

NIGHT.

The chimes of the cathedral tolled out the first warning for vespers.

A Sunday afternoon in Autumn was reluctantly fading away, leaving only in its place whatever memories may have impressed themselves upon the retina of the mind, or else, the dim shadow of a chain of events, which would, perhaps, make itself felt in the days to come. From afar-off in the East, to the distant horizon in the West, mantling the calm sky, was a greyish pall, whose sombre color was only relieved by the flecks of purple-red in the unmarked path of the dying sun. The air, which had lain dormant throughout the day, now gave birth to a gentle breeze that wandered lazily through the branches of the trees, and stirred the fallen leaves.

Many, quite likely, had been out for a peaceful walk through the streets of the city, gazing contentedly at the evidences of wealth and culture in their midst. But now these had wandered home to prepare for the evening service, leaving the long avenues almost empty, except for a few here and there, and the omnipresent guardian of the city, who strolled indifferently on, swinging his baton and no doubt thinking of his own cheery home. Throughout the place there was a soothing stillness, only broken by the church bells, which betokened the quarter-hour, and hastened the tardy folk at their evening meal.

The park about the cathedral was repellant and bleak in its striking bareness. The trees were almost stripped of their summer verdancy, while the lawns and benches were deserted by even their usual occupants—yes, indeed, save only one, who, seated on an iron form within the shadow of the grey, cold walls, was gazing vacantly before him. There he sat, in his threadbare clothes, motionless, with his arms thrown over the back of the seat, hands grasping the slats, legs crossed beneath the bench.

Again the bells rang out and brought with their last notes the dull, hollow tramp of the people on their way to church. The magnificent equipages, with their restless horses, were driven up before the cathedral door, and allowed their occupants to alight. In the looker-on the scene awakened pleasant memories. Dimly he could see their happy faces; while afar-off the impatient command of the little girl to her brother, not to step on her dress when getting out of the carriage, came keenly home to him. When the hour was tolled off by the distant clock, the streets, occupied by so few but a short time ago, were now lined with sturdy townsmen on the way to their devotions. The doors of the places of worship were gorged with life, and none more so than those of the cathedral. But to the lonely gazer, who, in fancy, seemed to be far away from the world of to-day, it was all one, whether few came or many. The lingering hum of the bells died away; the monotonous steps upon the flags and pavements ceased; the streets resumed their cold, uninviting aspect, as before.

The breeze stiffened, and sent the leaves scurrying through the open park, and by the feet of the solitary watcher, while one, more daring than the rest, leapt up into his face, and clung there for a brief moment, then fell back on the ground as if dismayed at its own rashness, and went reeling and plunging

with its numberless comrades over the open. Who knows what thoughts passed unceasingly through his mind, after the calm had settled down upon the city once more? Ay! Who knows?

After a while he could hear the strong, earnest voice of the young curate leading in the evening service. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." Throughout the long service each word in its fervent utterance came to him more from memory than from hearing. It seemed to bring his mind out of the chaos which had long pent up the myriad of thoughts, that now broke through the flood-gates of rationality and bore him, helpless, away. Life had dawned so gratefully upon him in all its brightness; youth opened up the avenues of expectation and of promise, until it seemed as if the world was especially kind to him. And so it had been to many. But why mention the long wait at the turnstile, the golden opportunities which had so often resolved within his grasp, and now were lost?

He mused on, and during those idle dreams the music of Newman's masterpiece floated out on the air to him and mingled with his thoughts; quietly and peacefully, doubtful as yet of its own power, it seemed content to gather the harmonies and let them rise and fall at their own will; but as it became more earnest and bright with its increasing volume, every note from the organ's perfect structure swelled in the glad refrain, and then, softening somewhat, lingered dreamily, almost pathetically, and then died away as it came, softer and softer * * * fainter and fainter. * *

His grey head sank lower, and lower, and rested peacefully upon his breast.

The countless grey specks in the pall above gradually disappeared, and the black ones loomed out, obliterating all.

The brazen town clock struck sullenly out the hour of eight.

Night had fallen.

WILL. H. INGRAM.

A COLLEGE PLAY.

Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—In a late article, "The Worship of Athletics," of your publication, the author had occasion to refer to Plato's theory for the education of the Grecian youth. Plato held that athletics and music were the two great educational forces, "each acting as a stimulus and a check upon the other."

In this admirable article the writer says: "His (Plato's), ideal athlete is the man who has trained his whole being to an exquisite symmetry . . . who, on the other hand, has schooled his mind to be exquisitely sensitive to the gentle influences of life, in language, music, painting, or nature herself, and to be quickly responsive to all that appeals to his sense of what is honorable, noble, fair and good."

"Have we not here an ideal towards which any University may proudly strive?"

We have, indeed!

It is a matter of congratulation in the University of Toronto that athletics are as well developed as they are. It is, however, on the other hand, a matter of