



The physical side of modern education is, to a large extent, a return to the methods of the Greeks. Some of our games were in vogue among both the Greeks and Romans. Professor Mahaffy is disposed to identify our lacrosse with an ancient variety of ball-playing described by a Byzantine writer in these words: "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize, lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point (a goal). Each of them has in his right hand a racket (rhabdon) of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net-fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the *rhabdoi* (rackets) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Père Lafitau, in his important work, "Moeurs des Sauvages Américains Comparées aux Moeurs des Premiers Temps," has anticipated Professor Mahaffy, who considers the rules for the game of lacrosse exactly the same as those for the Greek game, *episcyrus*, as described by Pollux. Ball playing, in some form, is found among almost all nations and has been practised since the earliest times. It is mentioned by Homer, it was common among the Mexicans and Peruvians when the Spaniards conquered them. Charlevoix seems to think lacrosse peculiar to the Miamis, a tribe that lived on the banks of the Fox River, on the farther side of Lake Michigan. It was, however, well known to most of the other tribes west of the Mississippi.

Was it native to America, or did some newcomers of past centuries bring it by sea or land to this continent? Charlevoix tells a story which, if we could credit it, would account for the similarity of usage between the people of Asia and the inhabitants of the new world, which has given occasion to so many conjectures. He relates that a certain Father Grellon, having spent some years as a missionary in New France, had afterwards been sent to Tartary in the same capacity. In the latter country he was surprised, one day, to meet with a Huron woman whom he had formerly known in Canada. He asked her by what chance she happened to be so far from home, and she replied that, having been taken prisoner in war, she had been conducted from nation to nation, till in the course of time she found herself where she was.

"Capel Court" sends us the following parody on a well known poem of Longfellow's:

THE STOCKJOBBER AND THE SCHEME.

I launched a scheme of promise fair,
The public asked for every share;
For if you frame prospectus right,
The "gudgeons" always keenly bite.

I worked the market with such care
There soon was premium on each share,
And when the stock was firm and strong,
I did not hold my own shares long.

Twelve months afterward—what a joke!—
My little scheme went up in smoke,
And the gain, from beginning to end,
Was in the pockets of me and a friend.

Our readers have, no doubt, called to mind

"THE ARROW AND THE SONG."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long—long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

WITH BEAK AND TALON.

Barrel-built, yellow-haired, thin in flank,
Halko the Jarl, the Berserker,
Took his place on the rowing bank,
And yelled, as he grasped the oar of ash:
"Ho! cast off the landward chain!"
(In the red chain rattled amain).
"One! Watch well the rollers' wash,
Dip your blades together as one!
Two! Make of it a single splash!
In the name of the Trinity, three!
Dip!"—and the Serpent shot to sea.

Eight days full they tugged the sweeps,
Eight full days they trimmed the courses,
Full eight days they ploughed the deeps,
Eight days spurred the white sea-horses,
As, like flails, the rowers' ranks
Smote the running rollers' flanks,
Whilst the gull and cormorant,
Screaming, fled before the sail,
And behind was the gale,
Till, in time, with yards aslant,
Ran the Serpent on the strand
Of the Nose of Iceland.

Halk, the jarl, came to a mound
Paven with brown blasted turf,
Lying within reach and sound
Of the ever-flying surf.
Thrice he smote with good grey sword:
"In the name of the Lord,
Open, mound, and let me in,
I am Halko, the berserker."

With a thunderous grumbling sound,
Such as ship on leeshore awes,
Sullen, oped the blasted mound,
As the kraken opes its jaws,
And Halk, the jarl, went in.
There three women, giant tall,
In three robes of dusky pall,
Each one, silent, spinning, spinning,
As they've done from the beginning—
Spinning out the fates of men.

Bold, outspoken, cried he then:
"Dames, so grandam-like! what cheer?
What foul witch-woof spin ye here?
Give to me a swatch of web—
See! I cut it with my sword,
In the name of the Lord.
I to sea sail with the ebb,
And want the raven and the kite;
I want the pestilence and the flame
And famine and pain and woe;
Give me the carnage, give me blight
Of dishonoured name and fame
For Snorro Snorrson, my foe."
What happened more no tongue can name,
But, bearing a fateful shred of clout,
Halko, the berserker, came out.
Eight days' run to Skjortahaven—
The ninth day did battle yield,
When the foul kite and the raven
Fed on corpse, with screech and snarl,
Till they could not fly afield,—
But it was on Halko, the jarl.
Thus it has been since the beginning,
Special gifts aye prove a curse,
And the bravest gets the worse
Of the Valkyrs' spinning.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Perhaps some of our readers can oblige an inquirer by giving the names of the authors and titles of the following stanzas:

I.

As you sit where lustres strike you,
Sure to please,
Do we love you most or like you,
Belle Marquise?
Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
Belle Marquise.
Pale tendre rose, Du Barry,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, *coites*—but to marry,
No, Marquise.

II.

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year;
Will it be morning or noonday or night?
And who will watch at my bier?
As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year?

A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

Leprosy is increasing in Russia. During the last ten years 49 patients were treated in the St. Petersburg hospitals, half of whom were natives of the city. The Baltic provinces suffer most from the disease.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out

The Canoe Speaks.

This song of the canoe from the first romancer of to-day speaks his love of nature, his delight in unsophisticated scenes remote from cities, where discursive paddle and sail are exchanged for the hard and fast path-ways of your steam-bound traveller. Robert Louis Stevenson is of Scottish blood, and in his sketch of "The Foreigner at Home" he tells us how it comes that men of his race have enriched English literature with its noblest descriptions of scenery and with so much of its stirring romance:—

"A Scottish child hears much of shipwreck, outlying iron skerries, pitiless breakers and great sea-lights; much of heathery mountains, wild clans and hunted Covenanters. Breaths come to him in song of the distant Cheviots and the ring of foraging hoofs. He glories in his hard-fisted forefathers, of the iron girdle and the handful of oatmeal, who rode so swiftly and lived so sparely on their raids. Poverty, ill-luck, enterprise, and constant resolution are the fibres of the legend of his country's history. The heroes and kings of Scotland have been tragically fated; the most marking incidents in Scottish history—Flodden, Darien, or the Forty Five—were still either failures or defeats; and the fall of Wallace and the repeated reverses of the Bruce combine with the very smallness of the country to teach a moral rather than a material criterion for life."

Three strains mingle in the blood of Scotchmen.—Celtic, Saxon, Norse. Each brings its freight of sentiment, sense, sensibility. The name and features of Robert Louis Stevenson show him most a Norseman. If we seek confirmation for this, we find it in his delight for the sea which can keep him on deck through most of that least romantic of voyages,—across the curve binding Liverpool to New York. In a yachting cruise his pleasure approaches rapture, for does he not bring to the water not only delight for wave, sky and sea-bird, but that equal gift, an imperturbable stomach in the worst weather? And apart from any betrayals which consist in his glee aboard ship, do we not see a Norseman's weird imagination in the romances he has woven for us? Such men as the author of "Dr. Jekyll" and of "Markheim" must have written the Sagas, told the stories of the Vikings. Norsemen have ever found his painful pleasure in dwelling on the might of nature and the insignificance of man; in probing the deep enigmas of conscience, which some modern philosophers cannot guess, and therefore count insoluble.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, most picturesque of cities, November 13th, 1850. His father, Thomas Stevenson, who died in 1887, was a builder of light-houses and harbours, an inventor who devised many of the most ingenious appliances employed in modern light-houses. He was fortunate in having not only great talent for his profession, but a strong taste for it. Inheritance prepared him to delight in his life-work,—he was the sixth of a family devoted to making the mariner's path one of safety. He was in his brother Alan's service during the building of Skerryvore, the noblest deep-sea light extant. Thomas Stevenson was in many ways as remarkable as his son, but as his field was confined to inconspicuous professional work, few could know his ability and merit. His gifts in conversation were impressive; he delivered his opinions pithily in a copious, unhackneyed vocabulary. This facility of expression did not follow him to the desk. In writing his books on engineering topics, books which stand high as authority, his style was laboured. Toward the close of his life, practice began to give him something of the freedom as a writer that he had always enjoyed as a talker. His was a somewhat sombre temperament, but this fortunately formed no part of his son's inheritance, with whom buoyancy is as natural as