

LITERARY NOTES.

Rather do I think your forte
Vivisection of a sort
 A la mode.

For O, lady, you to tortures
 Subject me.
And without remorse distort *your*
 faithfully
On a rack. Ah worse renewal
Of the days of stake and fuel,
To be cut by fair one cruel
 All U. P.

Blues may, as a rule, prefer a
 Solemn tome.
Whose dim pages p raps inter a
 Greece or Rome
Slumbrous histories of the past.
They re—well the reverse of fast,
Very blue, in fact, one vast
 Monochrome.

Learned maiden you can kill
 With those eyes.
Though from Thales down to Mill
 Who more wise?
Yes of course your sort are fewish
Staid, yet on occasion *mouish*,
On the whole a kind of bluish
 Compromise.

Oh, to know of *is* and o'her
 Osophus!
Abelard—a female "brother"
 At his knees—
Could instruct in P's or Q's
The bewitchingest of Blues,
For her wisdom who'd abuse,
 Heloise?

If though, lady, by a process
 So reversed,
And administered in doses
 Mild at first,
You would as instructress act,
I might find some things attract
Which before this I've in fact
 Sometimes cursed.

Through the *calculus* to dawdle,
 Fair, with you,
Or decipher Sanskrit twaddle.
 Yes a few
Other things I'd do with unction—
Fall in love with "*theta* function,"
Though the same I with compunction
 Now eschew.

I might come to think the Aorist
 Different quite,
Me at present roots the rarest
 Don't invite.
Yet they should with you as tutor—
Silver then what now seems pewter—
You'd p'raps listen to a suitor,
 Erudite.

Did he in the Zenovest
 Pleasure see;
Could he Locke with ease digest.
 Then might he.
Prove to you how true that heart is
Which of him a throbbing part is,
By the *Elementa Artis*
 Legitae.

WALTER ROGERS.

We take pleasure in announcing that an article has been promised for an early number of ROUGE ET NOIR by the Rev. W. E. Graham, Rector of Thorold. Mr. J. E. Collins will also contribute an interesting paper on "A Night with Wreckers in Newfoundland," and the Rev. H. G. Parker, a careful review of "Matthew Arnold as a Poet."

From J. B. Huling, Chicago, we acknowledge the receipt of two small pamphlets on "Punctuation" and "Abbreviated Longhand," which will be found of much use to those requiring their aid.

In the form of an Easter greeting, Rev. H. G. Parker has collected his late poetical contributions to the *Canadian Missionary*, the *Current*, the *Week* and our columns, the whole forming a series of bright Easter verse of much merit.

Mr. J. E. Collins, who has undergone the scrutiny of the House of Commons, has had accepted a series of delightful Newfoundland articles by *St. Nicholas* and *Wide-Awake*, while the London *Field* recently published a valuable contribution on the same subject.

The *Century* will shortly publish an exquisite verse, entitled "Bird Voices," by Archibald Lampman, B. A., of this University. Mr. Lampman's genius is monthly receiving greater recognition from the American press. Mr. C. G. D. Roberts has also contributed to the same magazine a poem of much force, called "Canada," which will, doubtless, receive dissection from the more conservative publications of this country by reason of the strong strain of independence which rings throughout its lines. *Outing*, for April, contains, by this talented poet, a pleasing narrative of "Birch and Blade in New Brunswick Waters."

Those who remember the "College Chronicle" in the New York *World*, will be pleased to learn that the energetic collector of college news is not idle in his later days, as he has evinced the same indefatigable interest in 'cycling as he did in University intelligence, and Karl Kron has, in the course of preparation, a valuable wheeling guide now in the printer's hand. "Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle" will contain 350 pages, 12 mo., and will appear in July. It will be the narration of numerous personal trips made throughout this country, the United States and Bermuda. The price is \$1, and as soon as the limit—three thousand—is reached, will be raised to \$1.50. We are pleased to find that the list has already reached 2,693. The author's address is Karl Kron, 56 University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

A CRITIQUE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EXPOSITION OF THE ILLATIVE SENSE, in a letter to Archbishop Lynch, by T. A. Haultain, M. A., (Williamson & Co., 1885.)—Whatever may be the excellencies or defects of Cardinal Newman's intellect, he has generally been credited with the power to produce the most lucid and fervent English. His poetry is good, thoughtful, deep, tender. But his prose is the very model of pure, rich, energetic English. We may, therefore, suspect that, when his meaning becomes uncertain or obscure, it is because there is something not quite definite in his thought. This conviction was forced upon us long ago by the perusal of some por-