

home study. It is our belief that if students did this regularly throughout the year, that home work would not be necessary.

There are some other improvements we should like to see under the new arrangement; for example, the privilege of using the periodicals taken in the Library as well as the books; some arrangement by which the staff should not have practically the exclusive use of books which they recommend to their students, but which these students seldom see; a catalogue which everyone can use without taking a special course of reading to understand the method of using it. By the way, would it not be a good idea for the Librarian to give a series of lectures in the beginning of each term on Bibliography? We understand that this is done in some of the leading university libraries in the United States. Lastly, the appointment of a Librarian who is thoroughly in sympathy with the student body; accessible at all times; willing as well as able to guide those seeking advice from him; ready to aid to the utmost to make the books under his care of the greatest use to the greatest number.

When these things are accomplished we can point with pride to our Library as the heart of our University, the centre of its life, from which, with more intimate relations between students and staff as a result of the seminary system, influences must radiate, the results of which no one can begin to estimate. Everyone at all interested in University affairs should, so far as possible, strive to advance the interests of the Library.

#### THE NEW BUILDING.

Two years ago we were proud of our ruin, a year ago we were ashamed of our wreck, but to-day we have again reason to grow proud of our building as it nears completion. It is a truism that the old days were better than the new, but the parallel statement that the splendor of things new is outshone by the glory of the things that are dead must undergo some restriction in a comparison between the restored building of to-day with its prototype of the past.

It were cruel indeed after all the energy and ability expended for the last two years should the new structure suffer by comparison with the old. In a sense it does, we must all admit. For the hand of Time deals gently with works grown venerable by the passage of years, and even decay at his healing touch grows beautiful. Therefore, it is rather with a feeling of sorrow that we see the soft harmonies of color marred by a contrast that no one can fail to notice. However, since the architectural symmetry has been so well maintained, years will again come to the rescue and restore the beauty of the past.

When we enter the building all cause for complaint vanishes. Having crossed the classic threshold we cease our quest for Beauty, and Utility, her foster sister of a prosaic age, accompanies our footsteps wherever we wander. Determined to cast a critical eye from cellar to turret we took an editorial plunge below, and hereby revoke the unworthy epithet we applied for a more dignified appellation. Instead of the dripping atmosphere that used to shiver through those subterranean halls, a warm and equable temperature renders the basement quite adequate to the functions assigned to it. It contains a number of

sufficiently lighted rooms for which the future will find some use. It is intended, we believe, to furnish cloak rooms here for the male students and a reading room if the supply of light prove sufficient. The heating arrangements and the electric system have their source in the north-eastern wing of the basement, and all the appliances are thoroughly modern. The furnaces, of which there are four, can be regulated to run at low or high pressure, thus ensuring a constant temperature throughout the building in every extreme of weather.

The changes that have so materially improved the lecturing departments are so obvious even to a casual observer that there is no need to advert to them. The success which attended the Shakespeare lecture on Saturday afternoon will attest the utility and convenience of the commodious halls henceforth to be used for entertainments of like nature, and for the annual festival of spring examinations.

#### TO ENID.

Ere the bright beaming sun in the golden-crowned west  
Had gained in full splendor the goal of his rest,  
I gazed on his fading with hope in my eyes,  
For the light of the sun, though hidden, ne'er dies.

And I heard in my soul, as the monarch of light  
Shot forth his last rays and surrendered to night,  
Sweet voices that thrilled me with music divine,  
For their song was of love, and my love is thine.

In heavenly accents their harmonies swept  
O'er the heart of a mortal, and with gladness I wept.  
"Of all the fair bounties that God's mercies give  
To dwellers on earth, Love only shall live."

Ah, darling! the anthem they sang died away,  
And the choir of angels fled with the day;  
But the glow on thy cheek, and the light in thine eye,  
Recall their refrain, "Oh, Love cannot die!"

W. P. R.

#### AU BORD D'UN LAC.



Went on a pedestrian expedition one day during our visit—three of us. Sure, there's luck in odd numbers, or we'd never have returned! The winds of early winter had caught a belated schooner, and cast it ashore where it still lay, about a mile from the harbor; and when at the dinner-table that day the conversation had turned on shades of departed greatness, Evangeline, after an impressive pause, averred that a visit to the wreck would suit her mood. "An Eve of raw and surly mood," ventured Jess, tragically, but Evangeline was too busy inserting a hairpin to take any heed, and soon three sunshades filed down the gravel walk.

I shall give no harrowing description of apparently insurmountable difficulties in shape of fences and newly-ploughed fields, and Jess's sarcastic remark about the ups and downs of life, which, to tell the truth, were so many and so disturbing that we feared Evangeline's mood would have changed before we reached the cliffs. But reach them we did—steep banks of yellowish clay, about fifty feet high, I should think—(we had no mathematical instruments with us, so I cannot be exact) with seams in them made by the frost and here and there broken by the gravelly bed of some spring torrent. We approached the edge, gazed down, and there on the sand beneath "a dreary wreck lay she." Evangeline's eyes rested wistfully on the blue lake and its victim, she heard the water lapping on the storm-broken stern, while Jess remarked of the great galleon wrecked and cast ashore by storms, "Grimy