

ted that he should have given the sanction of his great name to the least artistic form in which a sonnet could be written. Another says Shakespeare's plays are irregular in the highest degree. Now, would it not be better if these critics would seek to discover the concealed beauties of the writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worthy of their observation?

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls, must dive below."

To associate one's name with that of Shakespeare's is an epidemic among a certain class. Some want to hang their learning upon him—to sport in foot notes, and amble along on the same page with the illustrious one; others, to slip their names along with his, think of going down to posterity in this wise: "Blair's Shakespeare;" or, as the Annotator, Mr. Singer, has it, "The works of Wm. Shakespeare, with notes, by S. W. Singer." This is very modest. Mr. Singer might have reversed it and said, "Essays by S. W. Singer, with poetical notes by William Shakespeare."

"Such shameless bards we have;
and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics, too."

ODDS AND ENDS.

We have received many contributions whose merit may deserve a more prominent position than in this vagabond collection, but being unable to classify them under any definite head, we render their talented writers our profuse apologies for our inability to comprehend their distinctive virtues.

We will treat them "in order of decreasing magnitude." First on the list comes a "Song" from a Sixth Form bard. In compliance with his request, the editor thoughtlessly assented to hear the composer warble his effusion. When the editor recovered, his musical ear was so affected that he could no longer distinguish the discord in the seven o'clock whistle. But certainly the "music" was original and also very striking; as for the words, you can judge for yourself. We take the liberty to quote the second stanza:—

"Now, listen all ye people,
Till we sing a few more lines,
For we do adore these ladies,
Yea! do worship at their shrines;
And if it so should happen
That they set their back on us,
We will only sing this chorus
So as not to raise a fuss."

But the chorus would raise a pretty *big* fuss, consisting of, as far as we can determine, an intermediate jargon between ancient Chinese and modern German, with a rich crop of vowels scattered in for a little variety. The melody winds up with the libellous assertion that:—

"Though we have to study,
Be it Algebra or Greek,
This chorus is the only word
We're ever heard to speak."

A member of the Cornet Band handed in the following, headed "The Spirit of Melody."

"In the Collegiate Institute,
Where the bandsman plays the flute,
And into the air they shoot
This liquid, charming note (pronounce "nute").
When I listen to their mus—
ic, my feelings, they confuse
My tender heart, and I sigh an'
Think that I am dyin'!"

Where is the lemon-hearted cynic that said there was no spirit in music? What but inspiration could give birth to such touching lines?

Little Tommy wanted to know why a hen cackled. His elder sister replied that she guessed it was because it was eg(g)otistic.

The continued poem of "Wiahawtha" is next, but owing to the sudden death of the illustrious author, and the esteem in which we held him, we could not reproduce it in

full length. With respectful and solemn accent, however, we repeat:—

* * * * *
"Pause and listen to the story,
Of how the school of learning lost,
Lost its learned chief of English.
* * * * *
Left his *lambs* to unknown shepherds.
* * * * *
But a fair shepherdess has come,
And she her lambs and goats protects."

And here the poet passes some uncomplimentary remark about the "goats" predominating, and then continues:—

"But a happier tale I'll tell;
Tell it in a voice more cheerful;
Tell again the old, old story,
Of unity of hearts and name."

After dealing with other points of interest in the school, he winds up with a pathetic expiring wail.

EDITOR.

