

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

An object, however beautiful, should be held at a certain distance from the eye, in order to please, for when it approaches too closely, vision becomes impossible.

Joy, to be fully appreciated, must not press against and smother us, but must be so held that the soul may be most aware of it.

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For one prone to overvalue the admiration he can gain from the world, we would prescribe the following course of action: Write an article on the question most dear to your heart, do not demand the proof, and then without previously referring to any passages in Ecclesiastes, read your work as it is printed. Your "hopes that lead us on" will make you despair as, "ropes that lead us on;" your "tears that refresh the eye" will render you tearful as, "fears that refresh the eye"; your "courage, which is the animation of the soul" will make you tremble as, "courage, which is the animalcule of the soul;" and the only comfort left to you will be in despising the opinions of others, and taking refuge in the thought of your own integrity.

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Have you ever met people who resembled the repeating decimals which used to dismay us in the "sums" of youth? Is *repeating decimals* the proper term? We mean the figures which always appeared with a mark overhead, like the brand on the forehead of Cain, and never disappeared, and always involved matters in difficulty. No solution of such persons is possible; the good cannot preserve them, the wise cannot foretell them, and the wicked cannot destroy them.

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The necessity of methodical writing seems to us one of the curses of journalism. We read of Dickens who seated himself regularly at his table and wrote his determined measure every day, or of Anthony Trollope who at certain intervals, whether he were at the club or in the street produced his note-book and filled a fixed number of lines, but we cannot understand it. There are times when the mind is clumsy with words, and cannot well express itself. Whatever his mood, the journalist must write, and his bad work is fatal to himself, and hurtful to others. Canada has no finer humorist than Sara Jeanette Duncan. Every one remembers her Garth Grafton columns in the *Globe*, and no one can deny that, often witty, they were sometimes dull. We were glad when this draining of her humor ceased, and when she began to preserve it in the more deliberate form of books. However, there seems to be no remedy, and we want the newspapers.

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In the February number of *Wives and Daughters*, Ethelwyn Wetherald gives a page of favourite quotations sent her by some of the well-known Canadian writers. Prof. C. G. B. Roberts furnished her with the following sonnet from Mr. Lampman:—

THE TRUTH.

Friend, though thy soul should burn thee, yet be still,
Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for swords.
He that sees clearest is gentlest of his words,
And that's not truth that hath the heart to kill.
The whole world's thought shall not one truth fulfil.
Dull in our age, and passionate in youth,
No mind of man hath found the perfect truth,
Nor shalt thou find it; therefore, friend, be still.

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,
The babbler of consistency and rule;
Wisest is he who never quite secure,
Changes his thoughts for better, day by day:
To-morrow some new light will shine, be sure,
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

We were somewhat surprised by the selection which Mr. Lampman, in his turn, made, because he offered it as

being to his mind "the finest thing ever written by any Canadian."

Ah me! the mighty love that I have borne
To thee, sweet song! a perilous gift was it
My mother gave me that September morn
When sorrow, song, and life were at one altar lit.

A gift more perilous than the priest's; his lore
Is all of books and to his books extends;
And what they see and know, he knows--no more,
And with their knowing all his knowing ends.

A gift more perilous than the painter's; he
In his divinest moments only sees
The inhumanities of color; we
Feel each and all the inhumanities.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON.

This is surely not the high-water mark of Canadian poetry. Archibald Lampman has produced better work himself.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The 24th of February has come and gone and the Glee Club concert is a thing of the past. The committee may now rest their weary limbs and refresh their minds and hearts by going to lectures and meditating on the approaching exams.

The concert was in every way a success, and too much praise cannot be given to the committee for their untiring efforts in the arrangement and management of the whole affair.

The Pavilion was filled with a splendid audience, in which the youth and beauty, not to say culture, of Toronto were well represented, when the Glee Club filed in and ascended the arduous steps of the lofty platform, and the rounds of applause which greeted their appearance gave evidence of considerable popularity. Blue and white were everywhere, many of the fair auditors wearing the favorite shades. All the arrangements were perfect, and a better satisfied audience has seldom left the Pavilion. The encore fiend was there and his name was legion, and as a consequence it was rather late when the last number on the programme was reached. The singing of the Club and playing of the Banjo Club formed undoubtedly the most popular part of the programme, but the artists who assisted were very much appreciated and well received. Mrs. Bishop, in spite of the fact that she was suffering from fatigue, made a splendid impression, and it is safe to say that she will revisit Toronto at no very distant date; while Mr. Field and Mr. Morgan fully maintained their reputation as artists of the first rank. The gem of the evening was, perhaps, Dudley Buck's "Twilight," which was most artistically rendered, the effects of light and shade and the variations of tempo being well sustained. Not the least popular number of the Glee Club was "Daybreak," a distinctively Toronto piece, consisting of a modern newspaper adage set to a familiar air, with a preliminary "Hark!" and a daybreak crow. The Banjo Club came in for a large share of the applause and their playing was, to use a rather undignified expression, "out of sight." The mandolin quartette covered themselves with glory and reflected great credit on their genial trainer, Mr. Smedley. Altogether it was probably the most successful concert the Glee Club has given, and they are to be congratulated on such a brilliant and successful season.

The *Sequoia* (Stanford University) bewails a dearth of college poetry of a high class. Certainly few colleges produce such excellent verse as appears every week in the *Brunonian*, *Red and Blue*, *Yale Record*, *Boudoin's Orient* and a few others, yet we cannot say we think very highly of the offering of a ten-dollar prize for the student sending in the largest amount of poetry during the year, as the *Orient* does in a recent issue.