

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight ! Far, far, and high
 The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
 And all the earth is ghostly pale,
 While the young skater, strong and hale,
 Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush ! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh !
 Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly !
 Mild moon, let not thy glory fail !
 Swifter the night !

O, hush thee, storm ! thou canst not vie
 With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
 He hears, and oh ! his spirits quail,—
 He laughs and sobs within the gale,
 On, anywhere ! He must not die,—
 Swifter the flight !

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

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A PLEA FOR PHONOGRAPHY.

One of the most note-worthy features of the days in which we live is perhaps to be found in the spirit of progress and reform that seems everywhere to be entering our colleges. This spirit is to be seen under various aspects, but perhaps no phase of it will be more heartily greeted than that which seems bent on the widening and improving of the different courses of study. To-day with the optional courses of study, any man can find his sphere ; and may we not also say, that in the many factors employed, any course of mental training and discipline may be enjoyed ?

There is, however, one feature that we should very much like to see more fully entering into our work, than it does at