

by line, which are repeated as a chorus by everybody present :—

Ho ! true seed of Abraham,
Ye sons of the Prophet.
Blessed of Allah : Fearless and free.
Invincible in war.
We've broken the necks of the Turks,
The Egyptians are our slaves.

Worthy only of our swift steel,
Is the bold red man, the Ingleesy.
From the West, from over the sea,
They came to do battle with us.
How like unto them
The Hadendowa ;
They invincible on water,
We on land.
The Red Ingleesy,
The Hadendowa.

Suckled by lions, strong as steel,
They and we fought face to face
Red Ingleesy—Hadendowa.
Glory we withstood them.
The unconquerable, the Ingleesy.
What nation is like to them ?
Hadendowa and Ingleesy unconquerable,
Lightning to lightning,
All consuming.

Ya, ya, Tommy,
Blood, wounds, and battles,
Rage and rejoice in.
Ya ! Great heart red man,
The mighty Ingleesy.

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The following lines on Lewis Carroll appeared in *Punch* of January 29, 1898 :

Lover of children ! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is !
Beyond all dreaming now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright ;
You, like the maiden in your faerie book—
You step beyond and see the light !

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's cloak
Only to children's hearts you gave away ;
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering well
How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary gleams,
And made your fame, the dreamer's, one with his,
The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell ! But near our hearts we have you yet,
Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

In the recent death of the Reverend C. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, the world of letters has sustained a deep loss and many of us cannot but feel a personal regret at the demise of the clever author of "Alice in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-Glass."

How many of us have pored over Alice's adventures, reading again and again the experiences that befell her in the Land of Wonders ! The funny old duchess with her inveterate and bad habit of finding a moral in everything ; the peppery cook (how like our own, alas !) the irascible and vicious queen, the mad hatter, and all the rest of that strange, motley collection are real, and even lovable characters to Carroll's devotees. The crazy humor, the events

and speeches so ridiculous as almost to pass the bounds of rationality, are almost sacred to many of us.

What can surpass the delightful idiocy and humor of the Jabberwok, the Walrus and the Carpenter, and his other mind-creations.

Long will the memory of Lewis Carroll remain in the hearts of those who know and love his works, while Alice, with her marvellous trials and experiences, will be a lasting testimony to his hold upon our affections. Aside from the humorous aspect of his life, Mr. Dodgson appears as a most clever mathematician, a professor of highest talent at Oxford, and the author of several mathematical books, notably one on calceus.

The Alice stories were written for the two little daughters of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

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The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky ;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things :
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.

"LEARNED LEISURE AND CLOISTERED CALM."

For nearly a quarter of an hour the absurd city clocks had been engaged in striking ten, and the last strokes of the latest of them had just died away, when I left Brown of Univ., with whom I had been breakfasting, and, turning up Longwall, I was soon on the stairs leading up to Caldecott's room. Without waiting to knock—an unnecessary ceremony—I opened the door amid hearty shouts of welcome from four or five men who were hidden behind as many clouds of fragrant tobacco smoke. Breakfast was obviously only just over, and, as I entered the room, I barely missed putting my foot into a dish of cutlets which had been carefully placed on the floor, owing to every other available spot being filled up with plates and cups and other crockery. Caldecott himself was leaning through the open window with a pipe in his mouth, listening to the caw-cawing of the rooks in "The Grove," and lazily watching the deer feeding on the grass. It certainly was a charming view, and I have always thought Caldecott right in choosing Longwall in preference to the noisy and cobblestoned "High." The room itself, though not much different from the rooms of the average undergrad., was not devoid of attractions ; one noticed the absence of the usual college groups, but there was no lack of pictures, for the most part etchings and engravings, with a few dainty water colours ; but the most attractive feature in the decorations was a fine collection of weapons and ornaments, apparently Persian, artistically arranged round the walls.

"Come in, man, and sit down," shouted Caldecott, turning round as I entered. "Parr, you slacker, move your legs and shift those plates on to the floor, there's a good sort. You know all these fellows, I think." Climbing over Parr's long legs, I fell into the vacant chair and stretched out my hand for the tobacco jar. By this time I could recognize the features of the other occupants of the room, who were disposed on easy chairs in various comfortable and unpicturesque attitudes. I knew them all : Parr of New College, who lived in the rooms above Caldecott ; Denison of Magdalen, who enjoyed the reputation of being the laziest man in the Varsity ; Dobbs, a short, tubby man, captain of the Corpus Soccer team ; and Lister of