

brown of his complexion, while the glow scarcely served to tint the pale face lying on his breast—deadly white, save for the two red spots on the sunken cheeks—or the hair hanging in loose lank threads. For some time no one spoke, but as the boy's sleep continued sound and unbroken, the cousins fell into talk, low and subdued, and many things were touched on in that quiet hour, which neither could have put into words at another time. At length Reginald rose to go, and at the same moment Wikkey opened his eyes and smiled, as he saw his visitor, and tried to lift himself up.

"I'm awake now," he said; "I didn't know as you were here."

"Never mind, Wikkey, lie still," said Reginald, "you are too tired for any reading to-night. I will tell you one verse—a beautiful one—for you and Lawrence to talk about some day," and laying his hand on the boy's head he repeated in low, gentle tones—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

After he was gone, Wikkey lay very still, with his eyes fixed intently on the fire. Lawrence dreaded what his next question might be, and at last it came.

"What does it mean—See the King?"

"It means that we shall all see Him some day, Wikkey, when—when—we die. It will be beautiful to see the King, won't it?"

"Yes," said the child, dreamily. "I'd like to see Him. I know as I'm going to die; but will it be soon? Oh, Lawrence! must it be directly?" and as he clung convulsively to him, the young man felt the little heart beating wildly.

"Wikkey—little lad—dear little lad—don't be frightened," he said, stroking the boy's head; "don't be frightened;" but still the eyes questioned him with agonized eagerness, and he knew he must answer, but his voice was very husky, and he felt the task a hard one.

"I'll tell you, Wikkey, I think the King loves you so much that He wants you to come to Him, and not to be ill any more, nor have any more bad pain or coughing. That would be nice, wouldn't it?—never to feel ill any more, and to see the King!"

"Yes," Wikkey said, with a long sigh, "it would be ever so nice; but, oh! I don't want for to leave you, Lawrence—won't you come too?"

"Some day, please God; but that must be as the King likes—perhaps He will not want me to come yet. I must try to do anything He wants me to do here first."

"Should you like to come now, Lawrence?" The question was rather a relief, for a sense of being unreal had come over Lawrence while he spoke, and he answered quickly—

"No, I had rather not go yet, Wikkey; but you see I am well and strong. I think if I were ill, like you, I should like it; and you need not feel frightened, for the King will not leave you. He will be taking care of you all the time, and you will go to Him."

"Are you quite certain?"

No room for doubt here—and the answer came unhesitatingly—"Quite certain, Wikkey."

"And you are sure that you'll come too."

"I wish I were half as certain," the young man thought, with a sigh, then said aloud—"If I try to obey the King, I hope I shall."

"But you will try you will, Lawrence!" cried Wikkey, passionately.

Very quietly and low Lawrence answered—

"By God's head—Yes!" and he bent and kissed the child's forehead, as if to seal the vow.

Wikkey seemed satisfied, and in a few minutes was dozing again. He slept for an hour after being put to bed, but then grew restless, and the night passed wearily between intervals of heavy oppression—half-unconscious wakefulness and rambling, incoherent talk, sometimes of his street-life, of his broom, for which he felt about with weak aimless hands, of cold and hunger; and then he would break out into murmuring complaints of Mrs. Skimmidge, when forbidden words would slip out, and even then the child's look of distress went to Lawrence's heart. But oftener the wandering talk was of the incidents of the last few weeks and over and over came the words—"See the King in His beauty."

In the morning Wikkey was quieter and perfectly sensible; but the pinched look on his face, and the heavy, laboured breathing, told plainly that he was sinking.

Hard as it had been for Lawrence to leave his "little lad," up to this time he had been scrupulous in never allowing Wikkey to interfere with his office duties, but now it seemed impossible to leave the child, who clung feebly to him with a frightened whisper—

"Oh, don't go, Lawrence! praps the King will want me, and may be I shouldn't be so frightened if I kept looking at you."

No, he could not go; so, writing a hurried line—"Cannot come to-day—the boy I told you of is dying—the work shall be ready in time," he despatched it to the head clerk in his department. "Granby's 'Crazie'" had at first excited a good deal of astonishment when it became known at the office; but Lawrence had quietly discouraged any attempts at "chaff" on the subject, and as time went on he used to be greeted by really warm inquiries after "the little chap."

The hours passed slowly by. Reginald came and went as he could spare time; sometimes he prayed in such short and simple language as Wikkey could join in—and the expression of his face showed that he did so—sometimes he knelt in silence, praying earnestly for the departing soul, and for Lawrence in his mournful watch. As the day began to wane, Reginald

entering, saw that the end was near, and knelt to say the last prayers; as he finished, the pale March sun, struggling through the clouds, sent a shaft of soft light into the room, and touched Wikkey's closed eyes. They opened with a smile, and raising himself in Lawrence's arms, he leant forward with a look so eager and expectant, that with a thrill of awe, almost amounting to terror, the young man whispered—"What is it, Wikkey? Do you see anything?"

"Not yet—soon—it's coming!" the boy murmured, without altering his fixed gaze; and then for an instant a wondrous light seemed to break over the wan face—only for an instant—for suddenly as it had dawned, it faded out, and with it fled the little spirit, leaving only the frail worn-out form to fall back gently on Lawrence's breast.

Was he gone? Almost incredulously Lawrence looked down, and then, with pale, set features, he rose, and laying Wikkey on the bed, sank on his knees beside it, and buried his face in the pillow, with the sound of a great sob. Reginald approached the bed, and laying his hand for a moment on the bowed head, spoke low and solemnly—

"The blessing of a soul that was ready to perish come upon you, Lawrence."

Then he quitted the room, and closing the door softly, left Lawrence alone with his "little lad."

So Wikkey passed away, and Lawrence went back to his work, ever retaining deep down in his heart the memory of the child whose life had become so strangely interwoven with his own, and more precious still, the lesson bequeathed to him by his "little lad," of how a soul that looks persistently upward finds its full satisfaction at last in the vision of "The King in His Beauty."

THE END.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN FRANCE, ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

By HUGO VON RADOWITZ, translated from the German for the "Canadian Illustrated News."

I. FRANCE.

The development and education of youth and especially of that portion of it which is destined eventually to stand at the head of the nation in accumulating and cultivating knowledge, and to lead it on the way to a higher culture forms a theme worthy of particular attention. It would be interesting then to cast a glance at the forms, in which the life of the students at the Universities—the nurseries of the highest culture—has, through the custom of long years, become moulded, and to consider the differences which exist between the students of the three principal nations of civilization, namely the French, the English and the German.

We begin with France, the country in which perhaps the disciplined organization and study of the arts and sciences (Wissenschaften) first took definite shape. For although the old faculty of law at Bologna, and that of medicine at Salerno, were, properly speaking, the oldest universities, yet their significance speedily declined, and as early as the eleventh century, the University of Paris took the lead of the whole civilized world in every department of knowledge. As at that time even more than nowadays, knowledge was regarded as something absolutely universal, so the inner organization of the University was founded on the nationalities of those studying there. In 1206 the University of Paris was divided into four nations, namely the Gauls, among whom the Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, and Orientals were reckoned—the Picardians, the Normans, and the English, with whom also the Germans and all the remaining nationalities of the north were classed. Each nation had its own statutes, its own Professor and a Proctor—the proctors chose the Rector and the students chose their teachers with perfect freedom. In 1219, Pope Honorius restricted this freedom of choice, in this respect, that only those *savants* should be eligible, as teachers of the University, who had received the necessary qualification from the Bishop. The Bishops now appointed commissions to examine the teachers in the separate branches of the sciences, and so arose the division into the Faculties of Science, which then took the official place hitherto occupied by the division according to nations. Each faculty received a Proctor or Dean, and these again chose the Rector. In the year 1259 the present division of the faculties, into those of theology, of medicine, and of law, was introduced at the University of Paris, and along with these existed a fourth faculty, that of the Liberal Arts, which later received the name of the Philosophical. With this independent, exclusive position of the old universities, it followed naturally that they, like the church, also granted dignities and degrees of their own. Of these the University of Paris had three, that of Baccalaureus, of Licentiate and of Magister. The Baccalaureus was of the lowest dignity, he was the assistant of the Magister, and every Magister had the right of nominating a Baccalaureus. The Licentiate received their degree, after an examination by the Deans of the Faculties, from the Bishop, and lastly the Magistri received the token of their dignity, a purple hat, after a public dissertation and promotion by the Rector of the University; they were confirmed by the chancellor, and free and unrestrained right of teaching in the University—later they assumed the title

of Doctor. The old title of Magister remained only for the faculty of the Liberal Arts, so that in this way the title of Magister, followed in rank, that of Doctor, but the former had in his own faculty the same right as the latter, under the supervision of the Rector. Along side the University were now founded, by small donations and legacies of individuals, so-called colleges, that is, institutions in which the students received board, lodging and also help in their studies. The oldest of these colleges was the Sorbonne which was founded under Louis IX. by his Chaplain, Robert de Sorbonne. In the most of these colleges there were free places (*freistellen*), and places for paying students—the free scholars were called Bursarii, and lecture-rooms were frequently found in these colleges, hence lectures are to this day called "Collegien." In addition to these students who were admitted either as free or as paying students, other so-called "travelling scholars" (*fahrende schüler*), also attended the lectures, a class streaming to and fro irregularly out of all nations, unwelcome visitors whom the authorities tried to check as much as possible. The Catholic Church soon founded, in addition to the University of Paris, other high schools, partly of exclusively theological nature; but the University of Paris continued to hold the chief scientific importance, and the great Revolution which everywhere levelled and centralized, simply swept away all the other Universities and left the Paris University remaining as the only high school for all France. Each department, however, received its academy and its separate faculties, which remained as Provincial Institutes under the Paris University. In 1870, the Provinces received permission to found free Universities, which under the recognition of the church, received the right of state examination and were of Catholic tendency, yet Paris has ever been the only University for all France, in the proper sense of the word. The Government indeed has thought of founding five great State Universities in France to oppose those Catholic Institutions which have gained great influence, but the plan has never been carried out. The Revolution of 1789 deprived the University of its peculiar organization and its own administration of justice (1), so that it now properly forms a great school existing under the divided recognition of the State and the church. As regards the life and position of students in Paris, one must carefully distinguish between the free students and the scholars of the colleges—the latter, corresponding perhaps to the "Primarius" of our "Gymnasium" and being often under very strict control, remain under domestic surveillance, and have in public life scarcely any significance. The free students, who come to Paris to prepare themselves for the state examination of the single faculties, have on the whole also, very little of the special peculiarities of German student life. In costume and manners they are like other life-loving (*lebenstüchtigen*) young fellows. Any *esprit de corps* is missing among them, and their only distinguishing characteristic, is this, that they lead a kind of careless gipsy life which forms a quite peculiar world of its own. They live almost all in the so-called *Quartier Latin*, Latin quarter, which lies immediately around the University, and gets its name from the learned world that gravitates toward that part of the city.

To the life of the students, stand in close relation the so-called Grisettes, a peculiarity of Paris, of which one can scarcely form an idea elsewhere. These Grisettes are young girls of the poorer classes of the people, who are early turned adrift to make their living by their own work; they are mostly sewing, knitting or flower girls, who form more or less lasting unions with the young students for purposes of domestic life and domestic economy (*zu gemeinsamen haben und gemeinsamen Wirtschaft*). We must not regard these Grisettes as frivolous wenches—by their own labour they earn their living honestly, and would accept no offer, however attractive, from any man, without their heart speaking for it. Their natural friends are the young students, whom they meet at the balls of the *Closier des Lilas*, they form parties with them, and whenever a pair find a sympathy in each other, a marriage is celebrated in due form, in which nothing is wanting but the legal sanction and the priestly blessing. Friends celebrate a fête, and student and Grisette move into generally a small and modest dwelling, and set up housekeeping, the cost of which is mostly defrayed by Grisette's earnings, while the income of the student be it much or little, is spent on amusements. During the union Grisette remains unconditionally true to her friend, shares his good and bad days with him, nurses him when he is sick, fasts with him when the purse is empty and spends it with him when it is again full. If they become tired of, or have been deceived in, one another the union is dissolved, and this announced to their friends; after which each party is free to form a new alliance. This, however, seldom happens, these unions generally lasting till the student has finished his studies, when he returns home, becomes a lawyer, doctor or member of the society of his native town, and Grisette seeks another friend, till she at last also becomes old, and vanishes from the stage of the *Quartier Latin*—makes her living by letting rooms, becomes a box-keeper (*zimmersvermieterin*, *Logenschlieslerin*), or washerwoman, marries perhaps an honest workman

(1) The students of the German Universities have down to the beginning of this year, been exempt from all police interference, being amenable to the *Universitätsgericht*, before which alone a student can be tried or condemned for any misdemeanour. Trans.

who takes as little offence at her past, as if she had been an honest widow. These peculiar relations between students and Grisettes, which have found an often trivial description in some of Paul de Kock's romances, and a poetical and kindly (*genüthvolle*) "glorification" in the songs of Béranger, give a peculiar charm to the life of the French student; and however much one may object to such relations from a strictly moral point of view, it cannot be denied that they keep these young fellows from many injurious excesses, and awaken in them a certain love for home-life (*Hauslichkeit*). Many a doctor's or lawyer's wife, owes, perhaps, the good domestic qualities of her husband, to the little Grisette who once kept house with the young student under the Mansard roof.

With public life as a rule the Paris student has very little to do—he does not miss, to be sure, taking part in political squabbles and making occasional demonstrations, which are always on the side of the opposition and are often stormy enough, but having neither persistence nor definite leading principles, are for the most part mere boyish pranks. It will be remembered for example that the students of the *Quartier Latin*, which was naturally in opposition to the Empire, cried always instead of "Vive l'Empereur"—"Vive l'embair." The police were foolish enough to take this seriously, and for four weeks continuously the *Quartier Latin* rang with the cries: "Vive l'embair." During the Revolution two barricades were built there, and we have a very high-strung ode from the *Lion du Quartier Latin* whose roarings are to announce the dawn of freedom; but all the efforts of this lion have the nature rather of wanton cat springs than the majestic power of the king of the desert. The Paris student is on the whole, *raisonneur* and *blagueur* in political matters—his demonstrations are harmless and of no consequence, and he is especially wanting in that poetic, ideal element that distinguishes the German student, of whom we will treat later on.

(To be continued.)

THE CARAVAN.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Amid the world's Sahara, by the path
Of doleful years that no man can retrace,
The human Caravan toils slowly on.
Quenching its thirst with bloody sweat alone.
The lion roars—the tempest raves—and still
(No tower, or dome, or minaret in sight)
Forward the dim horizon seems to fly.
High o'er our heads the culture scents his prey—
His ghastly shadow is our only shade—
While on we stagger till our languid eyes
Fall on a far-off lonely spot of green.
A grove of cypress, dotted with white stones.

God in his mercy on the sands of Time
Hath dropped one oasis—the Cemetery.
Lie down poor, breathless pilgrims, sleep at last!
Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

BUT few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

MRS. BELL, wife of the bell-telephone man, is a mute; she, with her sisters, the Misses Hubbard, are among the beautiful women of Washington.

SOCIETY belles in Washington now affect the banjo, which they are learning to play. There are many costly ones with ebony handles and silver mountings.

As old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned the idea of marrying her, when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

"SEE that my grave's kept green," he warbled under the window of his fair one's domicile, one pleasant night. "I'll tend to the grave business, young man," shouted her enraged parental ancestor, as he poked an old musket out of the second-story window. No more concert that evening.

A BRIGHT little boy of ten, animated by a desire to "help mother," wrote as follows in reply to an advertisement for a boy: "Please to call at No. — street, or I shall call where you keep if you take me please to write and tell me where it is or call either one."

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. See another column.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SERRA, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-2-w.