

claim a portion of the student's time. For, he may possess an extensive knowledge of the past—a knowledge of its languages and literatures, its mythology and philosophy, its institutions and laws, its colleges and universities, in short, a knowledge of the general development and civilization of humanity—yet being ignorant of the manner of life, the history, the literature, and the thought of the present, his education is but one-sided and incomplete. He needs to link the past with the present, and by blending and comparing them, to get a comprehensive and connected knowledge of both. Now, while the former is attainable in the college course, the latter is provided for in the *Reading Room* with its desks and tables strewn with papers and magazines of a high literary character, and in the *Library* with its shelves packed with books and its tables laden with reviews and other periodicals of a high order. Hence, from these considerations, it appears, that a student can ill afford to devote all his time and energy to the branches of the arts course, or waste in unnecessary amusement precious moments, that might be very profitably spent in *The Athenæum*, *Reading Room* or *Library*; and we, the fore, draw the attention of our fellow-students, thus inclined, to a serious consideration of these facts.

#### ENGLISH LAKES AND THE LAND OF BURNS.

Again has THE ATHENÆUM become indebted to Professor Jones for another of his interesting and instructive lectures. When he announced his subject—"the English lakes and the land of Burns," all present expected a rich treat, and the frequent bursts of applause, elicited by his descriptions of natural scenery or portraiture of the comic, testified that none were disappointed.

Owing to our limited space a mere outline of the lecture can be given and that but imperfectly. Let us accompany the Prof. from Oxford—that great and venerable seat of learning which has so largely contributed to make England an influential and mighty nation, affecting the very fountain head of her social and religious life—from this city of pinacles and groves—from gardens in which art and nature have striven in generous rivalry each to perfect and beautify the other—from avenues of trees which echo to the notes of the cuckoo—from domes and towers which have counted the

ages and braved the storms of centuries—from all this let us follow him to quiet beautiful Windermere. One could not meet with just such another vision as Windermere lake on a beautiful summer's morning. There is at once the double motion of lake and river—the gems of islands lying almost in clusters—below them it is all loveliness and beauty, above all majesty and grandeur—gentle promontories breaking all the banks into frequent bays, seldom without a cottage embosomed in trees—the whole landscape of a sylvan kind, so laden with woods that you see but here and there a wreath of smoke, and you seem to be gazing on the primeval forests.

From Windermere the traveller passes to the small town of Ambleside, noticing here the celebrated cottage called 'Dove Nest,' the abode for one summer of Mrs. Hemans, a poetess whose finely sensitive spirit trembled to the accents of prayer, and was purified under the descent of a divine afflatus. Between Ambleside and Grasmere lake, the road runs along the banks of the Rothay, and on the way is 'Rydal Mount,' the home for many years of Wordsworth, a lovely cottage-like building almost hidden by a profuseness of vines and roses. Past 'Rydal Mount,' past 'Rydal Hall,' in the park adjoining which is the beautiful cascade so admirably described by Wordsworth, past the Grasmere churchyard, beside the gushing Rothay and encircled by green mountains, in which under the yew trees' shade reposes the ashes of the great bard, past all this we course at last to a splendid terrace from which is obtained the best possible view of Grasmere lake:—

'O vale and lake, within your mountain's urn,  
Smiling so tranquilly and set so deep.'

Between Grasmere and Keswick, the third of these English lakes, the mighty Helvellyn rears its lofty head 3118 feet above the level of the sea. Once on its summit what a wealth and extent of view lies before one—Saddleback and Skiddaw, Solway Firth and the mountains of Scotland, Esthwaite water and Morecombe Bay—for throughout the length and breadth of this vast and goodly prospect are the most magnificent groups of natural objects of which England can boast, and in the neighborhood of Keswick, it is said, it is impossible to move without meeting with scenery of the finest description. From here to Lodore, where is the famous waterfall