

(For I have that within, which passeth show)
 "Can truly tell of the deep debt I owe—
 "A debt, no matter what that rhyme may say,
 "My own heart whispers I can never pay."

The argument demolished was at length,
 For in its very weakness lay its strength.
 Were I to trust myself to speak my mind,
 My lips must fail; whilst somebody unkind
 Might add: "My friend, I have no wish to scoff,
 "But if you once begin, you mayn't leave off.
 "Take my advice, and get some lines by heart,
 "And having done so, speak it like a part."
 I did so, I'd not very far to seek them,
 By heart I learnt them,—from my heart I speak them.

Nearly six years ago, I made my bow,
 A novice then, but as an "old hand" now,
 The old, old thrill comes o'er me as it then did,
 But with another, deeper feeling blended,
 The old one told me time might make amends
 For my shortcomings,—now, my troop of friends
 Tell me thus Time 's done fourfold what it seemed
 It ever could do; (when I fondly dreamed
 Of popularity, a bright position;)
 Tell me, in cheering tones, that in addition
 To the mere admiration I'd obtain
 There's something far more precious I might gain,
 The warmest sympathy and happy days!
 For when upon these generous friends I gaze
 (And cheery greeting in my ear still rings)
 It tells me one may aim at better things
 Than the mere fleeting triumph of the hour;
 Declares that one may wield a higher power.
 The power to make friends, true friends indeed,
 Who would stand by me in an hour of need.
 To one who loves his art as I love mine,
 This solace helps me, (if I dared repine;)
 I feel as one who greets the light of day
 After the darkness of the night has pass'd away,
 Which means (from metaphor plain truth to sever),
 I'm now your faithful servant, more than ever.

But other thoughts, inspired by my surroundings,
 passed through my mind, and I may be permitted to
 let these thoughts find utterance:—

IN THE LIBRARY.

Who say these walls are lonely, these,
 They may not see the motly throng
 That people it as thick as bees
 The scented clover-beds among.

They may not hear, when foot-falls cease,
 And living voices for awhile;
 The speech in many tongues and keys,
 A down each shadowy aisle.

Here are the friends that ne'er betray;
 Companionship that never tires;
 Here voices call from voiceless clay,
 And ashes dead renew their fires.

For death can touch the flesh alone,
 Immortal thought from age to age
 Lives on, and here, in varied tone,
 It speaks from many a page.

Here searching HISTORY waits,—the deeds
 Of men and nations to rehearse;
 Here, clear-eyed SCIENCE walks and reads
 The secrets of the Universe.

Here, lands and seas, from pole to pole,
 The traveller spreads before the eye;
 Here, FAITH unfolds her mystic scroll,
 The soul to satisfy.

Here, HOMER chants heroic Troy;
 Here, DANTE strikes the harp of pain;
 Here, SHAKESPEARE sounds the grief, the joy,
 Of all of human life the strain.

Alone and silent! Why, 'tis rife
 With form and sound! The hosts of thought
 Are dwellers here, and thought is life;
 Without it, earth and man were naught.

To war and state-craft leave the bay,—
 A greater crown to these belongs;
 The rulers of the world are they
 Who make our books and songs.

In this hour of our joy and pardonable pride, the
 kind and courteous donor must not be forgotten; of
 Mr. Redpath, who, aforesaid, had enriched the College
 with its Museum and his oft-repeated valuable dona-
 tions of books to the Library, may we not say:

Praise to the generous friend who planned
 This princely place, this treasure-crowded hall!
 Praise to the honored worthies of our land
 Who nobly answered to a noble call!
 And when these riches, which improve the heart,
 Are to their fitting places here consigned,
 May this transcendent spectacle of art
 Be mirrored in our souls, leaving its light behind.

H. M.

OUR IDEALS—A FANCY.

I slept, and I dreamed a strange dream. And in
 my dream I opened the eyes of my spirit, and I beheld
 a vast expanse of air, filled with floating clouds and
 lighted by a multitude of stars. And far above me
 was the golden sun—far, yet so near that I was con-
 strained to turn away my eyes, so dazzling were its
 rays; and far beneath me was the earth, and thereon
 was a great multitude assembled, gazing at the clouds.
 I, too, turned to look, and behold! I saw a great white
 Figure, as the form of a woman, veiled in thick mist.
 In her left hand was a great book inscribed with let-
 ters of gold, and in her right she held a torch above her
 head. But the torch burned but dimly, and the book
 was sealed.

And as I looked, great awe fell upon me, and I fear-
 ed. But the Figure turned to me her veiled face, and
 a voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, said:
 "Speak; be not afraid." And trembling I asked:
 "Who art thou?" And the voice replied: "Knowest
 thou not?" And I answered: "No." And the Figure
 said: "Yet hast thou sought me all the days of thy
 life. Blind, blind are the children of men, who ever
 seek; yet when they find that which they have sought,
 they know it not. I am the Ideal of all that is good
 and true and pure. The torch which I hold is the
 torch of Truth, and the book is the Book of Wisdom
 wherein the wise men of old did read; and because of
 the folly and wickedness of men the Torch burneth but
 dimly, and the Book is sealed. All men seek me, but