

given from "The Ahkood of Swat," a really inspiring parody on the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

"For the Ahkood I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoodn't.  
Dead, dead, dead:  
(Sorrow, swats!)  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water,  
Your great Ahkood is dead!  
That Swats the matter!"

His "Dirge of the Moolla of Kotal" is even better, but does not lend itself to quotation.

W. L. G.

### YOU AND I.

BY HELOISE. (OCT. 2, 1891.)

Over the dewy heather,  
Over the springing sod,  
Over the hills together,  
Lightly have we trod.

Ere the sunbeam has risen,  
Till at eve of day,  
Issuing dark from prison,  
Night resumed her sway.

Plucking the modest violet,  
Hidden by banks of green,  
Watching the softened twilight,  
Never a cloud between.

Far down the mountain straying,  
Happy, blithe and free,  
Off to the Goddess praying,  
In silent mystery.

That sceptred Queen, the fairest  
That ever graced a throne,  
The Sylph of beauty rarest,  
Whose sway the flowers own.

Then were our noon-dreams brighter  
Than e'en the southern sky,  
Never had children lighter  
Hearts than you and I.

Till vagueness blurred the vision,  
And trembling o'er our path,  
Black came the fateful mission,  
Dread harbinger of wrath.

My Fylgia was taken,  
The Nornas bade it so;  
But though our souls are shaken,  
The deeps run still and slow.

Sad was the hour we parted,—  
Drear the even, when,  
Smiling, yet broken-hearted,  
Our ways diverged again.

Time the soul-thrust may suture,  
Skulda alone can tell,  
Still I but live in the future,  
With her I love so well.

Time may blunt the aching  
But ne'er can joy restore,  
Until death, pity taking,  
Our souls join evermore.

### ABOUT GOWNS.

"In Athens, we are told, as early as the Antonines, the university students 'wore an official dress, black in color, which distinguished them from all beside;' and as long as these seats of learning flourished, this dress was rigidly adhered to, the only change made being in the color—from black to white—at the suggestion, says Philostratus, of the learned and munificent Herodes Atticus, who himself defrayed the expenses of the change, declaring, 'While I live ye shall never lack white robes.'

During the Middle Ages learning was so closely connected with religion that it is difficult to separate the habit of a monk from that of a scholar; but allusions in Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer seem to prove that it was a long, loose robe, generally black, sometimes violet or scarlet, with a loose, pointed hood instead of a cap. In the Ellesmere Manuscript of Chaucer, the Clerk of Oxenford is pictured in a surcoat, or, to use the expression of the poet, an overest courtesy of dark violet. In 1507, Richard Hutton became provost of Kings College, Cambridge, and Hatcher writes of him that 'because this man was of so high a color he would seldom wear his scarlet gown.' Spenser also alludes to

"The scholar learned in gowne clad,"

and Shakespeare mentioned the custom very frequently, but seems to take for granted its antiquity and general prevalence. In the history of the University of Cambridge, published at London in 1815, there is a series of plates showing the gowns worn by the candidates for the different degrees, 'according to ancient custom,' as a note tells us. Caps and gowns are still worn at both the great English Universities and many of the schools and smaller colleges, a fine being in most cases imposed on all who appear without them. The etiquette as to their usage is strict and complicated, a short, open gown being worn by