

spiration must come from quiet pondering. "My strength," says the pure Sir Galahad,

"Is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure"

and the secret of his purity he tells us:

"I muse on joys that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace  
Whose odours haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armour that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air."

What is the evidence of history, of biography, on the necessity of solitary meditation for the production of greatness? Of the scores of examples that might be given, a few only will be mentioned. Moses for forty years a shepherd in the desert, John the Baptist, a solitary for the first thirty years of his life; Paul, for three years in Arabia; John the Beloved Disciple, on the Isle of Patmos; Homer and Milton, in their blindness; Dante, in life-long exile; Newton, in his quiet garden; Burns, behind his plough; Bunyan, in prison at Bedford: these are witnesses that must be heard.

What of to-day? It is quite true that here and there are some who meditate in silence—the little great men, the salt of the earth, the earnest of the future; there are no really great men, prophets and seers; meditation is a lost power.

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### Sinona At The Lit.

HAVING a peculiar genius for promising to do two things when I have time for only one, I found myself teaching a Virgil lesson and writing a Literary Society report in the self-same week, I was so intent on introducing my own and a certain translator's individuality into the lesson, that I had only a few

original remarks left for the report, and the result is the following offering, sacred to Minerva.

Now that all hope of being model teachers was lost, hither to the spacious halls of the topmost story of the palace we repaired. Here with unavailing aim we buckled on our shoulders (trembling with years) the long-disused arms of old Collegiate Institute Literary Societies. Hither from all quarters boys and timorous maidens stood around in a long train, and thence to many seats by various ways repaired.

The Secretary fled through the long passage, and the President placed himself upon the sacred seat. All became silent, and, eagerly attentive, fixed their eyes upon them. Then Father President from his lofty couch began and introduced himself to us with a friendly address. Perhaps, too, you are curious to hear what was the Secretary's tale, but I know not, for here some unfriendly deity, or other, confounded and bereft me of my reason (I forgot to listen). Then a select band, called the Refreshment Committee, began to speak the dismal tidings of how many people it could feed on a given sum, which intimation no sooner reached the ears of the multitude, than their minds were stunned, and freezing horror thrilled through their very bones, anxious to know whom the fates destined. For us their salted cakes were prepared, but from death we made our escape.

Then, indeed, new terror diffused itself through the quaking hearts of all, fearing who should next be dedicated, and when a virgin was destined to the altar of critic, all assented, and were content to have what each dreaded for himself, turned off to the ruin of one poor wretch.

Then, adventuring to dart their voices through the shades, the business manager and the editor of our journal again and again commended to us their sacred charge. By which