

pressive. It was very amusing to watch the hotel boats coming out to meet the steamer, each boat placarded with signs, and full of gesticulating porters yelling out the names of the hotels they represented.

At Capri, the steamer anchored near the famous Blue Grotto, and was immediately surrounded by swarms of small boats into which the passengers were dumped and rowed to the grotto. Not more than three were allowed in any one boat, as the entrance into the grotto is small, and you have to lie on the floor of the boat as you glide under the arch. For this reason, it can only be entered when the sea is calm. At first everything seemed dark, but gradually it became brighter and bluer, until it was the most marvellous color, a sort of peacock-blue, full of a silvery sheen that was simply dazzling. It seemed as if the water and rocks had been touched by a magician's hand, and turned into blue fire.

When we emerged, we were surrounded by boatloads of peasant girls selling corals. It made a very pretty picture, and hundreds of kodaks have carried it away.

The trip to Capri is full of quick changes from steamer to small boats, and vice versa. After making one more, we were rowed ashore and taken up to the town in the funicular. On the piazza was a regiment of cab-horses, each decorated with a long, stiff feather, which stuck straight up between its ears. We had luncheon at the hotel, and afterwards took the magnificent cliff drive to Anacapri. There we walked around the quaint old village; had tea in a garden under fragrant lemon trees; met the King of Sweden coming from his villa, and drove back again at sunset. Oh, that drive! It was heavenly. Such wonderful cloud effects! Such marvellous colors! Naples, across the bay, looked like a golden mirage; the island of Ischia glowed like an amethyst; and Vesuvius—a glistening mountain of pink-seamed to rise right out of the sea.

The trip to Pompeii was a great contrast to this. Do you remember the graphic description of its destruction in Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii"? I sat up half the night reading it after I came home. It gives one a curious feeling to saunter through those silent, empty streets, and it seems impossible to believe that the city was buried for fifteen long centuries, under the ashes of Vesuvius. About half the town has been excavated. The streets are very narrow, and bordered with sidewalks raised above the level of the roadway. In the lava blocks of the pavement are deep ruts made by ancient chariot wheels. At the corners, and here and there along the street, are high stepping-stones for pedestrians. At many of the corners are public fountains. The houses are all very similar, having a blank wall on the street side, and a narrow entrance leading into an interior court around which the living-rooms are grouped. Some of the houses are very well preserved, the mosaic floors in good condition, and the wall-paintings as brilliant as if recently painted. We went into bakeries and wine-shops; visited the Forum and Amphitheater, and spent a good deal of time inspecting the public baths, which must have been a perfectly gorgeous place two thousand years ago, when the gilded youths of Pompeii spent half their days there.

When we were ready to drop from fatigue, we rested on the steps of the Temple of Jupiter, and ate our simple lunch. All the sight-seers seemed to get hungry at the same time, and the Forum looked like a sort of paper-bag cafe. We were not so vigorous in the afternoon, and about three o'clock our powers of locomotion and observation gave out completely, and we flopped on three stepping-stones in the middle of the street and wished there was nothing else to see. Harmony had a momentary spirit of ambition, and said in a languid voice that we really ought to go and see the street of Tombs, but her mournful suggestion met with no encouragement. As soon as we were able to move we hobbled to the train, dropped into the nearest seats, and remained dead to the world till we reached Naples.

All the most precious things found in Pompeii have been placed in the museum

In Naples. There I saw all sorts of household utensils; lovely bronze lamps, and vases; workmen's tools; surgical instruments; jewellery, etc. But what seemed to bring the tragedy nearer than anything else, was the sight of articles of food in perfect condition, but carbonized. Think of seeing a loaf of bread two thousand years old! In shape and size it was exactly the same as sold in the shops of Naples to-day. I saw nuts, apples, pears, and all sorts of grains, and also eggs, and many other eatables I can't remember.

The one thing that saddens me about leaving Naples, is the fact that I must part from the entertaining young Scotchman who is my table-mate. He is so refreshingly candid, has such bright eyes, and such a perfectly fascinating Scotch burr-r-r. He has given me a sea-horse as a parting gift. I always thought a sea-horse was about the size of a whale until I saw one disporting itself gayly in a small tank in the aquarium here. It really looks just like a fantastic bit of antique jewellery. Harmony says she'd like to wear one for a pendant, but she can't have mine. Perhaps I'll have it mounted, and wear it for a brooch myself.

To-morrow we leave for Rome.

LAURA.

The Green Things Growing

(By Dina Mulock.)

Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,

The faint, sweet smell of the green things growing!

I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,

Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!

How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing;

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,

Or the dim, dreamy dawn, when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, my green things growing,

And I think they love me without false showing;

For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,

With the soft, mute comfort of the green things growing.

The Roundabout Club.

Results--Study IV.

At last the papers submitted in Study IV. have been examined, and we are pleased to say that this, the last competition of the season, has been the most successful, if success can be judged at all by the number of students who entered. The standard of the work submitted, too, has been of a high order, except—and this is rather surprising, is it not?—on the "farm end" of the test, where the falling off was noticeable. Upon the whole, however, as a general intelligence test, the competition may be regarded as most satisfactory.

Study IV., it will be remembered, was to be carried out "without investigation or inquiry," precisely as though the students were "in an examination hall." It was pleasant to find, enclosed with most of the answer papers, reassuring little notes stating that this rule had been adhered to.

For instance, one young man wrote: "You will please find enclosed a sorry attempt at the last competition. I wrote it, however, without 'investigation or inquiry,' but when you read it you will quite believe me. It will be almost unnecessary to say that I will now look up the correct answers."

Another says: "It is astonishing how little I was able to answer some of those questions, considering that I am a farmer's son. It has been a splendid examination, and I will await the result with great interest. It was certainly unhandy to have a conscience in working order part of the time, but that was the only way."

—Yes, "Taps," that was the only way. The people with consciences are the salt of the earth—the only worth-while people. Bravo, lad! There is no need to tell you to keep yours in working order.

Then, this from "Mack," Elgin Co.: "I have been an earnest reader of your Literary Society for some time, and, while not taking part in it before, have enjoyed it very much. And so, while I have tried to answer some of the questions this time, I know full well that there are many others of your students who will be able to answer them much better. I have entered the competition this time more for the self-realization of how prone we are to skip over our reading without thinking and impressing it on our minds, thus to be able to

make use of it at any time in the future when occasion should arise."

You have grasped perhaps the main reason for the setting of these questions, Mack,—that they might serve as a self-revelation.

These notes are pleasant to read, are they not? They ring true. They betoken the sort of straightforward, strike-from-the-shoulder honesty, that should form the backbone of Canadianism.

After all this, it is a little disconcerting to have to confess that, in two instances, the judges had reason to be suspicious that books had been consulted in this "thrown-on-your-honor-not-to" competition. In these two instances, certain similarities in the wording with that of some of the books in our very comprehensive library, certain details that would not likely come under the heading of general information, and that would not be likely to be remembered off-hand, were noted. However, since there was no way of proving that the objectionable thing had been done—and we sincerely hope it was not—the matter had to be passed over. If it were done, the conscience of the offenders must be the only punishment.

THE PRIZE AND HONOR LISTS.

Those who won the prizes in Study IV. were:

"Interested," Bruce Co., Ont.; W. J. Way, Kent Co., Ont.; "Nibs," Halton Co., Ont.; "Kahaska," Simcoe Co., Ont. Honor Roll (marks given): Rosalind, Middlesex Co., Ont., 98; "Mack," Elgin Co., Ont., 98; "Rue," Welland Co., Ont., 92; Ex-Student, Peterboro Co., 92; "Taps," Wentworth Co., Ont., 91; Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Victoria Co., Ont., 89½; Marion Bell, Middlesex Co., Ont., 89½; "Antigonish," Nova Scotia, 87½; Agnes Hunt, Algoma, Ont., 87; "Mis(s) Information," Lambton Co., Ont., 87; Mrs. Parkins, Norfolk Co., Ont., 86½; R. H. C., York Co., Ont., 86; "Amateur," Perth Co., Ont., 82; "Twin," Wellington Co., Ont., 81; "Elginite," Elgin Co., Ont., 80½; "San Toy," Sussex, N. B., 76; "Jonatch Cree," Perth Co., Ont., 75½; "Dawn," Lambton Co., Ont., 75½; W. Lodge, 75; Sherard McLeay, Perth Co., Ont., 71; T. J. Rutherford, Grey Co., Ont., 67½; "Shy Ann," Waterloo Co., Ont., 66; Ross Tilden, Point Pelee, Ont., 66; "Enoch Arden," Grey Co., Ont., 57½; "Grit," Grey Co., Ont., 57½; "Norma," Huron Co., Ont., 56; "A. A. C.," Quebec, 46; "Bunnies," Pontiac Co., Que., 46.

Total number obtainable, 120. We have listed in Honor Roll all who took over pass-marks according to school marking.



From a painting by Corot, Perry Print.

Spring.