

Atqui timendum est ne nimius furor,
Instar tumentis fluminis imbris,
Exundet, insigneque laurum
Sævitia maculet cruenta.

Clemens ab ipsis sæpius hostibus
Parto triumpho victor amabitur.
Non ulla clementis valebit
Invidia attenuare laudes.

Non arma semper, non validæ manus,
Pectusque duro robore fortius
Vicere; nonnunquam potentes
Contudit ipse Deus cohortes.

Vires ministrans inferioribus.
Armanda dextra est, sed pietas magis
Armisque bellantes tuetur
Consilioque ducis periti.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor of ROUGE ET NOIR:

SIR,—History repeats itself. The past abounds in these repetitions, the present is furnishing others. Before the time of the Wesleys, it was said, a bishop regarded any spot on the surface of the earth as a welcome retreat, save the diocese over which he was called to preside. To-day, while this condition of matters does not literally exist, there is a repetition of the same spirit. We have set apart a reading room, we have appointed a curator for the same, the curate and his "curacy" are both the creation of the same literary society, but, strange fact, they will not "chemically combine." The curator, who is, in a sense, an *Episkopos*, who is known to have leanings to theology, in whose eye there is even a distant vision of a mitre, a pastoral staff and puffed sleeves, (and herein lies the historical repetition) finds delight in every habitable spot—in the pure air of Springfield, or amidst the crowded benches of the *Grand*, in philosophic discussions throughout College, or in silent meditation in No. 34, at the convivial supper or even the more solemn precincts of the chapel, in any of these rather than in his own peculiar realm, the reading room. There is certainly much to be said in favor of this course. First, it must not be lost sight of that a man has the privilege of choice, and that if he chooses to gratuitously relegate work to others he is merely exercising this royal privilege and setting a noble example of large-hearted self sacrifice. Next, it may be argued that the reading room literature is not for ornament but for use, and that it was never intended to be subjected to a stiff and uninteresting arrangement, but that, when left to itself to glory in any position or appearance whatever, it stands out in all the ravishing resplendence of natural simplicity. It is even held that age improves the tone of a paper, and accordingly we find, uppermost in our newspaper supply, the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, of some issue long past, and a *Shaftesbury Bulletin* of last year. But as a physician is expected, rightly or wrongly, to prescribe medicine for a patient who employs him, though there may be no conceivable malady, we hold that the present curator is bound, by virtue of his appointment, to take charge of the reading room and to regulate it regularly, though our own private opinion is that no such attention is necessary and that the reading room is a perfect paragon of matchless variety. Under the regime of the last curator, any one could with his eyes shut determine with

undeviating accuracy the exact latitude and longitude of any periodical. But no such ignominious charge can be made now. The *Century* and the *Guelph Herald* cohabit, the *Guardian* and the *Evangelical Churchman* embrace in close and unreserved friendship, the *Globe* and the *Mail*, once enemies, now intermingle on the communistic plan, neither making any pretensions to claim a position as its own, but content to know that it has a place somewhere within the four walls of the reading room. The credit of introducing the present system, with all its manifold advantages, belongs to the curator, and the credit of pointing out its historical significance is the boast of
HISTORICUS.

[The Curator has anticipated the above panegyric and with characteristic modesty has proceeded to render himself unworthy of it. Several alterations have been made of which we instance a few. The table, the prop of many an aged magazine has taken the floor into partnership with it and a branch office has been opened, notably the porter's lodge. The *Messenger* and the *Bulletin* no longer have the pre-eminence, as every paper in the pile has enjoyed this distinction instantaneously, extemporaneously and simultaneously. Verily the Curator is no respecter of newspapers—EDITOR.]

Editor of ROUGE ET NOIR.

DEAR SIR:—Usually about this time of the year we are treated to a Report from the officers of the Literary Society, of the successful debaters and essayists, during the past Academic year. Seeing that no action has yet been taken in this matter, we respectfully invite attention to the preparation and submission of a Report as soon as the necessary judgments have been passed.

Yours,

STUDENT.

[Our correspondent is somewhat in error, as the Council has decided the awards, which have been made to Mr. T. G. A. Wright for the best essay and Mr. G. H. Broughall for debating. EDITOR.]

LITERARY NOTES.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS, by Charles Egbert Craddock, Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885, Toronto, Williamson & Co. Price \$1.25.

A surprise equal with the disclosure of the personality of George Eliot, has been the revelation that Charles Egbert Craddock was none other than a bright Western girl of St. Louis, Miss. Mary N. Murfree, who has passed much of her life amid the untrammelled hills of the country so picturesquely set forth in her contributions to the literature of the day. In these short stories, embodying the vernacular of the Tennessee mountaineer, so much knowledge of the character and insight of men and ways is shown, and the freedom and vigor in which they are described, leads one almost intuitively to name the author as a man. The style, with its marked characteristics, shows a master hand in the art of description, in subtleness of humor, in that touch of nature which instinctively