

and original figures. For instance, in a brief address, on moving an adjournment of the House of Congress, on the first anniversary of the death of LINCOLN, after quoting the unrivalled words of Tennyson—

"Some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bars,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breaks the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil stars;
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne :"

—as aptly describing the character of LINCOLN (how applicable to himself!) he went on to say: "It was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him (LINCOLN) down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy. Ah, sir; there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed when two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God; and when at last its parting-folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men." The magnificent audacity of the figure reminds one of that passage in JOHN BRIGHT'S speech on the Crimean war, where, speaking of the desolation and mourning caused by the war, he said: "The Angel of Death is passing through the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings."

Of a still more electric type was GARFIELD'S memorable appeal to a threatening New York mob on the morning after the assassination of Lincoln; an incident which strikingly illustrates the magnetic power possessed by the late President, in common with some other great minds, over his fellow-men.

The culminating point of his career was his nomination to the Presidency at the Republican Convention at Chicago about a year ago. Readers of the newspapers will well remember its stirring scenes. Faction had been roused to a frenzy that, under almost any other government, would have bred a revolution. To reunite the different divisions of the Republican party seemed to be impossible. But when Wisconsin, acting on an inspiration, "broke" for GARFIELD, and he was once fairly in the field, the discord of factions disappeared before the tumultuous enthusiasm his candidature evoked. In that supreme moment, for him "one crowded hour of glorious life," we are told that GARFIELD alone was unmoved in that vast assemblage. But it would be idle to suppose that any mere chance rendered his nomination possible. It had taken years of study and reflection, of meritorious service in the field and in Congress, and, above all, an unswerving integrity, to qualify him, of all the leaders of the Republican party, for the Presidency. We now can only sorrow that it was his lot to possess for so brief a space "the laurels, the palms and the pæan" of that high office.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom,
The eternal landscape of the past.

C.

It is to be hoped that during vacation we have all ploughed, threshed, sailed, run, jumped, rowed, camped, swum, reaped, fished, delved, chopped, hammered, shouted, yelled, chirped, painted, whitewashed, walked, capered, pranced, lounged, loafed, and labored, and that we have thereby acquired and stowed away a large surplus stock of bodily energy, our muscles being harder and larger, and the girth of our chests considerably increased. Seven months of continuous study calls for a good constitution, upon which there are not many things more severe than the close confinement of student life, small apartments, bad ventilation, self-feeding coal stoves (with their confounded life-destroying dampers), and the midnight lamp. In the winter months few of us take to outdoor exercise as a pleasure. Those who have given heed to what doctors are every day telling us, and who consider it a duty to exercise themselves daily, are generally prone to weaken after they have swung the clubs for a fortnight, or have walked six miles a day for the same length of time. To most of us this continuous and regular taking of exercise is not a pleasure, and although it is no doubt a duty we owe to our health, yet affecting ourselves alone, we are too apt to let the matter go without consideration. However, there is no use discussing this subject now, for everyone you meet about the college says that he has ploughed, threshed, sailed, run, jumped, rowed,

etc., during the vacation, and is prepared to sit for thirty nights in the month in his little room, either by himself studying, or with a number of companions all warmly discussing the doctrines of innate ideas and of infinities, amid a cloud of tobacco smoke, the host himself being careful that the cold January air gets in by no crevice, and mindful of the poet's advice, *ligna super foco Large reponens*.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

IN spirit I was at the threshold of University College portals on the opening day, to extend the appropriate salutations to all you young men. I hope the return to the 'Varsity is made with unloaded spirits, that a clearer vision of what can be done between this month and next May has been gained, and, more especially, that the method has been firmly decided on whereby the main purpose in view is to be accomplished.

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Now all this hoping assumes that vacation has been spent in a way more or less likely to give the capabilities the most sharpening refreshment. The remark may suggest the question, What mode of life is best in the holidays for the student who has been unsparing of himself in term? If I am not mistaken, there is a growing tendency to recognize change to new scenes and seclusion as the right counterpoise to the bustle and mental strain of the academic year. To your fathers and their fathers such a course would seem extravagantly eccentric. In their hobbledohoy days the favorite ideal of the summer recess included a sojourn at home, a family exportation to the seaside, and sweet palavers with one's *carissima*. Another and a wiser plan is gradually being adopted. "Camping out" in small parties is being thought superior to the attractions of the homestead; feats of pedestrianism and canoeing over long distances are preferred to the stay at Murray Bay or Orchard Beach, and the indispensable sweetheart figures more in correspondence and exaggerated photos than in the romantic rendezvous. More wisdom, I repeat, is thereby shewn. The only true antidote for tired brains is complete repose. Physicians every day bear witness that this is unattainable, as a rule, under the paternal roof. Life there, if it has its charms, has too a multitude of cares and duties, and the same stricture applies to the exactions of sentimental acquaintances.

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'Tis the early bird that catches the worm. So may any one else who eats a Toronto apple in the dark.

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GIN SLING is the euphonious name of a Chinese student at Yale. Who knows but that at some time in the vasty future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the New York Bar.

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To try and teach a woman logic is about the same game as trying to teach a man dressmaking, or the art of getting the last word. A logic class was recently started at a fashionable ladies' school, situated somewhere between Hamilton and Montreal. A professor, selected from the University that is similarly situated, on account of his combined ugliness and attainments, was engaged to attend on a certain afternoon of each week. A tall and intelligent-looking girl of some sixteen springs, at the head of the class, commended herself, by her appearance, to the professorial attention. "Give me, Miss," said he, "an example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises." Miss: "Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true." Class is dismissed; and logic won't form a leading feature of the next prospectus.

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The same evening, when the pipes were lit and the whiskey was circulating in the smoking-room of the Antediluvian Fossils, that professor spoke his mind to the other conscript fathers. "It is the province of logic," said he, "to distinguish between correct and incorrect thoughts. Women never have correct thoughts—wouldn't know a correct thought if they saw it—therefore, it is impossible to teach a woman logic."

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"AND this," he said, as he left the room, where the familiars of the inquisition were industriously at work, and musingly descended the stair, "this performance, with its emasculated ceremonial, its abundance of oburgation and absence alike of CARLING, of music, and of the splendor of the Queen of Night—its lack of that quaint humor so characteristic in days of yore—and its expurgated Liturgy, do they now call *this* the lineal heir and full successor of the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Mystic Initiation, that formed the portal through which the trembling neophyte entered into the full fruition of the Illuminati. Ah! *tempora mutantur et isti mutantur in illis*."