

His head, and he sank back upon the sand,  
Nor saw the light go out across the sea,  
Nor heard the eagle scream among the crags,  
Nor stealthy laughter echo up the shore,  
Nor the slow ripple break about his feet.

The deep-eyed night drew down to comfort him,  
And lifted her great lids and mourned for him."

Did Mathew Arnold write this, would we not stand in reverence contemplating his gifts? But we must again pass on; and no quotation can give to him who has not read the poem an idea of its wondrous beauty and great poetic worth.

And while the hunter lay there, his eyes darkened by the poison poured into them by the king, came the sea maids, "beloved of Doris fair," with "dripping tresses"—

"And their yellow hair  
Fell round them while they smote their lyres and sung.

"We are all made heavy of heart, we weep with thee, sore with thy sorrow,—

The sea from its uttermost parts, the night from the dusk to the morrow,

The unplumbed spaces of air, the unharnessed might of the wind,  
The sun that outshaketh his hair before his incoming, behind  
His out going.

But come for the night fulfills, the grey in the sky gives warning,  
Then get thee up to the hills and thou shalt behold the morning."

And then the maids cease their song, and the story progresses, never flagging in its wealth of imagery, strength of expression, its touches true to nature herself, and the soft musical voluptuousness which transports the reader.

"Memnon" is another poem—it first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*—full of the author's strength, music and grace; then we see "Launcelot and the Four Queens," of which this is the opening stanza:

Where a little trodden by-way  
Intersects the beaten highway  
Running downward to the river,  
Stands an ancient apple tree  
In whose blossoms drowsily  
The bees are droning ever.

And from this on to the "Ode to Drowsiness," which is a poem of poetry's dreamland, and certainly unrivalled even by Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters." We know the risk we run of saying this; but let the incredulous take the book and read it. We pass over "Ariadne," "Ballad of the Poet's Thought"—such a favourite with Mathew Arnold—a "Ballad of Three Mistresses," "The Flight," "One Night," "Sappho," "A Blue Blossom," and others, because space cries out that we are upon the last verge. But we cannot close without giving an extract from "The Maple":

"Oh tenderly deepen the Woodland glooms  
And merrily sway the beeches,  
Breathe delicately the willow blooms  
And the pine rehearse new speeches.  
The elms toss high till they brush the sky,  
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches;  
But the tree I love all the greenwood above

Is the maple of sunny branches.  
Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring  
Or the late-leaved linden in summer,  
There's a word may be for the locust tree  
That delicate, strange new comer;  
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose  
When pale are the spring-time regions,  
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim  
The advance of winter's legions."

We are glad to notice that Mr. G. Mercer Adam, with his usual excellent taste, has reproduced this latter poem in the admirable reader he has prepared for the Canada Publishing Company, as also another poem by Mr. Roberts, "Brother Cuthbert." The pity is that we have not Roberts up here. Just here, in the great centre of the Dominion, and as it ought to be the literary centre, we want him. Might it be too much to hope that our College authorities would some day see the wisdom of acting on the advice of *Scribner's Magazine*, and set apart to him a chair of English Literature in our College? He would draw all our aspiring young men around him there.

## EXCHANGES.

The *Monmouth Collegian* has transgressed again. This time it is entitled "Our Martyred Hero," truly a most unenviable martyrdom to have one's virtues or vices sung in such doggerel as this.

*Episcopus*, we trust, still lives; the last number, which wasn't so bad after all, showed some strong signs of life. We hope that the next number will even prove more conclusively the vitality of the venerable one.

The *McGill College Gazette* though in some respects an admirable paper, still falls a good way behind what might have been expected from such an editorial staff as it supports, comprising as it does, literary professors, arts-men, doctors and lawyers. It is probably the old story of too many cooks, &c.

The *Spectator*, from St. Laurent's College, Montreal, is rapidly working its way into prominence in the world of college journalism. We throw this as a sop to Cerebus, wishing to propitiate the ferocious one after noticing the nasty way in which he shewed his teeth at the *Adelphian's* expense in a late number.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is a model college paper with regard to careful editing and regularity of publication; its articles as a rule being well written and interesting, while the poetry, especially that contributed by Marion Muir is in striking contrast to that class of productions in verse of which "the worst is college poetry."

We can fully understand and sympathise with the spirit that moved the editors of the *Varsity* to publish a special number in defense of the college residence. As far as we are concerned, we can imagine no more dreary existence than that of taking a college course out of residence, and in saying this we speak from experience, short indeed, but thoroughly convincing.

We have received the first number, volume one, of the *Astrum Alberti*, from Albert College, Belleville. It