

says that he wrote for his own amusement to pass away time as it were; and thus unlike Dryden he had no family to support or any cause that urged him to write, such as led Dryden to write hurriedly without taking time to examine his pieces after he had written them, so as to correct any errors. Pope on the other hand wrote carefully and not in haste, as he would stop and examine every line which he composed as he went along and then review afterwards. On one occasion he revised a piece "twice over a second time." He would always try to embellish his writings with refined words and expressions, and his lines all have a finish to them which renders them pleasant to read. Though the matter be not good, yet the form in which it is expressed and the smoothness of the numbers, and the versification in some cases, completely overbalance any fault which may be detected in the matter.

The "Rape of the Lock," which Addison calls a "delicious little thing," shows Pope's genius as a poet in a great degree. In this mock-heroic poem we find new and original beings that were unknown before; and the author here makes use of some of the simplest things in nature as the means of playing some important part in the poem, such as a pair of scissors or a pinch of snuff.

Pope's essay on Criticism is regarded as the noblest and best of his compositions. His Essay on Man is written in four epistles to Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, on 'human life and manners,' abounding in such phrases and expressions as are now daily made use of in the home circle. It also contains many useful and instructive maxims and metaphors. We notice that Pope chose poetry and even rhyme rather than prose, and as he says for two reasons: the one will appear obvious, that principals, maxims, and precepts so written, both strike the reader more forcibly, and are more easily retained by him afterwards; the other may seem odd, but it is true; he found that he could express them more shortly that way than in prose itself.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Pope's Moral Essays seem to me to be an extension of or sequel as it were to the Essay on Man.

Of his translation of the Iliad of which I have already made mention, I venture not to say too much; the task of translating so great a masterpiece is in itself praiseworthy; and more, Pope has translated it in poetry and with rhyme, to which there is such a finish and smoothness that it is a

source of pleasure to read some parts of it, which pleasure you may fail to get from the original. And besides this, the valuable notes which accompany it are carefully prepared and show the great knowledge which he acquired from various sources. Can there be any reason for his not calling his life 'one long disease,' while doing so noble and grand a work as this! Pope was by no means impotent as a satirist, as may be seen from his satire on Addison which shows his power is such to a great extent, wherein he calls him a timorous foe, and a suspicious friend.

Pope's imitations of the poems of Horace, which he published between 1730 and 1740, seem to have been his favourite amusement, for he carried this kind of composition further than any other poet. On May 13th, 1744, Pope ended his life so placidly that the attendants did not know the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

BICYCLING.

One night, not long ago, tempted by the beauty of the evening, and thinking to combine business with pleasure, I started out for a short ride on the bicycle. I had not proceeded far before I met about eight bicyclists on their way to the Mahogany Road. They very kindly extended to me an invitation to accompany them on their journey, but, as my business would not allow of my going their way, I had to tender them my regrets. I was sorry the next day I did not go with them, for perhaps it would have saved me one mishap. This was the way of it. After finishing my errand, I started for home. Although it was dark, still I thought I was sufficiently acquainted with the road to keep out of all danger. But alas! I did not take into consideration the deal end some teamster had dropped by the way. Sitting well forward, and going at full speed, I struck the stick and without looking to see where I was going, suddenly sprung forward and found myself kissing mother earth. But I did not stay there long. Clinging to the handle like a drowning man clings to a straw, I was carried over the second time. This time I saw stars. As I lay there thinking, I heard three girls giggling, and, being of a bashful nature, I started for home as fast as a game leg, bleeding nose, and broken bicycle, would permit me.

F. S. S.