

water, and all was joy. The scene was full of life and interest, but would need a Dickens to depict it adequately. Leaving Gravensend by the South Eastern Railway, we set out for London, passing through Erith, Dartford and Eltham. Time forbade stopping at the latter place, where there remains the great banqueting hall of a Royal Palace built by Henry VIII. It contains a fine timber roof that is worth seeing, although the place is being put to a rather plebeian purpose, being used as a stable, or something of that sort.

Soon we were sensible of the great dome of St. Paul's, looking like some huge sentinel keeping watch over the great city at its feet, and disembarking at the Charing Cross Station, the great city lay before us.

(*To be continued.*)

TRIOLETS.

AN ADJURATION.

(On picking up a Note-Book in the East Wing.)

Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white;
From sketch to sketch I, gleeful, wade.
Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Thy likenesses will never fade;
Thou wieldst a pen with skill and might.
Oh scribble on, thou clever maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.

Oh scribble not, thou *heartless* maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.
'Tis plain that thou art not afraid.
Oh scribble not, thou *heartless* maid,
And leave thy books where'er they're laid.
I found *my* portrait—'twas a fright.
Oh scribble not, thou *heartless* maid,
Upon thy note-book's pages white.

F. T. T.

DESCRIPTIVE.

A bonnie, sounsie lass was she,
But please, oh please, don't think I'm Scotch.
I call her thusly, for you see
A bonnie, sounsie lass was she;
These words just suit her to a T,
And others would but make a botch.
A bonnie, sounsie lass was she,
But please, oh please, don't think I'm Scotch.

F. T. T.

HOPE.

Angel face in the distance beaming,
Radiant eyes with a winsome seeming,
Ruby lips, all aglow, love hailing,
Wooing strangely the heart fast failing.
Day-joy out o'er the blue sea fleeing,
Twilight soft o'er the meadows stealing,
Darkness fast on love's pathway falling,
Gloom and shade gather round—appalling!
Earth seems shrouded in deepest woe, and
Heaven, all clouded, is dark and leaden;

Joy, dying out from the soul—when Lo! an
Angel face in the distance beaming.

Radiant eyes with a winsome seeming,
Flashing bright comes the light, new breaking;
Starlight, silvery, sweet and alluring!
Hail to thee! love to thee! Hope enduring!

D. BANNELL SAWYER.

MONTREAL, 24th Jan., 1894.

ABSENT.

Sweetly dream the sleeping flowers
Underneath the winter snow
Of the coming of the springtime,
When the Southern breezes blow.
Yearningly, beside their nestlings,
Thro' the dark, uncertain night,
Dream the song-birds of the dawning,
And the gladness of the light.
Constantly the mighty mountains
Dream in silence of the sea,
Of its slumbrous-voiced music,
And the white waves tossing free.
As the flowers dream of springtime,
As the hills dream of the sea,
As the song-birds of the dawning,—
So dream I of thee.
Day by day the timid songsters
Dream upon the morning's birth,
Year by year the waiting flowers
Dream of spring upon the earth;
And forever and forever
Dream the mountains of the sea.
Thus do I thro' times that sever,
—Envious seasons—thee and me,
Days and nights and years and ever
Dream, sweet love, of thee.

R. MACDOUGALL.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE CRIMINAL CODE OF CANADA.

The handsome volume* which Mr. Crankshaw has prepared upon the Criminal Code deserves high recognition for the uniform skill and conciseness with which it treats that important division of our law. To produce a work which, in completeness and facility for ready reference, is suited to the requirements of the judge and the practising barrister, and is equally well adapted, by brevity and clearness, for the use of the student is an achievement of which any legal writer might be justly proud. It is only common justice to concede this praise to Mr. Crankshaw, and to congratulate him upon the distinction which it confers upon the Bar and the University to which he belongs.

While the desirability of Codification is still a contested question in England, there can be no doubt that

*The Criminal Code of Canada, and the Canada Evidences Act, 1893, with an Extra Appendix, etc., and an Analytical Index, by James Crankshaw, B.C.L., barrister, Montreal. Whiteford & Théoret, Law Publishers, 1894.