

Stedman give us for the barrenness of the early colonial period? What conflicting causes does he make mention of in addition to restrictions of money, sympathy and historical theme for the ground-work of great poems? What has he to say of copyright, of the absence of literary centres, of European contempt, and what, finally, of the limitations implied in that confining word "Colonial?"

"All the drags, the anchorage, the limitations, involved in the word 'colonial' retarded a new ideal. The colonial restriction has been well determined. It made the western lyre, until the period covered by this survey, a mechanism to echo, without fresh and true feeling, notes that came from over sea." And in addition to this echo we have the double refrain caught from American eccentricities which have also somewhat sapped our originality. We know that for fifty years after their Declaration of Nationality our cousins were groping for political and financial security. We know also that all the poetry of these generations lies in scattered outbursts of prose apostrophes to Liberty throughout the multitudinous rhetorical periods of their orators. Their years of transition are over, when the nation was striving from state to state of political excellence at last to grasp their highest attainable ideal of government, and to feel their vast continent throbbing with power. We are many stages in the national march behind them. We are dragging along the despised path that the Americans forsook more than a century ago. How many unproductive periods of transition must we undergo before we know our fate among the nations, and remain no longer in intellectual subjection to the pettiest states of Europe? It is not treason to long for this intellectual equality with other nations, for it is only secured by national security and the material prosperity of the people. . . . The lack of inspiring historical themes of course does not militate against a lyrical development in poetry, and this refined essence may spring up at any time, for we never lose possession of our passions, desires and doubts; and we have hardly to raise our eyes for a sight of a Nature with tints and phases that are always national and peculiar to Canada. But every other indictment upon our condition prevails adversely even upon this form of expression. But it is not improbable that we shall have at no distant date lyrical productions of merit, lauded perhaps in England and America, and published in Canada (for the national honour) with profit to everyone but the author, thanks to the effect of Copyright Law.

WORDS OF GUIDANCE.

"And therefore will I maken you disport
As I seyde erst, and don you some comfort."

It has ever been customary at this season for THE VARSITY to offer solemn words at once of warning and of comfort to those of its readers who were expecting to come within the circle of the Charybdis which once a year draws in the waters of the student world and again vomits them forth strewn with shattered wrecks. These maxims, like the wild-fig tree to which Ulysses clung when the black waters swirled beneath him, have sustained many a struggling swimmer, and have even helped (so we have been informed) some of the weaker brethren who have been caught by the back-eddy which sets in every September. We have therefore devoted time and trouble to culling an anthology of verses suitable for memorizing at this season. The result we have tabulated, according to the various persons or things to which they refer, in a systematic manner that shows that we too have taken pass Geology in our day. The regular and relentless measure in which it proceeds vividly recalls the ordinary toast-list.

Like those savages who endeavour first of all to propitiate the powers of evil, we begin:

AD EXAMINATORES.

"Now is not that of God a full fair grace
That such a lewed mannes wit shall pass
The wisdom of an heap of lernedemen."

"Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor folk pass."

AD SENIORES.

"Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither."
"Gone are the days in idle jest dispersed."

AD JUNIORES.

"Get thee glass eyes
And like the scurvy politician seem
To see the things thou dost not."

"Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his breast as one that did repent."

AD SOPHIOMORES.

"The young man shall faint and be weary, and the strong man shall utterly fail."

AD TYRONES.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!"

"May with alle thy flowres and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, full faire fresche May,
I hope that I some grene gete may."

AD FEMINAS.

"Two women shall be grinding together; one shall be taken and the other shall be left."

"Faire Lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrows which ye shew."

AD BEDELLUM.

"And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where early wait him many a gazing eye."

"Such joy he had their stubborn hearts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law."

AD OMNES.

"The bird of Time hath but a little way
To flutter and the bird is on the wing."

AD NOS IPSOS SCRIPTORES.

"Thus children and common people are accustomed to transform the great and sublime into a sport, and even a jest: and how indeed could they otherwise abide and tolerate it."

CRYPTOGAM.

LITERARY NOTES.

The latest addition to the Great Writers series is the "Life of Crabbe" by T. E. Kebbel.

There are a number of important publications announced in the literary reviews of this week. Of interest to those who have read the "City of Dreadful Night" will be the life of its author, James Thomson, written by his friend Mr. H. S. Salt.

The review on Whitman's "November Boughs" in the *Literary World* concludes thus: "We are far from admitting that Whitman has succeeded in carrying out the principles which he proclaimed at the beginning of his literary career, nor do we believe his ideals better than an idle dream; but at the same time we can never come into his presence without feeling that he possesses great powers which he might have turned to better uses."

Edmund Gosse is the author of "A History of 18th Century Literature." The book has on the whole been well received, but it has received some adverse criticism. From reading reviews upon it we should judge that for the scholar it is too full of information easily gathered elsewhere, and that the student would be mystified by the incessant cross-fires of criticism. But Mr. Gosse is a critic of established reputation, and a work on which he has bestowed earnest labour should not be judged without close perusal.