

The November issue of *The University Review* contains, among other articles of College interest, finely illustrated accounts of foreign universities and student life therein; an illustrated description of the Latin play recently presented at New York and the World's Fair by the students of St. Francis Xavier's; papers on journalism in its relation to College men, by Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, and Mr. Brown, of the Phi Delta Theta *Scroll*; a plea for higher standards in the education of women; illustrated accounts of the history of football in Indiana, and of the recent Williams Centennial; well-chosen verse, and a wide selection of College and fraternity notes.

NINETY-FOUR.*

A very pretty book is the 1894 Calendar, published by the Toronto Art Students' League. From cover to cover one finds things to please the fancy and delight the taste. The cover itself, the work of Mr. S. H. Howard, is very prettily gotten up. We have heard Mr. Kelly's "Summer" highly praised, and certainly the effort is very fine. The contrasts of the lights and shadows are very pleasing and when one looks from the lily-pads and rushes, one is by no means disappointed by the more distant view. Vanity is found even in this peaceful pool, for Summer (a very modern summer, truly) looks into the mirroring, shadowy water, as she adorns herself with a wreath of maple leaves. A figure more in harmony with the restful water and the whispering stillness of the trees would have been, perhaps, more pleasing. Another thing of beauty is Mr. R. Holmes's "Thistledown," suggested by the verses of Miss E. Pauline Johnson. When one has said they are thistledown, one has said all that can be said; they bud, they blossom, they bloom, become detached,

And like a cobweb shadowy and grey
Far floats the down—far drifts the dream away!

Mr. Holmes has entered into the spirit of Mr. Edgar's wild "Winter," and has portrayed it with vigor. His poppies and lilies, of death and resurrection, for "On the death of the Queen of Poets,"

* Designed and published by the Toronto Art Students' League, Imperial Bank Building, Toronto.

ranks second only to his "Thistledown." Mr. F. H. Bridgen's study of "May" is exceptionally pleasing; the blossoms breathe forth fragrance as they sway gently in the wind, and the drooping lilies nod in the friendly breeze. "Verdant leaflets clothe each spray," by Mr. W. B. Blatchly, is not at all ambitious, yet it at once awakens memories of scenes familiar to most Canadians. It is good. Mr. J. Jephcott's treatment of the October, November, and December Calendars is an effective *finale*. Space will not permit of lengthy mention of Mr. Thompson's treatment of "Therese," or of Mr. Manly's or of Mr. Jeffrey's studies, though they are well worthy of careful consideration. The Calendar is a collection by Canadian artists of gems of art and poetry. A more pleasing Christmas souvenir than this will not soon suggest itself, nor can it fail to delight all interested in Canadian art and verse.

SLEIGHING LONG AGO.

Boys and girls of ninety-three don't half enjoy the snow;
Never knew the wild delight their parents used to know;
What's the fun of sleighing in a sleigh that holds but
two—

'Twasn't thus your fathers went a-sleighing.
Hurrah, hurrah, two dozen in a sleigh!
Hurrah, hurrah, wrapped up in furs and hay!
How we sang and shouted in the winters passed away,
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

While the merry bells rang out, we sang a sleighing
song—
Sang it with a spirit as we swiftly sped along—
Sang it as you've never heard it, lustily and strong,
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.
Hurrah, hurrah, how merrily we go!
Hurrah, hurrah, across the fleecy snow!
So we sang the chorus in the winters long ago,
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

When the laughing moon declared the midnight hour was
come,
And the team was turned about all covered o'er with
foam,
How we laughed and shouted as we madly galloped home,
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.
Hurrah, hurrah, how merrily we go!
Hurrah, hurrah, across the frozen snow!
Ask your parents how they sang it forty years ago,
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

G. W. JOHNSON.

Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist school): If that's high art then I'm an idiot. Cynicus: Well, that is high art.