

"The evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor."

With the forest pines of Arcadia are associated memories of Evangeline.

J. G. Whittier comes to us with a benediction he has done much to round the angles and smooth the rough places of life.

"On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods,
Sank deep into his soul."

While the snow-clad Alpine peaks, the glowing hues of Italian skies and the vine-clad hills of sunny France, have inspired the poets of the old world, most of Whittier's poems relate to Indian life and the adventures of the early settlers of New England. Though many moons have passed since the occupants of the wigwam and the birch canoe started on their long journey to the land of the Great Spirit, Whittier calls forth the dim shades of the past and presents a vivid picture to the imagination, of their haunts and their heroism.

Perhaps the most exquisite picture of all Tennyson's shorter poems is:

Break! break! break!
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break! break! break!
At the foot of thy crags, O sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

The weird music of the sea as it breaks on the pebbly beach haunts the imagination and lingers in the ear. The present scene of activity and life contrasts with the closed doors of the past. It possesses

an indelible charm, for mingled with the sounds of life is the moan of the restless sea, singing the dirge of the past and its associations.

Under moonshine and sunshine the waves are constantly beating on the cold grey stone.

In "In Memoriam" the poet rises from the depths of despair to the heights of a sublime faith, here and there woven in the warp and woof of the poem are flashes of nature's own coloring.

Each tiny leaflet bears the stamps of the divine architect. The book of nature is the silken tie which binds us to the Infinite. Through her voice we are insensibly led over

"Stepping stones of our dead selves
To higher things."

One old philosopher says "The universe is a point from the pen of God's perfection, the world a bud from the flower of His beauty."

Alumnae Association.

—1889-1890.—

LECTURES IN

Modern Literature.

To be held in Convocation Hall, W. L. College,
Saturday Afternoons at 3.30 p. m.

According to the following Subjects and Dates:—

Saturday,	"Elizabeth Barrett Browning,"
NOV. 2.	BY PROF. REYNAR, Victoria University.
Saturday,	"John Wolfgang Goethe,"
DEC. 21.	BY DR. WORKMAN, Victoria University.
Saturday,	"Ralph Waldo Emerson,"
JAN. 25.	BY PROF. CAPIN, Queen's University.
Saturday,	"Oliver Wendell Holmes,"
FEB. 22.	BY REV. R. J. SERVICE, Detroit.
Saturday,	"Thomas Carlyle,"
MAR. 29.	BY REV. S. LYER, B. D.
Saturday,	"John Ruskin, Art,"
APR. 5.	BY REV. R. G. BOVILL.