

authority, strive to exercise a galling and unnecessary *espionage*, and parents—themselves, perhaps, fully alive to the horrors of autocracy—look calmly on. Carlyle ought to have lived in America to see what irresponsible rule, even by men who claim to be enlightened, must be in any case. A strange circumstance is, that while under a comparatively autocratic government, like that of Germany, a man's life at the University is his only taste of freedom; on this continent of representative institutions, that same life is a man's only period of thralldom.

SPEAKING of 'Metaphysics,' the Curriculum in Mental and Moral Science presents itself as a proper subject for criticism. When one comes to consider that this same Curriculum was concocted mainly by one whose reading was in a wholly different direction, viz., our late Vice-Chancellor, it is remarkable that most of its sins are those of omission. A Third Year man is not unlikely to think of Lorimer's Institutes as a glaring piece of committed iniquity; but after one has passed an examination on it, he usually feels that he would hardly wish to have never seen it. So one might say of the sickening eternity of the Nicomachean Ethics. But the great sin of Department V., after all, is the utter neglect of what may be called distinctively the philosophy of this half-century—the philosophy, too, that is most distinctively our own: in English—the philosophy of Evolution. The Senate have really no excuse. They revised the Curriculum not six months ago, and forgot a book so important and so full of meat as the *Data of Ethics*. Orthodoxy which allows Mill should scarcely be afraid of Spencer.

CRITICISING a critic is not necessarily defending the criticised. For instance, that is not the intention when one finds fault with the *Saturday Review* in its remarks on 'word-painting.' One can sympathise with the heartiest abuse of that most tiresome, cheap, and fruitless process of swelling out three volumes. One can even go farther and damn Black and his green-and-gold sunsets, without thinking scenery-description especially out of place in a classical story. The *Saturday Review* objects to it there because 'the face of nature was drawn with utmost simplicity by the Greek or Roman.' So it was. Savages, and indeed all but the most highly civilized, take no interest in the portrayal of anything but living creatures, particularly men. It is perfectly true that the love of landscape is of late growth; we have had our Michael Angelos and Raphaels centuries ago; but our perfect landscape painter is not born yet. But a classical story is, after all, written for us moderns; and if any one should become familiar enough with the details of classical life to give us a true picture of the landscape of Greece or Italy before Christ, by all means let us have it. Nothing could be more interesting. Alma-Tadema has shown us the interior; let some one find for us the exterior of the ancient world.

COLERIDGE'S CHRISTABEL.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here;
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain
For a lady's chamber meet.
The lamp, with twofold silver chain,
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim;
But Christabel the lamp will trim;
She trimmed the lamp and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine in wretched plight
Sank down upon the floor below.
"O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you drink this cordial wine;
It is a wine of virtuous powers;
My mother made it of wild flowers."
"And will your mother pity me
Who am a maiden most forlorn?"
Christabel answered: "Woe is me,
She died the hour that I was born."

Rara per ætherium fundit se Cynthia cœlum,
Nec radios illic ulla fenestra capit;
Haud tamen in visu stupuerunt secius illo;
Arte laboratum tollat ut aula caput;

Ut stet opus signi multum, stent dœdala multa,
Plurima quæ propriâ repperit arte faber,
Digna puellarum niteant quibus atria circum
Omnia; testa tamen dignior ipsa fuit.
Illam bina dæx plantis argentea vincla
Jungebant; raro flamma maligna micat;
Nympha tamen testam nota jam suscitât arte;
Illa novos ignes pendula rite ciet;
At comes interea magno confecta dolore est,
Inque solum corpus fusa nivale fluit;
"Heu; nostro renoves artus" ait altera "vino;
Dignum quale potens languida nympha bibat;
Illud enim latos matrem petiisse per agros
Et florum succos implicuisse ferunt."
"Anne potest postræ, nostræ miserescere sortis,
Terris quæ cunctis incomitata vagor?"
Illa gemens "nuper natam me," rettulit "unum
Tempus et heu matris funera vidit idem."

M. H.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

ENERGETIC advertisers of *Vegetine* have circulated a little sheet setting forth the invaluable properties of their concoction, and made attractive by little woodcuts of Canadian notabilities with biographical notes deliciously blended with remarks on the medicine. For example: 'Marquis of Lorne, Governor General. It may be given to an infant with perfect safety.' 'Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the Opposition, 1881. Composed exclusively of barks.' 'Hon. Alexander McKenzie, born January 28, 1822. Best and most reliable purifier in the world.'

THE United States and Canada both claim England as their mother-country. Washington was the father of his country; but alas! unhappy Canada never had a father, or, at all events, never knew who he was. Annexationists will triumphantly repeat, 'Tis a wise child, &c.'

'Six fly-papers, please,' said the old lady; and the intelligent chemist sent for half-a-dozen copies of the *'Varsity*.

THE examples of Thoreau and Wallace have not given Americans a taste for Biology; at all events they do not show it by very accurate naming: e.g., they call all invertebrate animals 'bugs.' Witness the following from an exchange:

Professor: 'What is a locus?'

Student: 'A locus is a little bug that lives among the trees.'

As the census enumerators have begun their work soon, it would save much time and annoyance if people would answer the questions promptly; and in order that they may be prepared, the following are some of the questions that may take a few moments to think over:

Do you eat soup with a knife or a spoon?

How often do you go to church, and what really brings you there, and have you paid your pew rent?

Has your mother-in-law freckles?

Have you paid your subscription to the *'Varsity*?

What do you think of co-education?

Do you consider that the students at University College require to be more closely supervised?

What is your opinion as to the amount of sympathy existing between Convocation and the Senate?

Do you deem the Debating Society to be in a prosperous condition; and do you think that the elections were properly conducted, and that they will have a beneficent effect on the exchequer of the society?

What, in your opinion, is the greatest use of scholarships, and do you think you stand a chance for some of the prizes offered if you happen to be the only competitor?

How often do you feed the cat?

CO-EDUCATION is considered to-day in nearly all our western colleges almost as a matter of course. The great opposition which is shown in the east to the education of men and women in the same colleges and classes, appears to most western people as wholly without reason.—*Illini*. Without thinking it 'wholly without reason,' one may yet point to these words to show how much our 'eastern' feeling is due to prejudice pure and simple.