

"A MARTYR MEDITATING" would have been suggested at once to the artistic onlooker (if any such had happened upon me) as I leaned dismally back in my armchair the other evening, with a rueful countenance, prominently placed pedal elongations, and hands clasped tightly about my bursting cranium. Thus I reclined, but that unreasonably obstinate, grey-eyed lady Pallas Athene hazarded not an approach. I waited long, sleepless, watchful, anxious. But at length :—"She cometh not," I said, "thou art fickle, Athene, and by my troth, haughty dame, I will no more this blind observance of thy uncertain humour. I myself, forsooth, alone and undeterred, will essay the arduous task. And yet, alha! my lord-editor perchance may wax wroth at the result. Gramercy, if I can but make it so!" Now it so happened that the intellectual goddess, intensely annoyed at these irreverent remarks, bade Somnus, son of Nox, appear. He comes and *knocks* the *son* with one insidious swoop into the land of Nod. Here I beheld a wondrous prodigy. The floating phosphenes resolved themselves into a spacious and lofty building, imposing and beautiful in the extreme. Breathless I entered the portals, which were adorned with a tasteful crest, consisting of four connected arcs, encircling mystic runes. Above the whole was written : "Arts College, McMaster University." In the entrance-hall flitted a juvenile freshman arrayed in a flowing gown. "Your name?" I said, dreamily. "Percy," he began. "Enough," I exclaimed, "I have heard of you, but never understood,—till now! *Per se*, yes, I thank you." The interior arrangements were superb, but I devoted little attention to them and turned instinctively towards the old familiar bulletin-board. These legends were affixed :—"This time-table, provisional only"; "Super-specialists in Mathematics finish fourth dimension to-day"; Notice to Freshmen :—"If you don't see the salt, ask for it"; "Sub-demon-startor in Geology is absent to-day"; "Football-match to-night at 8 o'clock,—Electric light,—Grand stand,—University band in attendance,—in the lower college field. Come!" Below all was—"The Executive of the Land T. S., having devoted thorough and exhaustive consideration to the selection of a new subject for debate next evening, have the honor of announcing as follows, 'Resolved, that annexation would be beneficial to the Dominion of Canada,'"—Here I groaned involuntarily. The indignant and startled Somnus sneaked off in a very cowardly manner. The prodigy collapsed, and the arm-chair nearly followed suit.