

district with the Rev. W. G. Aston, of Trinity, who accompanied the team as chaplain; he proposes spending the winter in Italy, good luck to you, old man! May your pleasant visage be not long lost to your Trinity friends.

We understand that the cricket of the team had improved at least 50 per cent. at the end of their tour.

We hear that the genial countenance of the Dean was much appreciated on his turning up in Edinboro' Town to see the team play.

Before concluding this "congratulatory address," we desire, on the part of Trinity cricketers, to convey to Mr. Lindsay our heartfelt appreciation of his (untiring and self-sacrificing, as they must have been,) efforts on behalf of Canadian cricket, as evidenced by his heavy undertaking this past season, and we feel assured that this tour has not only raised Canadian Gentlemen cricketers socially and physically in the estimation of the cricketers in the mother country, but also benefited themselves, and will do incalculable good to the Grand old game, as it will be played in our own country in the future.

OBITER DICTA.

To liken the course of life to the round of the seasons is a very pleasant conceit:—the time of youth, full of hopes and enthusiasms with frequent shadows, as the hard lessons of experience are learned, may very well be compared to the uncertain Spring time; while the age at which the heavy toil is given over, and enjoyment is had in the fruit of laborious years, may be likened to the soft, quiet days of Autumn, when the harvest has been gathered and plenty abounds.

In a late novel, to which he gave the name "*Indian Summer*," Mr. W. D. Howells told the very pleasant love story of some characters that were no longer young; while to the story he has just finished in the November *Harper's*, dealing with the wooing of a young couple in the first hey-day of youth, he has given the title, very suggestive of uncertainty, of "*April Hopes*."

The opening parts of this last novel were written with exceptional brilliancy, but we are much mistaken if the majority of Mr. Howells' readers are not disappointed with the latter portion of it. Not that it is written in any less clever manner, but simply that, unless Mr. Howells has been singularly unfortunate in his characters, it is not true to nature. It is allowed that "true love never did run smooth," but we are under the impression that the author, in order to carry out more completely the suggestion contained in the title, has made the course of love altogether too rough—so rough, indeed, that the impression remains that, on one side at least, there was no true love at all.

How a young man, who has loved a young lady so devotedly, could so quickly change the object of his affections, and with so little apparent reason, is quite inexplicable;

such things may occur, but not, we think, as a rule.

With the exception of this disappointing conclusion, "*April Hopes*" is very enjoyable. There is one thing Mr. Howells has discovered, and we think, too, he has expressed it pretty clearly in his books, that all may see, and that is,—the secret of the conversational art. It is a matter of surprise, upon what slight plots—foundations to build upon—he raises up very beautiful superstructures of story; the dialogue, very prettily and naturally carried on, fills pages and pages of his books, and deals with every imaginable topic, and even with no topic at all. This is the point to be remarked. Mr. Howells considers nothing beneath notice as a topic of conversation. People do not generally pick and choose subjects before they begin to converse, after a few remarks, about nothing in particular, something generally turns up, upon which they may express their agreements or differences, or perhaps they may talk about themselves.

There is no need of a large stock of ideas in order to converse pleasantly; a ready sympathy and a desire to please are the main essentials, and if to these be added an honest simplicity, one may be very entertaining indeed. It has been remarked how, at College commencements, when the assembled audience is in a flutter of pleasant expectation, and spreading and speechifying are the order of the day, the young gentleman who is rather distinguished for lack of mental attainment shines forth in great prominence; men who have far outstripped him in study sit silent in despair, while he puts forth his oratory, and professors listen in speechless amazement to the rounded periods of him whom, perhaps, a week before they plucked.

People who have not had the advantages of higher education sometimes imagine they must talk about something very abstruse when in the company of learned men, and the result is a strange collection of barbarously pronounced, seven-syllabled words, which no doubt cause the hearer much surprise. Learned men, as well as any other men, like to meet perfect simplicity; and the best way, the most entertaining way, is to be simply natural.

There can be no rules laid down for conversationalists other than those dictated by good sense and good taste. It is always well to talk about something you know will interest your companion; and above all things it is to be remembered there are often two sides to a question, and many different opinions may have much truth to support them. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, was in the habit of visiting an old man who was not of his communion, and they used to have considerable discussion upon matters of religion; and although differing as far as possible in their views, Mr. Robertson was always willing to allow to the old man's contention, "there was something in it."

Mr. Howells deals generally with the slighter details of life and character, but we see they can be made very entertaining. And he gives us the personal qualities pri-