

ficial. The young should, of course, consult those who are over them, and those who have experience. Ancient adventurers went to Delphi to *consult*, not to reside. There is a necessary caution, therefore, to be given those whose dependence on another's experience might result, as far as their minds are concerned, in a somewhat parasitic existence.

Celebrated speakers and writers assert that a conclusive manner of thinking is the foundation on which purpose becomes firm. The fact that exercise of thought often increases difficulty of decision is a proof of this assertion, though at first it seems to witness the other way. There are few, if any cases, in which reason will be equal and opposite, and the nearer the pros and cons approach equality, the more discriminating will the mind require to be in order to observe the inequality. It did not take Cæsar long to cross the Rubicon, having once decided to do so; but he must have spent many anxious hours of deliberation before the die was cast. Although careful deliberation tends greatly to constancy of purpose, yet it is well to avoid the "pale cast of thought," for—

"Enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action."

These are a few of the conditions under which a mind naturally weak may grow decisive. Mr. Foster, in his celebrated essays, mentions many others. It is but requisite for one "to be in these conditions," to make growth in constancy and firmness a necessary result.

There is a certain constancy of purpose, not yet referred to, that is beautiful to contemplate, and which ought not to be passed unnoticed. It is suggested by Milton's description of the seraph Abdiel—

"Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single.

A noble illustration of constancy, which is based on a righteous decision, of a courage that rises invincible above all derision, and of a conscience which has the intellect and passions in harmony with it. A constancy which will not end with time, but will be carried on to its fullest completion hereafter. How different from, how infinitely superior to, the awful constancy of purpose shown in the lives of despots, bigots, unjust conspirators and villains of every class who glory in "the unconquerable will." Theirs is a resolution that may not be overcome in this life; that may even dare to brave "the adamant chains and penal fire;" but which will eventually be brought before a Supreme Tribunal, where such ill-advised constancy must tremble and melt away.

C. SCADDING.

We tender congratulations to Mr. J. M. Snowdon on his recently acquired affix B. A.,—a donation from Queen's College.

VISIONS.

Ah me! it is a dismal thing when that bright angel, Sleep,
That pours a balmy anodyne on souls that watch to weep,
Offended stoops not to caress some wretch's tossing head,
And slitting fiends Tartarean fumes breathe over him instead—
Rank fumes, that reason only numb to rack the seething brain,
And mock the victim with increased intensity of pain.
A thousand horrid, horrid, things in such dark hours I've seen,
That length of time will ne'er efface from memory, I ween.
The dead, to show their grisly shapes, have torn, or cast away,
Their winding sheets, as palpable as in the light of day.
On coffins some did sit and gibe, some coffins had for shoes:
Some sat and rowed themselves with bones in coffins for canoes.
They've danced in weird phosphoric light, like elves beneath the moon,
To draughts that, whistling through their bones, kept up a sort of tune.
I've seen foul hags, with snakey locks, claw-fingers, wolfish eyes,
Parched skins, shrunk lips, protruding fangs of more than human size.
They sucked the blood of stolen babes, the tender flesh they tore,
And crunched the bones—I hear them now—and glared around for more.
I've urchins seen with monstrous heads, but stunted frames and spare,
With crooked backs, distorted limbs, and idiotic stare.
I've seen the murderer, with all his conscience in his face,
Look wildly up, as one who sued, and sued in vain, for grace.
And gory heads, and severed limbs, have seemed before me flung.
The raving maniac, broken loose, upon my bed has sprung.
Prodigious brutes and reptile swarms have girt me in a ring,
That ramped and roared, that coiled and crawled, or flew on hideous wing.
Veiled forms, and formless fantasies, have petrified my sight.
Words fail to paint the fearful things I've seen in dreams by night.
But O! more loathsome to my eye than all the phantom brood,
I meet by day upon our streets—the unmitigated *dude*.

Rouge et Noir.

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• EASTER TERM, 1885.

IN the Autumn of the year 1884, the movement for raising a Supplemental Endowment Fund for Trinity, was started with the hearty assent of the corporation. An enthusiastic and crowded meeting held in the Convocation Hall early in the year 1882, was soon followed by the announcement of a generous benefaction of \$10,000 by the Henderson family, towards the erection of a College Chapel, the sanctuary of which should be a memorial to their late sister, Miss Millicent Henderson. This liberal donation was most gratefully accepted by the Corporation, and the work on the new chapel was begun in the Summer of 1882. As soon as it became certain that this long-felt want was now about to be supplied, a largely attended meeting of resident members of the College was called to consider the possibility of mak-