

II.

There is the music she used to play,
 There the piano her fingers knew;
 There, on the wall where they used to stay,
 Are the pictures her girlish pencil drew.

III.

There are the books that she often read,
 There is the spot where she used to sit,—
But the heart that gave life to them all has fled,
You have come in vain if you seek for it!

J. TEMPLE CARNE.

ON THE FORMATION OF STYLE.

READ BY THE REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M.A.,

(Rector of Christ's Church, Belleville, Ont.) before the Convocation of the University of
 Bishop's College, June 25th, 1868.

IT is familiar knowledge that the word *Style* is directly derived from the Latin word *Stylus*, which denoted a kind of pencil used by the Romans, having one end sharp and pointed, for writing on tablets covered with wax, and the other blunt and smooth, so as to serve for making erasures. Hence the sound advice of an ancient teacher to all aspirants after excellence in the art of literary composition, frequently to "turn ends to their stylus"—that is, in other words, to be diligent in correcting their productions.

And although the word *Stylus* is never used in classical Latin, except in reference to the pen and the mechanical art of writing, yet it has come, in our language, to denote the peculiar manner of expression, or of literary composition which distinguishes particular authors or particular schools from one another. There is a great *variety* of styles. Throughout all the works of God we see unity combined with inexhaustible variety, so that no two created objects, when attentively compared, will be found precisely alike. No bird, nor beast, nor tree, nor shrub, nor fruit, nor flower is identical with another. No two men's faces nor minds are exactly counterparts. Individuality is stamped upon each. And although the *general structure* of any two human bodies or human minds will present very much that is common to both, yet will there always be apparent