

"Evening, thou that bringest all that bright morning scattered, thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother."

We now give the translations by Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Frederick Tennyson and Mr. J. A. Symonds :

Hesperus brings all things back
Which the daylight made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.

Edwin Arnold, 1869.

Hesper, thou bringest back again
All that the gaudy daybeams part,
The sheep, the goat, back to their pen,
The child home to his mother's heart.

Frederick Tennyson, 1890.

Evening, all things thou bringest
Which dawn spreads apart from each other ;
The lamb and the kid thou bringest,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother.

J. A. Symonds, 1893.

It is not easy to part from this beautiful volume, but as time presses we must, willy-nilly, come to the utterance of a farewell. We are just as glad to urge students to purchase this third edition of a valuable book as we are ready to undertake the manufacture of another Sappho for the people of the year 4895.

COMMON THINGS.

ON MAKING A NOISE.

Making a noise is certainly a very common thing. Some people, or, to be more exact, "other people," wish it was not so common. Now, noise is of two kinds, voluntary and involuntary. Examples of the latter class are to be found in cheap boots, and in the pencil and paper I am writing this with—both squeak, which is most objectionable, but that is not the kind of noise I mean; nor do I include music under the head of noise, though many excellent persons can only tell the difference at second hand; but real noise, intentionally made. This is produced under two different sets of circumstances and by different kinds of people—children and such as are in an immature state, and ordinary persons when under the influence of strong emotion. To begin at the beginning, the baby that squalls does so because it feels strong and has no other way of showing it; if it had it would probably squall quite as loud from exuberant vitality. You don't see a feeble, puny boy shouting and yelling from pure love of the thing. But listen to a lot of healthy small boys coming out of school. You can tell that school is over, though you are a long way off, without having to look. The further they get from childhood the less noise they make under ordinary circumstances. Listen to the sounds of a number of games, say of cricket, being played in the same field by boys varying from twelve to nineteen years old. In the junior games everyone will be yelling the whole time, while the senior game will be played in solemn silence. These latter may be quite as proud of themselves as their younger brethren, but they have an additional motive of restraint which makes them unwilling to attract attention to themselves by their words and noise. A man who delivers his opinions continually in a louder tone than is necessary for those he is speaking to is considered vulgar just for this reason, that he appears to be seeking to attract attention, or, at the least, he is very much "stuck on himself" and fancies that therefore he must be equally interesting to the rest of the world. Extreme silence has without doubt a depressing effect, so that a loud noise is exhilarating—to the maker of it. It was one of the merits

of Diomedes that he was "good at the war cry," and it is almost on unknown thing for soldiers to charge in battle without a shout—not so much to strike terror into their enemies, like the ancient Britons with their woad, as to encourage themselves and make them feel better. For a little while once the war office forbade Tommy Atkins to cheer as he charged, considering it *infra dig* I suppose, and the result was a dismal failure even on the drill ground. This might also come under the head of emotion; it is on the border line. When an ordinary person gets into a state of violent emotion he is apt to lose much of his self-respect; frequently the cause for such excitement warrants it; then he makes a noise. When his side wins he gets up and yells as if possessed, and does such things to his hat as would get him admission to any asylum if they were done in cold blood. When he is drunk he also makes a noise, and since there is no cause to warrant it then, he makes respectable people disgusted, and those who are the same way inclined think him merely amusing. Lastly there are those who make a noise in order to create an excitement, not because they are in one to start with. Of these the worst kind are those who do it simply to annoy someone else who wishes to be quiet; this is a good deal worse than merely disregarding the fact that they may be annoying to others, but human nature is apt to be selfish in such matters until it has experienced the pain as well as the pleasures of a thing. What says Calverley?

"Is not your neighbour your natural prey?
Should he 'confound' you, it's only in play."

THE FOOTBALL SUPPER.

As a college institution, the annual Football Supper, may be termed perhaps the youngest, but so great is the interest evinced in it each succeeding year, that it is by no means the least, and may in fact be considered a formidable rival to the greater feast held a few weeks previously in the hall above. The evening saw the seating accommodation of the dining hall taxed to the utmost, and the tables laden with victuals substantial rather than dainty, and therefore better adapted to the healthy crowd of pigskinners there present. The champions of '96 were of course the guests of the evening, and had not merely the honour and glory ever attached to the winning team, but also the proud satisfaction of "sticking" the other teams for a meal by no means grudged, because so well deserved. Captain Chadwick filled the chair in his usual, happy manner, and beamed pleasantly upon all. The menu having been safely stowed below, and digestive smoke wreaths having begun to circle overhead, Mr. H. B. Gwyn, president of the Athletic Association inaugurated affairs by presenting the prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Annual Games. This brilliant list appeared in our last issue, so we need not repeat it, but we may remark that the joint winners of the Championship, Messrs. D. F. Campbell and C. A. Heaven, (both '96 men by the way), were given the hearty reception, which was deservedly theirs. The toasts of the Queen, the Champions, the fifteen, the Athletic Association and the faculty were heartily received and drunk without a heel tap. All the speakers were in the best of moods, and spoke appropriately and feelingly on the subjects assigned them. The Provost was given the usual rousing reception, and his words betokened former personal experience in different branches of athletics and in dramatics also, for he distinctly claimed the proud title of property man. The Dean and the football supper have always gone hand in hand, and always intend to do, judging from the Dean's characteristic speech, and Mr. Young, in a manner both witty and enthusiastic, showed himself no less a friend of the Athletic Association,