

SUNSET DREAMS.

A window open to the western breeze,
The setting sun drowned in the ruddy gold;
I saw her through the stirring chestnut trees
That slope their broad leaves grandly fold on fold.

Strewed at my feet the pink and brown of sprays
Spoilt by the gale; the elm's new tender green
Gleaming as if the wand'ring sunlight rays
Had been entrapped in some transparent screen.

Dear little face! in ivy lattice framed,
That looked with lustrous eyes of happy light
Into my soul; O, look, all unashamed,
Along my life, making the future bright.

Still sing the thrushes on the twilight lawns,
Where whistling grasses lip an evening prayer,
And nodding daisies dream of golden dawns,
And I stand waiting—but thou art not there!

Open thy window, give me "good-night," dear;
Open thy heart and to my love reply;
Alas, I can but dream of thee as near,
For thou and I have said our last "good-bye!"

G. H. G.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Notwithstanding the many changes that we have seen of late years in the enlargement of studies, the abolition of tests, and the throwing open of degrees, the educational world is at bottom conservative, and adheres to its old traditions and routine. Every now and then there comes a time of spasmodic disturbance, and the fagging system, or the relation of head masters to their assistants, or of under-graduates to dons, becomes the question of the hour. The excitement is fierce but short-lived, and leaves no more permanent trace than a Surrey wild-fire.

The particular centre of perturbation—Winchester, Rugby, Eton, or University College, as the case may be—bears the marks of the conflict for a year or two, and suffers in numbers and reputation; but an ancient foundation can sustain many rude shocks, and yet go on in the same old stupid way, unmoved by passing criticisms and uninfluenced by public opinion, which can never know or care very deeply about such matters.

We are so accustomed to anomalies in England that we either overlook or plume ourselves upon our peculiar position in regard to the study and discipline of English undergraduates. We thank God we are not as the German students are. We have six months of holiday in the year and an examination every six months. Instead of kneipes, gesangvereins and duels, we have bump-suppers, we screw up dons, or we burn the statues in Peckwater Quad. That this national pride is in part justified, we should be the last to deny. There can be no doubt that an English undergraduate is in social qualities and breeding superior to the average German student. But we doubt whether this superiority is attributable in any sensible degree to the *genius loci*, and suspect that it is chiefly due to national habits and temperament, and to the higher social standing of the classes from which our universities are recruited. And there is another side to this social distinction which is apt to be overlooked. We hear much of the peculiar spirit, the special flavour, that marks off Oxford and Cambridge from newer and cheaper seats of learning, and it is much insisted on that no less than a three years' residence is required to impart this subtle aroma before the university will stamp the graduate with her hall-mark. If we inquire further what is the special charm of the place, we are told that it consists mainly, not in attendance on lectures or the personal influence of tutors, but in the free social intercourse of men drawn from all ranks, the common studies and pursuits of the poor sizar and the nobleman's son. It is here that we are inclined to join issue. Such intercourse prevails to a very limited extent and only in one or two colleges, notably Balliol. The rich man has his Athenæum Club (which, unlike its London namesake, is famous for its hospitality and unlitary character), he has his amateur dramatic club and his dining clubs, he keeps to his own set and rarely joins in athletic pursuits, like boating, which require common action. "Julian Home," though a monstrous travesty of Cambridge life, represents very fairly the feelings with which the fellow-commoner is regarded by the sizar, if the sizar, as is likely, happens to be thin-skinned. But the rich idler is not merely a harmless excrescence. Though he stands aloof from the social life of the university, he is forced to attend certain lectures and pass certain examinations; and as the standard of pass examinations is in the long run determined not by the ideal of the examiner, but by the average attainments of the examinee, he helps to lower the general intellectual level of the university. Hence it is that half of those who go out in the poll would be plucked for a German schoolboy's Abiturienten-Examen. Again, it is on his account that a system of discipline is maintained (in theory, at least), which is wholly unsuited to the present conditions of the university, and is, in fact, a survival of monasticism. Wherever young men congregate in numbers there are sure to be occasional outbursts of animal spirits; but elsewhere we have succeeded in preventing or promptly suppressing all outrages on public order or decency. Medical students no longer wrench off knockers, and officers no longer put young donkeys into newly-joined subalterns' beds. But at the universities men are constantly being "drawn," held under the pump, or ducked in the fountain; and that the screwing-up of dons is not a rare occurrence is proved by the fact that the offenders in the recent case actually pleaded its frequency as an excuse. There is indeed an Oxford story, for which we will not

vouch, that a college tutor was once heard appealing to the porter for help under similar circumstances, when the porter asked whether he should go round to Brass, the locksmith: "It's he as Mr. L——" (mentioning another of the tutors) "generally sends for." And from Lord Byron, who invested the statues in Neville's Court with crowns not of ivy, down to the young barbarians of Christ Church, these modern Her-mocopidæ have been mainly the aristocratic idlers.

The remedy for this chronic lawlessness is not more stringent discipline, but stricter entrance examinations, and a resolve on the part of college authorities not to receive or tolerate idlers and loafers. Most colleges have abolished the order of fellow-commoners, and tutors "softening to the whisper of a lord" are almost an extinct race. But many colleges still try to attract "the sons of very great people whom it is almost impossible to sophronise," and imagine that they will thereby raise the tone of the society. There is no more reason in the nature of things why a nobleman should receive a degree in two years, than there is why a sizar should be fed on the scraps from the high table. On the other hand, we think that the discipline might without danger be relaxed, and in particular that the proctorial functions might well be handed over to the city police. Our sons go up to the University at least two years later than their fathers. The late Lord Westbury was a scholar of Corpus at fourteen; Dr. Arnold and Keble were only fifteen when they gained their scholarships. In those days, too, a married tutor was a contradiction in terms, and the staff in college was double what it now is. Secondary punishments, such as impositions, fines and gatings, could be freely resorted to with boys of sixteen; with a young man of twenty there is nothing short of rustication or expulsion. The head of a college was then a tutor who had earned his promotion by long service, and he ruled as a Mikado—mysterious, dignified, but mostly invisible. Lately the experiment has been tried of importing a successful and energetic schoolmaster. It has not worked perfectly. The older dons are jealous of an intruder who has been put over their heads. The new master finds his hands tied by a constitution which makes him nothing more than the chairman of a committee with a casting vote; and, as in the recent case, he has to bear the onus of measures to which he himself gave a reluctant consent. Here the remedy is obvious. Either the mastership of a college should be abolished as a useless sinecure, or the powers and duties of the office should be increased: *mutatis mutandis*, he should be to a college what a head master is to a public school. The reforms we have hinted at would, we believe, not only put a stop to the insubordination and silly practical jokes which are chronic in certain colleges, but would tend to make the universities national centres of learning far more than any scheme of university extension or endowment of research.

ONE VALUE OF MONEY.

The views that different people hold with regard to money, its meaning and its value, show, to a great extent, the soundness of their judgment and the clearness of their moral perceptions. A few (and happily in our day only a few) prize it for its own sake alone. To them, the mere pleasures of accumulation outweigh all others, and compensate for any amount of labours, self-denial, and privation, to which they subject their families, as well as themselves. The greater number, however, value money for what it can bring. Not for itself do they crave it, but for the comfort or ease, the power or fame, the luxury or social standing which it can command. Some go a step higher, and appreciate it mainly for the opportunities it affords of doing good, of spreading the blessings of civilisation, of education, of refinement, and of comfort over those who need their elevating influence.

The whole value of money does not consist, however, in what it may be made to produce. Much of its significance lies in what it represents, and this is a standard which is but seldom applied. Sometimes it stands for industry, perseverance, temperance, economy, and self-denial; sometimes it merely indicates a fortunate throw at the dice-box of speculation. In the hands of one man it tells of foresight, judgment, courage, and honourable endeavour; in the hands of another, its story is of oppression, meanness, treachery, or fraud. Now it denotes a lifetime of provident forethought, and self-reliance; and again it is a suddenly inherited possession. No fluctuations of the money market could ever indicate such large variations of value as these display. It is ordinarily thought that money is worth just about the same, whatever be its antecedents. We suppose that on the same day, and in the same city, one dollar is exactly as good as another; but it is not so. Each has a different history and a different destiny. Each has a past and a future, and the first largely controls the second. For it is not simply that what a man possesses bears upon it the stamp which his character has given it; its results also will, in the main, correspond with the qualities which gave it birth. For example, thriftless, improvident man, who labours only for present gratification, who abhors self-denial, and will not look into the future, will always be poor and inferior. He may be an ordinary labourer, or a skilled artisan, or a highly-educated philosopher, it

matters not, for so long as he is unable to sacrifice immediate pleasure to ultimate good, his money, be it little or much, will slip from him, and leave him and his family in destitution or dependence. Take away the element of self-denial out of money, and it seems to lose all stability and endurance.

Joseph Brotherton, who rose from being a factory boy in a cotton mill to a seat in the House of Commons, by the strictest honesty, industry, and economy, left to be recorded on his monument, "My riches consisted not in the greatness of my possessions, but in the smallness of my wants." Dr. Johnson says: "Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have spend less," meaning, evidently, that, in his view, poverty was merely the excess of outgoing over the incoming. When we consider that out of seventy or eighty years of life, scarcely forty or fifty can usually be applied to remunerative labour, it would appear to be a man's bounden duty to reserve a portion of the money thus earned for the future needs of himself and his family, to say nothing of the debt of humanity he owes to others less capable or less fortunate than himself. The discipline of mind and character, which this habit of economy, will give, is, in itself, even more valuable than the money itself, and, in the strength of character thus obtained, lies one of the very best results of the right use of money.

Another value which money may represent is independence. If it has been won fairly and honourably by exertion and painstaking it has cost independent action, and leads to an independent life. There has been the force of soul which has resisted temptation, whether in the form of pleasure or ease, or indolence, or friendly enticement; and the power to conquer has increased with every victory. Debt, that chief enemy of independence, has been avoided, and the spirit of self-reliance has lifted the man out of the need of any obligation but those of love and good-will. On the other hand, borrowed money is a chain that holds its victim in perpetual servitude. It lowers his self-respect, discourages his efforts, teaches him to cringe and flatter and deceive, and to employ the powers that should be given to honest labour in cunning artifices to obtain that which he has never earned. Such money is worse than worthless; it forms an actual slavery from which each day's continuance makes it less possible to escape, and beside which the freedom of honest poverty is a rich inheritance.

There is much written and spoken about the right use of money, and there is doubtless much need of improvement in the art of expenditure. Yet there is so intimate a connection between the way that money comes to us and the way it leaves us, that our responsibility concerning it dates a long way back. It is subject to certain laws which we cannot break with all our efforts. If its sources are pure and good, its outlets cannot be foul and corrupt. If industry and self-denial, and honest labour of head or hand have brought it to us, it is scarcely possible that a wasteful extravagance or selfish indulgence shall carry it away. But if it bears no mark of our character upon it, if it is ours only by accident or chance, let us not hope to hold it, or to extract from it the advantages which well earned money can bestow. And if we gain it by under-hand methods, if we wrest it from another by oppression or fraud, or double dealing of any kind, then, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, it will yield bitter and poisonous fruits.

APHORISMS.

VICE has more martyrs than virtue.—Cotton.

THE force of ideas is never felt till they are voted down.

AN ounce of conviction is worth a pound of caucus.—Gordon.

THE stroke that blasts life's hope blasts also its smile.—Ik Marvel.

ART is the application of knowledge to a practical end.—Sir John Herschel.

PRESS on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit and forget yourself in thought.

—N. P. Willis.

A CHRISTIAN'S robes will become soiled if he wears them too flowingly.—Archbishop Leighton.

TIME creeps toward us with folded wings, but when 'tis past us, its wings seem to flap with speed.

SMALL bodies with velocity have a greater momentum than large masses without it.—Lacon.

FOR all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave.—George Herbert.

A YEAR of pleasure passes like a floating breeze, but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

THE activity and soundness of a man's actions will be determined by the activity and soundness of his thoughts.—H. W. Beecher.

THERE is always sunset and sunrise somewhere. The sun goes round the world preceded, And followed by a heaven of glory.

ENGINEERS say that locomotives are always low-spirited and indisposed to work in damp, foggy weather. In this respect they are very human.—Chronicle.

WE must get at the heart of the people if we would know what is best for the government. It is the breath of the people that purifies the blood of the nation.—Douglass.

DEEP feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear. Let the heart palpitate in every line and burn in every word.—Enoch Pond.

CHILDREN'S HATS.—Now that the sun is again regularly visible, it may be worth while, to remind parents that the use of a child's hat is to cover its head, and the use of the brim is to shade the eyes. It is painful to see infants and little folk of tender years with half-closed eyelids, corrugated brows, and faces screwed up and distorted by the glare of the sunshine, from which they ought to be protected. Fashion is the juggernaut of life all the world over, and children are tortured, with the kindest intentions, in the worship of the hideous monster; but it is needless to inflict petty sorrows and annoyances which do not actually form part of the orthodox sacrifice to folly. While children are beneficially allowed to wear hats with brims, these useful appendages should be turned down so as to shade the eyes. This simple precaution will save considerable pain, spare some trouble with the eyes, and produce a more pleasing expression. Children who are perpetually struggling to keep the sun out of their eyes do not either feel amiable or look happy, as a walk in one of the parks any fine morning must convince the attentive observer.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.—Woman's share in influencing man is pronounced and clearly defined from the beginning of life. The mother sets her impress upon her boy. One expects to hear of a great and good man that his mother was serene, strong and full of faith. Men are insensibly wrought upon every day by the women of their households. If you hear a young man speaking lightly and flippantly of sacred things, if you observe in him a lowness of tone, and an impurity of sentiment, which jars upon and pains you, and, above all, if you know that he habitually thinks of woman as his inferior, doubting her sincerity, her goodness, and her principles, you may rest assured that he has not been under the moulding hand of wise and sweet women. His mother has been shallow and selfish, his sisters have been frivolous and idle, or his wife is vain and silly. But the woman who marries a man is not the woman who makes him—strong and potential as is her wifely influence. She can intensify his self-esteem, exalt his pride, and brood like a black frost on his desires after God. But the set, the trend, the start, in his case was given partly, before birth, in the temper and spirit of his mother—much in those early days when he lay a helpless babe in her happy arms.

DANGERS OF LIGHTNING.—Cases have been known in which a gold pin in a girl's hair has been fused by lightning, or a bracelet melted off a lady's wrist without the wearer suffering any actual injury. Sportsmen, owing to the iron of their weapons, are apt to be struck by lightning. Hence, some philosopher—half in jest, half in earnest—has proposed that a portable lightning-rod in connection with an umbrella should be provided for people liable to be caught in thunderstorms. Such a *parapluie*, if the ferrule were provided with a pointed metallic rod projecting into the air, and connected with a detachable chain or wire to drag on the ground behind, could bring the bearer and his paraphernalia of destruction through the electric tempest, even though the lightning should play all around him. We must keep away from the neighbourhood of bad or non-conductors, and near to the good ones if they are connected with the ground. A man clad in the steel armour of the Middle Ages would be almost perfectly safe, especially if he had steel points in his boots to stick into the ground, as he would have a capital conductor all around him. For the same reason a man in an iron bed would be safe, especially if the bed be connected by metal to the gas-pipe, so as to make complete contact with the earth. Standing near a high body like a tree is dangerous, because electricity always rushes to the highest points; and unless the body is a better conductor than a man or woman, the electricity will strike out towards the man or woman.

"TWENTY-FIVE years ago," says a colour philosopher, "niggers was wof a thousand do apiece. Now dey would be deah at \$2 a dozen. 'stonishing how the race am runnin' down."

How dear to my heart is the school I attended
And how I remember, so distant and dim,
That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprises of the master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the
So high that his bullet-head busted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy!
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin.

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.