

France. The Princess entices Marot to sup with her at the inn, and he, not daring to announce his marriage, accepts. Louis XIII hears that his wife is having a gay time at "The Pewter Platter" and when his messenger comes for her, Colette, in all honesty, announces herself boldly, as the Queen of France, and is escorted to the palace. From this cleverly arranged imbroglio, the characters are extracted by means which are said to be amusingly ingenious. The music accompanying all this is light and charming. The opera was the rage for two years with the students of the Sorbonne in Paris, and ran for over two hundred consecutive nights at the Royal English Opera House, London. The Toronto production will be the first given in this country expressly in honor of students.

The following Series of Lectures will be given on successive Saturdays during the present Easter Term, in the University Hall, at 3 p. m.:—February 11, Chancellor Burwash, M.A., S.T.D., L.L.D., "The Moral and Religious Spirit of the Greek Drama"; February 18, Professor Coleman, M.A., Ph.D., "The Building of the Mountains"; February 25, Professor vanderSmisssen, M.A., "Goethe's Faust"; March 4, W. S. Milner, B.A., "Tolstoi"; March 11, G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., "The Nibelungenlied."

THE BEAUTY THAT HATH NOT A NAME.

Upon the margin of the lake,
A house there was, that built of wood,
Ill-planned and mean, shook where it stood,
Such place, as all but they forsake
To whom long mem'ries make it good.

Before it Erie's restless sheet,
With changing aspect, rippling lay,
Behind it, stretching far away,
Were hills and fields, and flowers sweet,
And o'er it passed the night and day.

It was a blemish on the face
Of Nature's sympathetic scene,
And colorless it was between
Glad shades, and formless midst much grace,
And better 'twere to not have been.

But once at ev'ning, to that shore
I turned, and on the land's edge where
It had found room, discovered there
A building which I scarce knew more,
For it had grown so strangely fair.

Upon the earth was shed a light
That made the waves and woods the same
In beauty that hath not a name,
And from its windows softly bright
Shone forth the sun's transfiguring flame.

E'en thus, O body, which art mine,
I find thee joyless to the eye,
An object one would fain pass by,
An error in a high design—
And I would yield thee up, and die.

Until, some hour, I do perceive
A power which in thee hath grown,
A glory which is not thine own,
A thought in which I must believe,
Far-coming from the mind unknown.

And then I deem thee less unfit,
And humbly hold to thy poor frame,
Rejoicing in a loss of shame,
Since even thou art sometimes lit
With beauty that hath not a name.

EVELYN DURAND.

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

On an afternoon cold enough to freeze the ears and the imagination, a student was seen hastening across the Park towards the Varsity. To the ordinary observer there was nothing unusual in his aspect unless it were a heated appearance unsuitable to the temperature, and an air of suppressed excitement. His gait was admirable, his step was straight, he held his head high, and he was sufficiently shabby. He was alone, but his lips were moving with these words: "It is with pleasure I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my opinion of Mr. — (his own name was here audibly pronounced by his own lips). Among the hundreds of students who have graduated from this University, I venture to say that there have been none to rival him in character, scholarship and genius."

Where this gentleman was at that moment it is not difficult to surmise, nor is it improbable that he is the most unlikely person to receive the honours and eulogies with which he was overwhelming himself. He is not of an unsound mind, for he is like you and me. If we were more candid than sensible, and could be induced to confess the variety of our acquirements, the number of situations in which we have played the hero, the thousand careers which we have followed to glory, in our imaginary rôles, some idea might be formed of the endless drama which is daily being acted in the silent theatres of our minds. The *Unities* are entirely disregarded in our plays; neither time nor place make any difference in the action—we were about to add, nor Heaven nor earth, but on reflection decided that even the most ambitious among us are contented to perform our miracles in this world. It is impossible to know what characters we are assuming. We come upon a commonplace little person, arranging boots and shoes in his shop window—at that instant in his own eyes he may be a Gladstone engaged among the nations.

It is alarming and hopeful and pitiful—this way we have of dreaming; alarming because it means so much illusion, hopeful because it shows us always dissatisfied with what we are, and pitiful because it makes us what we never can become.

In his novel, *The Nabob*, which shows us such a terrible Paris, Alphonse Daudet has created a character to illustrate this mental habit: M. Joyeuse, the *Imaginaire*. He is a little man in body and purse, but big in heart and in the affection of his four beautiful and absorbing daughters. Absorbing they are, as far as he is concerned, for he is mother and father to them, and has no thought of which they are not the centre. One morning he escapes from their vigorous embraces, and with their youthful voices ringing in his ears, hastens down the street to hail an omnibus. He gets inside and sits quietly down facing a Colossus on the other side. We said that his daughters were always in his thoughts—his thoughts were always in the air, an equivocal position. Suddenly he sees Elise, the fairest of his flock, seated beside the giant, who has passed his arm about her. "Take away your arm, Sir," thunders the little father in his dream. The monster pays not the slightest attention to him and bends to kiss her. Springing to his feet, still in imagination, M. Joyeuse plunges his knife into the villain's breast and then rushes to the police to tell them of his deed and nobly delivers himself into their hands. "I have just killed a man in an omnibus," he cries, and this time aloud. Confusion ensues, the passengers rise in consternation, and the unfortunate *Imaginaire* leaves the omnibus.