

the old pleasant familiarity was resumed, the environments and associations of the past were still about them like a cloud shutting out the present. But the flash of recognition was as the flash of the candle-flame before it dies out in utter darkness. Before the first ten minutes of the short drive home had passed, reality was staring in upon them; convention resumed its sway; the chill, misty, dividing wall crept up again, and parting was relief.

It is the benison of a new day that it deadens the smarts of yesterday and blurs the outlines of its hideous forms; so that we begin to think we might have been mistaken and take fresh hope. The morrow came for them, and with it another attempt at reviving the past, an attempt that fell flat under the restraint of city streets and city crowds. The farmer and his span of colts lost by the transfer from their fitting and ideal background of wide field and lofty sky, his calmness and wholesomeness showed like dull stolidity against the shrewd alertness which city life begets. A meaner feeling, too, rose in the girl's heart than that of mere distaste at incongruity: a feeling of shame, which she vainly strove to shake off as unworthy. The sunburn, the reddened eyes, the careless dress, which had secured the organic growth and fit expression of his daily life and toil, looked ridiculous, vulgar, hideous in this foreign element. She beheld him as transformed. His rugged strength appealed to her no longer now that there was varying interest and excitement in her daily life to act as a continual stimulus. Moment by moment free converse became a task, then irksome, then painful, then impossible. "Harry," she called him, he replied with "May," but this sign of easy liking became more and more like mockery.

That night was his last night of holiday. Their first parting had possessed some degree of uncertainty and stirring of hope for the future; both felt the element of finality in their last. "I am sorry you could not stay longer," she said. "Will you not come in the summer again?" he asked. "I am afraid I cannot." And he felt that it was because she would not.

PAICE.

### MEANDERINGS.

The evening was not really cold, yet it was chilly enough to excuse the extravagance of lighting the grate so early in November. And what with the negative influence of the whistling wind outside, and the positive one of the grate's cosy comfort within, it really did seem a pity to go to church that night. All the rest of the family hustled off about a quarter to seven, leaving the fire and me to keep each other company. So pulling up my big arm chair—one of those low cloth-covered ones whose seat and back innumerable sittings-on have moulded into a form most exquisitely easy—and stretching out my feet on the fender, I nestled down for one of those sweet waking dreams that I suppose are as delightful to every young person as they are to me. Now gazing at the glowing coals, now watching the flickering shadows on the floor and wall, now, when the vision was brightest, closing my eyes and stuffing my hands down deeper into my trouser pockets, I lived through a lifetime in a few moments. How sweet those visions are! And as varied as the forms that the flames take on, or as the figures that the shadows weave! How interesting would be a record of all the bright fantasies that follow one another in one's wild imagination, if only some one were bold enough to write down his heart's inmost feelings. But no; they are as secret as they are sweet. One would not tell them to one's nearest friend, one hardly acknowledges them to oneself. We alone may wander through our airy castles, and even then the weight of our own personality generally brings down the fairy structure around our heads.

Anyway, such dreams are not for students. Not without good reason did I reproach myself for thus wasting

my time on a Sunday evening—Sunday, the only day in the week when one can conscientiously do a bit of reading. It is really interesting to note how much the world expects from a student's Sundays. If, when he graduates, he is to put forth the slightest claim to being "a gentleman of culture," he must spend his undergraduate Sundays, not in enjoying that luxury so dear to students—the luxury of not thinking—but he must spend them in making himself thoroughly familiar with Dickens and Thackeray and Lytton and Reade, with Scott and Byron and Wordsworth and Tennyson, with Carlyle and Macaulay and Emerson and a score of others, in fact, with every English classic to say nothing of the popular novels of the day, which pour from the press at a rate that would, to state the case moderately, allow one for each of the fifty-two Sundays of the year. He must be able to understand even the slightest allusion to any of George Eliot's characters, and must be the first to go into fits of laughter at the most mysterious reference to one of Pickwick's remarks—else this society lady will raise her eyebrows—and whisper in surprise to her neighbor, "And a University graduate too!" If some newspaper editor wants a really good "scoop," he might send a reporter up to University College to interview each student and find how many have ever read Dickens. The publication of that report would, I venture to say, shock the professors themselves almost as much as the reading public at large. It is indeed a pity that our curriculums should be so arranged that one feels as if one were committing a cardinal sin in opening any other than a text-book. It is a matter of deep regret—nay, what is more to the point—a matter for the serious consideration of the University authorities, that in the life of the Canadian student there is practically no leisure time for reading, and barely enough for physical exercise.

Though I did reproach myself for thus wasting my time, I was far too comfortable to disturb myself to get a book. The fire was getting warmer, and I removed my hands from my pockets long enough to pull up my trousers a little higher to give the heat a chance. With an indifference to the biddings of conscience, that comes only with long practice, I settled down deeper in the chair and stretched out my legs a little further. The fire was getting very hot; with an exclamation that would not have been exactly proper if there had been anyone else in the house but myself, I jumped back about six feet, chair and all. The soles of my slippers were like red-hot sheets of iron. In a few moments, however, they returned to their normal temperature, and I returned to my old place at the fire, but I was sufficiently roused to stretch out my hand and take the last number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* from the table, and to light the gas. Then drawing up my chair, I kicked off my slippers, and burying my feet snugly in the long-haired rug, I began to read a very interesting article on "Other Girls, from a Girl's Standpoint."

"People who criticize the grammar of young girls who say 'I don't think,' should take care," was the ominous way in which Miss Bell commenced her article. "For it is more true than incorrect. Most girls don't think."

"Poor, empty-pated, little creatures!" she went on to say. "Poor, lonely, little clothes racks!"

"Surely," thought I, "this is not altogether just. Are all girls like this?"

It was a great relief when I read in a following paragraph that they are not. "There are two kinds of girls," says the writer; "girls under twenty-five and others."

"And to what class," I asked myself, "do College girls belong—I mean, *our* College girls?"

If they will only read Miss Bell's portrayal of girls under twenty-five, I think that Varsity girls will forgive me for saying that they must belong to the other class. Girls certainly are silly, but so are men. When I look