

pected—to a more moderate degree, let us devoutly hope—in modern literature.

Some of Chaucer's couplets are startling; witness this one at the beginning of the *Mancipster's Tale*:

'Wert ye not where there stands a little town,
Which that y-called is Bob-up-and-down?'

The Parson's Tale is a specimen Wicliffite sermon, wondrously Methodismal in tone. It affords, as does all Chaucer, a deep insight into the manners of men and customs of society in those falsely dubbed 'good old days.'

The concluding prayer or Retraction of Chaucer smacks suspiciously of a spurious interpolation by the too holy hand of some copying monk, for we must not forget that Chaucer lived and thought and wrote and died nearly a century previous to the invention of printing. So that when he says in the opening line of his 'Good Counsel,'

'Flee from the press and dwell with soothfastness.'

he does not mean, as it might seem, to caution adolescent authors to avoid the line-lacerating type-teeth.

O. A. N.

Our Wallet.

INCONSISTENCY.

Oh! Edmund E. Sheppard,
Democracy's child,
About Monarchies, you
Often get very wild;
You should not indulge
In such ravings, I swear,
Till you shave from your chin
That "Imperial" you wear!
If you don't, why the people
Will laugh, my dear Ed.,
At the curious spectacle
Shown by your head;
While your *lips* denounce Monarchs
As being too thin,
You support an "Imperial" goatee
On your *chin*!

—ERIC.

DRIFTING.

Out in the gloom on the sea
Drifting so fast,
Only the sail flapping drearily
Against the mast.

Out to the wide world-sea
We drift without rest,
Only the heart beats wearily
Against the breast.

We know not the eyes filled with longing
That watch you and me,
As we drift away in the darkness
On the world and the sea. —FREE LANCE.

The prophetic Williams thus exhorts the young man of the present day: "Stay, my lord, and let your reason with your collar question."—Henry VIII. Act I., Sc. I.

Quotation for the Toboggan Club: "Through the ice and deep snow the Cimbri used to climb up to the tops of the hills, and from thence, placing their broad shields under their bodies, would let themselves slide from the precipices along their vast slippery descents."—Plutarch, *Marius*.

The meditative smoker surveys the last inch of his weed and thus delivers himself: "My cigar has reached its bitter end."

The sermon of a prominent minister that recently came into the possession of a scoffer was annotated along the margin thus: "Deliver this passage in solemn tones;" "Scornful smile after the word 'never';" "Pause long enough to count twenty-five after this passage;" "Close Bible with violent slam after this passage;" "Contemplate ceiling in attitude of adoration at this point;" "Sarcastic wave of hand," etc. And yet ministers declaim against the theatric art.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Mudie's famous circulating library in London occupies eight adjoining houses, and gives employment to eighty persons. Its importance to the reading Englishman is shown by the fact that it circulated 2,400 copies of Macaulay's History of England, 2,000 of Livingstone's Travels in Africa, 2,500 of "Enoch Arden," and 1,500 of "Lothair;" and that it circulates 6,000 of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, and 100 copies of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

O, beauteous Taddle, gently flows thy stream,
And through its limpid surface grass and rushes gleam,
The tall trees bending o'er thy peaceful flow,
Are mirrored in thy dimpled face below.

We love thee when the morn of Spring awakes,
And birds are twittering in thy leafy wakes,
And oft thy sweet seclusion in the summer's heat,
Is grateful to the stifled brain and dusty feet.

When trees are clothed in Autumn's brave array,
We love to see thee go thy quiet way,
But more when Winter's frost thy tides enclose,
We love thee then—in pity for our nose.

Poet's Corner.

ARS AMATORIA.

Poets and amorous swains have sung
In every age, in every tongue,
The charms of female beauty;
Which, if received with gracious mien,
So much the sweeter makes, I ween,
That very pleasing duty.

Dipping their pencils in sunniest tints,
Their heroines range from those in prints
To those in silk and satin.
Idyllic forms, by Tennyson,
Mingle with many a humbler one
By Horace sung, in Latin.

Some praise the form, and some the face,
Some sing about the subtle grace
Imparted by some creature.
Now, it's the eyes; and now, a tress;
Here, rose-red lips; there, charm of dress
Suggests a fairy creature.

Some long to be the jewels rare
Worn by the ones they deem most fair,
(Such lengths goes amorous passion!)
Thoughts like to these in poets' minds abide,
I'm not of these;—such things are cast aside
With ever-changing fashion.

Were it not better far than sighs,
To be, (and who may not, who tries?)
Some maiden's chosen lover!
And, as they wander down life's varying way,
Each, in the other, will, from day to day,
A jewel rare discover.

—ERIC.