

public, has had the effect of reducing the income of every practising lawyer.

There is a popular belief still existing as to the exorbitance of lawyers' fees. This, like other legal fictions, should be a thing of the past. It is a tradition of old times, and of an ancient state of things that has long ceased to exist. Every proceeding in the courts has been simplified to the utmost. Judges and taxing officers have done their best to reduce the tariff of fees, so that all who wish to enjoy the luxury of a law-suit can do so as cheaply as possible. The old practice, with its delays, its technicalities and its enormous cost, is completely obsolete and defunct. John Doe and Richard Roe, those genial old companions of lawyers, have long since been banished out of court.

Although the gross earnings of the profession are certainly not increasing, but are probably on the decline, the number engaged in law is constantly being augmented. As much litigation took place in 1865 as in 1880, and yet the number of practising lawyers has doubled in the last fifteen years. Now, it would be interesting, in the face of these facts, to ascertain how many students there are at the present time in University College, who purpose becoming lawyers. Almost every one you meet in any year or class, will tell you blandly, while a smile illumines his youthful face, that he intends to study law. How many of these have duly considered whether they are fitted for that profession, or what prospects they have of meeting with success? There is good reason for believing that many enter this profession blindly and thoughtlessly, without taking into consideration their own tastes and natural qualifications, not to mention the dangers of failure which every one must run.

There are many young lawyers to day in this city, and throughout the country, who, though clever and energetic enough, are at their wits' ends how to gain their daily bread. Any one who would speak a word of warning against the further overcrowding of the professions, is generally deterred by the fear of being looked on as a sour-minded man who is himself a failure, and who wishes to discourage the laudable ambition of youth. People like to say hopeful things to those commencing life, and observations like the present are often met by the cheerful remark of Daniel Webster, that "there is plenty of room up stairs." But what is to become of those who are doomed for all their lives to occupy the basement? It is well that young men should thoroughly understand what is before them when choosing a profession, and a brief statement of facts is more valuable than any amount of careless and ill-timed encouragement. Those who could succeed at law or at medicine, were the market demand for lawyers and doctors a little brisker, need have no fear but that there are other directions in which they can turn their talents to good account. Hitherto, the Canadian mind has run in grooves, out of which it is difficult to be moved. There are favorite investments, favorite professions, favorite branches of business, and these have been persistently done to death, as if no others existed. Let our intelligent and energetic young men make use of a little of their energy and sagacity at the outset, in discovering some legitimate calling, out of the common rut, to which they may devote themselves. But, above all things, let them weigh carefully their chances of success in whatever occupation they intend to pursue, instead of drifting carelessly into some profession because their friends or their college acquaintances have adopted it. If this friendly advice were followed, there would be few of those after regrets at having mistaken one's vocation, and at having spent the most precious period of life for a purpose which was doomed to disappointment.

W. E. P.

#### TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN POETS.

##### VIII. TO THE SPRING.

(Schiller.)

Fair youth, delight of nature,  
I welcome thee again;  
With flower-laden basket,  
Right welcome to the plain.

Aha! Thou hast returned,  
So lovely still, and fair,  
Our hearts are filled with gladness  
Once more to see thee here.

Dost yet my love remember?  
Prithee, consider well!  
My maiden then did love me,  
My maiden loves me still

Sweet flow'rets for my maiden  
I oft did beg of thee;  
Again I come to beg them,  
Thou'lt surely give to me.

W. H. v. D. S.

#### OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

THE King of Greece the other day sent the President of the French Republic a magnificent edition of the works of Homer. M. Grevy, unfortunately, is not a classical scholar, and, thinking it was a bound copy of the "Greek claims," concluded that those were too numerous for consideration. Hence the recent lukewarmness of the French Government towards the Hellenes.

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THE girl who failed to get kissed under the mistletoe complained that all the good old English customs are dying out.

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The 'æsthetes' of the University are going to give us a conversation this month. If the entertainment depends for success on active co-operation and well-sub-divided management, the success will be, to borrow from the modest vocabulary of the New York *Herald*, colossal. The number of committees is almost sufficient to admit of classification, whilst the names of committee-men occupy in writing a page of foolscap paper. The money-bag for the occasion is well filled, and it only remains for the gentlemen who are in charge of the 'needful' to see that the expenditure is applied in the most effective manner possible. The Glee Club, along with Mr. Torrington, are, of course, in the programme, and I hope that college songs will be the chief feature of their performance.

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Few of us have escaped the persuasive powers of women. At bazaars and picnics and at that acme of hypocrisy—a charitable fête gotten up by the leaders of society—their importunities (said to be also charming) are vigorous and unrelaxing. I feel inclined to add a few more epithets, for my feelings are strong on the subject, but I withhold them out of fear of tarnishing the gallantry which a political professor and one or two country papers have attributed to the undergraduates. What has set my thoughts running on the theme of feminine extortion is the last number of the *Sibyl* from Elmira College. The young ladies took a trip to the coal mines of McIntyre. "Much of the day's pleasure was owing to the kindness of Mr. Benedict, who secured for us reduced rates by rail; to Mr. Platt, whose office at McIntyre was thrown open for our use, and also to those who furnished conveyances free of charge. . . ." It would be far-fetched, if not malicious, to pretend to see in the concessions of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Platt anything beyond an obliging and amiable spirit; at the same time to the young ladies who obtained these concessions I say bravo! You are made of the material which will before long be turned to the successful selling of church concert tickets and to the whipping up of a large attendance at tea-meetings. Proficiency is already insured judging from the description given of a canvass for advertisements:—"The ecstatic vision of well-filled purses, and consequent advantages to our societies; dreams of fame attained in the near future through positive necessity—our skill in writing up these "ads"—as we go up and down our ceaseless tramp, tramp, the excitement of marking, as our victims, the respective and respected enterprising business people; the ill-omened askant looks with which they regard us, and the unconcerned way in which they cross the street as they see us approaching; . . ." The occupation, in the carrying on of which the male amateur considers himself a martyr, is here described as "the excitement of marking, as our victims," etc. In a higher sphere of social life the excitement appears to become morbid. The "Professional Beauties" at the Leicester Square Bazaar, not satisfied with a modest shilling for a cup of tea or a cigar, imprinted a kiss thereon, and the price rose to a sovereign. And sovereigns rained on the tastefully-arranged counters until the bright heaps reminded one of the tables of Monaco. It was a great feminine triumph; but even feminine triumphs will sometimes meet an annoying reverse. A very respectable-looking old gentleman asked for a cup of tea; the cup was kissed deftly and audibly by the P. B., who on the strength of such graciousness demanded the extra nineteen shillings. The old gentleman laid down a sovereign and quietly remarked: "I wish for a clean cup, if you please."

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'SPOR,' when he does a thing he does it well, and when he goes to sleep he pays attention to it. Otherwise, how did the top get burnt out of a beautiful new hat he was wearing?