

absolutely incapable of Shakespeare's passion. Bacon's essay on Love is as cold as the "Novum Organon." The only conclusion that we can arrive at, is that we have not a proper conception of the man Shakespeare. When we get a correct account of his life, we will understand the mysteries connected with the authorship of his plays.

FERN, Class '88.

Song of Class '88.

Should you ask me of our school-days
In the Wesleyan Ladies' College,
Where so many days we've squandered,
Where so many hours we've studied,
Of our well beloved Doctor,
Of our much respected teachers,
Of our musical instructors,
Of our chemical professor,
Of our big and little boarders,
Of our tardy and prompt day-scholars,
Last of all, but not the smallest
Of the noble six—the seniors,
Of the seven who next year falter
In the paths our feet now tread?
I should answer, I should tell you,
There is none like to our Doctor,
There is none who do not love him;
And to prove it we will borrow
One of Sam Jones' odd expressions,
That the six all "bank upon him,"
"By parenthesis," we say it.
He is kind like to a father
And as noble as he's kindly.
And the teachers, how there wishing
They could keep us with them always,
We were ever favorites with them
As compared with the seven juniors,
The seven juniors who will next year
Branch out into full-fledged seniors.
Green, at first, as any duckling
When it comes to "THE PORTFOLIO."
Green, perhaps, as our own senior
When she said the ancient Goldsmith
Was our latest poet-laureate.
Would you think that a young lady
Bordering upon years of wisdom
Should mistake the noted Wordsworth
For the heavy Mr. Goldsmith?
All our pity, let us mention,
Is for those upon the French hall.
Streams of music never ceasing,

Sounding much like "slips tries over;"
Music not from the professors
Nor from angel tongues above us.
'Tis the humdrum and the turmoil,
And the never ceasing wailing,
And the roaring and the pounding,
And the groaning of the students
Over octaves; and the discords
Necessarily arising
From the efforts of the freshies
From the soph's or from the juniors,
Never from a blooming senior.
There are kids among our pupils,
Kids that come here from the city,
Those that come from distant countries,
Some from even past the marshes,
Past the marshes of our Dundas,
Some who find the dummy's swiftness
Much the surest rate of travelling.
Summing up our many students
There are those from far and near us,
Some who come from toward the sunrise,
Some from where the sun is setting;
From across the frozen mountains,
From the warmer torrid countries,
All to fill our halls of learning.
All to love their Alma Mater,
In their turn regret to leave her
As our class of eight and eighty
Do regret it most sincerely.

BEZA, CLASS '88.

✦ Twok. ✦

✧ WE Canadians are all confident that our country is to become one of the leading nations in literature as well as in commerce. But while writing this sentence we think of the past, and of the writers this country has produced. We could count them in a few moments. True, but did you ever compare the number of its inhabitants with that of any other country? It is about the same as one city in England, or one-twelfth that of the United States. Then too, ours is a new country, and we have to get it in order. We must have a home to live in, and bread to eat, before we think of literature.

Three or four years ago we had not heard the name of Watson Griffin. To-day, we are met on every side with the question, "Have you read Twok?" Yes