

- October 7.—First issue of THE VARSITY under the new management.
 October 20.—The "other element" in '91 form a society.
 October 24.—Annual games. Currie wins the championship.
 November 17.—Varsity Association Team defeats the Grand Trunks and wins the championship of Canada. Score 5 to 1.
 November 20.—Buckingham wins the Cross Country.
 December 2.—Classical Association organized.

A.U.C. 2.—A.D. 1891.

- January 15.—Hockey Club organized.
 March 13.—Nomination night in the Literary Society. No elections this year.
 June 15.—Corner stone of Victoria laid.
 July —.—University Library building commenced.
 October 28.—First of a series of Inter-class football matches.
 October 30.—Games held at Rosedale. Porter champion.
 November 10.—Orton wins Cross Country.
 November 14.—Prof. Hume's inaugural. The lady undergraduates form a Literary Society.

The History of University College will contain a chapter entitled "The Decay of College Society and the Rise of College Societies." With the former part of the chapter we have nothing to do, because few are interested in the history of decay; but no one can help noticing the rapid increase in the number of College societies during the last four years.

Since March, 1889, at least 150 new offices have been created, and forever and forever, so long as the ballot blooms, these offices will continue to be filled and re-filled, and Heaven knows how much littleness will be exalted into bigness, and how much bigness contracted into littleness by the simple process of election.

Words of Essayist, words of Orator, words of Poet and Critic—we have listened to them with interest and delight, and we will continue to listen till the end, but may the gods be kinder to those who come after us! We have done something for ourselves in learning to speak and learning to listen—let us now do something for posterity and forget what we have spoken and heard.

We cannot increase the number of societies indefinitely—one or two more and we shall have reached the limit—and then begins the struggle for existence.

[We notice that our Annalist has omitted some important dates, which we hope his diligence will soon supply.]

THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.



HE was always sure to be seen at the same place day after day, near the eastern entrance of the great Bazaar, waiting for custom or marching quickly away with his bundle on his head. There was always the same look on his face; and that was in no wise more significant than that of a flag in the pavement or a stone in the wall. His garments, too, were common and never changed to the slightest rag. He was so constant and serviceable that everyone in the Bazaar used him, though thinking no more of him than of the stones they trod on in the street. Not one of those who employed him daily could have said with certainty that he was young or old, tall or little of stature, dark in the face or ruddy. And so he was busy the whole day long bearing the goods of the shopkeepers to and fro in the city. Sometimes the merchants browbeat him, and the slave who took his burden from him at the door cursed him roughly for very hardness. Sometimes he did his errand amiss and must retrace his way through many long and weary streets before his error could be righted. Often

when his load was heavy and the sun hot he was jostled in the narrow streets by the trains of camels, laden, too, like himself, with great packs of silks and strange woods and spices brought from India to please the Commander of the Faithful. He was a good Mussulman, often in the mosque and praying at every call of the muezzin. At sunset his work was always over, and after he had bathed and prayed he was soon lost to sight in the crowds streaming over the bridges of the Tigris to the poor quarter in the south of the city.

There he lived alone in a large house of many tenants. He had neither slave nor wife nor child nor any friend in the whole quarter. Indeed, few knew he lived there, so silent was his life. His room was always dark when he reached it, and outwardly was like other rooms, but as soon as the Porter crossed the threshold all was changed. The room was dark, but it was soon light. For by his divan stood a hateful Djinn enchanted and motionless. It stood there just as the great Chinese magician had fixed it by his power. It was dwarfish and humpbacked with an evil face: its body bent, its hands clasped behind, and its long, thin legs, brown and shrivelled like a crane's, had grown together in one. As soon as the Porter touched the Djinn's single eye the whole room was one flood of mellow light, like the Caliph's spice-garden when the thousand silver lamps are lighted at once. Then you could see how large the room was, and how near it lay to the good Haroun's palace. The roof was so high and the walls so wide, that one would think it was an audience-chamber. For there was room for busy slaves, setting out a banquet in a wide portico that looked upon a garden of palms. They ever poured red wine from crystal goblets so thin it was a marvel their delicate sides held in the precious liquor. There were trains and troops of dancing-girls, brown-skinned and white, with little tinkling bells at ankle and wrist, and seated choirs of women-singers with sweet voices, that sang continually. Foreign princesses, in beauty like the full-blown lotus flower, knelt before the Porter's divan of silk tissue. But the great room seemed to have no walls, for the Porter could see from the divan he lay on far away, where the great black and yellow cats played in their lair beneath the forest leaves, and further—where the ocean gleamed blue beyond the utmost land. As in a theatre, the heroes of old in glancing mail passed before him, and in shining robes great priests that taught the people. As at a play, he saw the daring deeds that spring up amid the clash of meeting armies, and heard the words of mighty captains and the shoutings of the men of war. He saw a thousand perils men pass through from love or from strength alone. The many lovers of song and story who were faithful unto death passed before him; he saw them in their delights and in their despairs, and heard their softest whispered word. The Porter was a part of it all: he taught with the priest, warred with the hero, worshipped with the lover. And all this flowed to and fro before him endlessly; one brightness and beauty melting into another; each in turn changing, passing and replaced. The girls danced, the women sang, and the Porter with the bright-eyed Djinn at his side saw it all from his divan.

And up and down through and among it all floated and hovered a single roseleaf from the gardens of Gul, soft, white and creamy, steeping the air with an enchanted perfume of its own. It seemed blown by the longing music or moved to will and impulse of the sweet sounds among the slender waving arms of the dancing girls, sometimes almost falling to their bare, soft feet; then, rising as a bird rises, it might poise against the dark robes of an Indian princess or the painted hide of a beast of prey. But it never quite settled; it might rest a moment on the shining hair of a queen or the helmet of a warrior, but only as a white butterfly alights. The impulse of the music or the wind of the swaying robes came upon it and it was away. It advanced and receded. Sometimes it broadened to a banner of white silk fluttering in desert