

climb the Wartburg and tread its chapel and Sängersaal, to enter the minster at Aachen and gaze on the slab inscribed with the two words "Carolo Magno," draws him who has any capability of feeling very near to the presence of Shakspeare and St. Elizabeth of Hungary and Luther and Karl the Great. The emotions awakened in such spots as these I have thought to be the emotions best worth living for. But true vital feeling is denied to any one of us without a certain amount of knowledge and training, an amount which varies with the individual, unless we happen to be poets or geniuses by nature, which, I am assuming, most of us are not. Those to whom the Romanesque of the Dom of Spier does not differ from the Gothic or the Cathedral of Rheims, and who go to both churches simply because they are churches which the world sometimes talks about, are blind to secrets of a cycle of human thought. Equally blind are those who do not know what symbolism to expect in the details which lie around them there. In the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in London last year, one of the most striking pictures was an Annunciation by Hacker. How has the modern painter treated an ancient subject which has been painted scores of times? Is Mary standing by the fountain, or is she placed in a lowly room after the realistic mode of the German school? Is the symbolical vessel of water standing at the fountain's edge, or not? After what type is Gabriel painted, and how is he clad? Does he bear a lily or a sceptre in his hand? To ask such questions as these, and many more arise from them, is a proof of the feeling that such subjects as the Annunciation represent modes of thought, and attempt to symbolize scenes around which the world's spiritual life once centered. We may, and some of us no doubt do, prefer a Highland landscape of MacWhirter to an Annunciation or a Pietà; but if we hang the works of ancient schools on our walls and profess to admire them, we ought at least to know and to feel something of their symbolism, their meaning.

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

THE B.A. QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
For to-morrow'll be the happiest day of all my senior year;
Of all my college years, mother, the gladdest, merriest day;
For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

There's many a name stands high they say, but none so high as mine;

There's Smith's and Jones' and Robertson's, and Brown's and Tomson's shine;

But none so high as Sister Mary's in all the list they say,
So I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

I'll not sleep much to-night, mother, and early I'll awake,
But don't forget to call me when the day begins to break:
I've to dress and do my hair, get flowers and deck myself so gay,

For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

They say I wrote the most, mother, and all I wrote was right,
I'm sure I am a clever girl and have a future bright.
The girls are cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

They say I may forget myself, but that can never be;
They say I will be shaky, mother—what is that to me?
There's many an older person shakes on convocation day,
And I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

Papa and you will go with me to-morrow to the hall,
And all my friends and cousins too, and aunts and uncles all;
The professors and the students come from every faculty,
For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

The junior lecturer looks round and twirls his fair mustache;
And underneath his trencher thinks he's cutting quite a dash;
And the Dean of the Faculty shines like fire in Trinity's gown
so gay,

And I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

The rest are pleased, although, mother, they only make a pass—
Oh! I wish I had my medal here to see it in the glass!
And I'm to stand in front and read the Valedictory,
And I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

All the Freshmen, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the Junior and the Sophomore will shout for Old McGill,
And the Science man in the back of the hall on a little tin horn
will play,

For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;

To-morrow'll be the happiest day of all my senior year;
Of all my college years, mother, the gladdest, merriest day,
For I'm to get my B.A., mother, I'm to get my B.A.

CAP'N GOUN.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

(Conclusion).

Having got all our papers in order, we must make up our mind what classes we will take. There is an official time table published which can be obtained from the booksellers, and from this, by dint of hard study, some information may be obtained. If our "Innocent" becomes stranded among the shoals of the K. K. Universitat, we would advise him to apply for advice to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, the clergyman sent to Vienna by the Edinburgh Students' Missionary Society, and we would here like to bear testimony to the kindness and interest he displays in all students who come to Vienna. To return to the classes, those intending to take up the study of the eye cannot do better than to commence with the class held by Dr. Königstein on normal ophthalmology. Here we get an opportunity of examining normal eyes and becoming familiar with methods and instruments. This gentleman never takes anyone's word that he has seen the fundus, but insists on having it drawn with a red and blue pencil. Professor Fuchs has an excellent class on diseases of the eye. Professors Politzer and Gruber on the ear cannot be surpassed anywhere. Störk is now professor of diseases of the throat and nose. Schnitzler holds a similar class in the Polyclinic, which is close to the Hospital; but the best class is held by Chiari,—in fact, so popular is this class that names are set down months ahead for any vacancy that may occur, for in most of these classes the number is limited. Dr. Julius Beregszaszi died last summer, leaving a vacancy that is hard to fill. For a number