

rising high both in thought and diction, and unquestionably the work of Pope. Its literary history is also as curious as its beauty is great; and those who care to peruse that history, and in it to see an instance of Pope's disregard of truth, when he thought that truth was an obstacle to fame, may read the details in the acute and careful criticism on it by Mr. Courthope in the fourth volume of his edition, of Pope's works."

Lor! Carnarvon then proceeds to discuss the question as to the mode in which the task of translating Latin or Greek verse into English should be undertaken, whether we are to adhere as closely as language will permit to the original, or may assume some license "in order to catch its spirit without too strict a regard to its actual terms. In view of the difficulty of reproducing in our more diffuse English the extreme terseness and condensation of the classics, and the failure of even some of our greatest poets in their attempts at literal renderings into English poetry, he prefers the latter, questionable or dangerous as some may consider it, and concludes as follows:—

"But my theme is so tempting that I am in danger of exceeding the limits which I prescribed to myself in commencing this paper. I will, therefore, endeavor to fortify my opinion of the spirit in which such a translation as this should be approached by enrolling myself, for the occasion, in the obscure and shadowy crowd of imitators and translators—whose names I do not record, and who, like the poor ghosts in Hades, watch from a distance, but do not mingle with, the greater spirits who maintain the semblance of their ancient state even in the world below—and I will venture upon one more rendering of the Imperial versifier's lines. However imperfect the execution may be, it is the only mode of illustrating the idea which I have sought to express; and without further excuses or disclaimers, I will conclude these observations by preferring to the editors of the *National Review* the request which Pope, when writing on this very subject, made to the *Spectator* nearly two centuries ago, in No. 532 of that delightful periodical: "If you think me right in my notions of the last words of Hadrian, be pleased to insert this; if not, to suppress it."

Wandering, fleeting life of mine,  
Spirit human, or divine;  
Partner, friend, and closest mate,  
Of this earthly, fleshly state;  
Gentle Sprite, mysterious thing,  
Whither now art thou taking wing?  
Into realms of bliss or woe?  
Place of loveliness or fear?  
Whither, Spirit, dost thou go—  
Somewhere, nowhere, far or near?

Yes—thou goest, Spirit—yes,  
In thy paleness—nakedness—  
Mirth is banished,  
Jest hath vanished,  
Into gloom and dreariness.

—*Canada School Journal*.

## DEMONSTRATIONS

THURSDAY evening, April 30th, was a season of more than usual activity and excitement among the boys. Each class was determined to mark the occasion by some special manifestation of enthusiasm. Class suppers were in order, and the number of luscious bivalves that disappeared on that particular evening was something phenomenal. First, the Freshmen did justice to a well-spread table prepared for them by the popular landlady of the Village House, while the Juniors feasted sumptuously and discoursed wisely and humorously over an inviting supper served up in the Dining Hall. From the Sophomores, however, the occasion demanded more extraordinary demonstrations. Early in the evening it became evident that something more than usual was about to occur. Sophs could be observed gliding stealthily hither and thither with mysterious air. Members of the class could be heard muttering incoherently as they paced back and forth along the halls, as if struggling to force a refractory memory to retain some wondrous production which was intended to do service at their midnight orgies; others fitted about under cover of the darkness, striving in vain to conceal their glittering fire-arms, the use of which formed part of the programme. Soon the martial notes of the bugle broke on the still air, and '87 armed with guns and carrying torches, moved gallantly on toward the residence of Prof. Higgins; onward they swept through the gate, up the drive, till they stood upon the same spot where '85 stood two years before. The Professor becoming aware of their presence, appeared at the door, when an address was presented to him by R. W. Ford on behalf of the class, to which the Professor responded in a few appropriate words. After cheering lustily and firing a salute, '87 marched quietly through the village till they arrived at the residence of Prof. Jones, where similar demonstrations were indulged in. The Classical Professor, though folded in the arms of Morpheus, arose and greeted the boys with his usual cheery smile and encouraging words. Professors Kierstead and Coldwell were visited in turn and presented with friendly addresses. The Seminary was the next point of interest; here the Sophs again awoke the slumbering echoes and sleeping Sems with shout and song, accompanied by repeated discharges of musketry. Wearied with their exertions, they re-