

toil for life and the ceaseless tramp of hurrying feet that knows not rest and peace. But enough of moralizing: we stir the large-limbed porter—important official—from his evening drowse and tramp the echoing corridors again—halls that have echoed often to our skipping feet and joyous song; and now they echo to a well-known refrain, some one is carolling forth with bursting lungs—can we ever forget it? ὁρμίσωμεθ' ἀδελφοί Oh, how often have our hearts gone forth like reaching hands to the old days and the old faces when the breath that memoried song hath struck like sudden poetry across the dull heart. They claim for the sense of smell the strangest power of awakening memory. We feel like contesting the question, who fails on hearing an air ever heard before to call back with a rush of recollection the long forgotten circumstances connected with it? a vivid thing of visions, clearer than any other power could produce. Aye, it is the old St. Simon and St. Jude song, sacred to the memory of many a panting youth, skimming with light legs along the sere grass of the dunshadowed ravine, struggling over the high fence, dropping from thence on his feet, hands or head, no matter which, pounding through the wet and mud up the steep hillside and sprawling over the mark amid cheers and congratulations. We stand for a while in the dim-lit hall giving sway to the fleeting glimpses of fireside evenings, companionable pipes and common tobacco, old stories and eager talks over favorite authors, wasting away the long hours like moments, which the ever-living notes of that sweet chorus call up. We are roused at last by the sight of the members of the wine committee speeding round the corners with two vast jugs, very amphoræ, filled with no Massic or Falernian, but what suits our rude but appreciative stomachs just as well. Anon, we pursue those fleeting shadows to a small, neat room in the Lower Western Corridor, where they have taken covert, there we find them engaged in pouring out the bright red liquor into,—hum—decanter? alas, no, into lager-beer bottles. Then the bell rings, far through the dusty corridors its well-known, cheery call, and dons, smiling and rubbing their hands, guests and gowned students of high and low degree, all eager and hungry-eyed are gathering fast and thick into the hall above the dining room * * * and here we are again—graduates smiling from the dais, waiters flying, tongues rattling, tables glittering with this world's delights, the placid oyster skipping from plate to mouth, red wine gleaming to the brim of three dozen glasses. Ah, well, to-morrow will bring its dead hopes and weary thought again; now let us surrender ourselves to the past and all that is bright and glorious in it; wine to loosen the soul from the limbs, so that we scarce feel that the imagination, is hampered by them, and swift talk and ringing laughter to fill the imagination with their wondrous light. Sure these new walls of the dining hall are but ordinary things, many finer and grander in the world, yet they seem to us now something out of the world, woven with marvelous beauties never seen before, filled with visions borrowed from the ends of the earth and the ends of time. So let it be, 'twill be something to remember when the gloom returns. Toasts come and go—sweetest speeches we think we ever heard, for who can venture to his old home of old years, years of quickening blood, and not say something warm and kindly. Every one has his word of simple wisdom that goes home to the heart. Let us listen and draw close to him.

Now the prizes are delivered for the steeple-chase; each big-legged winner stalking up proudly after his

meed, which is generally something valuable and useful. All stand reverently to sing ὁρμίσωμεθ' The youngest freshman pipes from his silvery lips the weighty praises of the ladies, the hands are joined for "Auld Lang Syne," grand old-memory song, that will last as long as memory lasts. It is the solemn expression of that clinging to days gone by which draws hope for the future. When we go out from the college halls at term's end we join hands in the vestibule and inspire ourselves with its lingering notes.

The hall is cleared save for the scampering of the wine committee, who secure the remnants of drinkables; the grad, the undergrad, the freshman and the tug, anomalous being, stroll forth with smiling faces, the latter none the worse for wine but surely replete with a goodly store of oysters and cold turkey, his placid face beaming with innermost contentment. And here I may be pardoned for a digression upon tugs, who are now, happily, a thing of the past. The tug, readers, ye who have never been within the sacred walls of Trinity, was of yore, one of that interesting but rather wearying class who entered college merely for a two years' divinity course without degree, and generally not over-burdened with information in general, who acquired during residence such scanty gleanings of theological lore, such small insight into the hidden depths of the Greek testament, and the secret mysteries of the Hebrew alphabet, as led them to suppose themselves invincible on all matters of religious dispute, and induced them on all occasions when rubric or vestment could be in the slightest degree concerned, to discourse with widening eyes, flowing tongues and spreading fingers, much to the disgust of the more worldly minded among their auditors, and to the delight and edification of the ministerially inclined. But, sooth to tell, the tugs were always a brave and valiant race, and persistent in the struggle against their spiritual enemies, and though sometimes enticed into lawless hubbubs and worldly rows, levelled at the ears of the sleeping Dean, yet on the whole were irreproachable by dons or men. The one great spiritual enemy, however, which caused them fiercest struggle and deepest anxiety, was to be found in the daily reading of the lessons in chapel. The long words in the scripture were an unending strife to them. Many a time might you hear in the dull afternoons the sonorous voice of the unwearied tug sounding from the chapel in battle with his shadowy foes in tireless preparation for the desperate encounter of evening and morning. What an inspiring sight it was to see him mount the platform before the lectern, his firm lips pressed and eyes gleaming for the fray. How desperate was his look when he beheld his enemy glaring like a clawed thing from the sacred page; how he smote, now a thrust, now a back stroke, cleaving him asunder, here a head, there a leg, scattering his dis-severed syllables among the admiring spectators. How his face flushed with triumph and his large hands trembled with excitement when the contest was over and he had slaughtered all his enemies. The tugs were always great eaters, making up in beef and pudding for what they resisted in other forms of enjoyment—indeed they are reputed to have taken their name from the merciless manner in which they would "tug" at the steward's beef. However this may be, the genuine tug has now passed from us, and the times shall know him no more; he is now required to burden his disputatious intellect with a little of the worldly dross of a common arts course.

(To be continued.)