

course of lectures and read carefully the ten texts, received one question in his examination. It was on the stories of Perrault, and as he had not been able to get from the library the particular book—much in demand—he was naturally unable even to attempt the question.

It is curious how the revolutionary spirit of independence, amounting sometimes, it seems, to disrespect is, among the students, mingled with the opposite quality of enthusiasm for and worship of the professors. I have often been surprised and shocked by students clattering in to a lecture twenty or thirty minutes late. At the end of the hour, however, the same students may be extremely enthusiastic in applause. No doubt it is due to their Latin temperament but it is hard to become accustomed to it.

France is the land of paradox, of antithesis. One is continually suspended between enthusiastic admiration and indignant disgust. If the libraries are gloomy and the classrooms of the university sometimes frightfully overcrowded, it must be admitted on the other hand that intellectual life in Paris is of remarkable intensity. At the University students may listen to lectures by such brilliant and well-known scholars as Joseph Bédier, the great specialist in mediaeval French literature, Fernand Baldensperger, the internationally famous expert in comparative literature, Charles Andler, the impassioned and eloquent interpreter of German poetry and many others of equal note.

It is remarkable what a large place literature and art occupy in the interests of the general public in Paris. One day when I was standing in line in the registrar's office waiting to enroll for a certain course of lectures, I fell into conversation with a young man carrying a violin case. He was very well dressed and spoke in a very agreeable, animated manner. I was interested to learn that he was a "Docteur en Droit," was actually engaged as a broker at the Paris Bourse, and was undertaking, for pleasure in his spare time, a doctor's thesis in literature. In addition to these activities he played regularly in an amateur symphony orchestra.

Perhaps I have dwelt at too much length on the dissatisfactions of a student's life in the Paris of to-day. My excuse is that one hears, in general, far more about the riotous beauty of Paris and the giddy joys which it offers than about the other side of the picture. However, my article would be extremely incomplete were I not to insist upon the tremendous importance, for the student, of the beauty and life which make Paris, many think, the most fascinating city in the world.

Victor Hugo called Paris "La Ville Lumière". The name is doubly deserved. The climate of Paris is rainy and dark, in fact, the whole northern part of Europe is more than amply moist. It is said that in 1916 at Brest, which is near Calais, there were three hundred days of rain. Curiously enough, if the days are overcast and dull, the nights are almost invariably clear and starry. Paris is at her best at night. The Place de la Concorde, with its glistening fountains reflecting the silvery rays of myriad arc lamps is like a constellation of shining stars. At the Place de l'Etoile, the Arc de Triomphe, illuminated by giant flood lights, stands up against the night sky like a giant wedding cake. The Seine, bordered on either side by a beautiful tree-lined boulevard, reflects from its surface of shining ebony a veritable galaxy of coloured lights.

Paris is also, as says the Dictionnaire Larousse, "le centre des lumières," meaning the centre of intellectual light. Lecturers from all part of the world give talks on every imaginable subject. The greatest artists, musicians, poets, philosophers and novelists deem it an honour and a privilege to appear in public in Paris. All this has, naturally, a highly stimulating effect on the intellectual atmosphere of Paris, and a student must indeed be dull and unreceptive who does not profit by such an atmosphere and environment.

I have not attempted to portray in detail the life of a Paris student. What I mentioned in the beginning about the disappearance of the classic type of Bohemian student has robbed this subject of any peculiar interest it might have heretofore had. However, I hope that the reader has been able to get a general idea of the student situation in Paris to-day. In spite of the criticisms we can make of the French, there is little reason to believe that Paris has lost any of its attraction for Canadian and American students.

When daisies go, shall winter time
 Silver the simple grass with rime;
 Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
 And make the cart-ruts beautiful;
 And when snow-bright the moor expands,
 How shall your children clap their hands!
 To make this earth our hermitage,
 A cheerful and a changeful page,
 God's bright and intricate device
 Of days and seasons doth suffice.

—R. L. Stevenson.

