

zations, and will doubtless make a useful representative.

In Law there is likely to be a contest between Prof. Hutchinson and Mr. McGoun. We would impress upon the graduates their duty to qualify early, and to register their votes in favor of one or the other of these candidates. Mr. Hutchinson has shewn himself in the past to be in harmony with the younger graduates upon many desirable reforms in the law faculty, and he has besides the confidence of the older men. His opponent, Mr. McGoun, is in many respects an estimable man, but the position of representative-fellow at McGill is the exact position which Mr. McGoun is not qualified to fill. He appears to be imbued with a slavish respect for the very narrow-minded and intensely conservative policy which has been up to a late date predominant there. We feel confident that there is little doubt of Mr. Hutchinson's election.

Poetry.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

Beneath a palm-tree, by a clear cool spring,
 Isid's Prophet, Mahomet, lay slumbering.
 Till, roused by chance, he saw before him stand
 A foeman, further-scimeter in hand.
 The chieftain knee the startled sleeper rise:
 And, with a flame of triumph in his eyes,
 "Who now can save thee, Mahomet?" he cried.
 "God," said the Prophet, "God, my friend and guide."
 Arab-struck the Arab dropped his naked sword,
 Which, grasped by Mahomet, defied its lord:
 And, "Who can save thee now thy blade is won?"
 Exclaimed the Prophet. Further answered, "None!"
 Then spake the victor, "Though thy hands are red
 With guiltless blood unmercifully shed,
 I spare thy life—I give thee back thy steel—
 Henceforth, compassion for the helpless feel."
 And thus the twin, unyielding foes of yore
 Clapsed hands, in token that their feud was o'er.

Geo. Murray.

Contributions.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS, DELIVERED IN THE WILLIAM
 MOLSON HALL, DEC. 3RD, 1887.

Mr. R. C. SMITH, in opening his address, after welcoming the large audience present, and thanking his hearers for the generous interest shewn in the welfare of the Society, sketched briefly its origin, history, present condition and prospects, and continuing, said:—When the Society did me the honour of electing me to the chair, I had, in a desultory way, been amusing myself with mythology, and I thought I might incur less risk of doing violence to the opinions of any of my fellow-members were I to go back some centuries—escaping the hurly-burly of a divided public opinion—and look at a few myths of different periods; making, perhaps, a few harmless observations upon possible realizations of them in our times. Perhaps it would be a wise, precautionary

measure for me to say just here, that if, in doing so, I should seem to express some opinions, these are not necessarily to be taken as the opinions of the Society. If there be a danger of such a thing, I shall be obliged to act like a character in one of our more modern and less classical myths—"the Mikado"—and to say that the opinions which I am about to express, in my individual capacity, in my capacity as President of the University Literary Society, I here and now, in advance, disclaim and utterly repudiate.

With a subject so full of poetry, I fear you would not be disposed to listen very complacently to a prosaic analysis or comparison of the sources of mythology, and as there is no vice more terribly visited by the gods than that of presumption, I have no intention of attempting such an analysis. If you insist upon that, you must read Max Müller for yourselves. I propose simply, as I said before, to look at a few of the old myths with which you are, of course, familiar, and then, with some degree of licence, to endeavour to discover analogies in modern life. I may say that I do not intend to "improve" each of these myths by appending thereto the lengthy course of didactic platitudes which we are coming to understand by such terms as "wholesome lesson." It is quite time, as Addison says, that "Fables take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it," but it is often a very hazardous thing to extract from a fable its moral, and apply it judiciously. For example, I suppose I could select no more familiar and generally reputable myth than that of "the man in the moon." The old German story is that one Sunday morning an old man went out to cut wood, and returning home with his faggot on his back, he was met by a stately gentleman, who asked him if he did not know that Sunday on earth was a day of rest. "Sunday on earth and Monday in heaven are the same thing to me," irreverently replied the old man. "Then bear your burden for ever," sternly rejoined the stranger, "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have eternal noon-day in heaven," and that straightway the facetious old faggot-bearer was transported to the moon, where he bears his bundle still. So there is the German word for the full moon, which means a faggot. Now, this simple story has developed a wonderful amount of learning and discussion, in the midst of which, I'm afraid, the moral which I was going to introduce to you will be fairly strangled. I came upon quite an extensive collection of versions and opinions of this simple narrative. Tobler says the old sinner was given his choice of burning in the sun or freezing in the moon, and that he chose the latter. Wolf, another German writer, brings a woman into the story, and says the old delinquent's wife is there, too, bearing a butter tub, because she made butter on Sunday. It is very probable that she did, and I would not be surprised to learn that, like her mother Eve, she loaded the wood on the old man's back; but all this complicates the fable. Fischert comes with a totally new theory, and says—"There is to be seen in the moon a mannikin who stole wood," while Prætorius says that "superstitious people assert that the black flecks in the moon are a