

day, thus testing the students' knowledge of the subject from day to day, and affording the professor an opportunity of making explanations deemed necessary. By a method such as the foregoing we are satisfied that the lecture system—which, in the hands of an able professor, is acknowledged to be productive of better results than text-book work—would become more useful in stimulating daily labour in the right direction, and also prevent daily loss of time.

→LITERARY←

**NIRVANA.**

A TRANSLATION.

**T**HERE where the holy waters flow 'midst ooze and reeds,  
Where forest shadows guard the healing weeds,  
There by the glancing river, on a moss-grown stone,  
Lord Buddha sits, with thought oppressed, alone.

Far, far from mankind's tumult, only nature near,  
Existence's secret seeks the holy seer ;  
And, as before his feet the murmuring wave doth play,  
He slowly lifts his eyes, and then doth say :—

“As there below me riptlet after riptlet steals,  
And as each wave the one before conceals,  
Thus races follow races, each finds in his turn  
Eternity's long rest, to ne'er return.

The current flows forever, the waves upon its top  
A moment dance in light, then back they drop,  
Like them beneath the sun's bright ray we glad some  
sport,

Then sink back to Nirvana—back to nought.”

—*Collegian.*

**DIDO DESERTED.**

**F**ORSAKEN Dido, lonely and forlorn,  
Wand'ring in tears along the wild sea beach,  
Watching the cruel waves which late had borne  
Her love and life so far beyond her reach.

Striving to view from out the cloud of tears  
Which veils those eyes, till now so purely bright,  
The white sails of the ships ; anon she hears  
The wild birds screaming in their seaward flight.

She hears the sobbing of the restless sea,  
Lapping the cold gray sand in its embrace,  
Filling her brain with its sad melody—  
She feels the salt spray damp upon her face.

Moaning she cries across the watery plain,  
“Ah, love! sweet love! come back, come back to me,

I cannot bear for long this weary pain,  
I cannot live and be apart from thee.”

And then she listens o'er the heaving wave,  
Thinking to hear from it her love reply,  
But all is still and silent as the grave,  
Seeming to mock her in her wild despair—  
Then low she sinks upon the wind-swept shore,  
Till the brown sea-weed mingles with her hair,  
And cold waves wash the limbs that feel no more.  
—*Rouge et Noir.*

**TWO SEA SONGS.**

I.

**T**HE autumn night falls drearily ;  
The mist, a stole of gray,  
'Covers a kneeling monk, the sea :  
Of all sad days that come to me  
Is this the saddest day.

The lone sea to the lonelier shore  
Repeats with bitter pain  
Its doleful pater-nosters o'er,—  
I weep for days that come no more,  
And days that come again !

O lost one, whereso'er you be,  
O unforgotten face,  
Shine somewhere from the mist on me!  
My heart grows weary by the sea,  
In this familiar place.

II.

How calm the sea is, where the sun-lit billows  
In silence sleep !  
No more the spray-spirits from their windy pillows  
Arch wet white arms above the voiceless deep :—  
The sail droops from the shining mast  
Like some wing-weary curlew fallen at last. ✎

And, oh, my love is no more with me, lifting  
Remember'd eyes  
That look upon the purple sea-weed drifting  
In wreaths about the white sand where she lies !  
The winds of morning call in vain ;  
Nor to her ears can reach my mortal pain.

So silently I mourn her vanished presence,  
By this still sea :  
Transmuted to some finer spirit-essence,  
Perchance unseen her sweet self visits me ;  
And, tho' my life be dark without,  
I know her love encloses it about.

Unseen or seen, O thou first love and dearest  
Thro' all the years !  
Here where thou wert, I know thou still art nearest ;  
By thy sea grave my sorrow first finds tears !  
Yet in some far land by the sea  
Could I behold the very face of thee !

—*Crimson.*