

Major's command. The exercises which followed were marvels of grace, accuracy and ease, and it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or suggestive exhibition. The necessity of physical health for the perfection of mental power is now fully recognized by all, and no man could look upon this array of happy, healthful faces and bright sparkling eyes without feeling that in the Wesleyan Ladies' College education this truth is very practically recognized. The graceful poise, the swaying swing of the movements and the unswerving endurance of the severe exercise, all bore record of robust health. The club exercises were succeeded by involved evolution, equally beautiful and creditable, until after an hour's drill a halt was called by Major Dearnley, and several gentlemen, in short, emphatic speeches, expressed the great pleasure they had received and the great value they had attached to the training shown in this exhibition. Dr. Burns then announced that this class would in future be continuous, and highly complimented the gallant Major upon the success of his labors, and also upon his personal popularity alike with teachers and pupils. Major Dearnley, in a short speech replete with good advice both moral and physical, spoke of his forty years' experience as a drill master in the Royal Family and elsewhere and his high appreciation of the very satisfactory class before him, the last sentiment provoking great applause from those he complimented as well as the audience. It is to be hoped that in the future many will avail themselves of this valuable class for physical training.

### + Rhymes. +

“**R**HYME is something human and universal, the result of instinctive craving for well-marked recurrence and accord.” Every one knows how easy it is to remember snatches of songs or couplets of poems which rhyme, whereas if they were written in prose it would be much more difficult to fix them in our minds.

Poetry is by no means all written in rhyme, nor is all rhyme true poetry. The one may have scarcely any reference to the thought, but just a little sense and a pleasing jingle.

“Fagoted his notions as they fell  
And if they rhymed and rattled all was well.”

The other is of a higher order, and its aim is to give intellectual pleasure by exciting elevated, pleasurable or pathetic emotions.

But poetry and rhyme do not necessarily differ. “Metre is rhyme in a general sense; but its highest ideal can only be found in the beautiful productions of a creative imagination, clothed in harmonious numbers.”

From poetical natures, who possess this art in its highest sense, we have elevated rhymes or poems full of beautiful thoughts and elegant expressions. Those delightful strains which flow from the pen of him who Shakespeare describes as “bodying forth the forms of things unknown and giving name and shape to airy nothings,” are felt by us all, for—

“There breathes no being but has some pretense

To that fine instinct called poetic sense.”

Every poet finds his ideas in different objects. One will write a poem on nature, another on war, with all its horrors, one on the passions of the human soul; another on revelry, with all its carousing. A country church-yard suggested to Gray, some beautiful thoughts, and he wrote his exquisite “Elegy.” By what chance did Burns, in his rollicking “Tam O’Shanter,” give us this little gem?

“For pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow fall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever.”

What could be more perfect and beautiful than these and a few succeeding lines?

In Holmes’ “Last Leaf,” humor and pathos are combined very harmoniously.

“I know it is a sin,  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;