

yet it is not altogether a bad sign. To know something, however little, of a truly superior intellect, may we not call it, in some sort, a divine revelation? and to wish to know something of him, if it be a sincere prayer that some one would "show us his glory," is it not praiseworthy? But how few to whom this gift is given. It is only a great man that can explain a great man—indeed, John Foster has somewhere said that the former must be the greater of the two; and, if we would have the latter wholly explained, this is true, and less than true. No lesser circle can enclose another, and since no two human circles possess the same centre, the enclosing circle must have a far-reaching radius indeed. It seems, then, we must be satisfied with segments only—with the arcs cut off by superimposed circles. Let us, therefore, have as many arcs as possible—provided they be true arcs. What an arc has Carlyle given us of Cromwell, of Frederick, of Shakespeare, of Diderot, of Johnson, of Burns, of Goethe!

The mention of Goethe brings to my remembrance the fact that of him we have many strange and incoincident segments. Look, for example at what we have been told in regard to his *Wilhelm Meister*. To this same Carlyle this *Wilhelm Meister* is

"A most estimable work. There is, in truth, a singular gracefulness in it; a high, melodious wisdom; so light is it, yet so earnest, so calm, so gay, yet so strong and deep, for the purest spirit of all art rests over it and breathes through it. It hangs before us as a fairy region, hiding its borders on this side in light, sunny clouds, fading away on that into the infinite azure. [It] is drawn from the inward depths, the purest spirit of poetic inspiration; ever, as we read it, the images of old Italian Art flit before us; the gay tints of Titian, the quaint grace of Domenichino; sometimes the clear but unfathomable depth of Raffaele; and whatever else we have known and dreamed of in that rich old genial world."

Compare with this Frederick Schlegel's opinions on this variously-valued book; and Novalis's; and Jeffrey's; and Pustkucher's; and above all, DeQuincey's. Do you know DeQuincey's essay on this? Let me read to you a passage:

"but Mr. Serlo, the gentleman in question, is really unreasonable, as the muster-roll will show; the reader will be so good as to keep count. 'Her brother,' proceeds the frank-hearted Philina, 'has a dancing girl among his troop, with whom he stands on pretty terms' (one); 'an actress to whom he is betrothed' (two); 'in the town some other women whom he courts' (women, observe, accusative plural; that must at least make three, four, five); 'I, too, am on his list' (six). 'The more fool he! Of the rest thou shalt hear to-morrow.' Verily, this Mr. Serlo has laid in a pretty fair winter's provision for his 'passions.' The loving speaker concludes with informing Wilhelm that she, Philina, has for her part fallen in love with himself; begs him, however, to fall in love with Aurelia, because in that case 'the chase would be worth beholding. She (that is, Aurelia) pursues her faithless swain, thou her, I thee, her brother me.' Certainly an ingenious design for a reel of eight even in merry England; but what would it be then in Germany, where each man might (as we know by Wilhelm, etc.) pursue all the four women at once, and be pursued by as many of the four as thought fit. Our English brains whirl at the thought of the cycles and epicycles, the vortices, the osculating curves, they would describe; what a practical commentary on the doctrine of combinations and permutations! What a lesson to English bell-ringers on the art of ringing changes! What 'triple bobs' and 'bob majors' would result! What a kaleidoscope to look into! O ye deities, that preside over men's sides, protect all Christian ones from the siege of inextinguishable laughter which threatens them at this spectacle of eight heavy high-German lovers engaged in this amorous 'barley-break.'"

Truly we may invoke these same deities to preserve us from De Quincey himself.

Having lighted upon De Quincey, let us dwell on him awhile. How severe he is in his criticism of great men! Listen to his remarks on Pope:—

"The brutal and unprincipled outrage of Pope." "Pope . . . never at any period of his life had a vestige of patriotism." "The deep-seated vices of Pope's sketches." "Pope . . . deliberately assumes the license of a liar." —

And so with others:—Kant, he holds, "never read a book . . . none at all; no book whatsoever." Grotius he calls an "inconsiderable knave." Puffendorf, he asserts, had "as poor an understanding as any creature that ever lived." Of Barclay he wishes us to "note the abject understanding of the animal." And for all these he thinks "the only appropriate style of reasoning is by kicking them. A posteriori arguments are alone intelligible to their perverse senses." To Herder he is kinder. Herder, you know, was the man who longed to be imprisoned in order that he might pursue his labours undisturbed. Listen to him:—

"For my part, I envy the man who is thrown into a dungeon, provided he has a good conscience, and knows how to employ his time. To me no greater service could be rendered, than exactly to shut me up for some years in prison, with permission to pursue my labours, and to procure the books I might want. Oh! never was poor soul more wearied out than I am with this hurry of business amongst crowds."

Herder died, De Quincey tells us, "in effect shouting with agonizing emphasis—'Time, I say!—more time!'"

I fear I am wearying you, my guest. We will stop and take our ease.

But what a holiday it is, is it not? Nothing to do; nothing to think about; only how best we may do nothing.

But the thought strikes me: for what purpose did this Herder want all this time? Was it not to—to produce "copy?" Oh! hateful, portentous, ominous word.

Pardon me one moment; there is a knock at the door.

"Well Thompson, what do you want?"

"Copy, please sir."—;—.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN

THROUGH THE LEAVES.

WHERE the water-lilies rise
Lithe-stemmed from the silver sand,
White-robed birches bend to see
Mermaids sporting by the strand.

Careless breezes waft their songs,
Mingled with the wild-flowers scent,
Through the solemn aisles of pine
And the cedars gnarled and bent.

Laughter ripples on the air,
(Merry maidens at their play),
Answering wavelets on the lake
Kiss the shore and haste away.

On a bluest summer day,
Such a picture I have seen
(While the maids unconscious played)
Through a frame of quivering green.

W. H. B.

COLLEGE DAYS.

WHAT a world all by itself the College world is. Here the citizens make their own laws, and though, as in all little worlds, they are ruled by the general laws of the outer and larger one, yet for the most part these happy beings live as best pleaseth them.

They have their cliques and their sets, their clubs and their institutions, and into one or more of these each newly-born youth is led either by his inclinations or his friends. This community has like all others its natural born leaders and those born to be led, the haughty patrician and the vulgar pleb; and indiscriminately mingled are the worn-out book-worm and the well-preserved pass man, the dude and the clown, the unblushing youth and the blushing maiden. In this world about the same number of days are allotted to each citizen, neither does he want less nor desire more. What a world it is! Ah! happy boys! Ah happy days! Days free and careless, yet bequeathing memories sacredly cherished never to be forgotten. They pass before us bringing with them many of the friends so dear to us, some we have almost forgotten, some we will never forget, while some have stepped out into the impenetrable darkness and left us.

A youth determines to become a collegian, he presents himself for the necessary examination. He sees for the first time the grand old building and the now quiet green: they tell him nothing. He modestly enquires the way to the hall; once there he thinks it necessary to keep up appearances and to talk as loudly as the other trembling applicants. He hears for the first time the awful words "Gentlemen, stand up," he starts, and stands greatly overawed by the sight of the stately procession clothed in their emblems of office and headed by the mace. How important he feels on being addressed as a gentleman; he is no boy now, and already he is delightfully wallowing in the prospect of astonishing his uninitiated and innocent school-fellows on his return to his hamlet home.

He is now a University man. At the time appointed he leaves his friends, not without suffering from a series of attacks of that disease of which he is heartily ashamed and which he says he caught from his sister. He reaches the city, and is ready for, he knows not what. Trembling lest he may commit some unpardonable offence, again he carefully reads the rules found in his announcement and there he sees, "Students are compelled to wear gowns," consequently arrayed in his academics he may be seen making his way to the scene of many of his future joys and disappointments. How envious, he thinks to himself, all these poor people are, even the high-collared dandy and the belle in the carriage with coachman and footman he pityingly grieves for—little thinking that such as he are no new sight, and little knowing that in him is seen nothing but an unoffending and home-sick school-boy. At first he behaves