

students, too, who do not recognize that, by cutting scraps out of the papers, etc., on file, they are thieving from their fellow-students. It is scarcely conceivable that University men should be guilty of such slovenly conduct, but it is a matter of daily occurrence, and unless remedied by the students themselves no effort on the part of the curators can do much towards making the reading-room as attractive as it should be.

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We would speak also of a matter which affects the outside public, and which is important in view of the approaching services in Convocation Hall on Sunday afternoons. It has long been a cause of annoyance to strangers that a crowd of students invariably "line up" opposite the door of Convocation Hall and at the bottom of the stairway, to gape and sometimes even to pass remarks as they come out. Such "freshness" is hardly excusable on the part of backwoods youngsters who seldom see a stranger let alone university men and divinity students. Of course we recognise that some may be waiting for friends, but it is not to such we refer. The majority are usually those who look on out of inexcusable curiosity and thoughtlessness.

LITERATURE.

WE give below Tennyson's poem on the death of the Duke of Clarence, which appears in the Nineteenth Century for February. English critics are unanimous in saying that it is not worthy of the Laureate, and it certainly is not to be compared with that on the death of the Prince Consort. Still, when we consider that Tennyson is eighty-two, that he must have sung not as the linnnet, but because he was Poet Laureate, and that the young Prince had manifested no special virtues, we will wonder at its excellence.

"And march of that Eternal Harmony,
Whereto the worlds beat time,—"

is worthy of his best days, though then he would not have added "tho' faintly heard."

The bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown that o'er him hung
Has vanish'd in the shadow cast by Death;
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure.
Mourn! That a world-wide Empire mourns with you,
That all the thrones are clouded by your loss,
Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;

For if this earth be ruled by Perfect Love,
Then, after His brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll,
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time, tho' faintly heard—
Until the great Hereafter mourn in hope.

* * *

Tennyson, rich in saving common sense, has always pronounced vigorously against those who study the poet rather than his works, who think less of Byron because his morals were not perfect, and get no enjoyment from Dickens because his divorce was not caused by any fault of his wife. We give the following sonnet both on account of its intrinsic merit and because he is little known as a sonnet writer:

"Old poets fostered under friendlier skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them wealthier in his readers' eyes;
And you, old popular Horace, you the wise
Adviser of the nine-years-pondered lay,
And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay,
Catullus, whose dead songster never dies;
If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere
That once had rolled you round and round the Sun,
You see your Art still shrined on human shelves,
You should be jubilant that you flourished here
Before the Love of Letters, overdone,
Had swamped the sacred poets with themselves.

* * *

I love her not, that tall and stately maid;
How could one love an angel from the sky?
I, a mere mortal, dare not look so high.
I reverence, I worship, and I fear;
And dumb with awe I stand when she draws near.
So pure she is, 'twere sacrilege to try
To win her love.—But here, O muse, you jade!
You've left me in the lurch, and I can find
No rhyme at all that satisfies my mind.

G.

* * *

A couple of rather curious mistakes were made in the printing of the article on Rudyard Kipling in our last number. "Perfectly though almost badly" should of course be "perfectly though almost baldly," and in the first sentence "stories of our own people," should be "stories of mine own people," this being the latter half of the title of the book, and not, as the proof-reader seems to have thought, a remark of our own.

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On Aug. 4th, 1892, the Shelley Centenary will have come; and it will be an important