

Atkins, whether he might be hanged, like Danny Deever, high as Haman in the hollow square of the regiment, or whether he might finish his career in the worthiest way, as a commissaire outside the "Grand Metropole."

"Give him a letter,
Can't do no better,

Late Troop-Sergeant-Major, an'—runs with a letter!

Think what he's been,
Think what he's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

And the faults? To other be the ungracious task, for the drums have begun to roll, and the fever's in the blood.

Mr. Kipling may sometimes be inclined, as Mr. Stevenson says, to the heresy of Cain, in that he would let his brother go to the devil his own way. But I think that oftener he will be ready to square him up, and help him as the friendly private held Mulvaney, "to preserve his formation," till he lies down among the long grass for his longer rest. For we are inclined to think less of ourselves as it nears the sundown, and as our feet overpass more of "The Long Trail—the Trail that is always new."

If an apprentice at the writing trade may say the word, there are some verses of Mr. Kipling's which have often made him work the willinger and the worthier, so far as work he may.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One instant's toil to Thee denied,
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

"Take not that vision from my ken,
O whatso'er may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

DREAMS.*

THOSE who have read Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," and who have had sympathetic chords touched within them by the strongly portrayed ideas in that original book will do well in reading her latest little volume.

Under the guise of dreams she presents a series of thoughts upon modern life, garbed in fantasy and cloaked in the drapery of metaphor, set off by the wild and romantic background of the Transvaal, its canons and its plains.

Some accuse her of stringing words together into intangible and moony sentences, over which certain minds dwell in a sentimental way, finding "meanings" and "truths" unknown to the author. One would suppose, upon glancing at it, that it is a book over which impressionable youths and far-away-eyed girls might heave and sigh as they imagine they see their own disordered thoughts made tangible before them at last.

But look at it more closely; beneath all, run strata of thought, sometimes radical, but always strong. They are not original, they are common to the whole thinking world, the great unsolved problems of to-day; but with her youthful ardor and intensity of feeling we are sensibly brought into touch with them, through her, as we could not be before the bare questions themselves.

She is accused, and rightly too, of vagueness, but her obscure style seldom clouds the line of thought. As the world likes the vague and hidden, if she can disguise deep and

absorbing thoughts in such a masque that people will ponder and dwell upon them, it merely throws her genius in a stronger light.

The sketches are varied; in some the language flows sparkling over the thought like a brook over the pebbles, in others gliding deep, and with all the intensity of a great stream.

Her ideas of the life of the future, such as the relations between man and woman and other social problems, are of the most advanced strain, yet they are so placed before our minds that, far from causing us irritation, they, at least, make us admire the woman who thus clothed them in such literary attire.

BY THE WAY.

WHILE talking to an old graduate of Trinity the other day, in the course of discussion on different affairs in connection with our common Alma Mater a remark was made by him which, at the time made and since, has made quite an impression upon me; in fact, being one who has always the interest of the old place at heart, the remark bothered me, and though I took exception to it on several grounds, yet I felt that the statement he had made was largely true. "Why," said he, "don't you Trinity men encourage her old grads. more than you do? Why is it that in most cases your interest in your college closes on your graduation or on leaving her halls?" The gentleman in question was, I knew, a strong supporter and energetic promoter of Convocation, and, knowing this, I saw his question might be narrowed down to "Why don't you support Convocation more than you do?" I pointed out to him, in answer to his first question, that, to my knowledge, any one who has, or has had, any connection with Trinity was always treated handsomely by the men in residence, whose hospitality, as confirmed by many, is proverbial. If a visitor was neglected it was due either to total ignorance of his identity on the part of the men or to the individual himself in not making himself known. I had him there. But he had me in the second part of his question; at least the evidence was largely in his favor, and the more he argued the more I became convinced that the majority of our graduates—the younger ones more especially—with few notable exceptions, do *not* take the interest in Old Trinity that they should. Isn't it too often the case with many of them, of taking their degree, getting the most they can out of their Alma Mater (putting aside education proper for the time), taking their departure, and the place, where perhaps they spent the happiest three years of their existence, knowing them no more?

And whose fault is it? Not *altogether* theirs. True, a great many of the more selfish "have their fun," depart, and are not seen or heard of again in connection with their college, unless it be for some purely selfish motive; the blood-suckers, if we may so term them, of an institution; we know them, we have them; they are generally of a dead beat character, but, happily, they are not in the majority. Then, again, others, when reproached on this subject of filial neglect, plead that circumstances of time and place are against them, but still these difficulties are not insurmountable. Then there are exceptions—the noble few that we hear of, or see often, and who always *show* that they have a warm spot for old Trinity. Still the fault had another side, and the implied question "Why don't you support Convocation more than you do?" showed me where it lay, and, I hope to be forgiven, for attributing part of the blame to this august body itself. "Why talk of alumni associations, Greek letter societies, and the like?" said my friend; "What need have you of them? Why,

* "Dreams," Olive Schreiner; Home Book Company, New York.