

them, but since the writer long since shot himself in a gamblers' quarrel, there can be no harm in telling you his name. O, world, thy slippery turns! it was my whilom friend, Hartly Winshope." C. M. C.

A SONNET IN PROSE.

No one, who has walked on streets on a rainy night, can have failed to notice, here and there, bodies of water bright with the reflected glare of a street lamp or electric light, and in the distance, almost persuading us that we are about to gaze, perhaps into some unfathomable depth, at least into a very respectable body of water. Alas! On approaching, we discover unmistakable signs of a very muddy bottom, and the extreme muddiness of the water alone prevents us from seeing the puddle through and through.

Do we not sometimes meet in our perambulation through the paths of life, psychological mud-puddles imprisoned in a tenement of clay, which on first encounter dazzle us with reflected brilliancy, cause our hearts to glow at thought that we are now face to face, possibly, with a genius, at least with no ordinary being? Sad that on closer acquaintance we should be obliged to turn sadly away, glad that the narrow limits of the soul are only concealed from us by its extreme murkiness.

HENRI.

THE STUDENT AS A SOCIAL UNIT.

(Continued.)

As the diversity of language tends to develop within its sphere the greatest freedom of intellect, the ripest individuality, the noblest literature, unfolding to the widest extent the latent genius of a nation, and thus indirectly stimulating the mental activity of the whole historical race, so does the sentiment of patriotism. All great political ideas grow up out of this powerful and fertile sentiment. All great social ideas are universal, and bear in themselves the law of their diffusion. The nineteenth century is the product of history, and all the nations of the past and present are great in proportion to their contributions to that product. Greece gave her offering of literature and art, Rome her wonderful system of law, Italy the Renaissance, France the political ideas of her Revolution, England her great Constitution. A splendid example of the special function of patriotism towards the general good of nations may be found in the last Italian Revolution. Italian unity is only about twenty-five years old. It is not for this century to measure the results of that great event. It was a struggle against Austria, but it was more than that. It was the death-knell of Feudalism, and the beginning of the last struggle with that spiritual bondage which Rome has imposed upon the western world for so many ages. Rome is now the seat of a National Government as well as of the Vatican. America is more submissive to the Vatican to day than the Italian nation. Garibaldi fought for the freedom of Italy, but he fought for a wider freedom than that, although the present century may not realize it. His patriotism was the fire of a new Reformation that may be as splendid in its results as that of Luther, emancipating widely-scattered communities from a wondrous Juggernaut. In order to realize this, take the parallel achievements of Wolfe. When he conquered Quebec, he saved our great Dominion from the degradation of a tyrannical mediævalism. To the heroism of that melancholy life Canada owes her grandest possibilities. So much, then, depends on the individual, so much on a nation in the sublime vista of civilization. When shall Canada stand in this grand phalanx of the nations? Whenever Canadians choose to place her, and above all, her future lies with her intellectual units, with those who are filling her universities to-day; as the growth of patriotism, of sympathy, of fellow-feeling among them, so shall be the growth of our country.

munching his own dyspeptic thoughts. If you can get no other ground for sociability, take your gown out on the lawn and have a tug of war; the gown may not last long, but any kind of a tear is better than nothing. It is a terrible strain on the constitution to feel that every meal you take lessens your chance for a scholarship, and that your sleep is packed in between two o'clock in the morning and an alarm clock. Take your meals regularly and your sleep properly, and you may still find time to contribute a prose article to the *Varsity*, or, better, a poem, and so save the editor many anxious hours scratching his hair for proof. You may still find time to attend the Debating Society. Don't be afraid to discuss the question of gas versus kerosene, to ask the president a question, or move an adjournment—anything to get rid of unnecessary lock-jaw. To do nothing but read is to lose three-fourths of a university training. It is necessary to read, write, speak and be sociable. All work is for and through society; sociability is in direct ratio to knowledge of men—writing and speaking in direct ratio to influence on mankind, position in society to success in life. How necessary it is to cultivate concrete methods of writing and speaking. On every educated mind devolves the duty of the diffusion of acquired ideas to the widest extent. Neglect of the emotional nature and the morbid cultivation of intellect will leave the man imperfect, only the half-man. So that a university instead, of abolishing residences which it has the good fortune to possess, should extend its residences, and thus bring students together that they may benefit by the mutual action and re-action of ideas, developing their sympathies and whatever is best in their natures. Our university is without those sweet associations that cluster round such a place as Oxford. We cannot wander through our libraries and see upon their stained windows the forms of men who have lived and died for great causes, great poets and great statesmen; we cannot stand beneath shadows of beautiful cloisters enriched with gothic imagination; we cannot sit together in the sweet chapels of an historic religion in the blaze of jewelled glass or in halls adorned with the portraits of scholars and benefactors. Such sweet associations are beyond us yet; those dreams of beauty, those realms of poetry. There is only left to us the inspiration of individuality. A university liberalizes or it does nothing. History is a struggle between the machine and individuality. Shall we be machines or shall we be ourselves? Shall we give forth the life that is within us or be silent before inherited machinery? There are great thoughts outside of inherited politics and inherited religion. There is a wider freedom than this, a larger manhood, a completer life. Shall we always be as our fathers were? We are not physically, nor can we be like them mentally. To them only who imbibe the spirit of their age are known the high tides of life. Let us trust there are apostles of criticism, of freedom, of culture coming into life at our National institution, with high inspirations of individuality, with a large humanity. To them in after times the country will give its blessing, for them are reserved the riches in our university, for them the imperishable associations with that great fountain from which they drank deeply an invincible inspiration.

PHILLIPS STEWART.