

of light cast down from the shaded student-lamp on the table which made the shadows about it softer and less vague, subduing well the effect of disordered arrangement so characteristic of interiors in Residence. A large, red arm-chair had been drawn up to the table, on which were to be seen, in motley assortment, pipes, note-books, a stray neck-tie, cards, pens, matches, cigar ashes, a magazine, and so forth; not forgetting volumes in the familiar binding of Bohn, and others, from the book-shelves in the corner. Such were the undergraduate belongings of Jack Wiley, who, having left College some time before, on being plucked at the end of his third year, had lately come into Residence to read for the Supplementals, and was now living his third month in his present quarters, two pair back.

II

Whenas night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung.

—Rejected Addresses.

"It was a very strange accident," Elsie Fraine had said, when Evans told her, a week later, of the *Algonquin* episode. "I did not hear of it till now. Of course I knew of the wrecking of their yacht before that. How unfortunate!"

They were on College Avenue, returning from a concert at the Gardens. The night was clear and beautiful in the quiet streets, where each lamp-post stood with light unlit; as though it had escaped his dull wits that with his lanthorn he was to present the figure of moonshine in the most tragical comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. As they walked on with now the bright soft moonlight about them, now under the shade of the trees on the Avenue, they felt the freshness of the early spring. Elsie was singing softly to herself snatches of music in a low, cooing voice that Fred thought very sweet. She turned to him suddenly, and it seemed to him quite irrelevantly.

"But Mr. Wiley was with uncle on the yacht! They were together all summer, and came to Toronto together in the fall, and stayed with us a few weeks."

Evans said that from Wiley's account it would seem they had met on the *Algonquin*.

"Oh, perhaps," she answered. "But not for the first time, Fred. They are as old friends as we are—although we're not so very *old* yet," she added, laughingly.

She was, indeed, youth and gracefulness personified, and could look, when she chose, very frank and engaging out of her large, bright eyes,—clear and grey, with dark pupils; eyes that will conceal their secret mirth behind the long black lashes, with such demure artlessness. Her voice was soft and sympathetic; and though she would cleverly wing light darts of sarcasm, it was done with an air of wonderful innocence. A handsome figure she was, walking by the side of our friend Evans, with her light step and graceful carriage.

As they stood before parting, she felt, no doubt, the mild air on her cheek, like the peaceful breathing of the night, and, gazing up into the serene heavens, and the brightness of countless stars, she murmured, "Oh, it's such a lovely night, and I *do* love to be all, all alone, like this, with the far off stars." And she seemed to have forgotten him.

"All, all alone, like this." Now, isn't that rather hard on me?" he protested, with a burlesque suggestion of tragic desolation, after the manner of Howells. "I pause for a reply."

"You are so ridiculous, Fred." And while she laughed she seemed to come down again to sublunary things. "Isn't this a nice way," she said, "for us two second year men to be preparing for the examinations?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I *do* find it rather nice."

"But I didn't speak so much for myself,—we girls always study as we should," she said, gravely. "Now, you'll stay in, won't you, from to night, and study hard, Fred? But you mustn't injure your precious health."

He laughed, and promised as dutifully as a child. And in these last days he did study hard, as the word goes. We wearers of the cap and gown, in Residence and out of it,—even those of us whose devotion is to the hard-grained muses of the cube and square,—seem scarcely to have time, at this season of the year, for observing how widely Newton's law prevails, and how invariable a fact it is that year after year, the amount of work done varies inversely as the square of the distance from the examinations.

Evans' thoughts wandered at times, and he would look up from his books often, seeming to see many things. In one of

these intervals he was thinking how fond of her uncle Elsie seemed to be,—if he could get the little stone images from Wiley, she would like to have them, and he might so please her, perhaps; and before going back to what he was at he used to wonder at himself that she was so often in his thoughts. But Wiley did not seem disposed to part with the two small heads which his friend Pearson had given him under such odd circumstances. He, alone in Residence, was enjoying his days in peace of soul; with the Supplementals far in the vague distance, his time was spent in smoking his long pipe over a great variety of books altogether foreign to the curriculum, enticing someone out to play tennis in the afternoons, and reading translations, by request, to small but eager audiences.

And so April passed into May, and the examinations were at hand.

(To be continued.)

TO MY LADY.

So pure, so fair, so bright,
How like a star thou art!
Sweet Star of Hope, arise
Within my heart.

How like a dream thou art,
That wraps the soul in peace!
Oh! dreams, abide with me
Till life shall cease.

Like silver clouds thou art,
That sail in summer skies.
Oh! clouds dissolve—reveal
Those wondrous eyes.

Thine eyes, like violets dim,
Blooming in shadows deep,
Thy lips—the tender curve
Of chin and cheek.

Thy hair, like golden grain
Swayed by the wind at noon—
Thy voice, as one who plays
A low, sweet tune.

Oh, Love! draw near, lay down
Thy head upon this heart;
That all my life may prove
How dear thou art.

KATE WILLSON.

WHY WE FIGHT.

I

It is a startling fact that at the present time there are more than three-and-a-half millions of men, in Europe alone, ready to engage in war, at a moment's notice, only waiting a signal from their leaders to begin. If the question could be asked an outsider—one from another planet—why this immense number of men were taken away from industrial pursuits, and, so to speak, laid on the shelf, in the prime of life, only to be employed, when called upon, to destroy life, and for one particular purpose? why were they permitted to be idle consumers only and not useful producers? the answer would be given readily enough, from every civilized nation, that a paternal government must protect the lives and property of its subjects. This is true, but misleading. This so-called protection is in reality nothing more than one nation preventing, or trying to prevent another nation from gaining some political or commercial end. It is not that every citizen is in danger, but that nations, like individuals, have their differences and disputes, and that some method of settling these national differences and disputes, must be secured. It is the readiness or ability which one nation displays in settling a disagreement with any other nation or nations, in one prescribed way, which constitutes its naval or military power.

The accepted method of settling international differences and disputes is by fighting. But why by fighting? our hypothetical questioner may be supposed to ask. It is unlike the way in which individuals settle their disputes. But indi-