

who then laid down their lives in defence of the sacred soil of Canada. In his Inaugural Address, in the old Library Hall, on the 5th of October, the President, Sir Daniel Wilson, made the following appeal, which we cannot doubt will meet with a hearty response:—

“Among the effaced mementos of our own brief history as a University, I trust the graduates will recognize that a sacred duty devolves on them to replace the memorial window, which in the old Convocation Hall perpetuated the memories of those of our undergraduates whose lives were sacrificed in gallant defence of our Canadian frontier against Fenian invaders. The east window of the hall in which we now assemble has been reserved for its restoration there.”

The President, when speaking, pointed to the window overhead, filled manifestly with a mere temporary glazing, in contrast to the windows, with their colored glass on either side; but the noise of some students among the audience, we fear, rendered Sir Daniel's appeal inaudible.

OCTOBER.

Royally vested, o'er the solemn wolds,
When nature rests, the great ingathering done,
Sweeping in robes of heather-purple folds,
Diademed with fire-red rays of setting sun,
October hastens, swift on Summer's track,
To touch her rose-flushed cheeks with hue embrowned,
To gird her robes for Winter's coming wrack,
Whose earliest victims wither on the ground.
Then veils he her in frosted mist and white,
And, quick of mood, begins a wanton chase,
Spurns all the fallen glories out of sight,
With frolic, north-blow song and revelling face;
Then shakes the branches, showers down the leaves,
While for each dying flower some dryad grieves.
WOODSIDE, BERLIN. J. KING.

THE SEA NYMPHS.

“Come unto these yellow sands.”

Three moon-lit maidens
Upon the beach,
Treading a measure
Just out of the reach
Of the waves that greet
With a kiss the strand
Where they fain would meet
On the golden sand
The silver feet
Of the maiden-band.

The moon-lit maidens
Whose silver feet
On the golden sand
So airily beat,
Are clad alone
With the wealth of hair
Around them strewn
By the love-sick air,
Which laughs at the moan
Of the waves' despair.

The moon-lit maidens
Whose wealth of hair
Is wet with the wave
That moaneth there,
A figure form
Of triple mould,
And dance to warm
Their white limbs cold,
Which the waves by storm
To their breast would fold,
Varsity, Dec. 22, 1888.

WHAT WE OWE TO THE SEMITES.

In this nineteenth century when everything seems to move faster, when science is taking such mighty strides onward, where art and literature are so highly cultivated, we are prone to overlook and forget what we owe to generations long since mouldered back to the dust whence our race has sprung. We are accustomed to contrast ourselves, possessed as we are of so many benefits, with the ages of the past, and from such comparison to draw the conclusion that our forefathers were savages--nay more, were the missing links of Darwinian philosophy. Hence from such a conclusion it very naturally suggests itself to our minds that we far exceed them in mental calibre, in power of brain; and to such an extent is this true that we are accustomed to hear our age spoken of as the brain age. In such a comparison and such an estimate I think we err in judgment; we lose sight of the fact that we are building upon the foundations laid long ago; and should ever keep in mind that it is easier to improve and complete than to invent and produce at first. It is quite true that we possess modes of travel which put to shame in regard of speed the Caravan or ship of Tarshish; yet without these earlier and slower forms we would never have possessed the palatial “greyhounds” or through expresses of to-day. The world is more nearly joined together I admit; to circle it is no longer an exploit to be heralded at courts and boasted by descendants; it is to-day but a summer excursion; our arts and sciences are so nearly perfect that their rude beginnings are almost lost to sight in the mists of tradition, are subjects alone for archaeological cranks and other fanatics. Let us not forget however in our admiration of the present to suitably honor the past ever, holding as our motto in this respect, “tribute to whom tribute is due.” To whom then are we indebted for these benefits and whence derive we them? In answer to this question, I think, we must admit that we are in a large measure in the debt of the Semites for them, and the Semites owe them chiefly to the Babylonians and Phœnicians. In treating of a subject such as the present I will not make any particular mention of the derivation of our religion. “Salvation is of the Jew,” and the debt we must owe the Semites, if this were alone what we have derived from them, is indeed very great. But there are other things in which they have led the way for us to follow. And first we will look at the question of writing. Our alphabet was and is even yet supposed by many to be Egyptian in its origin. But that this derivation of it is hardly to be accepted is now pretty definitely proven. Its source without doubt is through the Phœnecian (to which step all will agree) without doubt from the Manæans. This people who inhabited Southern Arabia, some twenty centuries before the Christian Era, developed an alphabet quite distinct from that of the Egyptians, while displaying all the peculiarities both in sound and name found in the Phœnecian. For instance the first letter “Aleph” represents in Manean an ox's head and bears the name “Aleph.” It is now therefore no longer necessary to draw as strongly, as some of us have had to do, on our imaginations to find supposed resemblances between the Phœnecian letters and freehand drawings of the ornithological remains of Upper Egypt.

Such is one of the greatest debts we owe to them, but there are others hardly less important on which we will however but briefly touch.