

## THE GLEE CLUB ABROAD.

The following is what the *Portfolio* has to say of the visit of the Glee Club to the Wesleyan Ladies' College:—

"While there has thus been scope for our intellectual development, an entertainment of a totally different character, also under the auspices of the Alumnae, was not less welcome. We refer to the concert by the University of Toronto Glee Club, given in Concertation Hall on Dec. 12. That the occasion was regarded by the young gentlemen themselves as rather important was evinced by the large number who were present on the evening in question. Those who acted as ushers, and all who were hovering around before the proceedings commenced, strove hard to be unconscious of the admiring glances of the assembling multitudes and to overcome the bashfulness natural to boyhood. When each member of the club seemed to be satisfied with the number of trips he had made to the door and back, the concert opened. The performers appeared, as advertised, in their caps and gowns, and, arranged tier above tier on the platform, presented a very striking appearance. The hall was filled with a large and what proved to be an enthusiastic audience. Number after number was rendered under the excellent baton of Mr. Schuch, who kept his forces well up to time. We soon realized that, threadbare as we had thought college songs to be, they were capable of assuming a new character.

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"A number of the Glee Club gallantly escorted the division to the college, but covered the ground on the return journey in a very brief space of time, having before them the delightful prospect of a supper, also in Association Hall. When all had regaled themselves upon the choice viands set forth, a jolly time ensued. Songs and speeches followed one another in quick succession, and 'all went merrily as a marriage bell.' After this second item on the programme was over, the college itself was besieged by a small band of serenaders. They looked like bats, flitting here and there in the shadows and disturbing the quiet stillness of the night with their voices. The Doctor spoke a few genial words from the balcony, and many a Juliet looked down from the window on her waiting Romeo. Through the Doctor's kind indulgence we were permitted to hold a short reception in the college the next afternoon, after the lecture. To say that we greatly enjoyed the visit of the 'boys' would be but to repeat what was so frequently expressed at the time. It formed a pleasant break in the routine of school-work. We think the Glee Club to be highly deserving of the popularity which they enjoy at home, and venture to express the hope that we may soon again have the pleasure of hearing them."

## Things Generally.

### III.



ONE afternoon not long ago I joined the shifting throng that haunt the Library Reading Room. My intentions were firm and resolute. I had brought seven or eight note-books with me, and from the attendant I procured three or four dictionaries of various dimensions and a few half-dozen annotated editions of an immortal poem. The immortal poem was contained in about twenty pages, but the wisdom of the illustrious editors was spread over two hundred or more. Indeed, I harbored a dark suspicion that these men had conspired, out of sheer envy, to bury, under a mass of editorial garbage, the famous poem, immortality and all. However, as I said, I was firm and resolute. I did not deign to notice the smile that passed around among the men as I deposited my little cargo on

the table before me. I merely sat down and compressed my lips, to prove to my own satisfaction (and to that of onlookers) that I was possessed of great "will power." I placed my open watch on the table beside me, perhaps to see how the time was passing; perhaps to make the other fellows believe I was a very busy, methodical young man. Then I proceeded with a sort of quiet delight in my own heroism to the task before me. I had determined to explore the gloomy recesses of "Darkest Editorialdom" in search of the source whence flowed that wondrous stream Immortal Poetry; and I fancied that now and then, through the labyrinthal depths of the forests of Reference and Emendation, I caught a gleam of its sparkling fountain as it flashed in the high sunlight of bright Imagination. That, perhaps, was fancy; but I know that I found, in the caves and hollows, the pigmy race, the Annotators, that seemed to know of nothing but their native woods, and should you ask for guidance to the smiling, open fields and pleasant streams, would shake their little heads and cry: "There is naught beyond; all is Reference, all Emendation."

But my explorations ceased at the approach of a melancholy friend of mine, who often soothes his own soul by the repetition of that song in "The Princess" beginning "Tears, idle tears." He sat down before me and glanced over the pages of a square-looking book, with brown back and soft green cover; and then at times he would gaze through the window with a far-away look in his dreamy eyes, as if he were watching the swinging of the derricks and mortar-boxes on the Parliament Buildings beyond the historic Taddle. Then there were twitchings on his sad countenance, indicative, as it seemed to me, of the pangs of inward revulsion. He started up and left the room. I followed in some trepidation, but found him standing by a window in the hall repeating to himself another song, which I, being possessed of one of the most remarkable of memories in the college, am able to give you, word for word, as follows:—

Sighs, weary sighs, you all know what they mean,  
Sighs from the depths of some divine despair  
Rise in my heart and issue in the breath  
On looking o'er the "questions asked last year,"  
And thinking of the May that comes once more.

Fresh as the first small blade of tender green  
That springs in promise through the college lawn,  
Sad as the last, that lean and worn and wan  
Gets ploughed in mire beneath the player's heel,  
So fresh, so sad, the May that comes once more.

Ah, sad and strange, as in September morns  
The latest glimpse of Jevons or of Lord  
To "supplemental" eyes, when to the ears  
The last year's lectures are a forgotten song,  
So sad, so strange, the May that comes once more.

Dear as expected turkey-roast at noon,  
And sweet as that by hopeless fancy feigned  
On plates that are for others; sure as Fate,  
As all-ordaining Fate, and wild with high desire,  
Is't Life or Death, this May that comes once more?

NUNQUAM NOSCENDUS.

Ten per cent. of Cornell's graduates last year were ladies, and they carried off sixty per cent. of the honors.

Princeton College has received a gift of over 30,000 pieces of pottery and porcelain, illustrating the history and progress of art from the earliest Egyptian period down to the present time.