

VARSITY

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THE VARSITY.

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Topics of the Hour.

In view of the late successes of Toronto men at Johns Hopkins University, it will be interesting to review our standing there. At the recent examinations in December, Milton Haight (Tor. '84) and John R. Wightman (Tor. '71) each received a scholarship. The present representation of Toronto at Johns Hopkins is therefore as follows:—Milton Haight, scholarship in Mathematics; John R. Wightman, scholarship in Romance Languages; John D. Fields, fellowship in Mathematics; Charles Whetham, fellowship in Romance Languages; J. Playfair McMurrich, lectureship in Osteology and Mammalian Anatomy. A facetious member of the staff here remarks to the writer, that if this kind of thing is to go on much

longer, the University of Toronto had better annex Johns Hopkins at once and have done with it. Mr. Whetham further maintained the reputation of his *alma mater* by an able paper read before the recent meeting of the American Modern Language Association in Boston.

In the older countries and in past ages the highest institutions of learning were self-contained and self-seeking. Colleges did not exercise the direct influence on public opinion which they might have done. Their knowledge was not power in a social sense. And this was because they showed no sympathy with the life of the outside world. They cared naught for the people, and the people cared naught for them. But men who are truly educated should know better than to assume such an attitude. They should recognize the fact that it is a nobler occupation to elevate others than to sneer at them. It is the glory of Canada and the United States that the people are proud of their colleges and feel and acknowledge that a benign influence emanates from them. This bond of sympathy between the people and their colleges is greatly strengthened by a custom which is becoming more and more common in Canada, and one which has prevailed for a much longer time in the neighbouring country. We refer to the numerous lectures which are being delivered to the general public by the college professors both in academical halls and elsewhere. There are many souls longing for intellectual light whom stern necessity excludes from the benefit of a regular college course. Cultivated men ought to consider it a pleasure to assist in such a way those to whom fortune has been less kind than to them. We have had occasion to commend the action of our own professors in this direction. It affords us no less pleasure to notice that Trinity College has taken up the same good work. In Montreal also, Mr. J. Mason Mulgan, the assistant professor of Classics in McGill University, is about to deliver a course of ten lectures on Greek poetry, philosophy, and history for the Montreal Ladies' Educational Association. In order that all such lectures should be in the highest degree beneficial, they should be made interesting, and every encouragement, to attend should be given to the general public, even to the extent of numerous personal invitations. It is earnestly to be hoped that such a course of lectures will never degenerate to a means of mere fashionable dissipation for aristocratic idlers.

The seventh Monday Popular Concert took place in the Pavilion on Monday evening last. It was, in some respects, not as interesting as its predecessors. For one thing, there was no quartette. The programme commenced with an "Intermezzo," written expressly for the Toronto Quartette Club by Cornelius Gurlitt, a friend of Herr Jacobsen. This proved to be a pleasing *morceau*, being very melodious and full of good broad harmony. The Club also played the "Praeludium" from the 6th sonata for violin solo, by John Sebastian Bach. The most difficult part for the first violin

was played by Herr Jacobsen with his usual vigor. The Duo Concerto, in *D minor*, with quartette accompaniment (Bach), was played by Messrs. Jacobsen and Bayley, accompanied by Messrs. Torrington, Napolitano, Fisher and Corell. This number was satisfactorily performed. Messrs. Martens, Bayley and Corell contributed a rather uninteresting "Trio" by Hummel. The vocalist of the evening was Madame Caroline Zeiss, a very dramatic contralto of rather massive proportions, and possessing a decided foreign accent. She sang the scena and aria, "Preires de Baal," from Meyerbeer's opera, *La Prophete*; Sullivan's "Lost Chord" and "Let me Dream Again" (encore); and the "Brindisi" from Donizetti's *Lucresia Borgia*. In her first and last numbers Mme. Zeiss displayed considerable dramatic power. She possesses a powerful contralto voice, of remarkable range and great flexibility, although rather lacking in those peculiar sympathetic qualities one looks for in a contralto. Ballad singing is evidently not Mme. Zeiss's forte. Her singing of "The Lost Chord" and "Let me Dream Again" was somewhat marred by a rather exaggerated style, no doubt the unconscious result of the assiduous study and performance of highly dramatic solos. Mme. Zeiss was, however, warmly applauded, and recalled after each song. The concert was closed by the Quartette Club playing Raff's two charming sketches, "The Declaration" and "The Mill," which were admirably rendered. The next concert takes place on the 8th of February.

Dr. Daniel Wilson, as President of the Royal Society of Canada, is urging that Society to the work of collecting the materials for a thorough representation of all the native languages of our Dominion. We are sure that this learned body could not be better employed than in carrying on such an enterprise. The work should be entered upon at once, and should be conducted in no perfunctory manner. The best opportunities for aboriginal research in this direction are rapidly passing away. There is nothing surer than the decadence of the Indian races of America. We hope the work will not be entrusted to amateurs. The absurdities which such persons are likely to rush into are well illustrated in the hoax which was recently perpetrated on a Toronto "archaeologist." If a scientific classification of Indian dialects is to have any value it must be the work of those who have devoted years to the practical study and investigation of the subject. Consider what is implied. It is absolutely necessary that those who undertake such a work should have a thorough acquaintance at first hand with the languages themselves. A mere smattering picked up during a pleasant summer vacation among frontier tribes will not suffice. What would we think of a Frenchman undertaking to write a grammar and dictionary of the English language after spending a season on Brighton Beach! Nor would it suffice if in addition the Frenchman knew all the rules already laid down in English grammars and all the words in the dictionaries. The subtlest spirit of a language can not be caught by such clumsy devices. The number of members of the Royal Society of Canada, who are qualified to deal with this matter directly, is very small indeed. We venture the opinion that the work would be accomplished much more satisfactorily if the Royal Society would enlist the services of men who have grown old in the various Indian mission fields or trading-posts, and who have become thoroughly in sympathy with the genius and spirit of the languages. The work would then be stamped with an authenticity such as the mere imprimatur of any Royal Society, however learned, could not convey.

We congratulate Cornell University on the recent appointment of Professor Schurman to the chair of Metaphysics in that institution. From the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, we learn the following particulars of the life and career of this distinguished scholar. Dr. J. G. Schurman was born in 1854, and consequently at the end of the present year will be thirty-two years of age. Receiving his early education in Prince

Edward Island, he entered upon his collegiate course at Acadia College. In 1875, over a large number of competitors from all parts of Canada, he was awarded the Gilchrist scholarship of \$500 a year for three years, a scholarship annually given to the Canadian standing highest at the London University examinations held in Canada. Mr. Schurman went at once to England for the further prosecution of his studies, where two years later he won the university scholarship in Logic and Philosophy at the London University, and the Hume scholarship in Political Economy at University College. In 1878, at the University of Edinburgh, he took the degree of Doctor of Science in Mental and Moral Philosophy, being the only successful candidate for that degree during the year. Thereupon, having taken the highest honours in Philosophy and Ethics both in London and Edinburgh, he was elected, in a competition open to England, Scotland, and Wales, to the Hibbert travelling scholarship of \$1,000 a year for two years. Availing himself of this scholarship, he went to Germany, where his special studies of the philosophical science were prosecuted with great vigour and success at the universities of Heidelberg, Gottingen and Berlin. His Hibbert prize essay on "Kantian Ethics and the Ethics of Evolution," a volume published by Williams & Norgate, attracted wide-spread attention among students of philosophy, and was pronounced by one of the leading English reviews the most dispassionate and acute examination that had ever appeared in English, of the moral doctrines of Kant and Spencer's "Data of Ethics." While in Great Britain Dr. Schurman was a pupil of Robertson, Jevons, Fraser, Calderwood and Martineau, and while in Germany was under the special guidance of Kuno Fischer at Heidelberg and of Zellar at Berlin. On the return of Dr. Schurman in 1881 to America he accepted a professorship of Philosophy in Acadia College, where his success as a teacher was so marked that in the following year he was advanced to the more influential position he now holds in Dalhousie College at Halifax. He carries with him to Cornell the well-wishes of many friends not only in the Maritime Provinces, but also in Ontario, where he gained many favorable opinions while acting as examiner in our own university in 1882-83.

Leading Article.

THE SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

At the end of the current year this institution will have completed the eighth year of its existence in its present form. With a steady growth that must have been exceedingly gratifying to its projectors, it has emerged from a doubtful infancy and stands at the present time in a position which demands for it the best attention of all who are interested in the practical phase of higher education in this Province.

In the session of 1877, the Legislative Assembly by resolution sanctioned the proposals for the permanent establishment of the School. These proposals were in effect that the Government, instead of appointing a distinctive professional staff for giving the special instruction which the School (the former College of Technology) was founded to afford, should utilize the teaching powers of University College, which already existed for the like objects in four departments, and could be made applicable to the wants of the School of Science, and in addition thereto, should appoint a Professor of Engineering and such assistants in the several departments as might be required in supplementing the work of the College Professors.

The erection of the necessary buildings completed the plan by which it was considered that in an economical way an institution could be established which, although not competing with the larger and more expensive ones in Europe and the United States

in the technical training of its students, would, nevertheless, supply a want in our educational system and afford a thoroughly practical education in Physical Science with a direct bearing on the professions or occupations which they might wish to follow.

The growth and usefulness of such institutions in Great Britain and the United States have long attracted the attention of practical educationalists. In 1853, in the speech from the Throne, Her Majesty stated that "the advancement of the Fine Arts and Practical Science will be readily recognized by you as worthy the attention of a great and enlightened nation. I have directed that a comprehensive scheme shall be laid before you, towards which I invite your attention and co-operation." This scheme, dated 15th March, 1853, provided for the establishment of Local Institutions for teaching Practical Science. The progress of these since that time is shown thus:—In 1862 there were 70 schools with 2,543 students; in 1872, 948 schools, with 36,782 students; in 1882, 1,403 schools, with 65,581 students.

As may be expected no nation has shown itself more keenly alive to the necessity of providing practical scientific instruction than the United States. In many of the larger States extensive sections of land have been set apart for the endowment of technical institutions. At present there are 86 schools of Science, with 15,957 students.

It is thus seen that there was good precedent for the establishment of the Toronto school, and results have proven that there was wisdom and foresight as well shown in its establishment.

Its progress has been rapid but none the less natural and genuine.

The engineering branch is the only one in which it is distinct from University College, and therefore the branch which we should look to for indication of its separate success. Up to 1884 twelve diplomas in Engineering had been granted. Last year there were five graduates and at the present time there are 59 students in the Engineering classes of the school.

Of the Schools graduates nearly all at the present time occupy responsible positions in the Public Works of the Province or the Dominion, and many gratifying testimonials have been received by the Professor of Engineering in confirmation of their ability and proficiency. They are taking the places of men whose work is only a mechanical performance of what a long practical experience has taught them, and whom ignorance of theory and want of technical instruction hold in the same old groove.

The Senate of the University have recently recognized the school work in the establishment of a degree of C.E., open only to those who hold the diploma of the School of Practical Science. This degree is granted under the condition that the candidate shall have spent three years in engineering work after leaving the institution. At the last University Convocation, Col. Gzowski presented, in the person of Mr. J. L. Morris, the first candidate to receive this distinction. The establishment of the degree supplies a want long felt by the profession in this Province. Hitherto the most general method of becoming a Civil Engineer in this country has been for the aspirant to begin on railway or other engineering work as a chain or rod man, and gradually to rise to the position of assistant engineer. At this stage it is usual for him to assume the designation of C.E., and to be so considered by his fellow professional men.

Meanwhile, the institution is sadly cramped for means. The Government's helping hand, drawn as it will be from a by no means ill-filled pocket, is badly needed. We are confident that this will not have to be an oft-reiterated cry. The Government, like all of us, know a good thing when they find it. That they have such in the School of Practical Science no one who knows its worth and work will deny.

Money spent to such a purpose is not spent unwisely. To our minds, and perhaps it is so as a question of fact, such education comes more properly within the State's duty than that of higher

University education of a literary kind. This is a practical age, and however we may shut our eyes to it, the fact remains,—what men want most, and what they prize most, is instruction that will have for them a face value.

The school is not as well known as it should be. Outside the city few are aware of its real character. Its supporters ought to come out from under their cloaks of modesty and let the people of the Province know that they have a greater institution in this Science School than they have yet realized.

Literature.

BIRCH AND PADDLE.

TO W. B. C.

Friend, the delights of ours
Under the sun and showers,

Althrough the noonday blue
Sliding our light canoe,

Or floating, hushed, at eve,
Where the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they
Where shy streams dart and play,—

Where rivers brown and strong
As caribou bound along.

Break into angry parle
Where wild-cat rapids snarl,

Subside, and like a snake
Wind to the quiet lake!

We've paddled furtively
Where giant boughs hid the sky;

Have stol'n, and held our breath,
Thro' coverts still as death;

Have left with wing unstirred
The brooding phoebe bird,

And hardly caused a care
In the water-spider's lair.

For love of his clear pipe
We've flushed the zigzag snipe;

Have chased in wilful mood
The wood-duck's flapping brood;

Have spied the antlered moose
Cropping the young green spruce,

And watched him till betrayed
By the king-fisher's sharp tirade.

Quitting the bodeful shades,
We've run thro' summer glades,

And, dropping craft and heed,
Have bid our paddles speed.

Where the mad rapids chafe
We've shouted, steering safe,—

With sinew tense, nerve keen,
Shot thro' the roar, and seen,

With spirit wild as their's,
The white waves leap like hares.

And then, with souls grown clear
In that sweet atmosphere,

With influences serene,
Our blood and brain washed clean,

We've idled down the breast,
Of broadening tides at rest;

And marked the winds, the birds,
The bees, the far-off herds.

Into a drowsy tune
Transmute the afternoon.

So, Friend, with ears and eyes
Which sylvan deities

Have opened with their kiss,
We need no balm but this:

A little space for dreams
On care unsullied streams,—

'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face.

Windsor, N.S.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE NEW PROTESTANTISM.

Throughout the Christian world there are grand indications that a new Reformation has begun. Everywhere men are protesting against the superstitions which make up so large a part of popular religion. Men refuse any longer to accept their beliefs ready made. They will not brook dogmatic dictation. They assert the right to think for themselves.

We are the heirs of the wisdom of the ages and not of their ignorance and folly. Let us prove all things, holding fast only what is good. We sit in judgment on the hoary generations. There is no meaning in the world if we are not wiser than they. With our greater wisdom has come greater responsibility. We must not—we cannot shirk this responsibility. To do so would be to commit intellectual suicide. And thus while we reverence the virtues of our progenitors through all the ages, we cannot believe their beliefs. Age cannot consecrate error into truth. What was human opinion then is human opinion still. We aim at higher things.

Truth is the primal inheritance of all men. Neither private persons nor ecclesiastical corporations can acquire exclusive property in it. Knox College does not own truth, it is not the peculiar possession of McMaster Hall, neither Wycliffe College nor St. Michael's has a monopoly of it.

The past won for us civil liberty, but it bequeathed to us also religious bondage. The tyranny of kings gave way to the terrorism of the sepulchre. But we have revolted. We refuse to be bullied out of our great birthright in truth by the ghosts of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, or Calvin.

The great Bible of the human race has not all been writ. There is a revelation through men no less than to men. The gods have not ceased to come down to us in the likeness of men. Nor have they spoken once only and that in the remote past. The Deity has not forsaken the earth. Wherever truth and goodness is, there He dwells, as of old and from the beginning. Men are inspired to good words and good deeds now in a greater degree than ever before. Not individuals merely, but mighty nations now act the Good Samaritan to each other and to the world.

But while the people are practising this living Christianity the priest and the Levite still cling to their dead Hebraism. The inertia of the clerical body is the great hindrance to the march of truth in our day. Their peculiar and special education has been too largely one of error to admit of a speedy reform.

Truth is one but theological colleges are many. It is quite an open question whether the modern world is the better or worse for the infinite number of rival denominational institutions that cover it. Not that the value of religious education is to be denied. But for the greater part it is not education but instruction which is imparted at these colleges. And if it were all truth it would not need so much teaching. There is nothing so incomprehensible as error, there is nothing so simple as truth. The life of Christ needs no apology, the Sermon on the Mount needs no commentary.

Education is development. Ordinary theological training does not develop. It contracts and narrows men. Students are not instructed in truth absolute, but in truth relative to certain isms andologies. Theological professors now as of old teach for doctrines the commandments of men. That is all.

There is a feeble show of investigation into the truth of the received doctrines, but the case is prejudged. Both judge and jury are committed to the decision. It is a compulsory verdict brought n under the tyranny of the Old.

It is impossible to reach truth under the systems and methods of theological colleges. The very buildings are often founded on prejudice, and men of clearly manifest prejudice constitute the professoriate. Students for admission virtually affirm a belief already formed concerning the very things they should come to inquire into and investigate. They surrender their intellectual freedom forever after, and with it the Divine gift of individual judgment. They agree to believe what they are told to believe.

There are very many noble men in these colleges and among the ordained clergy, earnest, kind and true. As a class there is none so good. But they were good before they went in; they remain good notwithstanding their doctrines; they would have been as good or better if there had been no such thing in existence as exegetics or apologetics. Yet truth is to be preferred to all dogmas, to all previous impressions, to consistency even, and to the silver shrines which we may have been making for Diana.

Too many of the clergy of Canada are in darkness and bondage in a theological Egypt. Would that for them also a Moses would arise to command them to go forward.

A. STEVENSON

CARPE DIEM.

Horace, Odes, Lib. I. xi.

Leuconoe, seek not to know
What length of life the gods bestow
On thee or me; for 'tis not right
That thou should'st thus unveil to light
The mysteries of the gods on high,
Or Babylonian numbers try.
Oh, how much better 'tis to bear
Whate'er may happen—joy or care!
If mighty Jove hath yet in store
For thee a length of winters more,
Or if this winter be thy last
Which Tyrrhene waves on shore doth cast,
Be wise, and joyful strain thy wine,
Nor, if so short a space be thine,
Form plans and hopes for years to be;
E'en while we speak, the time doth flee;
Then seize the present while it stays,
Nor trust at all to future days.

H. L. DUNN.

THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.

He was always sure to be seen at the same place day after day, near the eastern entrance of the great Bazaar, waiting for custom or marching quickly away with his bundle on his head. There was always the same look on his face; and that was in no wise more significant than that of a flag in the pavement or a stone in the wall. His garments too, were common and never changed to the slightest rag. He was so constant and serviceable that everyone in the Bazaar used him, though thinking no more of him than of the stones they trod on in the street. Not one of those who employed him daily could have said with certainty that he was young or old, tall or little of stature, dark in the face or ruddy. And so he was busy the whole day long bearing the goods of the shopkeepers to and fro in the city. Sometimes the merchants browbeat him, and the slave who took his burden from him at the door cursed him roughly for very hardness. Sometimes he did his errand amiss and must retrace his way through many long and weary streets before his error could be righted. Often when his load was heavy and the sun hot he was jostled in the narrow streets by the trains of camels, laden too like himself, with great packs of silks and strange woods and spices brought from India to please the Commander of the Faithful. He was a good Mussulman, often in the mosque and praying at every call of the muezzin. At sunset his work was always over, and after he had bathed and prayed he was soon lost to sight in the crowds streaming over the bridges of the Tigris to the poor quarter in the south of the city.

There he lived alone in a large house of many tenants. He had neither slave nor wife nor child nor any friend in the whole quarter. Indeed few knew he lived there, so silent was his life. His room was always dark when he reached it and outwardly was like other rooms, but as soon as the Porter crossed the threshold all was changed. The room was dark, but it was soon light. For by his divan stood a hateful Djinn enchanted and motionless. It stood there just as the great Chinese magician had fixed it by his power. It was dwarfish and humpbacked with an evil face: its body bent, its hands clasped behind, and its long thin legs, brown and shrivelled like a crane's, had grown together in one. As soon as the Porter touched the Djinn's single eye the whole room was one flood of mellow light, like the Caliph's spice-garden when the thousand silver lamps are lighted at once. Then you could see how large the room was and how near it lay to the good Haroun's palace. The roof was so high and the walls so wide, that one would think it was an audience-chamber. For there was room for busy slaves, setting out a banquet in a wide portico that looked upon a garden of palms. They ever poured red wine from crystal goblets so thin it was a marvel their delicate sides held in the precious liquor. There were trains and troops of dancing-girls, brown-skinned and white, with little tinkling bells at ankle and wrist, and seated choirs of women-singers with sweet voices, that sang continually. Foreign princesses, in beauty like the full-blown lotus flower, knelt before the Porter's divan of silk tissue. But the great room seemed to have no walls, for the Porter could see from the divan he lay on far away where the great black and yellow cats played in their lair beneath the forest leaves, and further—where the ocean gleamed blue beyond the utmost land. As in a theatre, the heroes of old in glancing mail passed before him, and in shining robes great priests that taught the people. As at a play, he saw the daring deeds that spring up amid the clash of meeting armies and heard the words of mighty captains and the shoutings of the men of war. He saw a thousand perils men pass through from love or from strength alone. The many lovers of song and story who were faithful unto death passed before him: he saw them in their delights and in their despairs, and heard their softest whispered word. The Porter was a part of it all: he taught with the priest, warred with the hero, worshipped with the lover. And all this flowed to and fro before him endlessly; one brightness and beauty melting into another; each in turn chang-

ing, passing and replaced. The girls danced, the women sang, and the Porter with the bright-eyed Djinn at his side saw it all from his divan.

And up and down through and among it all floated and hovered a single roseleaf from the gardens of Gul, soft, white and creamy, steeping the air with an enchanted perfume of its own. It seemed blown by the longing music or moved to will and impulse of the sweet sounds among the slender waving arms of the dancing girls, sometimes almost falling to their bare, soft feet; then, rising as a bird rises, it might poise against the dark robes of an Indian princess or the painted hide of a beast of prey. But it never quite settled; it might rest a moment on the shining hair of a queen or the helmet of a warrior, but only as a white butterfly alights. The impulse of the music or the wind of the swaying robes came upon it and it was away. It advanced and receded. Sometimes it broadened to a banner of white silk fluttering in desert winds at the head of a black steel-clad army: sometimes it was the sail of a king's galley on a distant sea, and again the rounded gleaming snow-crest of the highest Hymalay. And ever among the beauties of women, the strength of heroes, the deeds that live, the words that burn, the gorgeous colors of beasts of prey, mountain wastes, ivory cities, and lonely forests floated and swayed that rare white-rose leaf, while its scent lay heavy on the air.

Last of all, the fairest of the women slaves came to him on the wide divan. She took his head upon her lap and shut his eyes to sleeping with her white soft hands, so gently that the Porter could not know it was the magic white-rose leaf settling at last and falling there in coolness, perfume and unending rest. And darkness was over all.

At early morning he was at the eastern entrance of the Bazaar, waiting till some merchant should give him work to do. But none of those who hired him knew what things he had seen and lived through since the day before.

BOHEMIEN.

SCHILLER'S DES MÄDCHENS KLAGE.

A TRANSLATION.

The oak trees shiver,
The storm cloud flits;
On the green by the river
The maiden sits,

And the waves break high with might, with might,
And she pours forth sighs in her darkest night,
While tears discolor her eyes.

"My heart is dead,
The world is void,
My wish hath fled
With pain is cloyed,

O Thou Holy One! call back thy child,
I have had enough of this fortune wild,
I have lived, and loved," she cries.

"Your tears so hot
Stream down in vain;
Your wail brings not
The dead again.

Yet you still may tell what consoles the heart,
When the vanished sweets of love depart;
I, a dweller in heaven, do not know."

"Let my tears so hot
Stream down in vain;
Let my wail bring not
The dead again;

Since the dearest fate of the mourning heart,
When the vanished sweets of love depart,
Love's pains, love's woes bestow."

Ottawa, Dec. 1885.

S. WOODS.

University and College News.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting was held on Tuesday, the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. Mr. Geo. Paterson took up the historical aspect of "Capital Punishment." Its origin, so far as English law is concerned, was from the Roman custom of killing the criminal to appease the anger of the gods. After the Roman period, mutilation was a common practice in England. But very severe punishments for trivial offences had a tendency to increase crime. Moore saw this three centuries ago. Society is to a large extent responsible for crime committed. Is it then just to hang the criminal? Bentham had considered the economic loss to the state involved in the execution of criminals. In many states capital punishment had been successfully abolished. In dealing with the ethical aspect of the question, Mr. Duncan said punishment could not be retributive as there is no community of nature, but only an arbitrary connection between crime and its punishment by law. Men have certain reasons for injuring society. The fear of punishment must be such as to counterbalance these reasons. The motives to murder are from their personal connection the strongest possible motives to crime. They must, therefore, be counteracted by the greatest of deterrents, the fear of death. Capital punishment may be abolished when the motives to murder become sufficiently weak to be counterbalanced by the fear of lighter punishment. Public sentiment will be a pretty sure guide as to when this time arrives.

The usual discussion followed the papers. In More's Utopia the ground is taken that punishment is neither retributive nor deterrent, but reformatory, a view in advance of even our own age. The chairman thought it would be a good thing if an Association could be formed in connection with University College to collect materials for a history of Ontario, which has never yet been written. At the next meeting Messrs. Gibbard and Ferguson will read papers on the Rise of British Local Government.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The last English meeting of this flourishing society was one of the most interesting and most largely attended, in its history. Mr. T. A. Rowan occupied the chair. Mr. Jones, the retiring secretary, was thanked by the society for the hearty interest he had always taken in his position, and after a close contest Mr. E. C. Jeffrey was chosen as his successor.

Dr. Wilson then took the chair and gave a most interesting account of his acquaintance with Longfellow, whose works formed the subject of the programme. Years ago when the doctor had been giving a course of lectures in Boston, he was entertained by a number of *littérateurs* among whom were Longfellow, Emerson and others. Dr. Wilson was of the opinion that Longfellow's kind heart and beautiful character were among the chief reasons which explain the distinguished place he holds in the affections of the American people.

Very carefully written and well-read essays were then given on the chief works of the poet:

"Life of Longfellow," by T. C. Des Barres; "Evangeline," by Miss Lennox, read by Miss Charles, and "Hiawatha," by A. Stevenson Bell, whose paper gave an account of the writer's experiences among the Indians, where the scene of "Hiawatha" is laid.

Mr. T. Logie read an essay on the Dramatic works. Selections from the works of Longfellow were well given by Miss Scott, Mr. H. J. Cody and Mr. J. H. Moss. Dr. Wilson was then heartily thanked by the society for his kindness in presiding. The works of Mrs. Browning will be taken up at the next meeting. All interested in English are invited.

On January 24th the meeting was devoted to French and LeSage was the author for the evening. Mr. Macpherson read his essay on "Le Noble Proteus." Mr. Logie gave a review of "Turcaret." Mr. Hogarth read a "theatre scene" from "Gil Blas," and several of the members presented a few scenes from "Turcaret." The meeting was enlivened by the singing of "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Un Canadien Errant." Mr. Stark, who has taken a kindly interest in the Club, favored us with an Italian melody.

[We learn,—for we are always learning,—that the recent report in the VARSITY of Mr. M. Rouse's lecture before the Modern Language Club did not do justice to the lecturer in any particular. Whatever we may think of Mr. Rouse's theories or of the evidence which he brings to support them, this much is certain, several of them are quite original. Thus Mr. Rouse claims to have formed a chromatic scale of the vowels, to have discovered the identity in the vowel sounds used by widely severed nations to express the same emotions, and to have established an analogy by classification between consonants and musical instruments.—EDITOR.]

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The first regular meeting for the present term was held on Tuesday evening, in the School of Practical Science, Prof. R. Ramsay Wright presiding. The General Committee of the Association reported having appointed a sub-committee to act with the Conversation Committee.

Mr. A. B. McCallum, B.A., opened the literary part of the programme by his report on the Development of the Nucleus in the Animal and Vegetable Cell.

The President, at the close of this paper, drew attention to the vast strides and the many discoveries the science of biology had made by the aid of the microscope during the last ten years.

Prof. W. H. Pike, Ph. D., next read an essay on "The position of science in an ideal system of education." The paper may be said to be an abstract of the views promulgated by Herbert Spencer. How to live in its truest and fullest sense should be the end of education. Self-preservation direct and indirect; the rearing of children and parental duties; good citizenship; and, finally, accomplishments and tastes, should all find a place in an ideal system. The Professor pointed out that science, *i. e.*, organized knowledge, alone could fully, on all these matters, educate. A subject might be studied for the knowledge to be gained or the discipline of mind to be derived, or from both motives, and subjects differ as to their relative values as looked at from this aspect, but all knowledge—studied from whatever object—to be of practical benefit must be organized.

Prof. Wright said the powers of observation were neglected in the present system of education. He emphasized strongly the cultivation of the habit of accurate observation, and for this end showed how drawing was of great value.

Mr. Wm. Houston, M.A., bore his testimony to the labours of Profs. Pike and Wright in improving the University curriculum.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular weekly meeting was held in Moss Hall, on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Mr. James Ross conducted the meeting. He took for a topic "Opportunities," basing his remarks on 1 Corinthians vi. : 19-20: "Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you? And ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price: glorify God therefore in your body."

We are to glorify God by imitating Christ. But we must be careful how we do this. We are not to imitate Him in externals or in incidentals, but are to try to be actuated by the Spirit that was in Him. We are to imitate Him in being active workers. There are two sides to Christianity—a positive and a negative side.

The latter is apt to be looked upon by many people as the more important. But it is not best to be always rooting up weeds and purifying the ground, we must sow it with wheat that it may result in profit. And so we must cultivate the positive side of Christianity and do active work as Christ did, to produce the best results. We must not shrink from mingling with the world, nor from accepting positions of trust in it because we are afraid it may interfere with our spiritual life, but must make our influence in social life as telling as possible, and it will help to strengthen ourselves. "I pray not that they be taken out of the world, but that thou wouldst keep them from the evil that is in the world."

Mr. Cole, the Secretary of the Toronto Y. M. C. A., was present to urge that a good representation be sent from the University Association to the Y. M. C. A. Conference which is to be held in Hamilton next month. Messrs. Owen, Duncan, Scott, and Hume were appointed as delegates to the Convention.

The new building will, in all probability, be opened the first week in March, and it is expected that Mr. Studd, the Cambridge revivalist, and Mr. Wishard, from New York, will be present.

Editor's Table.

CHARLES DARWIN, BY GRANT ALLEN.

This admirable little work presents to us Darwin, not so much in the elaborate full-length portrait which hangs on academic walls, as in a series of deftly pencilled sketches. A few vivid and characteristic touches reveal the man as he lived and worked, with familiar objects about him. We see him, the young naturalist, as he stands on the deck of the "Beagle," among the Antarctic islands; and, anon, we see him pushing his way through the tangled mazes of tropical forests. Again, we hear him saying, as he surveys the wonderful varieties of life exhibited in the Galapagos islands:—"One is astonished at the amount of creative force, if such an expression may be used, displayed in these small barren and rocky islands; and still more so, at its diverse yet analogous action on points so near each other." Words which, erstwhile, roused up the "Drum Ecclesiastic," but which only make the thoughtful rejoice, for a more lofty height of human thought is reached as we endeavour farther to push back the final cause. Again, Darwin is presented to us in his study as he writes the "Origin of Species," and formulates his theory of "Natural Selection," or, to use Herbert Spencer's paraphrase, "The survival of the fittest," that key which unlocks the chamber which hid in its recesses the greatest secrets of evolutionary biology, and gives us the *modus operandi* of development. As the new light bursts in, one might well be startled by the vast number of unexplained enigmas, which were long hidden under the potentiality of the creative fiat. The confident authority which represented the mysterious transformation of the embryo, and the presence of rudimentary organs in animals as a poor effort of Nature to maintain a seeming uniformity she had not at heart, is met by Darwin and by him forever vanquished. Nature must be credited with something more practical than endeavoring to stamp her newest works with the age marks of antiquity, as the silversmith now cunningly imitates the battered and well-nigh broken specimens of a hundred years ago. Mr. Allen gives us a brief *resumé* of Charles Darwin's greatest works—the "Origin of Species," and the "Descent of Man." He puts in clear and succinct, yet characteristic phrase the general scope of these two great works. As Mr. Allen says, biology is the living and moving science of the present day, as astronomy was in the sixteenth century—"the growing-point of European development." This being the case, no one can fail to welcome this most charming monograph from so gifted a pen as that of Mr. Grant Allen, when the theme is the foremost name among the many illustrious workers in this foremost branch of modern science.

"COLLEGE SONGS."

In everything that enters into the make-up of acceptable College Song books, those published by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, are unquestionably superior to all others. "Carmina Collegensia,"* an elegant volume, containing a complete collection of American and foreign student songs, at once took its place as the song book *par excellence* years ago. Not long ago, to meet the demand for a cheaper edition, this house issued "Student Life in Song,"† with a charming introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, and containing choice selections from the larger book, including all of its foreign and miscellaneous songs. To these favourite books has been added a third. This book, "College Songs,"‡ is unquestionably the best as well as cheapest of its kind. It contains not only a selection of the best "old songs," but a splendid collection of new songs recently introduced in college circles. One of the best features of this, and the books first mentioned, is that all of the solos have piano accompaniments.

*\$3.00, †\$1.50, ‡50 cents.

Drift.

There was no possibility of a recompense for him, not even in the encomiums of discriminating friends, nor in the satisfaction of tutored feelings and a practiced spiritual discernment; for he was an uncouth creature and densely ignorant. The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to the best that nature can do in her higher moods.—CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

BY-AND-BYE.

Farewell, bright dawns and perfume-laden airs,
Faint with the breath of roses newly blown,
Warm, slumbrous noons when sleep our haunting cares,
Long summer days and nights, too swiftly flown.
With sighs and sad regrets we saw you go;
Why did you leave us, who had loved you so?

'Neath sapphire skies, by starry hedgerows sweet,
Laced with pearled threads of gossamer, we went;
Wild summer blooms beneath our wandering feet,
And summer in our hearts, on love intent.
'I will return,' you said, "when roses blow."
That time you said good-bye, a year ago.

But I alone have seen them bloom and die,
While you have passed beyond the shadows here
Into the light. I'll follow by and-bye.
Meanwhile I wait, and hold the roses dear,
And summer sacred for the love I bear,
Until we meet again, some day, somewhere.

—Spectator.

Bibliolatry, the worship of the Bible, is responsible for the lack of the reasonable reverence these sacred writings merit. This reasonable reverence can be recovered only by frankly putting away the unreasonable reverence. We must exorcise a superstition to save a faith. We must part with the unreal Bible if we would hold the real Bible. Iconoclasm is not pleasant to any but the callow youth. It may be none the less needful; and then the sober man must shrink from shivering the most sacred shrine.—HEBER NEWTON, in *The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible*.

When I looked at the poor deputy book-keeper's rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eyes and white hair, I used to hope that his poverty had not turned his head, for he was very forlorn. But one Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a

soft, bright day, the fields and hills lay turned to the sky as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon further away. As we strolled along, picking wild flowers, for it was summer, Titbottom suddenly exclaimed:—

"Thank God! I own this landscape."

"You!" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property?"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the wood, or those ghosts of hills, that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape."

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever. This was a marvellous book-keeper of more than sixty!—From *Prue and I*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Communications.

ACOUSTICS OF CONVOCATION HALL.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR:—In view of the large expenditure which as usual will be made this year for a musical entertainment at our annual conversazione, I think something should be done towards improving the acoustic properties of Convocation Hall, in order that our labor and money may lead to a satisfactory result. As it is at present, a musical or literary programme nearly amounts to a farce, owing to the echoes from the many peaks and corners. I should like to draw the attention of the Conversazione Committee to the following plan for improvement in this respect. I owe my information to a distinguished graduate in mathematics, who informs me that not only is the scheme borne out in theory, but it has been tried with perfect success. All that is necessary is to drape the upper end of the hall in the form of a paraboloid of revolution, having its focus in the centre of the platform, and its axis a straight line from this point to the centre of the hall; the *latus rectum* of the generating curve being chosen with a view to appearances only. By a well-known property of this surface, all sounds incident from the focus (singer or speaker) would be reflected parallel to the axis, thus obviating the possibility of an echo. It is confidently asserted that if this were done the slightest whisper on the platform would be distinctly heard in the gallery.

I do not speak of the details. They could not cause any difficulty. The draping need not be unsightly. A little care would render it artistic. Nor need the expense be large. Perhaps the Mathematical and Physical Society might take this up, and show the triumph of science when applied to art.

GORDON WALDRON.

THE CANADIAN WINTER.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

SIR,—In a late number of the *Brooklyn Eagle* the gifted writer who lectured in this city last week recounts his recent experiences in Toronto with all the clever Burdettesque humor peculiar to himself. While we thoroughly enjoy what he says, I think that Canadians should begin to protest against being spoken of always as shivering dwellers in the frozen North. I have, until now, believed that Mark Twain is, as he proudly boasts himself to be, the greatest of liars; but when Burdette says that he was the only man

in Ontario without a fur cap, fur overcoat and fur boots, I begin to have faith in him too, for I can solemnly assure you, sir, that on the night of the lecture I had no more fur about me than a brindle cat brings home with her after a hard-fought night-long battle on the wood-shed.

With regard to tobogganning, on which Burdette expatiates at great length, I beg to submit that it has no more claim to be considered the peculiar national sport of Canadians, than draw poker has; personally, I prefer poker, in my hours of ease, to whizzing down the toboggan slide. Moreover, I wish to remark that, outside the lithographs which go with the holiday numbers of our enterprising journals, the Canadian girl, so far as I have observed, is not overmuch given to arranging herself in the barbaric grandeur of Hudson Bay blankets and snowshoes; nor, unless, of course, there is some one by to admire the "effect," is she fond of posing on a hill-side, a flushed beauty in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, with toboggans in the back-ground.

It is an unfortunate peculiarity of the Canadian winter that on the coming of a literary man, note-book in hand, it puts itself about to give him due welcome with a hyperborean tornado of snow and hail. We trust that Bob Burdette will visit again these "desolate regions of thick-ribbed ice." Let him come unexpectedly and without his note-book; so timing his flight from the eery of the *Brooklyn Eagle* as to reach Toronto in July or August. He will wish devoutly that it did not offend against the prophesies to strut around like that blameless Ethiopian whose apparel was made up of a high hat and the pair of gaiters which a good and zealous missionary had given him for learning to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

AMERICUS.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

To the Editor of the VARSITY:

The only circumstance which has hitherto detracted from the complete success of our Conversazione is the excessive greatness of the number of persons in attendance. Of course I speak of excessive greatness in a relative sense, referring to the extent of the accommodation which we can offer our guests. In Convocation Hall the crowd is so dense that it becomes positively disagreeable to those who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to gain admittance to that part of the building at all. For I suppose that fully one-fourth of those who attend the Conversazione are crowded out of the hall entirely, and hear nothing of either of the two concerts there. All this is a very serious drawback on the character of our great annual entertainment, and it is a matter which is worthy of the earnest consideration of the committee. May I be permitted to suggest that the evil can be prevented in future without any financial loss to the Society—if the complimentary list be thoroughly revised and very much abbreviated. I can see no reason for treating the general aristocratic public to a free entertainment at the cost of great discomfort to our intimate friends. As an old member of the Society I protest against such an absurd and irrational custom.

Here is another matter. I think that those members of the committee who advocate a recognition at our Conversazione of the claims of Canadian talent, are to be commended. I differ entirely from the statement of Mr. Hodgins, that the only objection that has been raised to foreign singers was on the ground of expense. That is not it at all. The great objection is to this provincial habit of running off to some foreign land for bebuffed and over-advertised performers, while we lack the self-reliance and discrimination to seek out and appreciate the talent of our own country. It is the old story of a prophet and his country; but it is to be hoped that in our new Dominion we shall soon outgrow that puerility. Let us cultivate a little more national self-respect. So long as we distrust and belittle ourselves in this way we cannot expect any different treatment from other nations.

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Sunday, Jan. 31.
Evening subjects—"Personal Power,"
A word to ambitious young men.

Di-Varsities.

"Have you any copies of 'Prometheus Bound?'" "No," replied the proprietor, "but I will order you a copy of Prometheus and have it bound as cheaply as possible."

"Step right into the parlor, and make yourself at home," said the nine-year-old son of the editor, to his sister's best young man. "Take the rocking-chair, and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up stairs, and won't be down for some time yet,—has to make up her form, you know, before going to press."

Sunday-school Teacher—"Do you know who built the ark?" Small Boy—"Naw." S. S. T.—"Correct." Small boy wonders.

Edwin Booth has been lecturing at Johns Hopkins University.

Harvard can, by vote of its Faculty on the 6th, play foot-ball next year.

Johns Hopkins is to have a physical laboratory and observatory to cost \$100,000.

Secretary Bayard will deliver the commencement address at the University of Kansas.

The Freshman class at Oxford numbers 610, that of Cambridge 865.

PAT DONAN AT THE TENNESSEE BANQUET.—Earth's two greatest oceans, three thousand miles apart, shall roll in thundering oratorio their echo of the high and glad refrain; the vastest gulfs and grandest lakes in all creation shall join the chant; river after river, huge rolling floods, shall conspire to swell the giant paean; Superior's waves, old Mississippi's torrents, Niagara's misty thunders shall roll far and wide; the hurricane, crashing through ten thousand gorges, from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, from the Adirondacks to the Sierras, shall chime it; the raging blizzards, hurling six inch hailstones on sky-bounded and horizon-fenced Nebraskan plains, shall whistle and rattle it; the catamount shall shriek it, the prairie wolf shall howl it, the lone owlet hoot it, and the grizzly bear shall growl it; and the burden of it shall be "America for the Americans! One country, one flag, zwei lager from Greenland's icy mountains to Darien's golden strands! E Pluribus Unum! Erin Go Bragh! Now, henceforth, and forevermore, world without end.—Amen, a-women!"

The above recalls to our mind the effusion of a Toronto alderman at a St. Louis banquet, in a speech in response to the toast, "Canada," "Canada" he said "is bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the eternal and annual equinox, on the south by infinite space, and on the west by the day of judgment."

Boston Courier: First dude—You look wather pale, Cholly, me boy.
Second dude—Yaas. I feel wathaw offish.
Got vaccinated yestawday.
F. D.—Ah! Did it hurt?
S. D.—No. I took ether, ye know.

A class in Maylayan is a new experiment at Cornell University.

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Money to Loan.

The University of Pennsylvania is very much absorbed in the Greek play which it will put on the stage in the spring.

"Father," said a young son of Deacon Squibbs, "what is the difference between a man that dies wool on lambs and an editor?" "Well, now, really, my son," beaming benignly on his offspring, "I am not prepared to state. What is the difference?" "Why pa, one is a lamb dyer and the other is a—" "What? What? my son?" "An editor," continued the youth, rolling his tongue around in his cheek.

Senator Stanford's scheme for the establishment in California of a great university has been made public. His range at Palo Alto, near Menlo Park, about thirty miles from San Francisco, has been selected as the site. The several buildings comprising the university will be on the general plan of a parallelogram, and will be constructed so as to permit additions being made as the necessities of the institution may require. Senator Stanford will donate to the university, his Palo Alto, Gridley and Vina properties, worth \$5,300,000. To this he will add a money donation, so as to make the total endowment of the university \$20,000,000.

"Religion in College," is the subject of a debate between Presidents Eliot and McCosh to be given before the University Club at New York, Feb. 9.

At a recent Sunday School meeting, a long winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down the leader of the meeting unwittingly announced the hymn beginning, "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

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