

ing all the society's intellect, active and reserve, was mobilized and massed for constitutional battle. Those men of the loud war-cry, Meiklejohn, Hinch, Martin, leader of men, much planning Carson and Gundy strove in the forefront. Timid maidens wondered at the power of giant minds which let nor big nor little escape their masterful attention. And twilight came upon the struggle all unfinished. Mr. Burnham, Miss Bowes and Mr. Chase then lulled to repose still quivering nerves with soothing music, and Critic Hinch spread a choral atmosphere over all by a splendid analysis of fact and taste. Mr. Fisher was acclaimed successor of Mr. Hinch, while napping.—ADAM.

Hallowe'en Magic.

MOST of us can recall a time when we listened with wide-eyed wonder to tales of Hallowe'en magic, but surely last Hallowe'en, the patron saint of the evening surpassed himself, when on waving his magic wand, lo! there appeared fifteen gay spirits to while away on this old earth still another happy evening.

Somewhere on Catharine street, Samantha, Robin Hood, Psyche, and Pomona were at home to their friends. The latter, in dainty cap and apron, bedecked with ribbons galore, ushered the guests upstairs. Here, quaint Samantha, with her white hair crowned by her snowy cap, peered kindly upon them through her glasses, and offered a dainty welcome, in which she was joined by Psyche, beautiful as a rainbow, and attired in quite as many hues.

Robin Hood was host; naughty Robin, with regular 19th century fickleness, trolling out love songs to Lady Betty, unmindful of the days when he sang the same songs while Maid Marion wreathed him with daisy chains. But surely Lady Betty

was irresistible with her powdered hair heaped high on her head, and her sweet 18th century coyness.

Hither came Winsome in her simple lilac sunbonnet, murmuring half unconsciously to an imaginary daisy, "loves me, loves me not, loves me," and in striking contrast the Hungarian girl, resplendent in her native costume of red and gold, while the wealth of the Indies adorned neck and arms. But the wonder of the guests was excited most of all by the entrance of a lady possessing the remarkable power of "Looking Backwards," or perhaps it was the god Janus who chose to attend the soiree in the attire of a goddess.

Diavolo and his fair sister, Angelica, of course were there, bringing their mad pranks out of the realm of fiction to brighten for a few hours the stern life of reality; and Brown October joined the merry company in the autumnal glory of leaves and berries, with so smiling a face one could scarcely think that her days were almost done, while following in her footsteps came two charming white-robed dreams of Autumn—dreams, the memory of which will ever linger with us as the sweetest realities.

The Gypsy girl, bewitching as ever, her raven locks encircled with rowan berries, came tossing her tambourine, while Italy's representative was Juliet, perfectly happy without any Romeo, ready even to alter her impassioned speech to "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou not Robin or Diavolo?"

When all had arrived, one fair Dream of Autumn became for a time a living reality as she took flash-lights of the merry group, then fortunes were told. Gaily the jest went round, while the evening sped swiftly away, and soon the guests were grouped in regular school-girl fashion, while host and hostess generously dispensed nectar and ambrosia.

"Fill high the bowl with Samian