

profusion of crisp yellow beard upon red truthful lips, full but firmly closed as those of Leighton's 'Sansome.' But it would be upon the forehead and the eyes that I would concentrate all my art. Around an open smooth forehead should cluster short golden curls with a frank space between well-marked brows. And underneath these dark, deep-set, dauntless blue eyes, filled to the brim with the steadfastness of a great purpose and a high resolve, should look straight out at you from the canvas meeting yours, and seem to look past you and far, far beyond you.

'All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the Holy Grail.'

And through the noble gravity and seriousness of the face should play the light of a joy within like a child's, for with him there is no continual struggle between the powers of good and evil; his is an innocent nature strong in its almost unconscious virginity. —E. C.

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#### THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Fresh from her bath in the eastern sea,  
In argent glow of bare beauty  
Rises the moon;  
Her naked radiance is flung  
In silver streams, the locks among  
Of mid-night June;  
As the sailor his waning lantern trims  
He sees the sheen of those glistening limbs  
And falls in swoon;  
And lo! she careless wanders till,  
With silver foot-prints shining still  
The sea is strewn.

—FREE LANCE.

February 28th, 1884.

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The London *Times* tell the following stories of Dr. Jacobson, the late Bishop of Chester, England: A new appointment had been made to a well-known Chester church, and at a dinner party shortly afterward the 'new man' was the subject of conversation. The Bishop said not a word until directly appealed to by a lady present. 'What do you think of the new vicar, my lord?' 'I think,' replied his lordship, 'that he is a middle-aged man.' Another story of a similar kind took its rise when the cathedral nave was re-opened. A certain dean, whose party leanings were a little undecided just then, was one of the special preachers. After service two dignitaries were engaged in a little friendly criticism of the sermon in the Chapter House. Said the first, 'It struck me as being rather low.' 'How curious, now,' said the other, 'I thought it rather High,' and appealing to the Bishop, who was present, 'What did you think, my lord?' 'Why,' replied his lordship, with a roguish sparkle in his eye, 'I considered it rather long.'

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#### HORACE: BOOK IV., ODE X.

O, cruel boy, while you are Venus' care,  
E'en things, which others may not, you may dare;  
So soon, however as your beard doth grow,  
And locks, that now do shine, are white as snow;  
When your cheeks' bloom, now fairer than the rose,  
Shall change and then a shaggy face disclose;  
Then shall you say, whene'er before the glass  
You see yourself a different figure pass:  
'How comes it, now, that I have not to-day  
The mind I had when but a boy at play;  
That with this mind, which now belongs to me,  
Unblemished cheeks do not at all agree?'

—MAC.

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As a consolation to sundry Residence men whose minds dwell on the devastations of the evening of the *Conversazione*, we clip the following from one of our exchanges:

'While the President of Williams was giving a reception to the senior class, some youths took all the refreshments which had been provided for the occasion.'