

and then suit my conduct to the result of the investigation. The all-important question to begin with is, then, *Do I love Maria?*

No satisfactory definition of the term love has yet emanated from any competent authority. The poets, it is true, have attempted to define the word, but poets are but dreamers, and their ravings have no pretension to scientific precision. Philosophers as a rule have avoided the subject, apparently with a tacit understanding either that it was beyond the reach of rational inquiry, or that it was too vague and intangible to be a profitable subject for meditation. I would do so too, but—there is Maria. Owing to this unfortunate state of affairs I must be content to attach to the term what I conceive to be its popular significance and interpret the original question thus: Does Maria typify for me the ideal female? Do her qualities so resemble my own as to render our tastes similar, and yet so differ from them as to be supplementary? Does her presence add to any consciousness of completeness? Supposing myself to be the possessor of untold wealth, would I take pleasure in laying it at her feet? Would I prefer her permanent company to that of anyone else on this or any other globe? All of these questions I conceive to be contained in the original proposition, and to all of them, after pondering them carefully, I would return an affirmative answer. Maria, it is true, is not as philosophic as I could sometimes wish, but perhaps her own inability to form generalizations or to discuss metaphysical subtleties, makes her the more ready to listen to my own disquisitions without engaging in frivolous disputes. On the whole therefore I may consider that using the term "love" in its popular sense I am in love. The matter may be stated in the form of a syllogism thus: Love is a combination of sentiments directed towards one person as an ideal. I have these sentiments towards Maria, therefore I love Maria.

(Here the manuscript ends.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR,—The question was propounded to me the other day—Is an Honor Classics man able to cope with a student of Honor English in criticism of authors read?—and I answered in the negative. I think the query is one which may well be presented through your columns to the Classics men of the college.

Of the five years of his course, the Honor English man spends a small portion of one in the study of grammatical structure and "composition;" the remainder of his time is taken up with analysis and criticism of the style of the authors he reads and study of the development of English literature. The student of Honor Classics never hears in the whole

of his course a connected series of lectures on the style of his authors or the development of classical literature. Scraps of such criticism, it is true, are given to him, but his course as a whole is a steady grind at grammatical structure, word-formation and idiom. Out of this mill he comes with a first-rate working knowledge of the languages taught; his Latin prose is frequently Ciceronian and his translations very exact and readable. In fact he is eminently fitted for a Classical specialist in a High School. But as for the broad view of the nation's life and growth, of the influence of the author's period, associates and character on his writings—of these and of many other things with which the English student is familiar from the Senior class, the Classics man knows almost nothing; and he thus emerges from his course scarcely anything more, as far as that course is concerned, than an advanced High School boy. Undoubtedly the great need of our Classical course is a lecturer on Greek and Latin literature. The present professors certainly have their hands full in teaching the languages and if we are to have lectures on Classical literature, a separate lecturer is needed, who will have plenty of time to devote to his subject and will thus be able to give the Classical men such an insight into Roman and Athenian life and letters as will make them able to appreciate such a remark as, "It is worth while learning Greek to be able to read Homer in the original."

Yours truly,

CLASSICUS.

POETRY.

TO CHARLES SANGSTER.

DEAD poet! thus they name you now
My poet with the kindly eyes,—
When last we met the roses bloomed
Beneath our softer summer skies.

The sun was on you: in a flood
Of golden light I saw you stand,—
A fitting crown;—you turned aside
To press in yours a childish hand.

'Twas but a moment,—yet with strength
To live and glow through all these years,—
A moment brightened by a smile,
A moment hallowed now with tears.

A Poet!—ah, you little guessed
What thoughts my brain held, quaint and odd:
Those were the days of childhood's faith
When every poet was a god!

If younger men outsing you now
Not truer love inspires their lay;
When our young country had most need
You sang a song of Canada.—

And such a song!—'tis ringing yet
Through Lappman, Roberts, Machar, Weir!
Doubt not! 'twill roll with fuller tone
Till all the listening world shall hear.

Then will your name be justly praised!

For me, I have this memory,
A moment once you held my hand
And smiled with kindly eyes on me.

—E.J.M.