

dull, hard grind of the first year, English would become a pleasant relaxation,

"Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

Thus the most leisured period of the year could be devoted to a calm, unhurried examination under critical guidance of that period in our literature which is after all of the most vital interest to the intelligent man of to-day, and, as the year declines, less and less time need be devoted to periods which, whatever their value in the eyes of the literary pundit, are actually of small importance to one whose life will be too filled with professional or business pursuits to permit elaborate scholarship in this particular. Nevertheless, there is no reason why the salient features of English literary history should not be as effectively portrayed by this retrogressive method as by the progressive one. It should, as a matter of fact, prove more effective, for it is not generally realized what an immense expansion in mental outlook is brought about by the first year at college. Now retrogression would take advantage of this. Commencing with enthusiasm, and proceeding with alertness and curiosity, the student, becoming ever more and more emancipated from the pedagogical leading-strings, and adopting in their place the unprejudiced intellectual attitude of the educated man, becomes increasingly more capable of examining the masterpieces of the past with interest and pleasure, and of ap-

preciating at the same time their relative positions in the literary cosmos.

Indirectly, this method would have another advantage. Kindred to English II is a certain other horror known as English I, where an attempt is made to teach English composition. Now it is an axiom that a decent prose style cannot be taught; it must be acquired. The only method of acquiring it, if not precisely that of the 'sedulous ape', is by becoming acquainted with the supreme wordmasters of the past. Now it cannot be doubted but that the leisured reading of selections from the nineteenth century prose—men in the early part of the session, would, by stimulating the desire to write and in furnishing examples of excellence, have a beneficial effect upon the quality of composition submitted during the rest of the year. In this way a great stride would be taken towards the goal of education—namely, the proper inculcation of the principals of reading and writing.

Greatest of all benefits conferred, however, would be the condition of our entrant under such idyllic circumstances. At once that familiar glowering countenance of his would be wreathed in beatific smiles; his corrugated brow would shine forth smooth as alabaster; and his melancholy eye would become

"A burning and a shining light
To a' this place."

POEMS

Thaw

With this season put aside
Winter's garment; every pride
Of the body has been lost
Under censorship of frost,
And the soul's bewilderment
Has grown still and diffident.
Let us dissipate with laughter
Sorrow from the mind's domed rafter.

Lest a man recall the keen
Crocus thrust which he has seen;
Lest he recollect the shudder
Of the bursting alder shoot,
Blur his memory with the root
Of thawed nightshade; lightly cover
With your snow a weed's rebirth—
You may not restrain his mirth.

... Shall a man lie underground
With no syllable, no sound
Falling from his quilted lip—
Shall he not resent the drip
Of snow water through the dark
With some bellicose remark?

Leo Kennedy.

Falstaff

In these prosaic days when lovers ask
Permission for their suit from ministers,
It is to Falstaff, loosest of bachelors,
That I lift up this ischiadic flask,
Regretting only that I have no cask
Wherefrom replenishment might further course:
"Here was warm flesh, and much of it, my Sirs,
Here was a wight in whom a wench might bask!"

Who left his fire and sack and went to woo
Gay wives innumerable? Who, one dark
Night for the sake of Venus did endue
Himself with buck's horns in old Windsor Park?
Falstaff it was, none other; Falstaff, who,
For love's sake, raised a ditch's watermark!

Orders

Muffle the wind;
Silence the clock;
Muzzle the mice;
Curb the small talk;
Cure the hinge-squeak,
Banish the thunder,
Let me sit silent,
Let me wonder...

Abraham M. Klein.