

"Oh, I can stand it," laughed French.

"How extremely good of you!"

"Yes," he admitted lightly, "there's nothing mean about me."

Miss Turner stood up and put on her hat again. "I suppose we shall have to leave," she said. "But isn't it beautiful here!"

They had not proceeded five steps on the path, when she stopped suddenly. "My note-book!" she exclaimed.

French returned to the boulder, and brought back the mouse-coloured little volume, with the red edges, and the two went their way in the close of the autumn afternoon.

This was but one afternoon in Miss Turner's pursuit of The Higher Education. There were some, of course, who did not grant her methods of study their entire approbation; and others who even termed her a flirt. She was, at any rate, nothing if not original.

W. J. HEALY.

COMRADE WIND.

Now that I have reached the top of the hill and leave the city lights behind, you join me again to-night, you rough-handed mate. I am glad of your joyous company. The road is so lonely in the quiet nights. There is no one to talk to, and the stillness makes me home-sick and afraid to turn my head. You noisy comrade! your boisterous laughter and rude jesting please me. You push hard against me and jostle me, but there is no malice in it at all. I love you better for it than your soft-spoken brother Breeze for all his quiet ways.

How long we have been comrades by land and water! How many the miles we have left behind on long, solitary wanderings and rambles, on headlong gallops and over the flying scud of the stormy lake. How often your voice has called me out on dark nights from the irksome four walls and the brain-trying books. I have heard you calling and calling till I had to don hat and coat and join you. Then, as I stepped from the door and the lighted room into the darkness, how often you have welcomed me with a dash of rain in the face, that only made me laugh and say:

"Art there, old true-penny?" And an hour of your fellowship has sent me back refreshed and almost reconciled to my books. And on many a stormy morning and blustering afternoon you have driven away the disorders and sickly fancies from blood and brain. You have cleansed me in your ethereal, whirling bath till my flesh was as the flesh of a little child. Heart-ache and heaviness fly like fog-vapors or thin rain-clouds from your presence.

There is no malice in you. I know, even when you drive the rain and sleet in my face till it stings like a whip, that it is only your mirth. No malice, when you scatter the hand-fuls of snowflakes upon me till my limbs are stiff and my eyes glazed and blinded. It is only your sport. Even were my poor senses dulled into quiet, you would still pelt me till I should be just a little drifted heap above the white level. What an excellent jest that would be! No malice when you push my sail over till it almost touches the foam, and the sheet cuts my hand, and my arm aches in the struggle with the tiller. And if you had spread it on the green, dancing water, and the waves dipped in over the side, that would only have been your jesting too. Just one great frolic, part of the glancing sunlight, and blue sky, and drifting, white cloud.

You know I do not fear you and that I will never cease to struggle with you. For hours I have driven my frail shallop inch by inch and foot by foot against your power. Though you sent your armies of white-caps rolling against me, you could not change my purpose. I knew that a single error would be fatal and that you were waiting for me to make a slip, but for hours I banded the jest with you.

Some time or other, perhaps at mid-night and in storm, you will crush out the worm strength which resists you, but it will be merely a further jest to show how strong you are.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE following lines (said a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* the other day) appeared in Mr. F. A. Heath's annual, "The Keepsake," edited by Miss Power (Landseer's "Lady with the Spaniels"), published by Bogue, Christmas, 1850. They are not republished in Lord Tennyson's works:

STANZAS. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

What time I wasted youthful hours,
One of the shining winged powers
Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

As towards that gracious light I bow'd,
They seem'd high palaces and proud,
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labour is not small;
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

"Ouida" is writing a new novel, entitled "Gilderoy," to be published in the *Weekly Scotsman*. It is to be hoped that it will prove better than her last effort, "A House Party," which may be characterized as a mere skeleton of style without any sustaining principle of plot. The author's pen has been very prolific, and she has given to the world novels that will out-live the ephemeral reputation of the mass of mediocre nineteenth-century fiction; but her genius is declining with age, if we may judge from her latest work.

At a recent exhibition of the phonograph, at the London Press Club, the visitors were privileged to hear a series of stanzas, entitled "The Phonograph's Salutation," written by the Rev. Horatio Nelson Powers, and described as "The First Phonogramic Poem," by virtue of the fact that it has never yet been in manuscript. Mickle, the poet is, if we remember rightly, recorded to have set up his translations of "The Lusiad" in type line by line without the intervention of "copy;" but Mr. Powers, who dedicates his stanzas to Mr. Edison, goes beyond the dream of Mickle, in having simply confided his poetical utterances to the instrument, by which it was given back again in his own voice.

The sixteenth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," published on the 26th Sept., extends from Drant to Edridge. Mr. A. H. Bullen writes on Michael Drayton and Alexander Dyce; Mr. Lionel Cust on Martin Droeshout; Mr. Sidney L. Lee on William Drummond of Hawthornden and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Dryden, John Dunton, and Maria Edgeworth; Mr. Francis Espinasse on Sir William Dugdale; Mr. Thomas Bayne on William Dunbar, the Scottish poet; Mr. J. M. Rigg on Duns Scotus; and the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth on Tom D'Urfey.