

should a liberal education and contact in university life with those of generous sympathies and lofty ideals, serve no further purpose, such would be amply sufficient for us to urge upon all intending physicians to pursue, both from the scientific and social standpoints, an academic course in its broadest sense,

P. H. BRYCE.

TRANSITION.

In the depth of an ancient casement,
Looking unto the west,
A little maiden sat and read,
In the evening's golden rest.

And her bright brain teemed with fancies
Of spiritual things,
Of breadths of silent, starry skies,
Whitened with angels' wings,

And fields of blowing lilies,
Radiant within the dawn,
With the branches of the tree of life
Shadowing field and lawn.

For the thin and tiny volume
Was rich with fairy lore,
And kindled her chiming fancies,
As she turned the leaflets o'er,

Reading of knights and ladies,
Who walked in the forests old,
Bright as the morning planet
Ere gathered to its fold.

And the chamber walls grew lustrous,
And the furnaced depths of fire,
That flamed on the red horizon,
Were filled with dome and spire,

And minarets, from out whose tops
The bells of heaven blew
Such harmonies and melodies
That thrilled her through and through.

The dusk fell on the casement,
The moonlight touched the chair,
And she saw through the tender twilight
The bats in the crimson air.

Plucking a scented leaflet
From the vine beneath the eaves,
She folded the wondrous volume,
And placed it in the leaves.

The day looked through the casement,
The evening fell more fair,
And came and fled the dawn and dusk,
But still she came not there.

The robin from the orchard
Flew in upon the floor,
And piped for his absent mistress,
That never fed him more.

Her gentle soul was gathered
Up through the midnight blue,
As the glory of the sun exhausts
The chalices of dew.

And friends who read the volume
Beheld the withered leaf,
And the quaint and child-like symbol hushed
The utterance of grief.

For they, in faith, believed that fled
This garden of tears and strife,
The flower of her soul lay folded
In the book of endless life.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

OASIS.

For weeks we had been sailing steadily, hardly altering the set of a single sail. Watch succeeded watch, and duty followed duty without change and without relief. The same close quarters in the cramped fore-castle found us when it was watch below; the same heaving breadth of sea and limitless sky, when it was watch on deck. Every morning there was the same labour under the vigilant captain's eye, and every night the same pacing of the lookout with the solitary stars. We all grew soured and strange with one another, and there was small cheer when we sat at mess or pulled the same ropes together. Our whole life had become a stale, dead-alive, dreary thing.

But early one morning, we touched at a little island to fill our water-casks, and lay at anchor till sun-set. We had a whole, long day's liberty on shore. What a revel it was! To be at no man's command for hours! The joy of feeling the firm, warm earth under foot, instead of the reeling, rolling deck! How eagerly we explored every nook and corner of wood and brake, of glen and hill! How we feasted on the lush, ripe fruits of the tropics, and washed away the jaded tastes of the palate in their juicy flesh! How we drank deep of the cool, rock springs under the overhanging shade! How we bathed in the broad, fresh pools of the little river, till the salty roughness was laved away from hair and skin! How, again, we bathed naked in the warm sunshine and the soft, perfumed air on the sandy shore, till every joint and muscle was lithe and flexile once more, and our renewed blood ran like warm wine through every vein! There we lay and watched, with dreamy eyes, the white clouds sailing across the blue above the mountain-tops, the flashing scarlet and gold of the wild bird's wings, and the flaming butterflies weighting down the swaying white and purple flowers. The eternal roar of the waves, breaking slumberously on the beach, and the sea-fowls' discordant clang, sounded far away, till we almost forgot them, and thought we heard only the humming of insects, the swaying murmur of branches and the rustle of leaves.

And, then, the old ship-life began again. We weighed anchor, and, with all sail set, drew, every moment, faster and farther away from that happy island. It soon grew very dim, and was scarcely to be made out from the surrounding ocean. Last and longest seen, around the highest peaks of the mountain, the orange colours of the sunset lingered. And, looking back, we strained our eyes through the gathering darkness, for we knew we should never see that island again.

BOHÉMIEN.

LITERARY NOTES.

The March number of *OUTING*, that well known illustrated magazine of Recreation, Travel and Adventure will contain an article on American College Football, by Richard Morse Hodge, of Princeton College; it is richly illustrated, and treats the game exhaustively. In the same number Stevens continues "Around the World on a Bicycle;" Captain Blackwell writes "Reminiscences of Irish Sport;" another article appears on "Big Game Hunting in the Wild West," by the late General Marcy; Frank Asa Mitchell writes on "My Luck with Trout," and besides these handsomely illustrated and well written contributions, a number of popular writers contribute short articles on droll experiences and strange adventures that make bits of interesting reading, and stamp the March *OUTING* as the best yet published. Buy it of your news dealer, for 25 cts., or send your subscription to 140 Nassau Street, New York.

Julia Magruder contributes the complete novel, "Honoured in the Breach," to LIPPINCOTT'S for March. Max O'Rell has a remarkably clever article entitled "From My Letter-Box," presenting the contents of anonymous and other letters received by him, with numerous comments; Frank G. Carpenter has "A Talk with a President's Son," the "son" being General John Tyler, of Washington, who gives much curious information from behind the scenes of the Tyler administration.