

of the less common ones which they had heard that evening. Several part-songs showed the careful training of the club. Miss Lillian Littlehales' performance on the cello was highly creditable to herself and pleasing to the audience. Miss McIlwraith and Miss Osborne also contributed very acceptably. When the concert was over and the singers were filing down from the platform they broke out into snatches of song mingled with yells of V-a-r-s-i-t-y, etc., much to the entertainment of the people. A benignant expression came into the faces of some who recalled their college days, now far behind them, and we could almost hear them murmur, "Boys will be boys." As far as the majority of the audience were concerned, the pleasant affair was at an end, and they departed, fully resolved to come the next time and bring their friends. A number of the Glee Club gallantly escorted the division to the college, but covered the ground on the return journey in a very brief space of time, having before them the delightful prospect of a supper, also in Association hall. When all had regaled themselves upon the choice viands set forth, a jolly time ensued. Songs and speeches followed one another in quick succession, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." After this second item on the programme was over, the college itself was besieged by a small band of serenaders. They looked like bats, flitting here and there in the shadows and disturbing the quiet stillness of the night with their voices. The Doctor spoke a few genial words from the balcony, and many a Juliet looked down from the windows on her waiting Romeo. Through the Doctor's kind indulgence we were permitted to hold a short reception in the college the next afternoon, after the lecture. To say that we greatly enjoyed the visit of the "boys" would be but to repeat what was so frequently expressed at the time. It formed a pleasant break in the routine of school-work. We think the Glee Club to be highly deserving of the popularity which they enjoy at home, and venture to express the hope that we may soon again have the pleasure of hearing them.

SOME one has declared that "blessings brighten as they take their flight." We, of this editorial department, have had a sort of ocular demonstration of the truth of the statement lately. Physicians having forbidden a too exclusive devotion to books in our leisure hours—prohibited them as a form of mental relaxation, we have had leisure to meditate upon the amount of our indebtedness to literature. Books to many of us, perhaps to most of us, are what art is to the Italians—a familiar affection. Our hearts have gone out as naturally to our favorites as to our mother's love or to our nurse's songs and fairy tales. Italians are very seldom connoisseurs in art. How rarely are we critical of our best-loved books? Familiar affection is never very analytical. They were the playmates of our childhood, the companions of our youth, our loves when we were not very learned in styles and dates. Macaulay talks of literature consoling sorrow and assuaging pain, bringing gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and long sleep. Robert Chambers, one of the publishers of Chambers' Encyclopedia, made the following confession: "During that agonizing period which intervened between my proposal of marriage by letter to Jemima Jane and my reception of her reply, how should I ever have kept myself alive save for the chivalrous aid of the Black Knight in 'Ivanhoe.' To him mainly, assisted by Rebecca, and (I am bound to add) by that scoundrel Brian de Bois Guilbert, are my obligations due that I did not—through the extremities of despair and hope suffered during that interval—become a drivelling idiot. When her answer did arrive, in the negative, what was it which preserved me from the noose, the razor or the stream but M. Carlyle's French Revolution. In the woes of poor Louis Capet I forgot my own." Who, with a grateful heart, can overlook these things or deny the blessedness of books? As I regard the lines I have just written I am forced to the conclusion, painful though it may be, that the penmanship of some people, even of good education, is execrable. I console myself