

his mind with literature, his aim is to stock his library with "a gorging Lord Mayor's show of wollums," whose chief merit is the wealth of the binding. Picture galleries in young communities are generally furnished on a somewhat similar principle of selection. But the paintings have not been bought by the yard in the Melbourne gallery. They are chiefly the original works of leading European artists of the day, selected by men like John Ruskin and Sir Charles Eastlake. It is a pleasant sight to see young men and women at their easels, copying the works of art, in quiet defiance of the criticism of the visitors who are constantly passing. Amongst the critical you may notice not only the mechanic and his family, out for a half-holiday, and the large-limbed bucolic from some far-a-way sheep-run, but also, in this cosmopolitan town, a ferocious-looking Bengalese sailor or two, and John Chinaman of course, for he is ubiquitous. The artists of Victoria have already associated themselves for the advancement of art into an academy.

Museums, industrial, technological, and scientific, attached to the Melbourne Public Library and National Gallery, complete an institution in which the youthful city may justly feel a pride.

A university, a mint, hospitals, schools, asylums, churches—to give anything like a complete account of the bright, eager community which has risen so rapidly into active and varied life on the great lone continent, all these would have to be described. The guide-book assigns five days for a due inspection of the city proper, without the suburbs. A glimpse is all that can be given in this paper.

Melbourne, as we have seen, contains more than a fourth of the whole population of Victoria. To the traveller it practically is Victoria, for after Melbourne you have only to see a mining town, a sheep-run, and a bit of the "bush," to see Victoria. The disproportion between the rural and urban proportion is due to the fact that the greater part of the land is used for pastoral, and not agricultural purposes. All is not prosperity and "gold-top," art and culture, gaiety and animation in Melbourne. When I was there numbers of "the unemployed" were knocking at the doors of the Minister, demanding work or bread. About the street corners hung many dejected working people, hungry and heartsick, and not at all cheered by the tide of life and prosperity which rolled past them. In both New Zealand and Australia the supply of immigrants has gained on the demand. But, allowing for the exaggerations of enthusiastic colonists, it is unquestionable that both countries have resources sufficient to sustain a large population. And the extension of agriculture, which is going steadily forward, will provide homes and livelihoods for thousands. There are few of those who two years ago were bewailing the folly of leaving "home," who will not live to bless the day when they left the crowded shores of the old world for the ample air of the new dominion.

COLLEGE DAYS AMONG OURSELVES.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Most men before they have passed the meridian of life retain a pretty distinct recollection of College days, and all the social enjoyments, duties, disappointments—and perhaps irregularities—connected with them—memories which are for the most part infinitely pleasant to a man—saving here and there a shadow or two, representing no doubt a fine or other deserved punishment for the irregular portions of his career. For indeed the delights of them must depend much upon the manner in which he has spent these three short collegiate years—in fact whether he has chosen to labour diligently over the narrow and rugged path of classical and mathematical learning, or has preferred an easier grade—social enjoyment inside of College and out, yet mingled with not a little rambling and desultory reading, perhaps the more beneficial course of the two, or lastly has occupied himself solely in sowing the traditional "wild oats"—sometimes a rank and luxuriant crop, when sown on fertile soil—taking many a year of bitter digging and hoeing in after days to root them out. To any but one of the latter class, these College reminiscences must be very interesting as representing the thoughts and habits of days when life was fresh upon him—before the stream had grown dark with the mud of restraining banks—and the faculties were free to wander as they would. Oftentimes the echo of some well remembered chorus barbarous enough no doubt and causing the musical expert to grind his teeth vindictively, but infinitely sweet to the reflective graduate, for whom so much pleasure is bound up in it—will rouse a host of fleeting visions for old songs, which is one of the chief delights of music, always come hand in hand with a train of memories—he will recollect the fear and trembling with which he sat for the first time before the green baize covered tables at matriculation, dreading the revelation of the bulletin board, that harmless bulletin board that never brought anything but good news in those days—the silent awe with which he gazed as a new fledged freshman upon the head of the College and other haughty functionaries, to say nothing of the whole august body of the seniors—dark shadows that floated day and night grimly before his imagination—certain rankling snubs received from the same on occasions, when his youthful spirit dared to uplift itself beyond the bound of due respect, and which in the depth of his soul he determined to measure out to the last extremity upon the succeeding batch of tyros—songs shouted at unseemly hours of the night and accompanied upon instruments not found within the category of a brass-band, bringing down the deserved wrath of the sleepless Dean—wordy wranglings in the institute, that first battle ground of future declaimers from pulpit and stump, furnishing in its altered and re-altered, contradictory, incomprehensible constitution a fertile field for the subtle debater—the St. Simon and St. Jude's dinner,