

into a purer, more bracing region where out of the earnestness and solitude of his soul he may bring true art. There is no strong ring of triumph or of heroism in this ending. Many will find it unsatisfactory and complain that here, as all the story through, there is too little happiness. It may be so, but how far does the story differ herein from the world which it reflects? Are there no mistakes nor disappointments there? Does the talented youth realize all his dreams? Does the man of genius live always up to his high calling? Does the opportunity always come to the worthy? Is it always used when it does come? Mournfully must one say no. Mr. Zangwill's story is sometimes unpleasing but it is none the less true. Sometimes bitter and hopeless, sometimes beautiful and fair, its pictures bear always the convincing stamp of truth and with it the strong mark of individuality.

In some of the London scenes showing the squalor of Rotherhithe or the dullness of Camden Town, one is reminded of Besant. In the realistic description of the art students' masquerade in Bohemian Paris, is a suggestion of Du Maurier, but the resemblance is of material rather than of treatment, and in the new ground of the Nova Scotia portions, the work is decidedly original. The sympathetic touch of the artist shows itself throughout all the book particularly in those parts where the scenery gives opportunity for fine colour effects in which the writer seems to revel like Scott or Keats.

The poem with its miniature history of Acadia will appeal to all Canadians, who will condone trifling errors and accept the general truth of the sketch. Before its close comes the note of sad philosophy, which will find its echo in the soul of the student of life everywhere, be he Canadian or another.

S. E. C.

THE ALL-AROUND MAN.

In the fall he played at football,
And played the season through.
In winter he played a banjo,
And sang in the Glee Club too.
In the spring he swung a racquet,
And base ball, too, played he.
In one year he graduated
With the degree "G. B."

—Bowdoin-Orient.

EN SOURIANT.

Horas non numero nisi aerenas.

Doux chérubin à tête blonde,
Aux yeux bleus, si pleins de candeur,
Que viens-tu faire, en notre monde?
Du ciel es-tu l'ambassadeur?

"Oui, des cieux je viens
Sur la froide terre,
Chassant la misère,
Semer tous les biens.

Enfant, je t'apporte,
Compagnons joyeux,
Toute la cohorte
Des Ris et des Jeux.

A toi, fille d'Eve,
Sur ton front si blanc
Je mets, en un rêve,
Un baiser charmant.

Oui, ta fiancée
Va t'aimer toujours,
Toi, dont la pensée
Ne rêve qu'amours.

Que dans ta demeure,
Vide de soucis,
La gaieté demeure,
Père, avec tes fils.

Au vieillard qu'appelle
La voix du tombeau
L'appui de mon aile
Pour monter là-haut.

J'apporte à toute âme,
Que le froid étreint,
Un peu de la flamme
De l'espoir divin."

Ce chérubin, à tête blonde
Aux yeux bleus, c'est le Nouvel-An!
Il passe ainsi de par le monde
Semant la joie, en souriant.

Montréal, décembre, 1896.

E. B.

ASTRONOMICAL.

"What are the stars that never set?"
The learned Prof. inquired:
"Roosters!" the answer that he met,
While Prof. and class expired.

—Bowdoin-Orient