

quite misrepresents life as it at present exists at the Scottish Universities, and seems to be quite unaware that a very large proportion of the Edinburgh students at least are not of Scottish birth, but come from all quarters of the world. As far as the general culture of the students is concerned, although the average is doubtless not so high as at Oxford or Cambridge, yet it will compare favorably with other Universities; while, in moral qualities, though not quite "free from vice," the students rank higher than those of most Universities.

WE are convinced that the students who neglect to attend Sunday afternoon service in Convocation Hall are losing valuable opportunities of coming under educative influences which would be both stimulating and elevating to their intellectual and moral natures, and in a manner different from those of their more rigid class studies. The varied nature and high average tone of the addresses there delivered render them instruments of general culture, not by any means everywhere available. The speakers are some of the best representatives from the clergy of the larger Protestant denominations of the country, and their discourses are interesting discussions of living and pressing social and religious questions. Any student who neglected to hear the two discourses which Principal Grant gave in reference to our duties as citizens missed something of the highest importance and of which we too seldom hear. These services are intended primarily for students, and if they are to be continued the students must show their appreciation of them by at least attending them. We hope that in the future greater numbers will avail themselves of the privileges afforded by these services of hearing the representative men of the different Protestant denominations in Canada.

POETRY.

TWILIGHT.

A CURTAIN dropped from Heaven's lofty walls,
Soft o'er the still earth the gloaming falls,
And through the rents made by the gleaming stars,
Which triumphant burst the cloudy bars,
We catch one glimpse of supermundane light,
The glory of the Future, fiercely bright;
And so when all this sphere is wrapped in peace,
And all employments for the nonce do cease,
The mystic gloaming links the earth and sky,
Angels descend and mortals soar on high.

WHAT LOVE IS.

BY J. H.

It's a sort of palpitation,
Passionate reverberation,
In the vital habitation
Of the heart.

Effervescent osculation,
Inexpressible sensation,
In continuous rotation,
Forms a part.

A respectful invitation
To a choice collation,
Lovely ride of long duration,
In his cart.

Confidential conversation,
No attempted ostentation,
Never-ceasing admiration
On his part.

Passionate reciprocation,
Caramels without cessation,
Forms, in my inspiration,
Cupid's dart.

LIFE A LOOKING-GLASS.

BY N. F. H.

Life's pretty much what we make it —
It's only a looking-glass true,
And reflects back, shadow for shadow,
The very image of you.

The good deeds will always be smiling,
The bad will look vicious and vile,
The face you behold in the mirror
Is only yourself all the while.

And the longer the shadow's reflected
The deeper the impress will be,
It shows for good or for evil
As it sends back the features you see.

You're only to take the world easy,
Mingle only with the good to be had,
And the face you see in the mirror
Will always be happy and glad.