

the whole sky, joining horizon with horizon. This, for an instant, lit up the lake, with its rushing "white-caps," and the distant shore line, where the giant-waving pines rose high above their smaller companions. I said to the "neophyte"—but Jim and myself had each for many successive summers abandoned the city to enjoy the free nomadic life of our progenitors, and so it was that storms, drenchings, and all the vicissitudes of a surveyor's life, were matters of course to us.

"I'm dead!" said Roddy, presently, and stopped paddling, apparently exhausted.

"Get to work!" shouted his tormentor, "or we're gone—that's all." And so the third man in the boat tried to resurrect his wilted energies. It was hard work bucking against the wind, I admit.

We had all this time been keeping head on with the waves, but our steersman suddenly pulled the boat's head off and immediately a "white-cap" foamed over the edge of our canoe. At this, Roddy lurched, so that we nearly upset, but Jim headed her up in time.

"What are *we* going to do?" gasped Roddy.

"Drown—I guess," said Jim, laconically.

But presently Roddy again broke the silence by "What's that ahead on our left?"

"Snake—I guess," said Jim; but the next flash showed us a small island ahead, and a little to the South. "Thank Heaven! we may yet be saved! Now for life or death—Lift! lift! lift!" This time we made good headway, and were soon within ten yards of a very low-lying rocky island, about large enough to afford standing room for three, and on which was a single small dead-pine stub. Just then the head of the canoe swung quickly off from the waves, which now washed over our broadside. The boat (or rather, Jim), lurched, filled, and quickly sank. I was hardly expecting this last piece of devilry—although I suppose I should have known my companion better—so I followed a selfish, but natural inclination of reaching *terra firma* as quickly as possible. It was only then that I looked to see what had become of my two companions, and a bright flash of lightning showed Jim a few yards from shore, striking out vigorously with one arm, and holding a big bunch of hair in his other hand. This proved to belong to our poor friend Roddy, whom Jim soon dragged up and deposited half-drowned on the rock.

"Oh, Jim!" Roddy started, but the former cut him short with "Don't mention it, my boy, don't mention it; it's been a great pleasure to me and I'd do it again if I had the chance."

Then Jim and I jumped into the water, gathered the paddles together and pushed them and the canoe ashore, emptied out the latter, and were soon ready to make a fresh start.

"Well, there's one thing sure," said Jim, decidedly, "I'm not going to stay here all night, and three can't go home in the boat in this storm, so I guess—"

"I'll stay, Jim," Roddy interrupted, "and you can call and get me in the morning."

"All right," and much to my surprise, Jim said: "Get into the boat, Bill," and nudged me to keep quiet, whispering, "I want to see what he looks like on the rock." So we started off and paddled only a short distance from the island. Then Jim brought the canoe's head around, and, between his guffaws, shouted to me to look. The sight was so ludicrous that I dropped my paddle and collapsed with laughter in the

bottom of the boat. There he stood alone, embracing with one arm the pine stub, and his face as pale as a ghost. The lightning flashed all around him, and the waves were dashing their spray over the rock on which he had braced his feet; and to complete the picture, he presently leaned over, and brought his other hand to his eyes, and looked eagerly in our direction.

"Oh, Bill!" gasped Jim, and this never-to-be-satisfied wag extemporized then and there the following, as nearly as I can remember it:

"He stood on the rock at midnight,

The statue of despair;

His face shone white in the lightning's light—

And he had a stony stare."

Just here a wave dashed over the edge of the canoe, extinguished both poetry and humor, and quickly brought us to our senses. Indeed, we found no little difficulty in regaining our equilibrium, but when we did so, we paddled back to get our "Statue of Despair," whom, on persuasion that the storm was nearly over, we induced to get into the canoe. The wind soon dropped, and in a short time we reached camp, only to find that the mail we had been anxiously expecting for two weeks, did not bring poor Roddy's love-letter; to which misfortune, Jim thus offered his consolation: "As my friend, William Shakespeare, says, 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and *someone* threw a wet boot at Jim.

G. W. Ross.

THEN AND NOW.

II.

"Affirmative and Negative," "Down-town Club," the "Literary Society is the students' club," and "shall Trelawny die?" *Invere puros*, Zetes and Anti-Zetes—were the battle cries which rallied the opposing hosts to victory and defeat in March, '87.

Federation had been accepted by the General Conference of the Methodist Church in September, '86, and the Legislature had just passed the Federation Act. The late Chancellor of Victoria had been up for Convocation in October, and, while speaking of brotherly feeling, had been interrupted by a cry from a Fourth Year man (a portly doctor now), of "Amen. Bless the Lord. Amen, brother." That was a gallery jest, and it produced its effect; but, seriously, we all felt that a new time was coming, and, all unconsciously, we were gathering up our strength to prepare for it—for undergraduates do take an interest in these things, after all.

The whole question came very near to us, for the old Medical School, which was known to our generation as Moss Hall, and which housed the Gymnasium, the Varsity, the Literary Society, and all the clubs then in existence, was doomed to be torn down to make way for the Biological Department. These new buildings were understood to be an outcome of the Federation Scheme, for Science teaching was to be improved for both Toronto and Victoria.

But where were we to find a home for all our societies? The governing bodies, with all their wisdom for these higher (?) things, had overlooked that important subject, apparently. Certain men advocated a Down-town Club, where we should be free from Dens' control. Several of us thought, and I, for one,