

or rather falls out with a party of Bacchanalians from the Latin Quarter he takes his drubbing as a matter of course and is disappointed if they overlook him. Indeed some good people still persist in saying that Paradise was made especially for saints and students. This may be so and we would not dispute it and thus call down upon our heads well-merited retribution. We can only act the spectator in the matter and disclaim any pretense to originality. The student is certainly an enigma. When the fond parents suppose their boy to be drawing upon the oleic resources of old Mother Earth he is most likely to be drawing upon something more clayey than earthy. When the promising youth should be craving an audience with Plato or Aristotle and be on the borderland of the mysterious, he is really no further off than his comrade's fireside where he may be found discussing the probability of to-morrow's hockey match, with evident relish. These and other characteristics may give the shading to our picture, while the uncertainty that exists as to the exact location of the door and the position of the Heavenly bodies, some morning about 2 a. m. will lend an additional charm and piquancy.

The student in the class room is certainly in his cleverest *role*. Here the latent talents of the actor are developed and the fine sensibilities of the poet carefully applied. He has no stage fittings, theatrical paraphernalia, cosmetics, disguises,—unless it be his cap and gown,—or any other accessories worth mentioning. But he has his face, and like the maid in the song, 'his face is his fortune.' No Irving ever caught the wild spirit of Hamlet and portrayed with but a few gestures and contortions all the depth of passion and remorse that he was heir to with such proficiency as does the student the simplicity of his soul. With folded hands and a dreamy far-away look in his eyes, he sits the acknowledged personification of goodness. With no fierce yearning after fame, with no insatiable thirst for gold he softens his features, arranges his smiles, dons a mask of benignity, beams like the sanctimonious creature of piety in the Modern Drama and is prepared to walk the boards of his classic theatre without any misgivings or regrets. If called upon suddenly to give his opinion on the best way of elucidating an algebraic formula he makes his cleverest hit. After a few preliminary skirmishes and reconnoiterings spent fruitlessly in investigating his gown and the kindly seat he has just left, he watches the rapid approach of the needful solution, passing from hand to hand in response to his signals of distress. Should it be de-