

Meanwhile—*O mores, mores!*—while he lies there, prone but recovering, let us observe the excellence of his intentions at least, as indicated by the pictures, &c., upon his walls. Upon his right, along with "Scratch My Back" and "Home, Sweet Home" in wool, hangs, like the statue of Regulus hiding its weeping eyes, "*Labor Omnia Vincit*." In another place a reward is facetiously offered for the recovery of certain moments of lost time which disappeared one day and had not since been recovered. And look here! Almost as if the owner wished to inspire himself with like valor of boldness, he has suspended here a copy of Ruben's famous picture, "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon." The work needs no description, being familiar to your readers. The great conqueror, astride the back of a captive Gaul (one of those doubtless taken in the seventh chapter), though possibly a Briton, whose leg he is boring apparently with a gimlet, on account of the unfortunate man's having splashed his rider with water during the passage. Although the artist has written no such words as proceeding from the lips of his subject, yet his brush speaks amply; the expression in the face of *Cæsar vehemens* is most unmistakably that of "Go Steady!" But the crown of the room is "Newton." Between a file of ROUGE ET NOIR on the one side and a stuffed owl (the symbol of wisdom), on a brass clock, on the other, the indefatigable Newton observing with his telescope the far-off descent of the famous apple in his neighbor's orchard, and sending his little peppercorn boy to pick it up. The patience upon the face is sublime and it was, not unlikely, to encourage the owner in the pursuit of that virtue during his various studies, that this faithful engraving was placed where it is.

But enough, for he is recovering. As soon as he is sufficiently restored to comprehend English, you beg him to spare himself more for the future. "Really," you say, "don't do any more to-day. After all that you had better take a walk." He takes you at your word, reluctantly closing his volume at an exciting place, remarking, "Perhaps I had better." Yes, he takes his hat and goes out for oxygen, though not without a murderous glance at the various pages of white foolscap yet unscored—that happy, innocent young prophet!

But now, disturb him not. He is dreaming of his possible niche hereafter in Westminster Abbey, if not in the hearts of "a grateful people (his parishioners)." He is unconscious. He is happy.

Q.

---

#### BIRD-VOICES.

The robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;  
The low soft breath of a flute and the deep short pick of a chord,  
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells  
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

A. LAMPMAN, in the *Century*.

#### CONSTANCY OF PURPOSE.

Human life consists of a succession of small events, unimportant perhaps in themselves, and yet every man's success or failure depends upon the decision or indecision he manifests in making them individually conduce to bring about the end he has in view. How beautifully George Eliot expresses this in that sentence in "Romola" in which she speaks of "that inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice for good or evil, which gradually determines character." Who has not experienced the secret discomfort, often disgrace, of not being able to answer with any degree of certainty such questions as "What will you be?" "What will you do?"

A slight knowledge of mankind will furnish many illustrations of purpose constantly changing, and a few of decision of character. It is not necessary to seek this knowledge outside of College life. Indeed, within the narrow confines of a University building are to be found the best illustrations of character. A Freshman, for instance, elated possibly by his success at the matriculation examination, resolves to work diligently throughout the term. To assist him he arranges an elaborate programme or time-table, to take effect on the following Monday. Monday arrives, he attends all lectures, takes a constitutional in the afternoon, and commences his evening's reading punctually. Shortly after nine o'clock a friend invites him to supper. Would it be a good thing to go? He thinks it would. He looks at his time-table and finds that he is due to leave Homer at 10.15 p.m. He must follow the programme, and again applies himself to work. The noise in the corridor, as of some one jingling bottles, attracts his attention; and forgetting the fact that "Hebe poured out nectar amidst the venerable gods," he wonders if nectar is anything like lager. He thinks it must have been. At all events it is the very thing to set him up. He can finish the Homer in the morning, and the next minute finds him in the room where supper has been prepared. In the morning he has a slight headache; shall he prepare the Homer or not? Thus he lingers, uncertain, till the bell for lecture determines the question for him, by the certainty that it is now too late for preparation. This sort of thing occurs frequently during the week, at the end of which something is discovered to be wrong with the programme, which is then destroyed. A new one is made for the following week, only to share the same fate. This is by no means an illustration of an isolated case. Many are the instances of men hesitating a long time between different or opposite determinations, though impatient of the pain of such a state, and ashamed of the debility. What mind, while thus held in a trembling balance, has not been vexed that it has not more resolution, more of anything that would save it from envying even the decisive instinct of brutes! The chief disadvantage arising from such a nature is that a man can