

## THE ENCHANTED BOOT.

On Caria's coast there lies a shore  
They call the beach of singing sand ;  
'Tis said, that, in the days of yore,  
Fair Aphrodite trod the strand.

And even yet—on halcyon days—  
Those who have crossed the arena tell,  
From foot of him who idly strays  
Faint strains of sweetest music swell.

And I have heard a merry note  
From foot of maiden of to-day ;  
'Tis surely an Enchanted Boot  
That breathes its sole in such a lay.

I know the physicists will tell  
That music's but vibrating air,  
The physicists may go to—well,  
Perhaps I'd better not say where.

Let science talk of grating grains,  
And men profane of squeaking shoes ;  
The poet's mind the truth attains  
And wisdom waits upon the muse.

I know the sand's proud pæan rings  
Remembering the Goddess' feet ;  
And the glad boot its anthem sings  
Rejoiced to bear a maid so sweet.

N. A. M. PORTKEY, '00.

## A TRAGEDY IN COMMONPLACE.

As children they had been playmates, Elsie and Tom. It was a happy childhood, for not a few of the pleasant things of life were open to them, and they cared little for all the world and much for each other. They were cousins; and fast friends.

Time passed on. Elsie—who, as a child, had been pushed into the back ground by sisters older and more aggressive, more attractive to strangers, perhaps; certainly more regular featured and more delicately complexioned—outgrew her childish timidity, and expanded into a young woman, with a woman's quiet self-confidence and a woman's consciousness (though sweet and maidenly) of her power to please. Was she conscious, too, of a change in her relationship to Tom? Perhaps not—perhaps Tom himself hardly felt that a change was possible. He had never wavered in a brotherly devotion; how should he realize that, as man and woman, things could not be the same to him and to Elsie as they had been to them in the holiday times of their childhood? His heart was an open book to her; how should he know that, unconsciously to her, he had ceased, gradually, to be her confidant? Her manner was free and open and unconstrained—to him, cordial and sisterly as ever; how should he guess that others had grown as dear to her as he? He asked for nothing, hoped for nothing, desired nothing more than to be for all time her very dear friend—her almost brother; why should it be denied him?

The awakening came suddenly, as it must. Not through love-madness on his part—nor on Elsie's. Not through passionate jealousy of any other whom Elsie had learned to love—he had never thought of her as a lover might, and would have rejoiced in her love for one worthy of her trust. It was nothing—only a careless word that fell from the girl's unguarded lips; uttered unthinkingly, not cruelly, as the expression of her natural attitude toward him—indifferently, as the expression of an every day fact. He did not blame her; he could not force her love—nor could she. He had only been dreaming—loving as a brother and dreaming that he was loved. It was nothing.

Nothing but a line more on a forehead which begins already to show that the careless holiday of childhood is of the past. Nothing but a closer attention to the business affairs which claim his time. Nothing but a firmer set to the quiet lips and a gentler tone to a voice which once had laughter in it.

T. D. SPENCE.

## THOUGHTS BY THE RAILWAY.

There is one study which, though not on the University curriculum, commends itself to the attention of every true student. It is that which Pope has called "the proper study of mankind," Man. Alike from books and from real life, alike in the lecture-room and in the social and business intercourse of the world, in every sphere of life can this most fascinating of all studies be pursued. But if there is one opportunity more favorable than another for observing and "sizing up" the character of mankind in general, it is that which is presented to the railway passenger.

The philosopher Hobbes lived before the age of railways; but his views of the nature of man are strikingly confirmed by the experience of travellers. Who does not remember the individual who can take up two seats in a crowded car as cheerfully as if no one else were standing near by, regarding him with a look which not even the most optimistic could call friendly? Mayhap we ourselves have been the offenders—we can remember the scowls that greeted us, as others in search of a seat passed by us; we can imagine we heard their "curses not loud but deep" as we stared into vacancy, sublimely unconscious of their presence. Ishmaels that we were! our hand against every man's, and every man's hand against us. Truly it was a case of *bellum omnium contra omnes*. At such times (*i.e.*, we happen to have the double seat above mentioned) we derive great comfort from that noble line of Milton's:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

Whether the others had the same consolation, we never stayed to think. Truly Hobbes seized hold of a large element in man, even if he did not grasp his whole nature.

But we have been side-tracked unawares, indulging in this philosophic discussion. We must now switch back to our main line. We were remarking that the railway passenger has unrivalled facilities for learning his fellow-men, what and of what sort they are. This is no mere raillery, but a proposition to which every engineering individual will give assent, for the train of thought freighted with so many ties of association which it will start in his mind will carry him without a brake to the same conclusion as ourselves, and he will therefore esteem us as wise and prudent, *i.e.*, as having voiced his opinion in uttering our own, or, as the poet beautifully expresses the same thought:

Would that thy lips might utter what it were mine to say!

But to resume. If you wish to see what mankind really is by examining an average sample of the *genus homo*, then we know of no better coign of vantage from which to make observations. All the stages of life can be seen here. Of the infant stage not more than one or two specimens will be met with ordinarily on a single trip, but they are amply sufficient to keep up the reputation of the class. Too often, alas! we are apt to forget the poor tired mother, when we are annoyed because our snooze at full length in the double seat is disturbed by the still, small voice that, like the conscience of the righteous, will not be hushed. School boys, too; aye, and school girls! The last trip we made, a troop, of them got on at one of the stations, and their merry talk and laughter made us wish for our own school-days again. Some of them, perhaps, were not so free and unconstrained; the experienced eye could detect symptoms of the third stage of human life already emerging from the second. We would be willing to wager a good deal that if that young fellow ever studied Wordsworth he is thinking now of the poem, "She was a phantom of delight," etc. As we watched them we began to weave romances about the future of these merry youths and maidens, and the car seemed strangely dull after they had left it. Who does not remember, too, the dignified-looking individual who sets forth his views on politics and the nature of things in general in a voice which awes us by its accents of authority and command? We begin to wonder what important personage he is, and in a subdued tone inquire of our next neighbor whether he is a cabinet minister or a member of parliament, or what. Imagine