

The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,  
To keep the outcast company.  
The brooding owl he hoots hard by,  
*The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-stone,*  
The Rhymer's soothest prophecy,  
My Love returns no more again!

## ENVOY.

Lady, my home until I die  
Is here, where youth and hope were slain;  
They flit, the ghosts of our July,  
My Love returns no more again!

"Verses Vain" is a shorter collection of pieces of a similar character but written in various stanzas. In "Twilight on Tweed" are the lines:

"A mist of memory broods and floats,  
The border waters flow;  
The air is full of ballad notes  
Borne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me,  
Sweet through a boy's day dream,  
While trout below the blossom'd tree  
Plashed in the golden stream."

The most finished poem of this series is perhaps the following:

## A DREAM.

"Why will you haunt my sleep?  
You know it may not be,  
The grave is wide and deep  
That sunders you and me;  
In bitter dreams we reap  
The sorrow we have sown,  
And I would I were asleep  
Forgotten and alone!"

"We know and did not know,  
We saw and did not see,  
The nets that long ago  
Fate wove for you and me;  
The cruel nets that keep  
The birds that sigh and moan,  
And I would that we were asleep  
Forgotten and alone!"

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Among "Post Homeric," "Sonnets" and "Translations" are many poems of great merit, containing Lang's most vigorous writing. The first two collections bear evidence of the pure Greek culture of the writer, and the last to his studies in that mine of poetical inspiration, Old French poetry. It is the author of "Helen of Troy" who can speak thus justly of the Odyssey.

"As one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours,  
They hear like ocean on the western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

The whole book breathes of refinement and delicacy. It is the work of a mind gifted with quiet humour, filled with the linked sweetness of words and open to the tenderest fancies and reveries, yet withall that of a man of culture, whose library is dukedom large enough, who sees the world through his study windows and whose friends for the most part are merely fashionable people with literary tastes.

## Drift.

The narrowness of outlook of specialists in physical science, and their inadequate philosophical training, is the worst mischief of our modern scientific discussion.—ERNST HACKEL.

We say "the ancients," as if they were older and more experienced men than we are, whereas the age and experience are entirely on our side. They were the clever children, and *we* only are the white-bearded, silver-haired ancients, who have treasured up and are prepared to profit by all the experience which human life can supply.—SYDNEY SMITH.

## TO ONE IN PARADISE.

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And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts. It is not erudition that makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct.—PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, in *The Intellectual Life*.

"Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." The above is Herbert Spencer's famous but mystifying definition, and it is satirically translated by Professor Tait as follows: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalk-aboutable all-alikeness to a some-howish and in general talk-aboutable not-all-alikeness, by continuous something-else-fications and stick-togetherations!"

## LIFE.

When violets bloom and soft winds play,—  
When fleckless skies float o'er the earth,—  
When all is youth and joy and mirth,—  
Life's aim is happiness, we say;  
When violets bloom and soft winds play.

When summer joys have all gone by, —  
When frowning skies hang o'er the world,—  
When Hope's gay banners are all furled,—  
Life's aim is usefulness, we sigh,  
When summer joys have all gone by.

EMMA CARLETON, in *The Current*.

THE 'VARSITY commends the following extract from Horace to the consideration of those members of the Board of Arts Studies of Toronto University who oppose the introduction of the works of living or recent English writers into the University curriculum:—"If time renders poems more excellent as it does wine, I should be glad to know what age gives the true value to writings? It moves my indignation that any work should be censured, not because it is dully written or without grace, but because it is modern; and that not only indulgence, but honors and prizes, should be demanded on the score of mere antiquity."

## A LAMENT.

Oh, World! oh, Life! oh, Time!  
On whose last steps I climb  
Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
When will return the glory of your prime?  
No more—ah, never more!

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight;  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—ah, never more!

—SHELLEY.

"My teachers were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature or of boy's, or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead vocables (no dead language, for they themselves knew no language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate gerund-grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be manufactured in Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How shall *he* give kindling, in whose inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew Syntax enough; and of the human soul this much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted on through the mus-