

can best support and encourage his lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satires." After this production followed *Natural Tales*, *Tylney Hall*, and *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*. In these admirable productions Mr. Hood displayed his humorous faculty to the world's admiration, with great power, brilliancy and originality. Not only did his verse possess that silver thread of enlivening wit, but it possessed that true poetical ring which charms the ear of the reader. His prose productions showed a good degree of common sense and wide observation; but the substantial qualities of these productions seemed to have the greatest power when they were subservient to his ready wit. This idea of Mr. Hood's was confirmed when he first published the *Comic Annual* in 1829—a production very popular at that time—which continued for the space of nine years. Under this peculiar title it was his chief delight to treat all the leading transactions of the day in a pleasing spirit of caricature, carrying with it a current of true sympathy and honesty of purpose, but free from all personal malice and rudeness.

Mr. Hood had a keen knowledge of the equivocal uses of the words in the English language. With this appreciative talent he always kept within the bounds of decorum. The following is an example of his style in using equivocal words:—

"He thought her fairs o a. fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

"The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woe."

At first many of Mr. Hood's illustrations were ludicrous; but he improved in style and diction as he continued to write. His powers of description were of the highest order. Seldom did he allow his imagination to go back into the romance of the past, but found ample room for his abilities in the stern realities of the present. How beautifully has he presented to the mind a detailed description of the *Haunted House*. Nothing could be seen on the surroundings that would animate the feelings,—*"Not one domestic feature."* The house was truly deserted. Nothing could be seen but the moss upon the wall, the spider's web in the corner, the centipede creeping along the threshold, and marks of the *Bloody Hand*.

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!"

During the whole of Mr. Hood's life he was an invalid. As he became weaker physically sympathy for mankind seemed to glow in his heart. When troubles were pressing upon him with all their misfortunes, he always forgot his own afflictions, and poured

forth his sympathetic strains to alleviate the suffering in such compositions as the *"Song of the Shirt,"* and the *"Lady's Dream."*

He died on the 3rd of May, 1845—having spent a life of usefulness. One of his own fraternity has spoken of him in the following words:—"He was a man of most free and noble spirit, who harboured none of the grudging jealousies too often attendant on the pursuit of literature, who found no detraction from his own merits in the success and praise of another."

ALPHA.

EXTRACTS FROM PROF. JONES' LECTURE.

ON Friday evening, Decr. 11th, Professor Jones kindly favored the Literary Society with one of his popular lectures. The ladies of the Seminary being present by invitation, the Hall was well filled. The subject, *"A Search for a Hereafter,"* was dealt with historically in a very interesting and highly instructive manner. We have space only for the following:—

Augustine says that when the words were uttered, I am a human being, and nothing which befalls my fellow-creatures is a matter of unconcern to me, the hearers were so charmed that the whole theatre rang with applause. The sentiment here expressed has lived through the centuries and still lives in its beauty and power, warming and directing the heart, rescuing men from the grasp of selfishness, and linking them in a common brotherhood. To be human, in the sweep and boundlessness of a world-wide sympathy, is to live in the hearts of men and advance the best interests of our race. It is the touch that makes the world akin. The mourner's tear becomes its own exegesis. The beaming face and love-lit eye, true mirror of the wonderful and myriad-phased spirit, are interpreted for all ages.

So in the domains of science, literature and art, sympathy unlocks those mysterious chambers through which knowledge and emotion pass between the inner spirit and whatever man has felt and thought and done,—between the world of spirit and the works of nature. Man's soul trills as the sympathy intensifies. We draw our life both from the past and the present. We live in the great thoughts and deeds which bless and hallow life. *"The nearer approach,"* says Bayne, *"to what a man may be, the less is there in all that can be seen, or thought, or imagined, in air, earth, or ocean, in science, literature, or art, in all this universe, which will be strange to me."*

So let us not say: dead Past, bury your dead. To-day's pigmies must not sit in judgment on the intellectual giants of the past, and relegate them to the