



UNIVERSITY

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FEBRUARY 21, 1885

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# THE 'VARSITY:

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

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## THE 'VARSITY.

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## Editorial Notes.

OWING to lack of space, there was omitted a part of our report of the *Conversazione* in our issue of last week. We desire to rectify that omission, and to give Mr. M. S. Mercer, the President of the Glee Club and convener of the Music Committee, the credit which our report should have given him for the able manner in which his duties were performed. Those who know the facts well know to how great an extent the success of the cantata and concert was due to his efficient management, and at what expenditure of time and trouble that efficiency was attained.

IT is stated by the public press that the famous English *litterateur*, Edmund Gosse, who is now lecturing in the United States, did not have the advantage of a college education in his special subject. Perhaps it was just as well for him, as things go, that he escaped this so-called advantage. He appears to have had naturally an unusual fondness for literary study, which he was thus able to gratify. But we fancy that if he had taken a college course of Craik, Bain and the rest, he would have "got over all that." He might have survived the process, in which case he would probably have come out a newspaper critic or a magazine hack, but it is probable that long before the course was over the literary life would have been quite crushed out of him.

A Pleasant memento of the regard for his Alma Mater has recently been received by President Wilson from an old student. Mr. John Wilkie, who proceeded to the degree of B.A. in the university examinations of 1875, is now a missionary in India. In the course of his labours there he resided for a time in one of the districts on the southern slope of the Himalayas, and now forwards as an addition to the College herbarium an interesting collection of Himalayan ferns. Mr. Wilkie's own field of missionary labour is in Central India, but the collection now referred to was made during a visit to the mountain district of Sikkim. This lower range of the hill-country is characterized by a rich temperate flora, and the fifty species of fern and lycopode collected by Mr. Wilkie, both from British and Independent Sikkim, are valuable illustrations of an interesting

branch of the native flora. We welcome this pleasant remembrance of a student of former years. The men of his year will be specially gratified thus to hear of his good works, both as a Christian missionary in the far East and as one who can there turn to practical account the fruits of the scientific training received from his Alma Mater. The President, as we learn, has also in prospect the contribution to his own special collection of a box of skulls of the Blackfeet and Blood Indians, forwarded from Fort McLeod, in the North-West Territory, by a well-known member of the last graduating class, Mr. W. P. McKenzie. We commend the example thus set by Mr. Wilkie and Mr. McKenzie to the graduates at home and abroad.

AS the season of election excitement and party bitterness will soon be again upon our University public, a very appropriate suggestion was made the other day by an old member of the Literary Society. Party spirit, he said, must no longer be allowed to dominate over reason, and a determined effort should be made by all the members of the Society, who have its best interests at heart, to secure the election of persons who can show a much better claim to office than that they are the puppets of a party. If any indication of a party feeling manifests itself in the coming elections, a few active members holding the above opinions should at once organize themselves into an Independence party, the members of which should simply pledge themselves to oppose corruption and to give both their votes and their influence to the best man for the office, entirely independent of party considerations. Of course it would be understood that every individual should exercise his own judgment as to who was the best man, otherwise the evil would only be increased by the formation of a third party. In short, the basis of the new party should be the substitution of honest individual judgment for party dictation. And if, as sometimes has happened, neither of the parties at present existing should make a suitable nomination for an office, then the Independents should immediately put a new candidate into the field and exert themselves in every honorable way to secure his election.

A Protest was recently made in our hearing by a distinguished graduate against the requisition by the University Senate of attendance at some affiliated college as the condition of granting a degree. The gentleman stated that if the candidate passed the prescribed examinations it surely made no difference to the Senate whether he had attended lectures on the subjects or not. But it appears to us that our friend does not fully comprehend the situation. The Senate, in conferring the degree, stamp the recipient as a university man—as one who has in their opinion received to a greater or less extent a liberal education. But the members of the Senate are well aware that the mere ability to pass examinations is by no means a guarantee that the condition has been attained in the case of the examinee. Nor is there any other means by which this matter can be accurately tested where the number of candidates is at all large. The Senate rightly consider, however, that the contact of mind with mind, which three or four years of college life implies, is the means best adapted to produce the desired mental condition, and we think they do right to take the only available method of providing that this contact is actually effected. We do not in this connection attach the chief importance merely to the few hours of mental

intercourse between students and professors (for this is in some cases rather mechanical than mental), but to the influence of mental contact among students themselves, which is so much more powerful than the other because of the greater sympathy which exists between a student and his fellows. The Senate will be wise to maintain its present position in this matter, except in the very few exceptional cases where there is strong presumptive evidence that the required education has been attained outside of the university course altogether.

THE project of erecting a Y. M. C. A. building is now before the undergraduates in its most tangible form. They are asked to contribute. It will soon be seen whether the scheme is to succeed or fail. If the students, and more especially the members of the Association, contribute liberally, the zeal of the promoters of the scheme will be strengthened and they, having done their level best, will have some grounds for calling the financial gods outside to their aid. If, however, liberal contributions are not forthcoming, it is more than doubtful that the efforts of the committee will be able to counteract the ill effects of such lukewarmness. If those most interested in the success of the scheme are indifferent, it is scarcely to be expected that others will do much towards carrying it through. Should even a fair proportion of the sum expected from the students this year—one thousand dollars—be realized, it may be taken as an augury that next October will find a handsome and commodious building near Moss Hall. To raise the whole of the required eight thousand dollars will be a difficult task, to do so this year an impossible one, but for doing what can be done there is no one of whom we can be surer than the President of the Association. What alone we regret about the scheme is that the other college clubs and societies have not had enough energy to advocate, nor the Y. M. C. A. sufficient disinterestedness to initiate, the erecting of common society buildings. The success of the present project kills all hope of such for some time to come. It is a remarkable feature of the scheme that a Society possessing a membership, small compared with that of the Literary Society, and no greater than two or three other college associations, should alone have the energy to set about obtaining suitable Society rooms.

THE Conversazione is over. Whatever opinions there are as to its success or failure, all are tolerably agreed on one thing—there is a deficit. This had been fully expected. Money had been spent so lavishly that it was felt that even the considerable increase in the price of the tickets would be an inefficient remedy. After duly considering whom to give the deficit to, the Conversazione Committee, thinking they had most claim on it, voted it in equal proportions to themselves. This would certainly be a commendable step if future committees would regard it as a precedent by which they were to be guided. Should this occur, there is every probability of having in the future a more economic administration of funds. A deficit is not the most desirable feature of a conversazione and should be dispensed with as often as possible. Yet, considerably to advance the price of tickets is an unsafe means to avoid it, and tends to bring about disagreeable results. The conversazione is strictly an undergraduate affair, and is successful only in proportion to the participation of themselves and their friends in it. Above all, it should be prevented from becoming merely a fashionable social event which it is the thing to attend. Nothing would be more regretted than that we should be forced to an open sale of tickets to realize funds, and certainly we were dangerously near that this year. We shall be still nearer next year if we go on letting one conversazione vie with another. By observing some degree of economy it will be easy to avoid a deficit without resorting to such means. Certainly the list of complimentary tickets, now utterly swollen out of all proportions to the number of ordinary tickets, should be thoroughly revised. We assume that there will be a conversazione next year, for, in spite of all our correspondent has said, this is our only "at home" to our friends, and so neither trouble nor expense will be obstacles to its continued existence.

#### THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

IN no department of human progress has there been in recent years a greater general advance than in the department of literature. It is not simply that more good books are published, but that their cheapness and general excellence places them within the reach of so many persons that literary taste of various degrees of perfection is being created and cultivated throughout even entire nations. While we see, undoubtedly, certain grievous evils in connection with this movement, yet those who have faith in humanity will look upon these merely as incidental to the transition from darkness to intellectual light, and will confidently expect to see them disappear—as indeed their worst forms are now disappearing—in proportion as the transition has been accomplished.

But there is one particular in this connection in which it is exceedingly to be regretted that not only has no advance been made but a positive retrogression appears to be going on. We refer to the methods by which English literature is studied and taught in by far the greater number of schools and colleges—University College, alas! not being an exception. It is distressing to any right-minded person to observe that the very name of English literature in academic language has become perverted. It means to the student mind a mere text-book in which Craik, or some other equally incapable individual, has set down certain facts and opinions which students are forced into learning under the monstrous delusion that they are thereby acquiring an education in English literature. The delusion has again and again been exposed by irrefutable arguments, and it is continually being exposed by the lamentable deficiencies of the so-called English scholars which this system of learning produces; but the error still flourishes with fatal persistence. Its upholders fly in the face of all the principles of psychology and common sense. The old Latin philosopher said "*quaere fontes*," but modern English instructors take their students anywhere but to "the fountains." If they can only find some old cistern instead, however broken and dry (one that never held any water and never could hold any, is all the better) they seem to be satisfied. Is it impossible for them to see that it would be as rational to expect one of their students to learn swimming by reading works on hydrodynamics, as to learn English literature by reading books filled mainly with petty details, not even about literature, but largely about the persons who made literature?

The excessive study of books on literature and annotated texts is directly encouraged, and to a degree necessitated, by the improper style of questions set by unwise examiners. Such examining and such teaching are based on a radical misconception as to what true education in any subject really is. The excellence of education does not consist in knowing a thing, but rather in the mental exercise and development which the process of attaining that knowledge should require. There is no royal road to learning even through annotated texts, and the student who relies on these is simply not a learned man, no matter what his diploma may state concerning him. For the acquisition of a genuine education in English literature, a good dictionary and an encyclopædia are the only necessities apart from the bare works of the authors themselves.

Moreover, what an education in intellectual dishonesty is acquired in this process of learning by rote the names and criticisms of books which the student never read! For critical knowledge has in itself no essential value whatsoever. It is only valuable so long as it indicates a familiar acquaintance with the works criticised, and in such a case its acquisition is a mere incident of the process of education. But when the pretension of critical knowledge has been made the essence of a system, let us not say of education but of cramming, the climax of folly has been reached, and it is quite reasonable to expect the consequences to be intellectually disastrous.

But college instructors in English (we mean not simply the professors who teach, but the examiners and members of Senate who "set the lessons") err not simply in the matter of their instruction, but even more grievously in the method adopted. It is the primary canon in respect to the unknown. Our instructors, however, prefer another method. They start from nowhere in particular and proceed in the same direction. And if they ultimately reach a place with the same designation—as they frequently do—is it to be wondered at? They might perceive, if they looked closely, that there can be no hopeful education without an awakening of interest in the mind of the learner, and that this can only be done by placing him in close contact first with the living, throbbing literature of his own day, whose kinship with his own spiritual life will soon assert itself and develop an intense interest in their common ancestry. This is the true condition of intellectual as well as of physical life and growth. There must be hunger before there can be healthy nourishing; any attempt at forcing will surely lead to intellectual dyspepsia. And this disease is more widely spread than may be sup-

posed. The great majority of graduates have become so thoroughly sickened of the authors they studied at college that they never afterwards look into them. A lamentable state of affairs certainly, but one which undoubtedly exists, and will continue to exist until some radical change is effected in the modes of teaching and examining in this subject. Let the Senate inaugurate the reform by some sweeping changes in the new curriculum now under consideration, and the instructions to examiners, and it may be depended upon that the colleges will not long remain behind.

### "AUX EAUX MORTES."

BY "THE HEAVY MAN."

MURRAY BAY, about ninety miles below Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, is well known to Canadian holiday makers. It is a perfect resting-place for the overworked, and a good centre of operations for those who seek more active pleasures with rod and gun. Its immediate surroundings are picturesque if not grand, and its quaint Scotch-French *habitans* afford interesting studies of the peasant life of days gone by. But our theme is to be more adventurous.

It was a hot August morning of 1884, when our party gathered at Pointe au Pic—the "quartier des Anglais"—to start for the fabulous regions of the *Eaux Mortes*. The "*Eaux Mortes*," or "Dead Waters," are a succession of quiet reaches on the Murray River, divided far back among the mountains—seldom visited by un-moccasined feet, and the favourite location for all incredible fish and bear stories.

The distance to the *Eaux Mortes*, by a short-cut over the mountains, was variously estimated by the natives at "Dix à quinze lieues." But how much ground one may find to be covered by "ten to fifteen leagues" in that mountain region is an open question. A French Canadian "*lieue*" is as elastic as an Irish mile, and stretches indefinitely when the inequalities of the ground require it. We judged that the figures of our actual mileage would be between 30 and 100, and experience proved that this estimate was approximately correct.

Our party consisted of "M'sieu W—," in command, his cousins H— and E—, and the "three Georges." "M'sieu W—," who had spent every summer since boyhood at Murray Bay, was an adept in woodcraft, and a thorough "voyageur." The rest were of various degrees of seasoning and experience. The "train" comprised two "planches" (double-seated buckboards) and one "charrette," or hay-cart, with their motive power and drivers—Joseph, Billy (a surname and not a contraction for William), and Pommereau. Paul du Chêne—commonly called "Le Noc"—the "gardien" of the river and a famous old bear-hunter, was also to give us the benefit of his local knowledge in return for a lift in the cart. A little dry, gray, Irish-faced man he was, certainly over sixty, and possibly over seventy—but as lively as a cricket, and as ready as ever to set off alone into the mountains with his gun and pack, in search of his favourite game.

The French Canadian charrette is much like its cousin the Red River cart, though it generally has some iron in its composition. Ours had a whole axle of that rare metal. Pommereau's charrette made a comical picture as it set off in advance. W—'s Peterborough canoe was strapped bottom upward on top of the hay-rack, its bow projecting far over the back of the mare "La Graue"—of whom more anon. Pommereau sat well forward beneath it amongst the camp kit—"voyageant comme un m'sieu," as he said—while Le Noc smoked his pipe under the shade of the stern. As the equipage ascended some little hill it looked from behind just like a tortoise on wheels—La Graue's projecting head and Le Noc's dangling legs giving it the finishing touches.

Coasting the bay for a mile or two we reached the "French village"—properly known as Malbaie—clustered around the mouth of the Murray River. This is the site of one of the oldest settlements in Canada, but, as the earlier houses were wooden, few remain which are more than certenarians. Yet the perfect individuality of style in the existing buildings, and the lofty indifference to alignment which marks their locality, give the place a picturesque air. Projecting gables meet you at every corner. Fine warm tints of brown thatch and weathered pine mix with the smartness of trim white cottages and green jalousies. The enclosures are ornamented alternately with stone ovens on their foundations of crossed logs, and the little toy summer houses which are the delight of the French bourgeois. In every garden plot the tobacco towers luxuriant amongst old-fashioned flowers of gaudy hue.

Spanking through the village "*au grand trot*" we ascended the fertile valley of the Murray for several miles. A perfect picture it was of pastoral beauty—long gentle slopes leading right and left up to the enclosing mountain ridges, plaided with squares of green and yellow fields, and beautified with dark green forests. In front the solid-looking mountain wall that seemed to block up the valley, gradually separated and opened up endless vistas as we advanced. Soon we turned to our left and ascended a spur of the ridge that lay between us and the elevated basin of Ste. Agnès.

Here the whole valley lay before us—the amphitheatre of the "*Trou*," on the other side, with its cliffs and waterfalls—the wayward course of the river below—and close at hand the dark green cone of the *Montagne des Morts* rising in gloomy grandeur from the water side. Tradition tells not the origin of its ill-omened name, but it seems the fitting monument of slaughtered braves or lost and famished hunters.

From the brow of the ridge we caught a glimpse of "Petit Lac"—a gem of a lake about a mile long, nestling up to the mountains which shadow it on the north, but bordered on the south by rich farm lands. Descending to its level by a succession of breakneck gallops, we passed on by its border, and along the stream that connects it with "Grand Lac"—a lake about three times the size of its little sister, and similarly environed. The mountains

beyond Grand Lac growing higher and more rugged, the views from the lake are magnificent in outline and colour and their effect is heightened by the contrast with the opposite fertile slopes of Ste. Agnès.

In the dim distance rise the "*Montagnes des Ours*," the habitat of bears and blueberries, and the happy hunting grounds of native *chasseurs*. At their feet lie a chain of pretty little lakes—*Lac Boily*, *Lac Long* and *Lac du Pied des Monts*—famed for their trout. The two just described are also well worth fishing, though sadly injured by seining.

But we were bound for wilder scenes, and, leaving the lakes on our left, struck off over deep and sandy roads up to the narrow valley which leads to "Boily's." Boily's is the last house on the travelled road, and we were to leave the *planches* and their horses in his care, taking the charrette on with us as far as the trail would permit. Billy and Joseph also accompanied us as cooks, porters, and general assistants. Lunch was a welcome episode, while old Boily told us of his farming, and the ravages of the bears in the sheepfold. Judging from the appearance of the old black ram—with a head like a Rocky mountain "Bighorn," or the sign of Aries in the almanac—who was strolling about the barnyard, the bears about Boily's must be "well plucked 'uns."

A couple of miles further brought us to the brow of a tremendous *côte* which was to be the end of our journeying on wheels. The *planches* were sent back in charge of Boily & Son—coats were thrown off—belts tightened—and away we went with the feeling that this, at last, was something like roughing it.

And roughness we had to our full satisfaction from that time forth! We were yet, to be sure, following a sort of road—or rather the half-healed scar of the long desired road to the upper Saguenay—but it was merely a way cleared through the woods "o'er rock and dell" as nature left it. The *côte* was really a mountain side, and led us into a pretty little valley with no signs of human life except an empty log-house and a deserted clearing. We did not wait to see how *La Graue* managed the headlong descent, but long after we lost sight of her we could hear the storm of sound that attended her progress. A French Canadian carter always makes noise enough in such circumstances—but here were three of them all engaged more or less in exhorting "the Serious One!" "Hue! Hue!! HUE!!!—Arrier! Arrier!!—who-a, who-ah donc!—Sac-r-r-r- hue donc! ah la graue—ye! Such and other unspellable outcries, screamed in quivering voices, might lead one to suppose that the mare was dancing a can-can amongst the debris of cart and kit, and belaboured by the whole party. But when we caught a glimpse of the *convoy* on an exposed spot—lo, "*La Graue*" was picking her way with the calmest deliberation, and the utmost contempt for the yelling squad who brought up the rear!

All "downs" have their respective "ups," and on the long ascent which succeeded to this valley, Monsieur W— and his cousins with Le Noc, began to gain rapidly on the softer Georges, who jogged along steadily at such pace as the heavier of the three was capable of. This George began to realize what nonsense it is to talk of the "light springy step of the mountaineer." He found by experience that people who climb mountains put up one heavy and unelastic hoof, and, after getting a safe foothold, painfully drag the other after them, to repeat the toilsome operation. They also stop very often to admire the view or light a pipe—or for any decent excuse whatever, and certainly the views from successive ridges did, in this case, offer very decent excuses indeed.

But, above all, we mountaineers felt bound to stop at every spring—and their name was legion—and fill up like camels for the next stage. And the abnormal absorption which we found to be possible would have been enough to convince us that some camel-like development of our internal arrangements had taken place had not each sparkling "*source*" awakened as intense thirst as the last. We could trace our pioneers by the neat little birch-bark dippers of Le Noc's manufacture that we found still wet at each of these wayside shrines.

We had been told that our day's tramp of eight (india-rubber) miles was to end at "*Lac du Pont de Gérôme*," so we hailed with joy the first gleam of water that appeared at the end of a long *côte*. But, alas, it was only the Murray River at the "Portage" with its dry and shrunken ferry-boats lying half hidden in weeds on either shore. Realizing from this disappointment that we were beginning to tire, and that the day was beginning to wane, we put new energy into our pace as we breasted the next hill-side. This surmounted, we hurried through the light timber of the ridge, and on the next descent an undeniable lake came into view in the depths below. A three-fold shout brought a reply from the advance guard, and we were not long in joining them on the flat rock where they were putting up their rods. This little lake is shallow, and its bottom seemed covered to a considerable depth by a thick deposit of trout, to whom an artificial fly was an irresistible novelty. Fifteen minutes fishing made our supper "a sure thing," and, ere darkness stopped the slaughter, we had quite lost count of our catch. The fish were not large—running from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound—but lively on the hook, and of a sweet savor in the pan. Long before the last was landed "*La Graue*" and her following had arrived, and the earliest victims were frizzling in good hog's fat. As night closed we sat or lolled on the fragrant spruce boughs that formed at once our carpet and table, and began our well-earned supper.

Supper in camp—what a meal it is! It is the climax to which all the day's experiences have led up—the utter satisfaction of all the yearnings that have had to be suppressed while work remained to be done. A meal? Nay, a symposium—an apotheosis of eatables! An apotheosis of drinkables, too—or rather of the one drinkable that is the special nectar of the camp fire. Tea, in civilization, is provocative chiefly of gossip and indigestion. But in camp, when its very soul is drawn out in rich aroma by the crackling birch bark and the hot pine cones, and when infinite trout and bacon have kindled an all-consuming thirst, then tea is all its sweet sympathetic self. It rests, and soothes, and warms, and quenches, and beguiles us into utter self-



satisfaction. Surely it was in the nomadic state of existence that the Tartar was brought into rapport with the tea-spirit, the natural solace of the wanderer!

After the libation comes the incense. When all lie sated and dreamy around the camp fire, the Indian's gift is brought forth to complete the spell begun by the Asian cup. High thoughts and merry conceits rise alternately to the brain. Jokes, and sentiments, and negro melodies, and old *chansons* of France and of Canada, jostle one another in airy flight among the smoke wreaths. Finally the fragrant *sapins* are re-adjusted, the blanket is lazily wrapped round each sleepy figure, an improvised pillow is arranged, and then follows an utter blank of consciousness till dawn restores it.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR PARIS LETTER.

WHAT a slow coach thought was a century ago. A month or two to cross the ocean, no faster than we could do it ourselves! And how we used to admire and envy Night and Day and old Time as they cantered round the zones. A magnificent team the old man had. How proud we were of him. We used to call him Father; and we burnt or strangled any who tried to get up from under the heels of his steeds and beat the old man by a stolen march on the devil's wings. I don't know how many we burnt. I guess nobody will ever know; for was it to be expected we should keep an account of the favors we gave? Alas, the reverent admiration and submission of those days have gone. How restless people are! a giddiness seems to have fallen over them. From the policeman who orders us to "circulate, gentlemen" (*circulez, messieurs*) to the man of science who observes the wheeling planets, or the whirlwinds, or the unconscious girations of germinating life, and who enunciates the primordial law of circles, from everywhere the order comes to "circulate," and to circulate as fast as our legs and other faculties can do it. Yes, perforce we must get up and dance, old and young, and those even who seem to give the orders, they must dance themselves, circulating and dancing, what giddiness, what torment. Who is the mysterious piper that has set us all agoing? Where is he? Ha, ha, not a rat hole in the country safe, all crawling out, straightening up and joining in the dance! Wherever is it going to lead? We ran stage-coaches off their axles, we explode boilers and roll lightning-express trains off the track. Steam will not do; we seek a Keely motor. Governments must get up and "buzz," and we help them on with dynamite. We fling thin wires across the ocean and clap our hands as our thoughts skip across the dangerous abysses; and we laugh impiously as they race back and forth and shame Night and Day, by doubling and redoubling on those redoubtable coursers. We see that, and two dreadful thoughts, two awful ambitions spring up in our minds. We too, yes, we too, will beat Father Time; and we fling out bribes of millions to inventive genius. Hard at work this genius is now, and soon in mocking triumph we shall ride on the back of Night and Day and have old Time as our coachman; and then we'll kill, yes we'll kill Night and Day and we'll dismiss old Time, and we'll dance on and on, and we'll do and we'll do, and who knows where it will end?

Dear 'VARSITY, it is some such way as this that men talk to-day about progress. Dreamily, deliriously. It has been my intention to talk about intercontinental telegraph communications, the spirit that should govern their use and the spirit that seems to govern that use, with an illustration. How I got switched off on the above meandering by-path, I don't know. Some magic in it. I leave it as a warning. Let us try again.

As I intended at first to remark, the telegraph was a great invention. When they saw it, men shut their eyes (a necessary precaution) and looked out into the future, and they saw wonderful things. They saw Space annihilated; they saw Night and Day robbed of their occupation and wandering helplessly up and down; they saw the world made transparent, as the fairy-books had imagined, and the doings of the inverted men of the Antipodes curiously visible. Men could watch every respiration, and every movement and every thought of those great monsters, the nations, that come and bask like sea-bulls on the surface of the earth. And some who claimed to have a stronger and a farther vision declared that, as they looked on, they beheld a magic transformation. The great beasts grew closer and closer together, and one day clouds of incense rose up over like morning mist, and starry rockets shot up and joyful music swept in tremulous waves over the world, and then the clouds rolled away and built an everlasting rainbow, and we looked at the world and it seemed as if a painful fever had passed away, for the beasts, with their hard coats of steel and their jaws and talons of steel, and their poisonous tongues of flame, had vanished utterly, and then men knew each other and they worked together like brothers, and the world spinning round sung low to herself a new song, the song of happy labour, and soon her last ills left her, and the chills and fevers we call winter and summer cured of themselves, and so, as the storms of wars and revo-

lutions and of rain and snow had ceased, that millennium came upon it which, in fever and sickness, our poor world had so long been dreaming.

#### "CANADA"

"A Russian pedlar, who had arrived at St. Louis, via New York and New Orleans, has died of the cholera. A negro has died of the same disease. The authorities of New York have received a telegram confirming these two facts."—Telegraphic communication to *Le Temps*, Jan. 23, Paris.

And that's how we're realizing it! We live in dreams, they are our normal and natural scenery; it is the facts that always come and astonish us. They are the remarkable perversities of our existence here. If it were not for facts, we would long ago have voyaged to the moon, made excursions to the stars, and poked curious fingers into the vitals of the earth, as well as done a host of other credible things. We have the telegraph, for instance. You know what we would do with it. We have spoken of killing Night and Day, making the world transparent, and fraternizing all men and doctoring up and electrifying the universe. Now look at the little fact we have noted, generalize it and abstract it, and consider the *raison d'être* of the thing, and say if it isn't enough to astonish a person. One's surprise resembles somewhat that of the four Scotchmen who rowed for eight tough hours one dark night to go three miles on smooth water, and who, when morning dawned, saw within three yards of them the post from which they had started and to which they were still tied. The honest Scotchmen made several strong, manly observations on the fact which came to their notice. We should like to do likewise. Patriotic indignation joins with our rough disappointment to compel us. We refrain simply from a feeling of bronchial inadequacy; and we proceed in dulcet tones of clearest reasoning to seek a psychological explanation of the fact. It has a psychological explanation.

Without periphrasis I would say that such things all come from a Boswellian idiosyncrasy we have. The telegraph is not our servant. It is our "Great Man." We go about humbly, note book in hand, and take down everything that falls from his lips. Naturally, when the Great Man finds that we give equal attention to his grunts and old nurse tales and his incivilities as to his most carefully considered observations, he contents himself with giving us the former, as costing him the least trouble. I confess to have had this veneration, this worship. For four months I daily attended the "Great Man," waiting to hear some utterances on my dear Canada. And I even copied down his words on my note-book when he did speak and I give them to you. I copied them down I confess; but only because the insult had cured me of my Boswellianism and I wished to keep that text as a memento. This Boswellianism is a disease more general than we imagine. It is time to have it cured. We must insist that our "Great Man," who is our servant, our slave really, do his best for us at all times. If we insist sternly on that, then perhaps the facts will not have such an astonishing divergence from the course of our dreams. Figures aside, the great educating power, the ocean-cable and indeed the telegraphic system generally, is in need of more intelligent control.

PARIS, Jan. 30, 1885.

Yours, &c., R. BALMER.

#### MUSING.

TO modern eyes,—though yet we own the charm of quaint and olden lay,  
Ringing of the troubadours, and bringing with it to our day  
Floating voices from those times, as when of old, a night in May  
To a casement flowery fragrant breezes bore from Venice bay,  
Voices of the gondoliers, that fainter and fainter die away;  
And the lady at her casement, gazing in a dreamy way,  
At the distant lights upon the water, hears her lover play  
Softly on his lute, as prelude; now a knightly roundelay  
Mellow-voiced he sings, while silvery moonlight streams upon the grey  
Palace garden wall, and dances in the glistening fountain spray:

To modern eyes, I would seem idiotic (as I meant to say,  
*Vide supra*) very idiotic to make such display  
'Neath my lady's window; peradventure, worsted in the fray  
By that valiant modern bull-dog, I might have to crawl away  
O'er the woodshed roof, 'midst cats that chant their nightly roundelay.  
Nathless her bidding is that forthwith I must homage pay  
In good verse, and thus it is that lover-like the live-long day  
I am musing rhymes and metres, till my wits have gone astray,  
And the rhymes, when I have found them, in my empty head won't stay.  
Still I must obey her lightest wishes,—who can say her nay?  
After all my efforts at a sonnet, (fruitless, vain essay)  
I shall have to modernize some ancient ballad, light and gay,  
Written to *Ceritha's Eyes*—and I'll inscribe it, by the way,  
To two modern eyes; your help, O all ye muses, now I pray.

—Ouf.

## University and College News.

**LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.**—There was no literary programme at the meeting last night, the general committee having set apart the evening for the proposed constitutional changes standing. Mr. F. E. Irwin, in accordance with his notice, moved that the Society abolish its prizes to speakers and readers, Mr. Farrish seconding the motion. It was carried without discussion by a vote of 35 to 7. The President, on request, ruled that the change would come into force this year, provided the consent of the College Council could be obtained prior to the date in March set apart for the election. It is understood that the Council meet on the afternoon of the same date. The Society then proceeded to elect a committee to adjudicate on the Society's essays. After the names of several gentlemen had been proposed, Messrs. Houston, Hutton and Keys were chosen.

**Y.M.C.A.**—The usual weekly prayer-meeting was held on Thursday afternoon. Subject: Uncertainty of life. 1 Sam. xx. 3, "There is but a step between me and death." Leader, Mr. T. A. Gibson. The following is a summary of the remarks made: Even the youthful and vigorous life is held on a very uncertain tenure. It is threatened by accident and disease on every hand; of its continuance for even the briefest period we have no assurance. The future we anticipate may never be ours. Only the present can we call our own. At the longest life is very short. It is a mere drop in the ocean of our endless existence. Our days are "swifter than a post." Our life on earth passes more swiftly than "a weaver's shuttle." It is as "a tale that has been told." If all this is true, then it behooves us to make the most of this short life. It should be crowded with earnest efforts to accomplish the end of our creation. Work, while the day lasts, for God and our fellows becomes the duty of those to whom life has been given. Preparation for a higher and nobler life beyond is to be made here. What we are and do now determines our destiny in the hereafter. Only those who are in Christ can have any sure hope of entering into His heavenly kingdom. Death for the Christian has been robbed of its terrors. For him it is being with Christ, which is "far better." To die is to "sleep in Jesus"—a sleep from which there shall be a glorious re-awakening. "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." 1 Cor. xv. 13. But for the sinner the Christless death still retains its sting. For him there is "no hope beyond." All is gloom and misery unless he turn to Christ and receive from him eternal life. The meeting next week will be addressed by Mr. John McKay, B.A., '83. Come and fill the hall.

The committee of Y.M.C.A. would acknowledge the following additional subscriptions: Chancellor Boyd, \$50; R. Kilgour, Esq., \$50; Dr. L. H. Smith, \$25; W. Houston, Esq., M.A., \$25; A. Baker, Esq., M.A., \$26; W. Dale, Esq., M.A., \$20; and ten dollars each from the following: J. A. Jaffray, B.A., W. L. H. Rowand, B.A., J. C. Smith, B.A., R. Haddow, B.A., R. C. Tibb, B.A., J. Hamilton, B. A., J. McGillivray, B.A., Jno. McKay, B.A., Jno. L. Campbell, B.A., J. L. Gil-mour (additional), W. Dewar, C. J. Hardie, T. R. Shearer, R. M. Glassford, N. H. Russell, A. E. Mitchell, J. Drummond, J. Argo, G. E. Morphy, A. A. Smith, H. J. Haviland, W. McMurchy. The total sum acknowledged through the 'VARSITY' is \$1,655. It is again earnestly urged on every one favorable to this project that voluntary subscriptions will greatly lighten the labour of the Committee.

**NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.**—The regular fortnightly meeting took place in S. P. Science, on Tuesday evening, 17th inst., at 8 p. m., the Vice-President, Mr. A. B. McCallum, B. A., in the chair. Bacillus tuberculosis was the subject of a short descriptive lecture by the chairman. The growth, shape and modes of preparation of this "Microbe" were explained, and specimens prepared and stained by the lecturer were exhibited. An interesting debate on the Germ theory, which had been opened by Mr. McCallum, followed. Mr. J. J. McKenzie read an able paper on Zeolites—the hydrated silicates—in which the classification, physical properties and the crystallization of these minerals received special attention. Examples of the best known varieties were shown. It was encouraging to notice the increased attendance at this meeting and the interest displayed in the proceedings.

**MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.**—A French meeting was held on Monday afternoon, at which Mr. La Force, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, of this city, presided. An essay was read on the late Edmond About by A. H. Gibbard. An essay on "Les Confidences" was also read by Mr. Shearer. Mr. McPherson gave a reading from one of Victor Hugo's odes. The discussion on the Modern French

Drama was opened by Mr. Squair, B. A., who was followed by Messrs. Sykes, Rowan and McPherson. Mr. La Force closed the proceedings with an address on "Quebec French."

## Editor's Table.

The following books have been received in the Library since Feb. 1st:—

- "Saul; a Drama, &c." By Charles Heavysege.
- "Treatise on English Punctuation." By John Wilson.
- "Progressive Morality." By Thomas Fowler.
- "Elementary Lessons in Historical English Grammar." By Richard Morris.
- "Zeitschrift of wissenschaftliche Zoologie." B.d. 40.
- "German Dictionaries." Two, 4to and 8vo, by G. J. Adler.
- "Life of George Eliot." By J. W. Cross, 3 vols.
- "Rise and Growth of the Law of Nations." By John Hosack.
- "Cassell's German Pronouncing Dictionary."
- "Bacon." By R. W. Church. English Men of Letters Series.
- "Poems and Dramas." By Lord Lytton, 4 vols.
- "Roman Civil Law." By Sheldon Amos.
- "Index to the Statutes of Ontario." By E. N. Lewis.
- "Digest of the Criminal Laws." By Sir J. F. Stephen.
- "Digest of the Law of Criminal Procedure." By Sir J. F. Stephen.
- "History of the Criminal Law of England." By Sir J. F. Stephen, 3 vols.
- "Cases on the B.N.A. Act." By John R. Cartwright, 2 vols.

Of the foregoing list, the book which will probably excite most interest is the long-expected Life of George Eliot, by her husband J. W. Cross. It is a neatly bound post octavo edition, three volumes, from the press of Messrs. Harper. A cursory glance through the book gives the promise of much entertaining and readable matter, and pains have evidently been taken to meet all the demands of good biography. Mr. Cross seems to have arranged George Eliot's letters with the greatest care, so as to form an almost continuous narrative. His own part of the book is restricted to the smallest possible space, so that we really read George Eliot and not Mr. Cross, where, however, the biographer's remarks are necessary to fill up a gap, Mr. Cross has printed his own part in a narrower column. George Eliot's Journal is also interwoven with the Letters and the remarks of the biographer, and everything seems carefully chosen and compactly fitted into its place. We must at least thank Mr. Cross for giving us a book containing so much of George Eliot herself.

### "BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN."

One of the most pleasing contributions to our poetical literature comes in this daintly bound and printed book. It is a selection from the various minor poems of Andrew Lang, by the hand of his friend Austin Dobson. The 'ballade' requires considerable mastery of language to be written with grace and freedom, while the importance of producing exquisite musical effect requires a most delicate ear. Lang's success in this species of composition is unquestionable, while writing much that is only musical trifling, he has often joined a most musical form to a beautiful poetical spirit. The 'ballade' will be a popular style of composition. It seems superior to the sonnet in naturalness and free adaptation to gay and sad strains. Compare the Ballade of Primitive Man, who

"Buried his dead with their toes  
Tucked up, an original plan,  
Till their knees came right under their nose,  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man."

with the Ballade of Autumn, the best of the series. \*

### BALLADE OF AUTUMN.

We built a castle in the air,  
In summer weather, you and I,  
The wind and sun were in your hair,  
Gold hair against a sapphire sky:  
When autumn came, with leaves that fly  
Before the storm, across the plain,  
You fled from me by scarce a sigh—  
My Love returns no more again!

The windy lights of Autumn flare,  
I watch the moonlit sails go by;  
I marvel how men toil and fare,  
The weary business that they ply!  
Their voyaging is vanity,  
And fairy gold is all their gain,  
And all the winds of winter cry,  
"My Love returns no more again!"

There, in my castle of Despair  
I sit alone with memory;

The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,  
To keep the outcast company.  
The brooding owl he hoots hard by,  
*The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-stone,*  
The Rhymer's soothest prophecy,  
My Love returns no more again!

## ENVOY.

Lady, my home until I die  
Is here, where youth and hope were slain;  
They flit, the ghosts of our July,  
My Love returns no more again!

"Verses Vain" is a shorter collection of pieces of a similar character but written in various stanzas. In "Twilight on Tweed" are the lines:

"A mist of memory broods and floats,  
The border waters flow;  
The air is full of ballad notes  
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,  
Sweet through a boy's day dream,  
While trout below the blossom'd tree  
Plashed in the golden stream."

The most finished poem of this series is perhaps the following:

## A DREAM.

"Why will you haunt my sleep?  
You know it may not be,  
The grave is wide and deep  
That sunders you and me;  
In bitter dreams we reap  
The sorrow we have sown,  
And I would I were asleep  
Forgotten and alone!"

"We know and did not know,  
We saw and did not see,  
The nets that long ago  
Fate wove for you and me;  
The cruel nets that keep  
The birds that sigh and moan,  
And I would that we were asleep  
Forgotten and alone!"

\* \* \*

Among "Post Homeric," "Sonnets" and "Translations" are many poems of great merit, containing Lang's most vigorous writing. The first two collections bear evidence of the pure Greek culture of the writer, and the last to his studies in that mine of poetical inspiration, Old French poetry. It is the author of "Helen of Troy" who can speak thus justly of the Odyssey.

"As one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours,  
They hear like ocean on the western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

The whole book breathes of refinement and delicacy. It is the work of a mind gifted with quiet humour, filled with the linked sweetness of words and open to the tenderest fancies and reveries, yet withal that of a man of culture, whose library is dukedom large enough, who sees the world through his study windows and whose friends for the most part are merely fashionable people with literary tastes.

## Drift.

The narrowness of outlook of specialists in physical science, and their inadequate philosophical training, is the worst mischief of our modern scientific discussion.—ERNST HACKEL.

We say "the ancients," as if they were older and more experienced men than we are, whereas the age and experience are entirely on our side. They were the clever children, and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-haired ancients, who have treasured up and are prepared to profit by all the experience which human life can supply.—SYDNEY SMITH.

## TO ONE IN PARADISE.

\* \* \* \* \*

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct.—PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, in *The Intellectual Life*.

"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." The above is Herbert Spencer's famous but mystifying definition, and it is satirically translated by Professor Tait as follows: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalk-aboutable all-alikeness to a some-howish and in general talk-aboutable not-all-alikeness, by continuous something-else-fications and stick-togetherations!"

## LIFE.

When violets bloom and soft winds play,—  
When fleckless skies float o'er the earth,—  
When all is youth and joy and mirth,—  
Life's aim is happiness, we say;  
When violets bloom and soft winds play.

When summer joys have all gone by, —  
When frowning skies hang o'er the world,—  
When Hope's gay banners are all furled,—  
Life's aim is usefulness, we sigh,  
When summer joys have all gone by.

EMMA CARLETON, in *The Current*.

THE 'VARSITY commends the following extract from Horace to the consideration of those members of the Board of Arts Studies of Toronto University who oppose the introduction of the works of living or recent English writers into the University curriculum:—"If time renders poems more excellent as it does wine, I should be glad to know what age gives the true value to writings? It moves my indignation that any work should be censured, not because it is dully written or without grace, but because it is modern; and that not only indulgence, but honors and prizes, should be demanded on the score of mere antiquity."

## A LAMENT.

Oh, World! oh, Life! oh, Time!  
On whose last steps I climb  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?  
No more—ah, never more!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight;  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—ah, never more!

—SHELLEY.

"My teachers were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's, or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead vocables (no dead language, for they themselves knew no language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured in Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew Syntax enough; and of the human soul this much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted on through the mus-



cular integument, by appliance of birch-rods."—CARLYLE, in *Sartor Resartus*.

In passing upon the constitutionality of a statute, the Courts of Canada assume a function which the Courts of England have never exercised, and which is essentially an American idea.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

## Communications.

### CONFEDERATION IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

SIR,—With your kind permission I will say a word concerning Acadia's attitude towards the consolidation of university interests which, according to last week's 'VARSITY, you consider probable in Nova Scotia.

You say, "The Baptist theological faculty of Acadia College has been consolidated with that of Toronto Baptist College, and there does not appear to be any formidable obstacle in the way of its Arts Faculty coalescing with that of Dalhousie." Now, it seems to me that the following are "formidable objections" in the way of any such action on the part of Acadia:—

(1.) The Baptists of the Maritime Provinces transferred their theological interests to McMaster Hall, because they foresaw this consolidation contest and were determined to preserve their denominational Arts College in its individuality and in increased efficiency. (2.) The majority of Acadia's friends consider themselves justified in opposing the principles which underlie State or Provincial Universities. They will probably still have courage to stand by their convictions. (3.) Should both Kings and Mt. Allison unite with Dalhousie, this will strengthen rather than weaken Acadia, as she will then receive the support of all of the many who, in the Maritime Provinces, are firm believers in denominational Arts Colleges. (4.) Even though Dalhousie should develop great strength in the professional departments (e. g., Law and Medicine) there need be nothing to prevent Acadia from still conferring the most valuable Arts degrees in the three Provinces.

C. W. WILLIAMS.

McMaster Hall, Feb. 16.

### THE LIBRARY.

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

A college library should be, as it were, an intellectual laboratory furnished with all the most approved appliances, or an intellectual banquet hall, with tables heavily laden with all good things for the hungry mind. The library at University College, however, is rather a museum, in the dust and gloom of which are stored away all manner of ancient and curious wares, delightful to the antiquary and wonderful to rural visitors, but of no conceivable use to the very persons for whom they are nominally there. Whole alcoves are filled with books that no one reads, while it is nearly always safe to wager that any book which a student might wish to read outside of the curriculum has neither a place nor a name in this sleep-compelling chamber.

I have three general complaints to make against the management of this institution. First, that it so rarely happens that a book is purchased for the library while there is an actual living interest in it. There are times, as every one knows, when, by a variety of causes, public attention is drawn to a particular book or series of books of intrinsic merit, but of such a nature that they might not be read except under the influence of this stimulus. Instances in point just now are Henry George's books and the replies to them, Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Professor Fiske's "Man's Destiny in the Light of his Origin," and the American "Men of Letters" series.

The second ground of complaint is that when books of interest are procured, professors, examiners, members of the Senate, and other favored individuals are allowed to withdraw the books from the library for an indefinite and prolonged period, to the exceeding vexation and annoyance of studious undergraduates.

I complain, in the third place, that there are so few works in American literature in the library. The excellence of American works in science, art, and philosophy have compelled their recognition in our curriculum, and they consequently appear in the library. But purely literary works, in the narrower sense of that term, although equally excellent, are, with a few insignificant exceptions, conspicuously absent. Now, whatever we, as loyal Canadians, may wish, and whatever ardent Imperial federationists may say, the fact remains that we are far more

interested and influenced by American literature than by British, and our college library ought to afford in some fair measure the means of gratifying that interest.

Whether the library committee, or the librarian, or both are responsible for these defects I know not, but I do know that whoever effects the required reform will receive the gratitude of all undergraduates of University College.

Yours, D.

### "OUR CONVERSAZIONE."

To the Editor of THE 'VARSITY.

DEAR SIR,—As one who can claim to be able to speak with some experience of Conversazioni, both in regard to the arrangements necessary to them and also in observing the results of those arrangements, having been actively engaged in the preparation of the last four and present at the last five, I would ask to be permitted to express an opinion as to their usefulness—an opinion which I hold in common—this I have taken the trouble to ascertain—with a large number of the present undergraduates. The substance of this opinion is: that our *Conversazione* has outgrown the purpose for which it was instituted. In a few brief sentences I will point out the reasons on which I base this assertion.

Annually, those of us who have presumed to question the *Conversazione's* right to be, have been met with an argument that has grown somewhat rusty in the service, viz.: That the *Conversazione* was a means by which it was placed within the power of students to return hospitality shown them during the year. As my intention is to address individually those whom the question I have raised may interest, I will pass the above argument by simply enquiring whether the experience of each is such as to warrant him in saying that, so far as he is concerned, the *Conversazione* has served its purpose? Against each response "It has" I will place six "It has not's."

Side by side with the above argument let me place one of opposite force, and one which permits of no doubt as to its soundness. It has come to this, that the invitations have been in a great measure taken out of the hands of the members of the Society. On the one hand they may be purchased by anyone at the current market value—a value, by the way, which takes no account of the worth of the committee's time and labour, which are supposed to have their reward in the privilege which the Committee and those for whom they act have in being alone the distributors of the invitations. On the other hand, cards procured in the manner just indicated are actually sent out marked "with the compliments of *So and So*," *So and So* having not the slightest connection with the institution, but able by means of the "almighty dollar," to assume such connection.

I have spoken of the Committee's time and labour. I need not emphasize nor explain this to those who have ever been "active" members of the committee, who, at the danger of their lives, have climbed dusty beams to fasten dustier flags, who have stood all evening over microscopes or tuning forks, feeling how like their positions were to those of exhibitors at a circus performance, who have turned cart-horses and transported half the School of Science that a few more bare spots might be filled up, who have hawked invitation tickets round among the students and felt like Jew pedlars. These are the men, and these only, who can and have any right to answer the question: "Is the *Conversazione* even a reasonable return for all the drudgery, annoyance, and waste of time which it entails?" a question which is answered before it is asked, "Double the price of the tickets and give the difference to the Committee and you would not repay them." No one who knows anything of the matter would have been surprised to hear—as I did hear—a convener of a late sub-committee state, that \$100 would not have paid him for his trouble.

And when our work is done, and, tired and worn out, we crawl home, open our trunk, draw out our dress suit—that is, if after loading with classical and other texts, room was found for it,—if not, we wrap our gown round us and start off again "for the *Conversat.*" A little shoving in a great crowd, a snatch of band, a dash of concert, and the affair is over; and who will say that the trouble and expense of the arrangements were apparent in even a slight degree? The most that we get credit for is that all we did was to sit quietly in our seat, instruct the janitor to light the gas and open the door, order up a band and a soloist or two, procure an excessively large number of "admission tickets" and put them on sale at a figure sufficient to keep ourselves in clover till the next *conversazione* comes round.

But, to come to arguments more specific. For several years back the affair has been kept up at an annual loss to the Society, it has never paid expenses. This year, in addition to their work, worry, and wasted time, the members of the committee have to put their hands in their pockets and make up a deficit of fifty dollars, probably more. Again, every succeeding committee have striven to surpass the

entertainment of their predecessors, and accordingly the expenses and the price of tickets have increased year by year. Four years ago the price was \$1 for four; this year it was \$2.50 for four. It is somewhat refreshing to feel the certainty that, if the ratio of increase holds, the undergraduate will be obliged before long to hand the *whole* affair over to outsiders "of means."

I will not do more than merely mention other arguments which, were it not, Mr. Editor, that I am afraid I have already encroached too much on your space, I should like to look more closely at. (1) How by precedent and social rules we are obliged to squander a great part of our resources in complimentary invitations. Taking the present year, over 400 complimentary tickets were issued and less than 800 sold. (2) That it has always been a notorious fact that only a small percentage of the students attend the *Conversazione*.

If we want to mark the year with an event of a social nature, let us have dinner, which would be far less troublesome, less expensive, and infinitely more satisfactory. In conclusion, I would express the hope that a year hence when the subject comes up again, the Society will think seriously before deciding to continue an affair which, in the opinion of many, is an embodiment of follies.

Yours etc.,

REX.

Toronto, Feb. 20, 1885.

### Our Wallet.

A Philadelphia youth who has been to the Hub, says that the intellectuality of the Boston girl begins at the breakfast table and lasts until the old folks go to bed. After that, if the right fellow is in the parlor and the light is turned low, she "acts like any other girl."

A St. Louis publisher accidentally received in his mail proof-sheets intended for the employes of a religious publication house, and, after glancing over them, rushed to the editor, yelling: "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood? Even that slow old religious-paper across the way is ahead of you. Send out your force for full particulars—only one family saved. Interview the old man. His name is Noah."—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

POET.

I've a verselet on a leaflet,  
A dainty little creed,  
What will you give me for it  
To fill a long felt need?

EDITOR.

I've a damnlet on my tonguelet,  
A good one tried and true,  
Which I always give to poets,  
And I'll be as kind to you.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

\* \* \*

Stump Speech.—"Say, mister, gimme the butt of yer cigar, will yer?"—*Ex.*

\* \* \*

First Undergraduate, *reading*: "Will this do, Gus? 'Mr. Smith presents his compliments to Mr. Jones, and finds he has a cap which isn't mine. So, if you have a cap which isn't his, no doubt they are the ones.'" Second Undergraduate: "Oh, yes! first-rate."—*Punch.*

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