

SELECTED QUATRAINS.

SCHEMES.

I lit my pipe and dreamed of writing books,
My reverie no sound discordant broke,
And there I sat and in a night put forth
A wondrous volume of tobacco smoke.

COY.

A light wind wooed a flowret once,
And all a summer's day it pled;
But still the more it breathed its love,
The more the flowret shook its head.

TO AH SIN.

If it be true, O Chinaman,
That through the eye the soul doth shine,
There must be much obliquity
About that silent soul of thine.

THE KINDEST SEASON

When winter dies we triumph o'er
The surly foe of sunny hours;
But spring, forgiving, on his grave
With lavish hand bestrews her flowers.

SPRING.

Dame Nature now, on pleasure bent,
Puts on her gayest duds
And introduces to the world,
And chaperones the buds.

P. McARTHUR.

A DREAM.



WAS very tired. In fact I had a tired feeling hanging over me for a week past; a feeling that makes one imagine that there is a dismal cloud surrounding him through which he can see no pleasure, no amusement, and in the midst of which he strives in vain to study.

I dragged myself up to my room and began to contemplate as to how I should restore my depressed spirits to their normal state of activity. I threw myself into my upholstered chair, which stood invitingly with its arms spread out before the fire-place, and looked about me in search of something pleasing upon which to rest and soothe my weary eyes. I first turned to my window, the panes of which seemed to be sweating with heat on the inside while freezing on the outside. It was snowing quietly without, and the calm stillness of the night was frequently broken by a swish and a thud, as the snow slid off the slate roofs in the neighborhood.

I turned away with a shiver, but thankful that I found myself comfortably seated before a fire that protected me from the cold with its genial energy.

My lamp was burning dimly on the mantel, and its rays of light, shining through a green shade, gave a frosty appearance to the atmosphere of the room. Everything looked cold, and I found relief only by looking blankly into the fire before me. What a fascination one's thoughts have for flaming coals! What a confidence one has in burning embers! While thus gazing into my fire, I think of how many secrets I have confided to it, which I know it will keep forever. I think of the letters which I have occasionally given to its charge. 'Twas but yesterday that I gave it a lock of black hair, which wiggled and sissed like the tongue of a serpent as it disappeared up the flue.

"O fiery element of my hearth," I thought, "in whom I confide my secrets and who knows my weakness, what is the cause of my depressed state of mind? What shall I do to banish the dismal cloud that enwraps me?"

One spark shot up, and then another. Then a shower

of them ascending and increasing the intensity of their light, illuminates everything about. Presently all is bright and I hear the strains of sweet music in the distance. I hear rustling of dresses. I see men in dress suits and women in beautiful costumes fluttering about. And soon I find myself laughing and talking amid the merry throng of familiar voices and faces. Beautiful flowers with their sweet perfumes; heavenly music and the laughing and enjoyment of every one about, tend to form the atmosphere of a paradise or a fairy land. I was full of happiness; I laughed and talked, and my very heart felt light with enjoyment, for everything about was familiar. The corridors were the same old corridors, but they were illuminated with brilliant lights, decorated with beautiful flowers and thronged with bright faces. A continual promenade, in time with band music, was kept up along the east and through the main corridors, while groups of merry hearts were scattered here and there through the lecture rooms: some sipping ice-cream, others looking at curiosities or examining specimens.

And so the minutes sped on, each one adding some new charm to my fancy, and making me realize more and more that in the very rooms where one's head aches daily over deep problems and opaque theories, there exists a satisfaction for the desires of one's heart, and a true recreation for the mental faculties.

The minutes passed quickly into hours, and indicated early morning before the people began to disperse and the conversation ended.

When I reached the outside, instead of seeing the white lawn and the surrounding trees silver-tipped with snow, I saw nothing but a black fire before me and my lamp burning on the mantel. My window was slightly open and a few flurries of snow blowing in. I, shivering, got up and closed it, at the same time thinking how disappointing are dreams.

A.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Contributions to this column must be received before Saturday night. The secretaries of the different societies are requested to furnish us with definite but very concise information as to the time and place of meeting.

TUESDAY, MARCH 8TH.

Class of '94 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Class of '93 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 10 a.m.
Classical Association.—(a) "Comparison of Virgil and Homer," Mr. W. H. Gillespie, '94; (b) "The Causes of the *Æneid's* Popularity," Mr. A. Eddy, '94. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—Notices of motion for constitution, also nomination of officers. Biological Department, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9TH.

Literary and Scientific Society.—Special meeting.—Receive Report of the Gymnasium Committee and other very important business.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 3 p.m.
Mass Meeting of the Students. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 2.30 p.m.
Y.W.C.A. Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Y.M.C.A. Bible Class.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10TH.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8.30 a.m.
Oriental Seminary.—Room 6, 2 p.m.
Y.M.C.A. Meeting.—Conducted by S. Silcox, '93—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11TH.

Meeting of Senate.
Varsity Editorial Staff.—Varsity Office, 7.15 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 1 p.m.
Literary Society.—Nominations.—Elections next night. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13TH.

Bible Class.—"The Tumult in the Temple," Acts, xxi. 27-40. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D. Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 14TH.

Class of '92 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 9.40 a.m.
S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Modern Language Club.—"Cardinal Newman." Essays: Life; Novels.—Other Literary work. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15TH.

Class of '94 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Class of '93 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 10 a.m.
Philosophical Society of '94. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.