

sion, or listen to the sacred books. His hope is in dreamless death,

Down in the brown earth, under the flowers and grass,
Beneath the boughs of some old spreading oak
Beside the washing of some mighty stream
To sleep forever where the great hills dream;
And let the maddened march of time go by,
While over all broods the eternal sky,
Majestic, restful, as the ages pass.

Of Mr. Bliss Carman he says: "Mr. Carman is first and foremost a musician in words. He sets before us no formally imperfect work. His poems have cadence, fuel, varied, satisfying. They would be agreeable reading if they had no more meaning than the immortal 'Jobberwocky.' They are genuine lyrics; 'musically made' and clinging to the least retentive memory. Their faults are lack of purity, human interest, and at times a teasing obscurity, the besetting sin of all Canadian poets. The tone is pure, contemplative pagan. The thoughts are such as might rise to the brain of a fawn." In discussing Professor Roberts' latest volume, he says: "But the Canadian poet, who has produced most and has attained the widest recognition, is Professor Roberts. The poet is able to extract poetry from such unpromising themes as the pea-fields, the cow-pasture, the potato harvest, when the emptying baskets

'Jar the hush
With hollow thunders.'

and this is the poet's mission; he should be an interpreter."

IN the *McGill Fortnightly* of Jan. 19th, among the endless records and statistics of "Clubs," "Societies," &c., we find a curious and interesting article entitled "The Sluggard and the Fig." Underlying the glimpse of Moorish life and the dreamy, enervating country which this pleasing story gives us is the portrayal of a moral weakness, which is perhaps more prevalent to-day than ever before in the history of the world. The story seems at first thought to be directed against laziness. But this is not its purpose. Who can interpret its true meaning?

AMONG the number of truly literary articles in the January number of the *McMaster University Monthly*, is one on "Lights and Shades of Student Life," which must find an answer, too deep for words, in the heart of every young man who is striving through his college days to prepare himself for life's struggle. Here is the opening paragraph:

"What is there about our life as students, that makes older people whose school-days are long past, shake their heads sorrowfully at us and say, 'Ah, these are your happiest days,—enjoy them while you may—life never is so bright again,'—and we whose hopes lead us to expect an ever brightening rather than an ever darkening path, and whose worries and anxieties of to-day seem quite enough to bear, wonder what they mean.