

seen in brand-new print in an examination-hall—references generally emphasized with an ominous pinch of snuff! It must be admitted, however, that the prodigious amount of Maccaboy wasted was in the inverse ratio of the amount consumed. Thus his lectures were chiefly incentives to study elsewhere, to make good use of the library and the authors he referred to, and to especially note the difficulties he pointed out. He knew where the difficulties were, and, unlike some authors who are very diffuse when no difficulties present themselves, but oppressively silent in the presence of really abstruse passages, Dr. McCaul was at home with the difficulties, and delighted in pointing them out and elucidating them. He never lectured from a marked copy of any classical author. He disdained all that. His remarkable memory would enable him to point out in a half-hour lecture all the difficult passages in an ordinary Greek play. He had a singular aptitude for "sizing up," as the vulgar phrase is, his pupils. He could by a few leading questions accurately determine their standing and requirements. The students instinctively felt this and knew he could not be imposed upon. Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The stately figure that used to be so familiar on all public occasions, and the eloquent tongue which sounded the praises of the students, and of the character of the training which his loved university had bestowed upon them, have been committed to the quiet tomb. For the University there remains the pleasing duty of providing some suitable memorial to commemorate his name in the College over which he presided so long and so well. For ourselves, *manibus da lilia plenis*. The VARSITY brings a loving chaplet and reverently lays it on the grave of the illustrious scholar, her distinguished preceptor.

W. H. C. K.

MAY.

Love in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,  
 Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,  
 Bird music heralding her sun-lit steps,  
 Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.  
 Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,  
 White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,  
 Smiling till hoar and old their youth renew,  
 And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.  
 Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,  
 Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss;  
 Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow  
 With budding hopes of love and joy and bliss.  
 Fern banners wave and harebells welcome ring,  
 As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

BOOK-GUIDES.

It is a very common thing—and a most acceptable gratification of one's literary vanity—to be asked to recommend a course of reading in general literature; a thing, too, the promise of which is as difficult to resist as its carrying-out is to accomplish. Most people who are known to be at all extensive readers of books are frequently asked for advice in this direction, freely promise it, and sadly regret the rashness of the promise. Many, too, who are not extensive readers of books, make this promise,—and they make it, of course, with greater rashness, and infinitely greater confidence,—and find themselves in a serious difficulty. The writer went out the other day to search for some books for a young lady who had innocently trusted to his judgment; and, after turning over about two thousand volumes, carried away half-a-dozen, which he only selected because he was of the impression that for the time being he could find nothing better.

So many people have of late taken upon themselves to recommend to the world a course of reading as an infallible guide to a genuine culture, that it might naturally be supposed that when one finds himself in a hopeless and clueless entangle-

ment among millions of books,—old and new,—good and bad, all he would have to do would be to rush off to Sir John Lubbock, or John Ruskin, or Frederick Harrison, or the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and have himself immediately let into the straight and narrow way that leadeth to the literary heaven. The interview is not likely to be a satisfactory one. When Solomon,—who, in practical affairs, was very far from being a fool,—concluded that in the multitude of counsellors there is much safety, he either did not foresee the now-existing differences as to the relative values of the literary productions of the world—or even of one language—or he was guilty of a delightful proleptic sarcasm. These differences do undoubtedly afford a certain amount of amusement, but not very valuable instruction, nor quite harmless. To lose one's intellectual way is a serious affair. "There's a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society," says J. R. Lowell; "*Un bon livre est un ami; n'en ayons que d'excellents*," says a French motto; and a mind whose society is found mainly in books is certain to be subdued to what it works in, and moulded by its companionship. Unless one is willing, then, to be guided solely by his own light or his own inclinations, a good guide is invaluable, if he can be found.

Let one go to professional guides (if we may so call them) and see how he will fare. Let him take up the much-lauded, much-abused list of Sir John Lubbock, and he will find enough to satisfy him, at any rate so far as quantity is concerned. But if he desires to know how authorities agree as to the value of that list, he is liable to confusion. He will find Sir John recommending Gibbon, Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, and John Ruskin "blottesquely" eliminating these with the characteristic and unambiguous remarks that "Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman," that, "having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or of wit: his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid;" that "every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl;" and that Sir John ought to have known that John Stuart Mill's day was over. If he is still unwilling to accept the "blottesque" amendment, and knows that the great art-critic is often inspired with that literary hatred, malice and uncharitableness which results in a prejudiced, jaundiced and sarcastic boorishness, he may be induced to retain his interest in "The Decline and Fall," by hearing from Frederick Harrison that not a sentence can be erased from Gibbon without marring the symmetry of his work as a whole. If he feels his literary nerves jarred by Mark Twain telling him that Scott has kept civilization back half a century by grafting the principles and sentiments of a decayed chivalry on the practical growth of the present age, he may be somewhat soothed by forgetting his prejudice against Ruskin, and accepting his judgment that "every word" of Scott, as of Plato, should be read; or by accepting Harrison's opinion, clothed in one of Steele's beautiful phrases, that Scott is an education in himself. If, continuing to follow Harrison, who so agrees with him,—we all like our instructors to coincide with our raw views of things,—he is shocked to find Lamb somewhat roughly handled, and dismissed as a trifler in letters scarce worthy of attention, he can find consolation in the eulogiums of the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," or in the friendly essays of Leigh Hunt; or he can for himself test Lamb by the essays on "Roast Pig" and "Poor Relations," and be independently satisfied. And if, still clinging to his pre-established confidence in Lubbock, he searches for Lamb among the food offered upon his literary table, and find him not, he may, if retaining any confidence in his own poor opinion, feel a certain sympathy with James Payn, when he says, with regard to Sir John's list, that it contains "the most admirable and varied materials for the formation of a prig." And so it does. So do all such lists, no two of which will ever agree, and in all of which a prig would find enough to read, and fortunately might be kept busy in a vain attempt to read them all. It is, perhaps, safe to assume that out of every thousand of those who have studied the lists which have been recommended, at least nine hundred and ninety-nine have done so, not to seek suggestions of value, but either for purposes of criticism, or to find sympathy with pre-established prejudices. For each individual is mainly guided by his own tastes, so far at any rate as that reading is concerned