

THE VARSITY

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THE FATE OF LOVE.

The sundering years, all Lethe-like, have flowed
On since that moment which but once can come
Freighted with joys that leave the spirit dumb
In ecstasy too passionate to forebode
The pains that ambush all the dreary road
Of labyrinthine life that leads wherefrom
And whither no man knows—'tis said by some
We reap hereafter what we here have sowed.

Fled is that hour with all delights it knew,
Love's dawn has grown to rayless gloom, ah me!
Dank is the gold bright hair that crowned her brow
Of peerless majesty, low lying now,
Entombed beside the illimitable blue
In winding-sheet of hopes that were to be.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE PROFESSOR YOUNG.

In complying with the request, which comes to me at a busy moment, that I should make public some of my recollections of our departed friend, I am compelled to do so in very general terms. The caution, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is unnecessary, for in all my intercourse with Professor Young during many years, I found nothing but good to record. Not that he was a tiresome mass of perfections, very far from it; he was thoroughly human, with his own idiosyncrasies—an occasional hasty word, and a transient flash of temper. But no man could have been more conscientious than he, more just and honourable, while at the same time he was kind in deed and charitable in judgment, and, with all his learning and rare philosophical genius, as humble as a child. I know of no instance in which he ever used tongue or pen to injure a fellow-creature, nor in which he lent himself, even in the most distant way and for the accomplishment of what might seem a good end, to the crooked policy that invades alike our Canadian halls of legislature and of learning.

It was never my privilege to sit as a student at the feet of this master of Philosophy, but from my intimate acquaintance with many who have studied under him, I know that, throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion during the present generation, no teacher has inspired and kept alive the same enthusiasm in the search for knowledge. Rather more than twenty years ago I came into intimate relations with him in another capacity. I was a young minister in Toronto, and he was an honoured member of my congregation. Deputed to visit him and press his acceptance of the elder's office, I went with much misgiving to his study and stated my errand, knowing well how uncongenial and irksome to one of his retiring and scholarly habits were the duties he was asked to assume. To my surprise and delight, he frankly, and without hesitation, accepted the responsibilities; and, thereafter, during all my brief incumbency, faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of his office. Occasionally he took part with me in the public services of the church, when his preaching displayed the clear insight of truth, the humble piety, and fervent appreciation of the love of God, so characteristic of the man. Occasionally we met in social gatherings, where he was always cheerful, always accessible to the youngest or humblest

present who had anything to say; but his heart was not in that kind of life, and there was ever a look in his eye that seemed to seek his study and his books. In the study he was a delightful companion, devoid of all official or literary assumption of superiority, as ready to listen to the theme uppermost in his visitor's mind, as to unburden his own of the rich stores it contained. But it was in holiday time that I learned to know Professor Young, and, with others, who enjoyed such a succession of pleasant summer seasons as fall to the lot of comparatively few, in his company, to appreciate his many excellencies.

Canada had its Lake School, and he was one of its fathers. Like him and influenced largely by his example its sons are doing good work in the world of letters and instruction in a quiet unassuming way. It was so far as numbers go a select school, not a crowded Chataqua, and its chief business was healthful recreation for body and mind. There was nothing irksome in its services; the Sunday services were as delightful as the walks and talks, the songs and pastimes, of the rest of the week. To that Lake School the presence of Professor Young was a great boon. Lolling on the verandah, in the hammocks under the trees by the camp-fire, among the moss-covered rocks of the chapel, under the bright summer skies, he delivered his unconventional lectures to those who, like myself, had then not been long engaged in the active duties of life, but are now beginning to turn grey. The University knows many of them, and others have achieved reputation outside of its walls. Sometimes poetry was the theme, Browning and Tennyson, or some German master singer; again it was general literature, or the biology that illustrates psychology, or the harmony of nature and art; but his own questions or those of his intelligent auditors would generally lead into the realm of philosophy proper in which he alone was master. When he did not know a thing, he was wise man enough and learned man enough to be able to say so frankly, and never in consequence fell in the estimation of those who joined in the literary converse. His singular modesty injured him at one period of his life. He knew nothing of natural science, for which however, he had a profound respect. No man could have been more out of place in a chemist's laboratory, at the microscope, or at a biologist's dissecting table; not because he was above the study of detail, for, as his mathematical researches show, he was a most laborious and exact thinker, but because of the tendency of his mind towards abstractions. His head was in the skies, yet he revered the men whose accumulations of knowledge were raked in from the surface of the earth. The soul of candour and honesty, he trusted these men implicitly, and, as they had probably deceived themselves, they succeeded in deceiving his acute intellect. He never could see the reason people had for telling or thinking lies; yet in time philosophy reasserted her dignity in his soul, although he never entirely recovered from the shipwreck that opinions in physical science well-nigh made of his philosophical and religious faith. I have often thought of our Saviour's words regarding those who offend the little ones that believe in Him as pertinent to these writers whose opinions placed a stumbling block in the way of this devout and simple-hearted man.

It must not be thought, however, that Professor Young was a mere talker, instructive and interesting though he was as such. He joined in all the sports of the Island Home. Did not he and another divine row against Dr. King, of Winnipeg, and myself in the double scull clergy race, and beat us too! Did he not run another race on a level strip of sand beach with his brother elder Mr. William Alexander, in which I think he

was worsted; and when the young fellows put on their oldest clothes to walk the swaying pole over an abyss of water, deepening rapidly from twenty feet to something like infinity so far as our trolling lines could fathom it, who but he appeared, similarly arrayed, and insisting on diving with the rest! Keen and earnest in everything he undertook, it was a rare sight to see him land a big fish in a boat or on the shore, to witness his pleased excitement as the wind filled the sails of our primitive yacht and sent her rushing through the waves, and on pic-nics to distant islands and wooded points on the main, to watch him carry the baskets up the rocky steep with all the alacrity of a boy. He was the life of the camp-fire. Many a time when he has lingered out on the waters in the moonlight, thinking and talking to others of the great world that is beyond our ken, it has been said: "We must wait for the chaplain, the camp-fire is nothing without him." And when he came his reflections were all over, his spirits high, his mind keenly alive to the enjoyment of the hour. His was the voice that called for songs, that told short amusing stories, that was quick at repartee. He loved music, and best of all the music of women's voices singing a German *lied* or an old Scotch ballad. Devoid of musical powers himself, he highly appreciated them in others. On one occasion, there were three other members of the school whose musical gifts were on a par with his own, and a prize for the worst singing was offered among them. The Professor sang and lost the prize; indeed he came out last of the four, and was hailed as a rising musician. It speaks well for his memory and for his generally youthful associates, that this generous and joyous *abandon* for the sake of his company only served to raise him in their estimation and reverence. Once in the words of another great man he had to say, "We must be grave, for I see a fool coming." When the mirth was ended, and house and tents invited to repose, his voice joined devoutly in the evening hymn and invoked the divine blessing on the watches of the night.

It is too early yet, ere tears are dried away, to recall the many incidents associated with his memory in the northern wilds; the amusing rivalry between himself and his curate under the old regime; his coat of armour, composed of *Globes* and other newspapers, in which he went to do battle with mosquitoes and black flies; his presidency in a court of justice to try two malefactors, and the encomiums he won from the opposing counsel, Judge Maclellan and Mr. George Murray, and Messrs. King of Berlin and Ewart of Winnipeg. At a later time, when the Lake School had come to an end, and I became its heir, Professor Young was busy studying the relation between physiology and psychology. My eldest boy, then an infant, large for his age, had been nicknamed in consequence Bliaph, after the hero so called in Helen's Babies. The Professor wished to verify some statement as to the relative kicking out of the right and left feet, and the propulsion of the body by the simultaneous motion of the two, and with crooked forefinger beckoned Goliath, as he termed the child, who was crawling in baby-fashion on the verandah, until he had his subject under control and found that the so called observations were, like many others, "all stuff and nonsense." He had no patience with pretentious people, or with the memory of those for whom enthusiastic friends sought to establish a great reputation without any real foundation for it. Being bored about one of the latter whom he had known intimately, he, in a moment of annoyance, termed him "a perfect idiot." But it grieved his kind heart often afterwards, when saucy juniors, disparaging one another, said, "You remind me of the late Dr. So and so, or of Professor Young's former friend," and he took pains to remove the impression caused by his hasty yet not by any means groundless utterance.

I may close these few statements by remarking that Professor Young was a very generous man. This he was in his judgment of others, for he had well cultivated the charity that thinketh no evil. What has been written shows that he was such in his social relations, striving with all his heart for the general good and the happiness of all. But he was generous with his purse, as from my relations with him in church life I had the best means of judging, since on several occasions he made me the almoner of his bounty and always spontaneously and unsolicited. It was only necessary to mention a case of privation to enlist his warm sympathies and draw forth his liberality. Few people understood the heart of the scholarly

recluse, simple and free from guile as that of a child, full of a devotion that no intellectual aberrations were able to affect, and beating in sympathy with every genuine effort for the amelioration of the world and for the relief of want and suffering at its door. If he had left no line by which to be remembered in the annals of science, his life would still not have been in vain, for its genial influences remain, not alone as green and fragrant spots in the memory, but as impressions on the controlling powers of action of many with whom he had come into contact. These are not noisy men, nor self-assertive, hardly the stuff to make courtiers or politicians out of, but men in whom there dwells a grand conscientiousness and earnestness of purpose, who are striving after a larger charity, and his own shiveringly expressed abhorrence of all underhand dealing and pettiness of soul. The moral weight of the Chair of Metaphysics has ever been the strongest in University College. Many a student has been the better man for the rigid conscientiousness and unbending integrity of Dr. Bevan, that awoke within him a sense of something higher in life than knowledge attained and position won; and the same, with far more of external geniality and kindness, in the late Dr. Young, have kindled a flame of enthusiasm on behalf of truth and right in the hearts of his men, that cannot fail, in many cases, to consume those lower motives with their emotions through which baseness and corruption reign.

JOHN CAMPBELL, S.T.P.

Presbyterian College, Montreal.

TO A. H.

I wandered to the rocky cliff, to stand
 And hear the wavelets breaking on the shore —
 The shadows deepened o'er the misty land,
 Whose sunset glories faded more and more;
 When, walking to the radiant west,
 I thought I saw approach, by paths of gold,
 That angel whom the sons of men call "rest,"
 Light-winged, and bearing evening in her fold.
 And I, with heavy heart and puzzled brain,
 Wearied of themes that thinkers try to grasp,
 Took comfort at this phantom of the mind,
 And went my way in perfect peace again.
 So nature soothes us when we bubbles clasp,
 In pity comforts us where we are blind.

C. E. K. V.

LETTER LEGACIES.

(Continued).

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You are enthusiastic, if not patriotic in your political prophecies for the future of Canada. Myself, I do not agree with you. You think that annexation to the States is our only possible salvation. I believe that the union is impracticable, or at all events that it would be consummated only to be dissolved. You must remember that to unify two nations, it is not simply necessary to pull up the stakes of an imaginary boundary and alter the maps in the school geographies, but the two peoples must become one in spirit, mutual in esteem, and co-inheritors of the same traditions. Now, each of these essentials is an obstacle in the road to annexation. We did not fight with the Americans for independence, nor have we ever stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the physical sympathy of any struggle: neither country has a friendly part in the history of the other. We are the weaker nation, and as such would ever be taunted with having sought the protection of the stronger. We are distinct in character, manner and custom.

The Utopian dream of a Continental Republic has the glitter of gold at a distance, but I fear that on the approach of realization it would be found to be the tinsel scheme of wordy demagogues. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that the thing came to pass, and that all the manifold and multiform

nationalities and sections of nationalities, creeds and sections of creeds, that exist to-day upon this continent, were melted down in the common crucible of American institutions into one single national type. Suppose this were accomplished, how long, think you, could we hold together territorially? As long as human nature is human nature (and the nature of the individual is the nature of the nation), so long will there be disputes between man and man, between people and people; and as long as there are disputes there will be fighting to settle them, whether with fisticuffs or Gatling guns. Now, such a coast-line as your great republic would possess could not be adequately defended against foreign attack, not though the whole population were to line up on the sea-shore to do it. A nation with so great an extent of land would be unwieldy, and union would but lead, I think, to ultimate dismemberment. However, I do not think that there is any great anxiety manifested on the part of the United States to annex Canada. I do not think they want us. Of course, in any country there are fanatics who think that the only way to build up a great nation is to widen its boundaries, and there are always professional politicians willing to cater to this morbid appetite. And it is these two classes who, in my humble opinion, alone sustain the annexation movement in the States. The vast majority of the people are satisfied with their country as it is, and desire to make it greater, not in extent, but in prosperity and fame.

My own view of Canada's future is that we are destined to enjoy independence with separation from Quebec. Time has shown only too clearly that there is no possibility of assimilation of the French and English elements in Canada: neither nation will unlearn its language or relinquish its religion in favour of the other. While Confederation lasts Quebec will always be a thorn in Canada's side, as a friend of mine tersely expressed it in conversation the other day. But if separated, and distinct in government as now in everything else, I can conceive no reason why French and English should not live side by side, in friendly neighbourhood. In this connection, too, I confess I fail to see the force of the final argument with which you endeavour to excuse your hope for annexation. Why should the independence of Canada give rise to "incessant feuds" with her neighbours? You surely would not accuse an enlightened nation of this ninth decade of the nineteenth century of the desire to causelessly aggress its weaker neighbours, simply because they are weak. For my part, I cannot see why any number of nations should not co-exist in amity on this continent.

I suppose you will say that I am as optimistic in this as pessimistic in my literary estimate of Canada. But I was not really pessimistic in the latter. I merely endeavoured to state facts as they are. The conclusion it is impossible to draw at present. However, I am not without hope for the future. Development is the fruit of time, and those historical and romantic associations whose lack I lamented may yet be formed and become a treasury of inspiration for the *illuminati* of the Golden Age of Canada. And the period of waiting may not be so very long. Across the line a hundred years contained within its limits the birth of a nation and the birth of a literature. The dawn of independence, when Canada will take her place among the nations, will herald the rise of a true national spirit, and the sowing of the seed which must eventually bear the fruit of genius.

Your remarks on the necessity of material prosperity I assent to partially, and expect to refer to them in a future letter. Meanwhile, let me know if I have convinced you, or at least led you to reconsider your annexationist policy.

Frankly yours,

G. F. A.

"GENTLEMAN DICK O' THE GREYS."*

That a Canadian book should run into a second edition is a somewhat surprising event now-a-days. But that a second edition of a book of poems should be called for is indeed remarkable, if not unprecedented. The fact that the first edition of Mr. Cockin's book: "Gentleman Dick O' the

Greys," within a few weeks of its original publication was entirely sold out, and that the publisher is now engaged in bringing out a second edition, must be gratifying to the author and to his publisher.

Mr. Cockin's book includes pieces of a grave and gay character, indiscriminately mixed together, probably in the order in which they first appeared in those magazines and papers to which the author has been a frequent contributor. Among them we notice two which appeared in THE VARSITY some years ago, to wit: "Lundfren's Vigil" and "The Happy Family." Readers of *The Week* and *Saturday Night* will recognize many of the others as familiar, whilst some of the pieces appear in the present volume for the first time.

Many of the serious and more dramatic poems remind one of George R. Sims and Clement Scott, and lend themselves admirably to public reading and recitation. Indeed, Mr. Cockin has furnished Canadian elocutionists with an admirable hand-book, and though the somewhat equivocal charge of writing a book with "a purpose" cannot, as far as we know, be brought against Mr. Cockin, the fact remains that the dramatic element is strongly present in many of his pieces; that these will be read and recited we can have no doubt.

It has been said by Stedman that poems written in the heroic vein will be found to be, as a rule, rather more rhetorical than poetical. This is true, no less of the poems of great writers than of minor poets. If this fault is to be noticed at all in the present volume, it is but just to say that it is not because it is peculiar to it alone, but because it seems to be the nemesis of all commemorative pieces, or of poems written for special occasions.

The author's love for his native country is apparent in such pieces as "St. Hilda's Bells," "Wharfdale," "Dulce Domum," "Chellow Dene" and "Heaton Rise." But while Mr. Cockin sings melodiously of England, he does not despise "local colouring," as witness: "To a Maple Leaf," "The Man in the Park," and "In the Ward of St. John the Divine," each of which bears the impress of the author's observation of phases of Canadian life.

The humorous element is well represented, and is not un-mixed with a quiet though not an unkind cynicism, which gives point and flavour to the numerous *bagatelles* scattered throughout the volume.

It is a poor and inadequate way of exhibiting the merits of a book to make random quotations from its pages. It is confessedly as unsatisfactory a way as that adopted by the pedant mentioned by Heraclitus, who, wishing to sell his house, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen of its architectural beauties to show to probable purchasers. For this reason we refrain from reproducing much that could be quoted with approbation, preferring that our literary public should read and select for themselves their own favourites. But it may not be out of place to indicate one or two which specially have pleased one who has read the volume through. These are: "Dulce Domum: a Legend of Winchester College," "Epitaph on an Early Settler," "Killed in the Straight," and "Ninety-Eight."

There are others deserving of mention, but it would only be fair to the author, as it certainly would prove entertaining to the reader, for those who wish to know which are the best pieces in Mr. Cockin's volume, to do as the writer has done: Get the book and read and enjoy it.

F. B. H.

The New England Publishing Co. have just issued "One Hundred Lessons in Composition," by W. H. Huston, of this city. The volume contains a large number of poetical exercises in composition and forms the sixth volume in a library of "Teachers' Help Manuals."

In a late number of a new magazine a comparison was made between the modes of work of men and women journalists. It is a mystery which few can fathom how Mrs. Frank Leslie manages her immense amount of work; still more so when we are told that she sits at her office desk from 9 until 3 o'clock dressed in a marvellous French gown which one would think more suitable for a period of very much less duration.

*Gentleman Dick O' the Greys and other Poems. By Hereward K. Cockin. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

THE VARSITY.

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MATRICULATION STANDARDS.

Believing that the critic who indulges exclusively in the destructive branch of his work lays himself open to the charge of captious fault-finding, and in accordance with our intimation of last week, we propose now to consider briefly what amendments can be suggested to the present state of our educational affairs in so far as they are concerned with matriculation standards.

In doing this it is necessary to remind our readers again of the position we assume, viz.: that a true educational system must be based upon a sound philosophical principle. This principle, we take it, should be this: That each part should be complete and thorough in itself and for its own constituency, yet each should lead up to, and be an integral part of, the whole system. The reason for this is, that each branch of the school system, the Public Schools, the High Schools and the Universities, each have a special constituency to which they appeal, and which they are bound to serve. For instance, all who attend the Public Schools do not go on to the High Schools, but enter upon the business of life direct from the highest form of the Public School. So in the High Schools; all who take a course in these institutions do not go on and complete a University course; indeed but a very small percentage of High School pupils take a College course, but make a start in life after having completed a more or less thorough course in the High School.

Since these things are so, it is reasonable and logical, if not imperative, that the State shall so order and frame its educational policy, that while encouraging all to go on through all the stages from the Public School to the University, yet those who, either from necessity or choice, are not able, or, as a matter of fact, do not do so, will be able to obtain as thorough and far-reaching a course of training as possible within these limits set by the necessities of the case. In short, that those whose education, to use the word in its popular sense, ends with the Public School, shall be fitted to take their proper place in the community as intelligent, well-disciplined, well-instructed citizens; that those who go farther and end with the High School shall be able, by reason of more advanced education, to take a higher place in the community; and that those who persevere and complete a College course should, making allowance always for natural endowment, etc., be in a position to take relatively, the highest place of all, in the community, by reason of their increased advantages and the use made of them. While it is perhaps impossible rigidly to divide the classes of the community into groups such as we have indicated, a sound philosophical system should strive to do so, not with a view to create or unduly accentuate any artificial class distinctions on the basis of education and enlightenment, yet it should, taking advantage of the fact that such distinctions do, and must of necessity, exist to a certain extent in every community, suit each branch of its system most perfectly to the needs of its special and natural constituency, while encouraging all to the highest endeavour and to the completest fulfilment of desire or ambition.

If this be the true principle on which to found and administer a sound philosophical educational system, and we firmly believe it is, then it follows, naturally, that, as we stated at the outset, the keystone of the arch is the point at which the Pub-

lic School programme ends. If it be too elementary, and not advanced enough, then the whole system will be curtailed in proportion, and each constituent part more than it should be, more than each special constituency has a right to expect and, indeed, demand.

In the next place we adopt the view recently stated by Dr. A. P. Coleman, of Victoria University, that if the standard of High School education were raised, these institutions might be permitted to grant a graduation diploma or certificate to their final students, which diploma might be accepted by the different Colleges as equivalent to a matriculation certificate of fitness. There can be no doubt that, if the standard for High School graduation were made high enough, and if the final examination were properly conducted, say with the co-operation and oversight of the University authorities themselves, that the present matriculation conducted by the Universities could be dispensed with, and much time, expense, worry, and cram done away with. At the same time, such a state of things would immensely raise the status and *prestige* of High Schools, would simplify matters a great deal, and would benefit the whole educational system in a wonderful degree.

The whole question, to which, of course, we have only been able to refer in general terms, suggests, and indeed necessitates, the formation of a University Commission for the Province to which these and like matters might, with propriety and safety, be referred for settlement. We have, time and again, urged the creation of such a body, and hope that a spirit of mutual confidence and sympathy will in the end, and that soon, triumph over any petty sectional jealousies which now prevent harmonious co-operation, and expose our educational system, in a very vital point, to danger and stagnation.

THE LECTURER ABROAD.

THE VARSITY has frequently urged upon the Faculty of University College the advisability of establishing series of lectures to the public under their auspices, and has adduced the practice of other colleges in this respect in support of its position. A closely allied custom, and one surely worthy of imitation, prevails in many colleges, of encouraging the members of their teaching staffs to make visits to different cities and towns for the purpose of delivering popular lectures on the subjects to which they have devoted themselves. We are in the habit of lamenting the indifference of the provincial towns towards our University, but we should be careful to see that we have done all in our power to remove it before we complain, and it does not seem beyond the power of the Faculty to make the slight sacrifice involved in such action. It would spread the reputation of the College; it would remove many prejudices that undoubtedly exist with regard to the work done here; it would keep their Alma Mater before the minds of the graduates scattered throughout the country; and above all it would aid in spreading knowledge amongst those who are unable to seek it at the fountain-head.

THE VARSITY.

It is not our intention at present to offer to the public a detailed account of our paper in the past, but to call attention to perhaps the most vital change in its management that has taken place during its existence. THE VARSITY has been published for some nine years and until last fall the price of subscription has been \$2.00. At that time it was lowered to \$1.00. The motives that induced the shareholders to take this step were briefly these: that the paper might be placed upon a thoroughly business basis, and enter the literary market on the same terms as other weekly journals; that it might be brought within the reach of as many undergraduates as possible; and that by the increase in the number of readers that might be expected to follow such a step, the influence of the paper might be extended and the number of its contributors become greater. While it is not expected nor feared that the ultimate results of this change will be in any way injurious to

the financial basis of the paper, it is obvious that the reduction must have an effect on the Treasury for the present year, as the benefits looked for must be of gradual development. This being the case, then, it is to be hoped that the friends and supporters of THE VARSITY will make an effort to assist us in this present sacrifice for a future good by prompt communication with the Treasurer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

MATRICULATION STANDARDS.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Permit me to make a few remarks in reference to Matriculation Standards. Your editorial last week was, to say the least, misleading.

So far as I understand the discussion, complaint is made, and very generally made, that the standard for Pass Matriculation is absurdly low. Very little, if any, fault is found with the standard for honours. Now, the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes are authorized and prepared to fit candidates for examination in any of the *Honour* Courses at the Matriculation Examination. Much more, then, are they prepared to fit candidates for the *Pass* Examination.

The only effect that raising the standard for Pass would have upon the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes would be to keep students in attendance for a longer period. The schools are already doing honour work in all the departments and no new burden would be laid upon them by simply demanding a higher percentage for Pass.

Upon whom then does the blame rest? Assuredly not, as you affirm, upon the Education Department. Why, I have heard a headmaster of long experience say that it is easier to prepare candidates for Pass Matriculation, even at Toronto University, than for Third Class Certificates from the Education Department. In fact, the Department has made provision for the necessary instruction and the blame for the low standard rests wholly upon those who have control of the Matriculation Examination.

Compare the percentage of candidates plucked at the Matriculations with the percentage of those plucked at the Departmental Examinations.

Yours, etc.,
ALEX. H. GIBBARD.

Brantford, March 12th, 1889.

MODERN AUTHORS IN THE ENGLISH COURSE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The thanks of the Modern Language students are due to you for the position you have assumed with reference to the study of contemporary authors in the English Course. To the efforts of THE VARSITY in past years towards securing a radical revision of the Modern Language Department we doubtless owe our present happier circumstances. Evils still exist, however, and the Senate should hear of them from the student's standpoint. A very gross error, evidently, is the disproportionate value attached to political history in its relation to the Modern Course, and it has fittingly been proposed in your communication column to relegate this objectionable portion of history to its proper sphere of usefulness and interest in the Political Science Department. The vacancy caused by the precipitate flight of all effete dynasties and tyrannies would demand a corresponding increase of attention to pure literary history, and only to its political counterpart when each is lamentably embroiled with the other (to the detriment of both).

Your editorial last week was admirable and covered most of the theoretical ground. I should merely have written to thank you for it, had I not thought that a more practical examination of the question would be profitable, and to that end let us examine the curriculum.

I think the study of purely imaginative poets, Coleridge for instance, is somewhat too advanced to be of any advantage whatever in school preparations for Matriculation. It seems even sacrilegious thus unappreciatively to accustom oneself to parse and punctuate emotion. The early study of Shakespeare suffers, it is true, from the same objection, but it is not unwise to obtain, even at an early age, a universally acknowledged standard, by which to judge of the worth of all literature in all lands. But let not Coleridge be attacked in the presence of those whose poetical judgments are still raw, with all the unintentional virus that exudes from pedantic ignorance. Let school-boys retain and love the descriptive and narrative portions of their Byrons, Scotts and Thomsons, and of their Shakspeare (for reasons before mentioned).

The selection of poets in the first year is sensible. A continuation of Shakspeare, an insight gained into the first birth of our literature, and a study of our most classically refined master. I simply ask for a continuation of this excellent consecutive study of our poets, and resent the present incompleteness of a method which denies us aid for insight into the culmination of all past tendencies of the ages which we have tracked by the paths of their poets.

Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley are not considered too modern for a denial of admittance to the Fourth Year literature. These great names unjustly, though brilliantly, end the chronological list of poets. The names of immortal contemporaries are not as yet, by virtue of their bearers' respective and obliging demises, rendered sufficiently holy for consideration. No greater mistake of judgment was ever made. The works of Tennyson, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Browning demand instant and intelligent attention. In them we find our passionate strivings, hopes, and despairs, not incarnated, but spiritualized for our spiritual guidance. In them we find a continuation of the united effort of the early heroes of this century, and a worthy maturity it is of a glorious birth.

I have read Professor Alexander's work on Browning, and all who have read it must feel the utmost confidence in his ability to deal adequately with all the intricate phases of contemporary literature. He has shown critical discernment of a high order, and I feel sure that he will appreciate beauty wherever it may be found. Let not his enthusiasm be trammelled with restrictions imposed by those who do not profit in any way by his teaching. And above all let him seek his own way to do the greatest good, which cannot be attained by completely ignoring the poetry of our own particular generation, a period in the world's history whose merits we surely should recognize with as much delight as our descendants of the third and fourth generations of the centuries to be.

PELHAM EDGAR.

RECEPTION TO THE FRESHMEN.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I trust that I shall be forgiven for lifting up my still small voice at this eleventh hour, and above all I hope that my motives in writing will not be mistaken. My object in referring to this subject is not to obtain a repast of cakes and coffee, partial as I am to those delicacies, nor yet to seek to obtain for one brief evening the company of my seniors, dearly as such an evening would be cherished in my memory; no, my object is to advance the interests of the undergraduate body, which we all have so much at heart, and to endeavour to foster that spirit of good-fellowship which, if we are to believe the prophets, is in danger of extinction. Two years ago, I am told, the Seniors tendered an evening "at home" to the then Freshmen, the present Juniors, many of whom I have heard refer in glowing terms to the success of the entertainment. Ever since October I have been looking forward to the possibility of our receiving similar attentions, but alas in vain. Perhaps the Seniors are afraid we wouldn't come! I can re-assure them on that point. I would be willing to guarantee that ninety-five per cent. of us would show up. I believe, too, that with a little persuasion the ladies might be induced to attend, for they have become part and parcel of our Class of '92. Relying on your well-known impenetrability to preserve my incognito, I am, yours etc.,

TYRO.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A short comment on the remarkable novel, "The Story of an African Farm," by Olive Schreiner, which has been reviewed in unstinted terms of praise in England, may not be out of place in the columns of The Table. We have called it remarkable. It is so in more ways than one. In the first place, it is not constructed according to the unwritten yet accepted canons of the modern novel. Its plan may best be explained in the author's own words.

* * *

"Human life may be painted according to two methods. There is the stage method. According to that each character is duly marshalled at first, and ticketed; we know with an immutable certainty that at the right crises each one will reappear and act his part, and, when the curtain falls, all will stand before it bowing. There is a sense of satisfaction in this, and of completeness. But there is another method, the method of the life we all lead. Here nothing can be prophesied. There is a strange coming and going of feet. Men appear, act and re-act upon each other, and pass away. When the crisis comes, the man who would fit it does not return. When the curtain falls no one is ready. When the footlights are brightest, they are blown out; and what the name of the play is no one knows. If there sits a spectator who knows, he sits so high that the players in the gaslight cannot hear his breathing. Life may be painted according to either method; but the methods are different. The canons of criticism that bear upon the one cut cruelly upon the other."

* * *

It is the latter method which the author has chosen; and it seems to bring the experience of her characters into wonderful sympathy with our own every-day existence. In the preface she is at pains to forestall criticism by confessing her subject to be one "removed from the rounds of English daily life." But she takes needless trouble. As we read, we forget where the scene is laid and all the details of the story's setting: our interest is absorbed in the happenings of the soul-life which is placed before our view.

* * *

The story is allegorical of the everlasting search for truth. Waldo and Lyndall, boy and girl, have the seeds of genius in them, and the first perception of this comes home to the reader's heart with ineffable pathos, as he realizes the almost certain impossibility of development. From merest childhood their cry is Ajax' cry for light. With no help from the commonplace, often cruel, characters about them, they fight their own battles, enduring all the pain of childhood and ignorance, yet ever leaving the darkness behind them and struggling into the light of truth. But as they emerge from childhood the ferment ceases, and life becomes calmer for them, though the inward impulse is unabated. Lyndall prevails on her guardian, a dense, superstitious Boer-woman, to let her go away to school. She goes and, having learnt much, learns also love. She resolves, however, to make love merely an episode in her life, as indeed it is to many, in order to devote herself to her search for truth and to its application. But death comes and puts an end to love and aspiration, and she dies in her youth, firmly, as she has lived.

* * *

The other, grown a man, goes out into the world to seek his fortune, and finds no help. He comes back to hear of the death of the one he has always loved.

* * *

There is a hopelessness about the book, which is not altogether sad, being surmounted by the strength of the two main characters. The latter are world-types. Wherever man or woman, in the solitude of nature or the solitude of crowds, has wrestled with the problems of life, cherished an aspiration for higher things than eating, drinking and sleeping, and broken loose from the superstitions with which men seek to excuse their sins, the parts of Waldo and Lyndall have been enacted.

The other characters are interestingly and sharply drawn, though commonplace. The key of the story is the cruelty of circumstance. Another modern novelist has said that we work half our own destiny, and circumstances do the other half. We feel, as we close the book, that there has been a striving, but that fate has frowned.

* * *

We have decided to publish the following letter, which has been left upon the table, though we rather fear the author is making fun of us:

To the Table-Editor, (if there is such a person).

DEAR SIR,—In Hawthorne's charming "Mosses from an Old Manse," I read not long since, an entrancing sketch entitled, "A Select Party," in which the Man of Fancy entertains in truly regal style, at his Castle in the Air, a Select Party of imaginary characters, such as the Poet of the Future, The Oldest Inhabitant, the Patriot, and others. The first thought that struck me was that I had read something of the sort before, and then in a moment "Round the Table" came to my mind. Now what I would suggest is that you would persuade some of these interesting personages to drop in and occasionally express themselves in your little star-framed paragraphs. I feel convinced that the Oldest Inhabitant would get on splendidly with the Ingenious Man; the Table-Poet and the Poet of the Future could air their art theories in Platonic dialogues, for I am sure that no professional jealousy would mar such ideal natures; while the Weather-Clerk could not be out of place in such a cloudy company. With these additions the Table could boast a *Dramatis Personæ* that would put Shakspeare to shame. Or if you cannot prevail upon any of the Select Party to visit you, why not send your Down Town Reporter off to the Castle in the Air to write up that lordly mansion? His picturesque and lucid style would lend a peculiar charm to the description.

Yours whimsically,
MAN OF FANCY.

* * *

The Politician is in a most perverse and pugnacious humour. He cannot be restrained in conversation, and the publication to the world of his meditations through THE VARSITY'S columns was the only feasible method in his opinion for the salvation of his country and Alma Mater. To this end he formulated a platform which should guide the feet of the Great and Only Seventh Party. In his manuscript he soared to such an infinite extent above party ties, and ribbons blue and red, that with an unflinching and honest honesty, he averred "that if Sir John should cringe at my toes on bended knee, and make supplication that the cup might be taken out of his hands, and that the bitter intoxicating beverage of fame might pass from his mouth to mine, in his face would I dash it unsipped by untarnished lips."

* * *

Thus the Jeremiad continued in ingenuous withering protest. But the most stirring appeal was sounded some twenty reams beyond this portion of the address, evincing, and who shall deny it, the most consummate skill in constructive statesmanship. His proposition is to the effect that a Federal Progress Party be formed with coalition government. Their accustomed pose towards the Jesuit question during their and its existence should be . . . We can proceed no further. We recognize the fact that THE VARSITY also must not rise and fall on political wavelets, nor from shocks of shallow and shoal,—treading with firm heart and light feet the storm-strewn path of probity. In deference to the political preference of our constituents, we surreptitiously stole the manuscript from our worthy publisher, who was engaged with muffled heart and stifled smile in setting up matter that would have filled our columns for a month of Saturdays.

* * *

Having decided thus completely to ignore all politics we thought to fill our available space with eulogies of Coquelin. We intended to lament the meagre attendance at his magnificent performances, and to probe the reasons for his poor reception. But politics again are visibly involved, for do not M. Coquelin and the majority of Canadian Jesuits speak French? Alas! that it should be so.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

SENATE MEETING.

At the Senate meeting last Thursday night at University College, the following additional appointments to the list of examiners for 1889 were made:—In Law—W. F. Walker, M.A., LL.B., and his Honour Judge Muir, M.A., LL.B. In Arts and Law—Hon. Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot and Hon. David Mills. In the Faculty of Medicine—Obstetrics, H. S. Griffin, B.A., M.B.; medicine, H. H. Wright, L.D., L.C.P. and S. In the Faculty of Arts—French, L. E. Horning, B.A.; German, Rev. G. C. Workman, Ph.D., and A. F. Chamberlain, B. A.; English, Rev. A. H. Reynar, M. A. In Mental and Moral Philosophy—Rev. J. R. Teefy, M. A. In Ancient History—G. H. Robinson, M.A. and H. R. Fairclough, M.A. The following relative values were assigned to the subjects of the Political Science department:—2nd year, Political Economy 100, English Constitutional History 200, Canadian Constitutional History 100; 3rd year, Economics 200, English Constitutional Law 100, History of English Law 100, General Jurisprudence 100.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Tolchard's Hall: Friday, March, 15th. Nomination night. Our candidates Federal and Progressive were nominated to-night in the hall atop of the big grocery at the corner of Alexander and Yonge Streets. This building stands over against a druggist's shop across Yonge St., whither from time to time students from the meeting turned in to get cough drops and lozenges to sooth the husk and dust out of their throats.

Our Society may be effete but it can at least knock up a dust. Mortality is dust and so is immortality, at least, so much of it as happened to be in to-night's eloquence. When the candidates for presidency came in, dust rose reverentially from the floor and cheers from the partisans. When Mr. Gordon proposed Mr. Smith—cheers and dust. When Mr. McPherson proposed Mr. Dewart—cheers and more dust. When the candidates' names were mentioned, when the candidates made their impromptus, at every new proposal, everything well put, every here-here-ism—always cheers and ever more and more dust. There was dust in every cheer and cheerfulness amid all the dust.

After an ovation to retiring President Creelman the following candidates were named:

FEDERAL.	PROGRESSIVE.
President..... W. H. Smith, B.A., M.D.	H. H. Dewart, B.A.
1st Vice-Pres.... W. G. W. Fortune	J. J. Ferguson
2nd Vice-Pres.... J. W. Scane	W. Walker
3rd Vice-Pres... G. A. Badgerow	W. W. McRae
Rec. Sec..... J. B. Peat	W. H. Graham
Cor. Sec.	F. T. Barker
Treasurer..... W. Hardie	H. C. Pope
Curator..... A. T. Thompson	G. A. Faskin
Sec. Com..... P. White	R. H. Knox
Councillors 4th Year... T. B. Smith	D. Black
3rd Year—Bowman	A. W. McMurchy
G. A. M. Young	E. B. Merrill
2nd Year... H. R. Wales	D. C. Ross
L. Haggerman	

Messrs. Barker and Haggerman are claimed by the Federals, but the Progressives also claim an undivided one half interest in the same. No further comment here on these proceedings. For further information hear and see the various partizans whose rage THE VARSITY cannot borrow. What is interesting may become interested. As the retiring President would say, "There is a limit beyond which."

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The School of Science is in ferment. Committees, armed with resolutions from indignation meetings, sub-committees

clothed in brief authority, are rushing round interviewing the President, Prof. Galbraith and the Registrar. But all in vain! Sir Daniel sends them to Mr. Langton, Mr. Langton sends them to Prof. Galbraith, and Prof. Galbraith sends them to the ——. Although their numbers are formidable and their mien ferocious, their demands are humble. "'Tis but a little thing they ask." The sword of Damocles, that is to say the examinations, is suspended over their heads and what is their request? Do they petition to be allowed to come out from under the sword? No. Would they like Mr. Damocles to take the sword down and put it away in a glass case? Again, No. All they wish is to be informed at what hour of what day the grisly object may be expected to obey the laws of equilibrium and fall upon their devoted heads.

Mr. Damocles, in refusing to enlighten them, expresses himself as actuated by principle. He wishes them to be ever ready, girt about with their armour of knowledge and with their helmet of wisdom on their heads, and will not reveal the fateful hour lest some of the more wily watchers might slumber peacefully in the meanwhile, and when the bell "summons them to heaven or to hell" arise adorned with such armour as contained Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee on the occasion of their ever-memorable duel.

Mr. Damocles should, however, remember that the days of torture are past; that Hope (or Fear) deferred is worse than any rack or screw; and that he is liable to a suit from the Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! No, it can't be that Society either, at least not the branch of it which is signalized in the name.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Association held its regular fortnightly meeting last Thursday evening, the President in the chair. Mr. Hunter read an interesting and instructive paper on the Dispersion of Seeds, which excited considerable discussion and elicited remarks from Prof. Chapman, Dr. Ellis and Mr. Simms. Prof. Chapman then read a communication (1) on some unexplained anomalies in mineral bodies; (2) a criticism of a new geological map. Dr. Ellis, Dr. Acheson and Mr. Munro discussed the subjects of the Professor's letter. The next meeting will take place on March 28th, when the nominations for offices will be made, and notice of motion will be received of any proposed changes in the constitution. The programme will consist of papers by Miss E. M. Curzon and M. J. Munro.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

The club met on Monday at the usual hour, with Sir Daniel Wilson in the chair. The special interest was centred in the fact that Mr. Squair was to read a paper on the importance of the Study of Modern Languages, but the pleasure of the meeting was considerably increased by an excellently rendered piano solo by Miss A. Robertson, and a most opportune selection from the "Newcomes" read by Mr. Spence. Then followed the paper by Mr. Squair. The essay first dealt with the difficulties with which "Moderns" has had to contend in working its way through the classical prejudices arrayed against it and in winning for itself a just and equal position with other University courses. Following upon this were advanced some strong reasons why the study of modern languages should not only maintain that position but should even rise to greater importance. With the march of centuries, the stock of ideas is enlarged and even old truths are regarded in a different light by each successive age and people. These views we must know and compare with our own. The paper dealt also with the practical utility of the study. Modern languages represent existing peoples with whom we have to deal and in order to be successful even in commercial affairs, we must not only be able to converse with them but we must know their characters, their peculiar dispositions. This knowledge can be acquired only by a careful study of their languages and literatures. But even from a philological standpoint, the paper went on to demonstrate, the importance of modern languages was over-looked. Classical philology at present was built up on probability and was therefore unsettled. With that of the modern languages it was not so. Definite laws have been recognized, and with those laws and the data from which they

have been adduced, the philologist can go to work on Latin and Greek with a greater air of certainty.

On the conclusion of the reading of the paper, Sir Daniel offered a few remarks touching upon the growing importance of the study of the Modern Languages but hoped that amid it all they would still remember the Classics. Mr. Vander-Smissen followed, dwelling chiefly upon the fact that heretofore Moderns were not represented in the Senate, but that now a professorship in English had been established, the course might feel like congratulating itself that in the future it would receive its due. The meeting then adjourned. Next Monday the nominations will be held, and a discussion on the outlook of the Moderns will take place.

K COMPANY.

A class has been organized under the direction of Lieut. Coleman for the instruction of those wishing to take the course necessary for qualification as a non-commissioned officer. Those desirous of benefitting by it should apply to the Lieutenant at once.

The annual meeting of the Company was held yesterday afternoon. A report of the proceedings will appear in our columns next week.

THE MEDICALS.

For the disciples of Æsculapius the day is at hand. On Monday Mr. McKim will shoulder the mace, the gentlemen will stand up and Convocation Hall will resound once more with the well-known refrain, "More paper, please," which none but an undergraduate can pronounce with the proper inflection, rising on the last syllable. A few belated students are still fluttering about with applications, while the Registrar's room is besieged all day by men wishing to exhibit their tickets.

AT THE GRAND.

Although the houses that greeted M. Coquelin this week were small, the University did its utmost to give him a reception. Many of the Professors visited the theatre every night, while there was also a goodly attendance of undergrads. in the "gods."

MAGAZINES.

As the Curator intends to perform the last sad offices for the reading-room, he particularly requests that all students having out magazines belonging to the Society will return them immediately.

Y. M. C. A.

C. A. Chant and A. P. Northwood led the Thursday meeting at the Y. M. C. A. this week. At the business meeting held immediately afterward it was reported by H. B. Fraser that he had assisted in organizing an Association at the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph; and that the new Association has an active membership of thirty-one and an associate of forty-eight out of a total of eighty-four students. It was decided to send greetings to the Guelph Association.

On motion of Wm. Gould, the recommendation of the Executive regarding the enlargement of the Executive was adopted. Accordingly, there will be eight members instead of six, the new offices being two councillorships in the second and first year.

Next week nominations for next year's offices will be made and a committee appointed to nominate a General Secretary. A. T. Thompson will take the devotional meeting.

SEOUL, KOREA, Jan. 4, 1889.

UNIV. COLL. Y.M.C.A.

MY DEAR FELLOWS,—Let me send just a short note with this steamer. I am here in Seoul, the capital of Korea, a very old-fashioned eastern city. I find Christian work and prospects

much brighter than I was led to expect on my way out. There is a little meeting-house near by where Koreans come together in the name of Christ to worship. Many of these men are ready to die for the name of Christ, so all the legislation in the world wouldn't keep them quiet. As all the cities round about are yet to be preached in, much help is needed.

I want to say one word about medicine. Christian work was established here through a medical man, Dr. Allen, now Secretary of the Korean Legation at Washington. Other medical men are here at the present time doing good work, but the demands are so great that they have but little time for teaching the Gospel. Consequently each medical man should be surrounded by a company of teachers and evangelists. I wouldn't like to see every man coming out here take medicine, but I would like to see about twenty others along with one medical man.

The curse of this land is the fact that nearly all kinds of manual labour are considered dishonourable. If a man of dignity is asked what he does, his answer is, "Nothing, my dear sir." The poor coolie, the only working man, is considered no better than a dog, and is trampled down by these others. Another thing that they count very undignified, is to walk quickly in the street. You see them moving along in their white robes in a most majestic way. Such dignity I have no desire to imitate. I like to go down these streets something after the manner of our beloved President, Sir Daniel Wilson, whose hurried step we all know. By moving along in this way, and occasionally jostling the more dignified into activity, I hope to let my light shine.

We have just had a fall of snow, and to-night the air has a keenness with it that reminds me of the 'Varsity days. The people who sit warming their hands over a few pieces of burning charcoal look to have but cold comfort. Their manner of life seems very offensive to us. At meal times they circle round one dish and devour very ugly looking mixtures. As I went down street to-night, I saw a horse that had fallen from old age or sickness. When I came back the remains were cut up and out on market ready for breakfast to-morrow morning.

As to the language, the one great difficulty is there are so many honorific terms. A man of a certain rank requires a corresponding form of expression. If you fail to put on the proper ending you give offence. This carries me back to my own delightful land, where you can address the dignity of a 'Varsity undergrad. with the same ending as can be used to a common policeman. Many Koreans visit my little room and often among them are men of rank, who, I suppose, come out of curiosity. A gentleman, on my way here, told me it did not do to be kind to Koreans, as they would think you afraid of them if you treated them in that way, but I find this is not the case. They know and appreciate kindness as much as any other people and one can be kind and at the same time not be afraid. How easily one can find a crowd here to talk to in his own house. I like the last two verses in the Acts 28: 30 and 31. They seem to suit Korea so well.

Harkness and I are as yet unsettled. We have just completed making arrangements for a permanent home from which I will write you when I get settled. I have no anxiety as to how we shall work. There are such opportunities on every hand, but the first thing is the language.

Might I give an invitation to the fellows to write me a note if they have time? Whether we are well acquainted or not, I would be so glad to hear from many of you.

This will reach you about February. I hope to hear long before that, as I have had no word since leaving Vancouver.

I might ask that if 'Varsity elections are close this year, will you expect me to be ready when called on to poll my vote?

Let me say good-bye. In the midst of your labours may you not forget your Master's work in Korea.

Ever yours,

JIM S. GALE.

P.S.—Perhaps some one who does not intend keeping THE VARSITY for this year could send the back numbers. They would be read, I am sure.

J. S. G.