates the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance, held in Montreal. They report a smaller attendance than usual, but the meetings were full of interest.—A music class has been formed amongst the students under the conduct of Mr. Harrison, the organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

The regular meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held on Wednesday, Nov. 10th. There was a fair attendance. The President, W. Houston, M.A., occupied the chair. The names of a number of students were proposed for membership. Nominations were received for the offices of Second Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary, and two Councillors, the elections to take place at the next meeting. Other business of importance claimed the attention of the Association, and the hour being late, the programme was dispensed with. The Association is now settling down to earnest work, and it is hoped that next week there will be a large attendance of both third and fourth year men in this department. The principal business will be the election of third year officers, and the programme will be the discussion of "the Definition and Method of Political Economy," to be introduced by Messrs. J. G. Hume and W. V. Wright. Members are recommended to read the first four lectures in Cairnes. The Association meets at McMillan's Hall at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Miss F. H. Churchill, who, as an elocutionist, has acquired such a well-merited reputation, both American and Canadian, delivered a lecture on "Vocal Culture," in University College on Saturday afternoon. The lecture being advertised during the week, a large number of students and not a few of their friends assembled to hear it. The number in attendance is not to be accounted for by simply referring to the novelty of the subject, (for, sad to say, elocution is a very much neglected department of study among us), but Miss Churchill's powers were already well-known to many of us who have heard her in Convocation Hall and elsewhere before. Having a firm grasp of the subject and a high ideal of her art, this lady speaks eloquently and in thorough earnest. Her presence is commanding, her voice powerful, sweet, and flexible and of great compass; her control of the facial muscles—and of the muscles of expression generally—is remarkable. Theoretically and practically she seems well able to impart to others the secret of her art. The lecturer closed her address by reciting the well-known selection "King Henry of Navarre." We understand Miss Churchill intends to remain in the city with the purpose of giving instruction in elocution.

The victories of the Association football teams still continue. On Friday last, 5th inst., the Trinity Medicals and Varsity 2nd eleven played a friendly game on the lawn. The fine weather and the prospect of an interesting game brought out a large number of student spectators, who were well rewarded by witnessing one of the closest games that has been played on the lawn this season. It was not till within five minutes of time that either team gained a point over their opponents. Gibson scored a goal from a fine centre by Anderson. No further advantage was gained by either. On Monday of this week the second eleven also vanquished the Collegiate Institute boys, scoring no fewer than four goals. In this game the play of Ball at back was very noticeable, a remarkable goal was kicked by him from centre-field by a long high shot which the goal-keeper misjudged. Following this the presumptive cup-tie team played Toronto Medical School, as a practice match, in anticipation of the struggle with the Victorias soon to ensue. Some very good forward play was witnessed, the left wing especially distinguishing themselves. Towards the end the med. made a better showing than in the first half, but had to retire with five goals against them, and none in their favour. The game which was advertised to take place on the lawn on Saturday between the Victorias and Varsity did not come off. Both teams were on the ground at the appointed time, but after gazing intently at the "white mantle" on the lawn, concluded that the ground was not in a fit condition to decide which was the champion club of Toronto. No date has been fixed on which this game will be played.

Saturday was a regular "K" Company day; cold, damp, with about an inch of snow on the ground early in the morning, and prospect of lots more. However, about twenty men turned out to take part in the annual rifle match. Firing commenced about half-past nine, and was continued till about half-past twelve, when all adjourned to a neighbouring hotel, and a jolly sociable hour was spent with the aid of a good lunch and the divine weed. Shooting was continued after this for about an hour, by those com-

peting for the trophy. The following are the names of prize-winners with their scores:—

NURSERY MATCH.—1st. Lieut. Mercer, 40; 2nd. Pte. J. H. Senkler, 35; 3rd. Pte. T. M. Harrison, 31; 4th. F. H. Moss, 29.

AGGREGATE MATCH.—1. Corp. Mustard, 279; 2. Pte. Elliott, T. E., 263; 3. Pte. Redden, 216.

TROPHY.—T. E. Elliott, 63.

GENERAL MATCH.—1st. Pte. T. E. Elliott, 53; 2nd. Sergt. Hamilton, 51; 3rd. Sergt. Crooks, 47; 4th. Pte. Redden, 46; 5th. Pte. Smith, A. G., 43; 6th. Corp. Mustard, 43; 7th. Lieut. Mercer, 40; 8th. Pte. Senkler, E. C., 37.

EX-MEMBERS.—Ex-Sergt. May, 59.

RANGE PRIZES.—200 yds., Sergt. Crooks, 21; 400 yds., Sergt. Hamilton, 19; 500 yds., Pte. A. G. Smith, 14.

The trophy is a bronze horse, presented by several ex-members of the Company. It was competed for, for the first time, last year, and was won by Sergt. Cronyn. If won by anyone three times it becomes his property.

For several years it has been felt and repeatedly remarked that the sentiment of sociability among the students of University College has been gradually declining. Perhaps the reason is to be sought in the fact of the rapidly increasing number of students coming in every year, for this year the matriculating students number not less than 183. However this may be, it had become absolutely imperative that something be done to re-establish that feeling of confidence and mutual support which once existed in our midst and which ought to characterize any body of students, large or small. Accordingly, as the result of a movement which has been on foot for some time among the gentlemen of the fourth year, a reception was given by them, on Tuesday evening in Moss Hall, to the members of the freshman year. About one hundred and forty were assembled and a very pleasant evening was spent in conversation and song. Mr. A. H. Young, chairman of the committee of management, opened the proceedings with a short address, stating the object of the reception and welcoming the guests. Mr. W. B. Nesbitt, secretary, acted as master of ceremonies, performing the function of his office with becoming grace. Songs were sung by several gentlemen of the respective years. Mr. Thompson rendered the solo "Tread on the Tail of my Coat," and, as an encore, "My Darling Clementine." Mr. W. V. Wright followed with a humorous selection on lovemaking and its difficulties. Mr. J. G. Hume's well-known medley was received with enthusiasm. College songs were sung most heartily and yet with less of that boisterousness which characterizes the singing on such occasions as convocation and commencement days. The favourites were—"Gambolier," "Doo Da," "Bull Dog on the Bank," "Le Brigadier," "O, Who Will Smoke my Meerscham Pipe," "Alouette," etc. Several good, new college songs were rendered by gentlemen of the first year. Mr. Harvie, in replying on behalf of his year, said that they (the freshmen) had expected different treatment at the hands of the seniors. Refreshments were served during the course of the evening. Altogether the affair was one to be highly commended, both from the point of view of its object and of its results, and one worthy of being repeated in successive years.

The Literary and Scientific Society of University College held its first public debate for the year in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, 5th November, Dr. Wilson presiding. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance. Mr. T. C. Milligan, B.A., the worthy and much-esteemed president of the Society, delivered the inaugural address. It was short, but contained good and timely advice. One remark of the speaker's is worthy of the consideration of the graduates of the University, and that was that the Literary Society is the only place where they can meet together to renew college friendships and associations. The undergrads are heartily in sympathy with the remark, and are glad to see an old member of the Society drop in to spend an evening with us in Moss Hall. The Society, as the President said in his address, is a University Literary Society, and not merely a Students' Society. The Glee Club was on hand with a couple of college songs, "Brigadier," and "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" A quartette, "Sweet and Low," was rendered with expression by the following members of the Club: Messrs. J. A. Garvin, G. H. Richardson, Frank Moss, and J. O. Miller. Mr. J. W. Henderson read a selection from Will Carleton. The subject for debate was Scholarships. Resolved: That the awarding of Scholarships is not beneficial. The speakers in support of the affirmative were Messrs. J. A. Ferguson and E. C. Acheson, while Messrs. J. G. Hume and G. A. H. Fraser upheld the negative side of the question. The chief arguments *pro* and *con* were: That scholarships (and medals, too, were ranked in the same category) have a bookish and consequently a narrowing tendency; that the needy man is not, in the greater number of instances, the scholarship winner—it may be from a lack of superior advantages in earlier education. He has to compete with young men of both means and ability who have had access to good libraries. That, consequently, scholarships do not give help "just where it is needed." That a man really in earnest in the pursuit of ends he has ideally before him, does not need the super-added stimulus of a scholarship to urge him on to the accomplishment of

those ends. That a scholarship man, on account of the necessary exclusiveness of his studies, is not so practical a man in dealing with his fellows as is the student who gives more attention to the development of his humanity. That the awarding of a scholarship is simply paying a man for doing his duty to himself. That men are induced to remain at the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes for an unnecessarily long time in the hope of taking scholarships when they come to the University. On the other hand it was argued that the giving of scholarships induces a habit of application; that steady and faithful work is the result, and that the spasmodic efforts of the careless student, as compared with the attainments of the methodical worker, are shown to be ineffectual. That the system of scholarships is a severe inculcatrix of the principles of order and method so much coveted and often so difficult to acquire. That it inspires in the breast of the faithful student a love of knowledge for its own sake, as well as a healthful spirit of emulation. That it is to the honour attaching to the acquisition of a scholarship and not for the intrinsic value of the scholarship itself that the ambitious student aspires. These are some of the more salient points brought out by the several debaters. After summing up the arguments advanced in support of the respective sides of the debate, Dr. Wilson, in his accustomed vivacious style, gave decision in favour of the negative.

Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, International College Secretary, paid a visit to the University College Y.M.C.A. last week. He was enthusiastically received, and left well pleased with the progress of the work.

Next week is set apart as a week of prayer for all Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world. Meetings will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, of which due notice will be given on the Bulletin Board.

Just previous to the regular weekly meeting on Thursday a business meeting of the Society was held, Vice-President W. A. Bradley in the chair. The principal business was the reception of propositions for membership. Twenty-five new men were proposed as members.

Mr. W. V. Wright led the devotional meeting. The subject was "Search the Scriptures," 2 Tim. 3: 16, 17. After the leader had ably opened up the subject, seven or eight others took part in an interesting discussion. The meeting was exceedingly pleasant throughout, about eighty members being present.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is continued. In the present issue appears the first of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. Several communications and items of College news have been held over for want of space.

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DI-VARSITIES.

“Pogkins, did you ever see a ghost?”
“No, Sniffle, and I never exspectre.”

Professor—“What is the most powerful?”
Student—“Poverty.”

It was on a Spadina Avenue street-car. Within were a maiden, a college youth, and a dilapidated tramp, who looked as if he expected to be put off. The youth made every effort to entice the maiden into a little flirtation. He gazed on her, and thought her fair. The conductor must have thought so too, for he stuck his head into the car and yelled “Fare !”

The maiden handed the youth a five-cent piece, battered and with a hole in it. He gave the conductor ten cents, and kissing the battered five-cent piece, hung it on his watch-chain with killing effect. His self-satisfied, airy ease of manner became consternation when the maiden paid her fare with a ticket. She had passed the five cents for the tramp.

It could be seen from the back of the conductor’s head that he was grinning joyfully to himself. The tramp whispered in a low, faint tone, “Ah there, Arthur. Don’t put your arm round me until we get to the next block !”

WE THREE.

Was it a memory, was it a dream,
Of something yet to be?
The silent world, the grey old fort,
The softly murmuring sea;
The sky is full of light and love,
The air seemed in a swoon,
And only three of us abroad—
You and I and the moon.

I was full of a sweet content,
You were inclined to spoon;
But there in the midst of the azure sky
Stood the wicked old man in the moon.
He saw how it was and veiled his face
In a cloud that was passing by; [one—
Then what could I do, it was two against
You and the moon and I.

You took my hand—what happened next
I shall never, never tell, [cloud,
But the moon, who was peeping from the
Enjoyed it passing well.
’Twas a dreadful deed, and somebody should
Be punished for it soon; [blame—
But who knows which was the most to
You or I or the moon?

“Dad,” said the bad little boy, as his parent was about to take him across his knee to administer deserved punishment, “le’s arbitrate.”—*Texas Siftings.*

It was a very ragged, but an exceedingly polite beggar, who took off his greasy cap to a gentleman on Broadway and said:

“Pardon me, sir, will you please grant me the favour of a gratuity of five cents; I have not yet dined.”

“Neither have I,” said the gentleman, more to himself than to the beggar, because he was hurrying home for that purpose.

“Then make it ten cents,” said the beggar, “and we’ll dine together.—*Z. S.*”

“That girl has a rare complexion,” said Brown,

But his wife desired to pun;
So she said: “You may call it *rare*, my dear,

It is certainly not ‘well done.’”
—*Vale Record.*

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A little lad,
A pistol bad,
A bang! Egad!
The upshot's sad,
A ma half mad,
A weeping dad—
He didn't know it was loaded.

A man; the same
I will not name,
Of dice a game,
With gold for aim,
Dead broke! a shame!
He was to blame—
He didn't know they were loaded.

A man out west,
Who doth invest
In mine of gold,
But thinks he's sold;
He sells the mine,
It turns out fine—
He didn't know it was loaded.

Maud (outside): "Is papa in there with you, George?"
George: "Yes, Miss Maud; would you like to see him?"
Maud: "Please ask him for me—"
George: "I was on the point of doing so when you interrupted—"
Papa: "Bless you, my children."—*Tidbits.*

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