

lighted by the fast-setting moon, and be fanned by the cool breeze of approaching morning. There again food for reflection was afforded the Philosopher; for before him sat Antony with a cigar clenched between his fast-set teeth, while Cleopatra by his side gazed pleadingly into his vacant face, and ever and anon heaved a gentle sigh. But her gaze was not potent enough to awake him from his lethargy, nor did her sighs touch a cord of pity in his breast. His head drooped, his eyes closed, and in a moment he slept like Frederick Barbarossa. The reproachful glance of Cleopatra might have penetrated the heart of a marble statute, but it could not pierce the invisible shield with which Morpheus protected his votary.

Hard by sat the Doctor and Lalage opposite to each other, their heads nodding in profoundest slumber. Contiguous to them were Heloise and the Capitalist, who for some time faithfully maintained a desultory conversation, but little by little ceased their ineffectual efforts.

She-who-must-be-obeyed and the Professor alone seemed to rise above the influence of the hour. They talked through the moonlit watches of the night, watched the day gradually breaking in the east, saw the sun rise, and still talked on. Not that they were altogether exempt from the "eating cares" of which so many folks complain—at least they were observed in the course of the night to resort to the lunch baskets and overhaul the shattered wreck of the previous evenings' repast.

What they could have found to talk of so long was a matter of considerable subsequent speculation, but the discrepancy of the information obtained from them rendered reliable conclusions impossible. The Professor alleges that they talked of Etruscan pottery and High Art, while she would have it that they had been discussing Rudyard Kipling. Whichever of these explanations, if either, may seem to anyone worthy of credence, let him adopt it. Loud were the complaints afterwards uttered by the sleepers around, who grumbled that a continual hum of conversation had intruded upon their slumbers, but little recked the culprits, wrapped in the impervious mantle of their own complacency.

Such were some of the sights and sounds which attracted the notice of the Philosopher from his coign of vantage where

*"He lay like a gentleman taking a snooze,  
With his overcoat around him."*

It is needless to relate how some few watched the gradual paling of the moonlight before the dawn, and waited

*"To see the glorious orb of day arise,  
Resplendent in the east,"*

for such scenes, unfamiliar as they were to many then present, would I make no doubt possess no charm of novelty for the majority of my readers; while to attempt to depict the ludicrous scene of slumber and exhaustion which the sun revealed when he stole into the cabin would require the pencil of a Hogarth.

Suffice it to say that, as the bells were ringing seven o'clock, this band of adventurers landed at the wharf whence they had started, such a dilapidated group of wrecks as it is not often one's lot to behold.

But under these trying circumstances the advantages conferred by a liberal education at a university were manifest to the least observant, for it was universally acknowledged that the sons of the Varsity there present—those slaves of the lamp, inured by their long course of training beneath the petroleum-nourished luminary of the student's evenings, the midnight chandelier of the drawing-room, or the kindly-supporting street-lamp of the early morning—that they alone of the dishevelled throng retained all their brightness of appearance and vivacity of conversation.

But none of the collegians upon whose ears these honeyed words of compliment descended could fail to trace their sprightliness to the exhilarating and intoxicating effect of the company they had enjoyed—company of

which each and every fair member apparently was as accomplished

*"As though in Cupid's college she had spent  
Sweet days a lovely graduate, all unshent,  
And kept her rosy terms in idle languishment;"*

nor could they fail to note the contrast between this tonic, at once so suave and so potent, and the course of wet towels, cold foot-baths, and strychnine pills, which for some of them annually blighted the merry month of May.

And so they went their several ways, fully appreciating (at least those who could understand them) the lines of Catullus, which the Professor flung after them:

*"Ac peregrino  
Labore fessi, venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."*

*"To our own home once more returned—  
Wearied with foreign labor past—  
In the kind bed for which we yearned,  
We sink to rest at last,"*

G. A. H. FRASER.

College of Montana.

It was out in the North-West. He was a graduate of '8—; tall, compactly built and lithe as Cooper's ideal Indian, and had gone out in charge of a party to make a survey of the townships in the Assiniboia district. There were still a few buffalo left in the country, which afforded a scanty subsistence to two or three wandering remnants of the Cree tribe not yet destroyed by the enervating influence of civilization and degrading contact with the whites. The party had been at work about five weeks when one day they came upon an encampment of a few of these surviving children of nature. The camping ground was in a bend of one of the small rivers with which that district abounds, and adjacent to a clump of poplars which supplied the camp with fuel. Harry was struck with the convenience of the spot for a camping place, and determined to pitch his tent there that very night, provided the Indians proved friendly and his own men could be induced to do the necessary amount of extra work that day. The Indians were friendly, the men willing, and so there the party made its temporary home. What small things change the course of a life,—a word, a glance, the toss of a copper. Had those Indians proved unfriendly Harry would not have camped there. He would not have met and loved the beauty of the tribe, the chief's daughter. He would not have had imprinted on his brain the last, imploring, loving look as she died in his arms, pierced through the heart by a bullet sent on its deadly message by the hands of a jealousy maddened rival. But these events did occur. Harry could not prevent it, he was simply an instrument of fate. After that when peering through the transit, instead of seeing the distant signal he would see that last dying, pleading look. It was always before him. When he closed his eyes it became more vivid, more terribly pathetic. One night in his imagination he coupled with it a voice calling on him to follow. He could not resist. His men tried to hold him back, but with the strength of insanity he tore himself away and fled. Next morning he sent a messenger to his men from the nearest railway station, saying that he had given up surveying and was going to seek consolation in the study of theology.

S. P. S.

Annual sale of periodicals—Reading room, Saturday April 8th, 11 a.m.

The Rugby Club will soon have a constitution. This will prevent the realization of some tremendous possibilities. The hundred and fifty ladies will now be legally unable to pack the annual meeting and elect some blushing maid to the captaincy of the redoubtable fifteen.