

grand yearly blow out of the students and their graduate friends, with its glimmering of sherry, clattering (sometimes breaking) of glasses, unnatural guzzling of oysters, uproarious choruses, grandiloquent speeches, solemn toasts, and more or less silly answers—Saturday morning, the pay day for all the misdemeanors of the week, the old Provost grim and rebukeful, the cloudy browed Dean with his fatally accurate lists of chapels and lectures missed, gatings and reprimands—Convocation day, with gaudy robed chancellor and hooded dignitaries, barbarous choruses and ribald jokes, eliciting dark looks from the Provost yet a smile sometimes in spite of himself—Episcopon, the College Punch, transcribed and illustrated by pen, how well he will recollect sitting some cold winter night in a crowded gathering before one of those delightful old grate fires which a few of our larger rooms yet boast; a pipe, carefully treasured from his freshman term between his contented lips and his pewter by his side, listening to the jingling rhymes of unknown authors, and drawing his pipe from his mouth now and then to join in a boisterous outbreak of cheers and laughter at the expense of some blushing delinquent, who doubtless enjoys the thrust as well as the rest of the audience—and it will be perhaps with a grim smile that he will look back out of the bitterness of the realities of life, stretching in shadow behind and before, upon the wonderful castles in the air which he built in those strange days, hardly to be realized, when he sat contentedly upon his coal-box, sucking the sweet fragrance from a new bought pipe and with no worldly care upon him save the morrow's lecture to be read and the dim shadow of the examination looming afar like some dark and monstrous Cape Horn, which the mariner needs must round but upon which he is very likely to split in the attempt.

In our time some of these old subjects of recollection have passed away altogether from the region of reality, and are now indeed naught but memories. To the old graduate returning from a far country at this day, the key stone in his picture of the place is gone, viz: the late Provost—a grim old man to those whose acquaintance with him extended no further than the narrow round of college discipline and to whose minds he only presented himself as in some way intimately connected with the huge, uninviting old volumes of Theology, which range themselves upon the lower shelves in his own lecture room—yet a man, whom all respected, and some, viz: those who really knew him, loved—an able, deeply learned and above all a heart honest, steadfast man, knowing no rule but duty, and whom many cease not to look to still with deep feelings of admiration and affection. That well-known figure with its fine gray massive head, slightly bent in latter years—a central point around which all other recollections cluster—has passed out from the daily walk of Trinity life and another reigns in its stead.

We have innovations too in our time—such as the piano for instance, the sweetest and most worldly of all

instruments, whose ringing notes fraught with reminiscences from the outside multitude intrude harshly upon the reflections of the hermit student who fondly imagines that he has completely caged himself within the four dingy walls of his chamber—breaking the bright fabric of solitary castle-building which he has woven around himself—even as a breath of air from a half open door will destroy the fair integrity of the cloud of smoke rings which ascends from his lips; ah, poor piano, long suffering instrument—daily shrieking beneath the inexorable battering of the muscular musician, whose only criterion of excellence would seem to be volume of sound; or mournfully accompanying the revolutions of a party of dancers, who waddle, hop, or skim, according as they happen to be in the various progressive stages of the delicate art—we pity thee, and some few wish thee gone.

But the deepest reason why college reminiscences must linger always very pleasantly somewhere in the heart of every man, who has not grown to be a mere money-making automaton, is that friendships, as lasting and genuine as any can be, were formed there—friendships which grew together strangely and unaccountably, founded variously, some few upon similarity disposition, many upon similarity of tastes and pursuits, most of all upon some mysterious sympathy which he did not understand and never shall. So that in these after years he may look about him and feel that he is not utterly alone in this measureless waste, that there are still one or two that would be very glad to meet him again, who would cheerfully help him if he were in need, nay would perhaps sacrifice much in his behalf—a reflection infinitely bright and consoling to him—leading his mind back in the train of association to the place where such friendships were formed—suggesting memories of books read and discussed together, evening talks often prolonged into the small hours before a blazing grate in winter or by an open casement in the warm months of summer, long walks beyond the Humber for botanizing and geologizing purposes, a practice which has died out of late in College—and investing Trinity's gray walls with a significance, which they had not, while he lived within them.

(To be Continued.)

VERSES.

BY A. L.

As the wild murmuring waves
Of the resistless sea
Buffet the shifting sands,
So Fate may thee.

Some the strong billows hurry
Far onward in their flow,
Yet ever bearing many,
Back, back they go!

Then in thy might and splendour
Oh! man shut not thy heart,
Think of the sands; forget not,
Still man thou art.

That should the stern waves drag thee
Down from the sunlit shore,
Thy memories may regret not
The days of yore.