

To this indebtedness to his father Bryant thus alludes in his beautiful and pathetic "Poem, to Death":—

"Alas! I little thought that the stern power,
Whose fearful praise I sang, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease;
For he is in his grave, who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! When thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. . . ."

To his mother he owed that force of character which showed itself in all his actions, and ever kept him in the paths of truth and rectitude which he followed throughout his almost blameless life. She was a woman of great strength of character, and, as is generally the case with such people, was very affectionate and rendered the home-life of the boy a very happy one. Indeed few of our poets were more fortunate in their parents than Bryant.

He early showed his love for nature, and probably nowhere could more suitable surroundings for a poetic mind be found than those of his beautiful Hampshire home, with its hills and valleys, woods, lakes, and streams, all of which we have celebrated in the poet's verse.

When sixteen years old Bryant went to Williams' College. This is chiefly of interest for the effect the magnificent scenery of the Hoosac Valley had on his work, and throughout his life he continued to visit these scenes of his childhood and youth, which calmed many a tumult in that noble heart. We can imagine the reserved, thoughtful—but never morose—student wandering off alone to commune with nature, drinking in inspiration from its majesty, to meditate on the great end of all, and to form plans for the future. All this he expresses in the beautiful poem entitled "Green River," written some time after this, and showing Bryant's disgust for law, which could not fail but be repugnant to him, with his keen sense of justice.

Leaving college, Bryant studied at home for sometime, where he wrote a little poetry. But all the time he was thinking out his great poem "Thanatopsis," a remarkable meditative poem of death. When it appeared Bryant's genius was at once recognized. It was the first enduring poem in American literature, and was all the more remarkable for having been written by a boy only eighteen years old, an age when most poets are writing light and gay love poems. This poem, so serious, so elevated and so noble shows us that Bryant was one of the few—perhaps fortunate, perhaps unfortunate—to whom the philosophic mind comes early in life. This too is seen in his great appreciation of Wordsworth at an age when most people can see little in him. He himself said that upon opening Wordsworth, a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once in his heart and the face of nature of a sudden to change into a strange freshness and life. This remarkable poem is written in blank verse, which Bryant handled so well, and the simplest words imaginable are used. Here I may mention that one of Bryant's chief charms is his perfect simplicity. He never strove for effect either in his life or in his poetry. We find none of that excessive adornment, obscurity and far-fetched comparison which so mar the work of many writers that it is often a problem what they are talking about. Bryant never went beyond himself. He was too sincere. During his editorship he never ceased waging war against affectation, and he once said to a young writer afflicted with this plague, like many of our undergraduates, nay, graduates as well: "Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor." What is so admirable about the man is that he both preached and practised, for it would be difficult to find an obscure line in one of his poems. . . . —From an essay read by Miss M. Mackenzie before the Modern Language Club, Nov. 7.

ANOTHER SONG.

Must we still follow the dusty road?
Say not that thence we must never stray.
The pleasant path through the fragrant wood
Is haply—who knows?—the better way.

What boots it to sow, if none may reap?
The flowers are sweet in the forest glades.
Shall we leave them unheeded to ope and sleep,
A beauty wasted in each that fades?

Fear not night's darkness in yonder clouds;
First must they blazon the western air.
Lose not the beauty that all enshrouds;
The night may be dark, but the day is fair.

J. S. LANE.

THE "ENGINEERS'" DINE.

The third annual School of Science dinner was held last Friday night in the Arlington hotel. The success of the affair was greater than was anticipated by the committee, for it was feared that owing to many circumstances the students would not respond to the dinner call.

At half-past eight o'clock the guests to the number of about ten, including part of the Faculty, a number of graduates, and about seventy undergrads sat down to a dinner which amply satisfied the requirements of the inner man, and in some cases more than satisfied them. When the feasting had come to an end, the chairman, Mr. R. W. Thomson, '92, arose and addressed a few words of welcome to guests, Faculty, grads, and students, and then called upon the vice-chairman, Mr. E. W. Hinde, '93, to propose the toast to the Queen. After this had been deeply drunken and the National Anthem sung, Mr. V. G. Marani in a neat speech proposed the toast to Canada. Messrs. C. H. Mitchell, '92, and A. T. Fraser, '94, responded. The next toast on the list was that to the Faculty and was received with cheers; it was proposed by Mr. E. W. Hinde, '93. Prof. Galbraith responded for the Faculty, and his interesting remarks were followed with great attention. He spoke of many new items of interest in connection with the course, including the new fourth year and the much desired degree, which has now become a certainty. During his address he made some very touching allusions to the late Mr. J. K. Robinson, '91, the much loved president, who occupied the chair at the last dinner. Dr. Ellis and Mr. Stewart followed in neat speeches, and amid vociferous requests the new professor, Dr. Coleman, was brought to the platform and received with cheers; he spoke a few words of greeting, expressing his pleasure at being present for the first time at the dinner of S. P. S. Speeches from Mr. C. J. Marani and Mr. J. A. Duff, B.A., the new Fellow in Engineering, ended the response from the Faculty.

The toast to the Engineering Profession was proposed by Mr. A. T. Laing, '92, and was responded to by Mr. Allan McDougall, C.E., the representative from the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; also by Messrs. Keele, '93, and Wood, '94, in behalf of the students. Next came a toast to the Graduates, proposed by W. A. Lea, '92. This was responded to by Messrs. Chewett, '88, Canniff, '88, Richardson, '88, Laird, '86, Lane, '91, and "the three Bowmans," '85, '86, and '90. Mr. Laschinger proposed the toast to the Engineering Society, responded to by Messrs. R. W. Thomson, '92, McPherson, '93, and Gibson, '94 (P.L.S.). The toast to "Our Guests" was proposed by J. B. Hanley, '93, in response to which addresses of greeting were received from Sergeant Vercoe, of Royal Military College, Kingston, who was given the honors of "He's a jolly good fellow," and three cheers for R.M.C., and A. J. Van Nostrand, P.L.S., from the Provincial Land Surveyors' Association.

Following this came the toast to the Freshmen, pro-