

head to train for the walking match, and every morning, for three weeks or a month, I could hear him in his room, at about half-past five, going through gymnastic exercises of a very vigorous kind before going out for his usual turn on the college grounds. I could hear, "one, two, three," thump, "four, five, six," thump, as he imitated Barnjum with the barbells or the clubs. I really think he would have won the race had he not gone in for refusing different kinds of food for about a week beforehand. The consequence of his abstinence was that he nearly fainted on the field, and narrowly escaped a consumption.

For many years it has been the custom for the students to attend the Academy on the evening of the Sports, and to have a procession through the streets afterwards, singing and extinguishing lamps, and annoying the police generally. There are some who deride this custom, and heap abuse upon the students for being young and having some fun in them. Staid old citizens think such performances disgraceful and ungentlemanly, and so on; they naturally dislike to be awakened by discordant noises under their windows; they forget the time when they were young themselves, and perhaps it is just as well that they do. I do not wish to be thought an upholder of ungentlemanly conduct, even though the accused be students, but I like to see students with some student life among them. When I was at college I always took part in these proceedings, and I seldom saw an ungentlemanly act performed. I know some of the papers delighted to make editorial comments in the homely style on our conduct, and one vinegar-visaged reporter in especial was wont to freely give vent to his spleenetic displeasure at seeing any one daring to be cheerful, by exaggerating our misdeeds and calling us in effect cads. Of late years some things have been done which ought not to have been done, but there is no denying that the papers have been too ready to make mountains out of mole-hills.

That year the chief feature of the proceedings was a grand serenade which we made on one of the young ladies' boarding-schools in the vicinity of Sherbrooke street. As we were marching up Bleury street we passed a house which was being repaired, and seeing a ladder leaning against the wall, Blake, myself, and some others took it into our heads that it might prove useful to us later on, and we accordingly carried it with us on our way rejoicing. On arriving at Mrs. Snorter's boarding-school we placed the ladder in position, and prevailed on Cutler, who had a horn with him and was making an infernal noise, to mount to a window which we surmised to belong to the young ladies' sleeping apartments. The minute Cutler put his foot on the window sill we removed the ladder for the sake of mischief, and he was left holding on by the window. He gently lowered the window, which happened to be unclosed, and, inserting his horn, gave a blast diabolical enough to have raised half the dead on the other side of the mountain. Shrieks and stampeding were heard inside, and Cutler turned to implore us to put up the ladder and let him down, but by this time a policeman was seen approaching, and we took our departure, taking care,

however, to carry the ladder with us. We had not forgotten his early-morning exercises over our heads, and the disturbance to our sleep which he caused, and we were determined to have some revenge.

(To be continued.)

AN ALLEGORY.

A torrent from the rugged hills
Came bounding to the plains below,
And shook his white arms at the mills,
That dared to check him in his flow.

Mad were his freaks. Like frightened chase,
Down many a lonely glen he sprang,
And o'er a great cliff's swartly face,
A fluttering silver curtain hung.

He thundered on a thousand crags,
And gnawed the banks his life that hemmed.
Or, creeping, scarcely stirred the flags,
With which his sombre pools were gemmed.

He murmured even in the plain,
And, wasting strength where or he passed,
Seemed fated that he should remain
A mountain torrent to the last.

But soon he met a crystal brook,
Slow winding through a lovely glade,
With many a romantic nook
Beneath the maples' dancing shade.

Throughout a rolling plain it wound,
And made a garden of a waste,
And all who drank its waters found
Them cool and grateful to the taste.

Checked was the torrent's reckless course,
And, widening out, both silently
Flowed onward, with majestic force,
A mighty river, to the sea.

ARTHUR WEIR.

MENTAL SLAVERY AND MENTAL FREEDOM.

I.

Mental Slavery—the words are a fearful combination. Freedom has been hunted through the world, and is ever exposed to insult and injury. It has been crushed by conquest; frowned from courts; expelled from colleges; scorned out of society; flogged in schools; and anathematised in churches. Mind is her last asylum; and if freedom quail there, what becomes of the hope of the world, or the worth of human nature?

The association of "mind" with "liberty" may almost be called natural or instinctive; the one term suggests the other. To think of mind is to think of freedom; it occurs as readily as in connection with whatever in nature is most expansive and universal. We use the phrase "free as the mind" in the same way as we speak of being "free as the air." And the analogy holds beyond that first association; for both air and water may stagnate, and, instead of becoming sources of life and enjoyment, be rendered sources of disease, pestilence, and death; but even these are only feeble types of the miseries which result from a stagnation of thought, and the evils inflicted on society when its mind is subject to the curse of slavery. So intimate is this connection, that even the philosophical doctrine which traces the laws of mind and of thought—for they, like all existences, have laws by which their powers are developed and their results produced—even that has been prejudiced