

The flame burns clear on thine immortal shrine,
 The bold winds float thine ancient battle sign,
 Flash up red beacon from the War-God's height—
 Speak thy dread teachings to the ear of night—
 From far Laconian Cape to Delphi's steep,
 O'er the brave land the martial summons sweep—
 Age to the rampart—woman to the shrine—
 The land's stern Manhood to the battle line!"

Then the wild battle-pages—the ebb and flow of the fortunes
 of the fight:

"Iliuss ! let thy wailing flow
 Sing to the sea the dirge of woe—
 Woe to Atenæ, woe!"

Sudden there comes the apparition from the gates of heaven
 of that awful form—

"Through the hush'd ranks, a low deep tone,
 From man to man is whispering thrown,
 'Tis He! 'Tis He! the form divine,
 The sculptur'd hero of the shrine—
 The God! 'Tis He! 'Tis He!
 Our Theseus from th' Olympian dome
 Hath stoop'd to guard his ancient home.
 'Tis Theseus! Victory."

The last grand rally of the God-like Greek, the Persian
 flight, the trophies and the eternal glory! Young Eucles from
 his first fight, stricken with a mortal wound, yet mindful of
 the love he left at home, runs with despairing speed to Athens,
 where his last message of heroic brevity, "Rejoice! we tri-
 umph!" is uttered as he dies. The choruses of youths and
 maidens by the grave are magnificent. Two of the verses
 can close this notice more fittingly than I.

MAIDENS.

Scatter bright offerings round,
 Strew flowers—green bud, fresh blossom,
 Let thy tired child sleep sound,
 Kind Earth, on thy mother's bosom.
 How he toiled on his homeward quest—
 How he died as his tale was spoken—
 He is weary; O let him rest—
 His long, deep sleep unbroken!

YOUTHS.

Bear the lost soldier home!
 He a softer grave has won,
 And a softer dirge than the requiem surge
 That moans round Marathon—
 Our slain three hundred sleep
 On the glorious field they won—
 Their Hero-Sires high vigil keep
 O'er the grave of each Hero-Son!

LITERARY NOTES.

There is an able criticism of the late Thomas Hill Green's
 Philosophical and Miscellaneous works in the *Athenæum* of
 November 3rd, that is well worth reading.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce a volume of "Letters on
 Literature," by Andrew Lang. It is made up chiefly of the
 series he contributed to the *New York Independent*.

Many will remember Stuart Cumberland, who astonished
 people with his skill as a mind-reader. His "Confessions
 and Impressions: A Thought Reader's Thoughts," has lately
 been published, and may possibly give to the curious an idea
 of how thought-reading is done.

In the December number of *Harper's Monthly*, Theodore
 Child has an illustrated article, entitled "A Christmas Mystery

in the Fifteenth Century," which may be of service to Honour
 English students of the First and Second Years who are trying
 to master the details and distinctive features of the mystery
 and the miracle plays and the development of these into the
 regular drama.

F. A. McCord, assistant law clerk in the House of Com-
 mons, Ottawa, has compiled "A Handbook of Canadian Dates"
 (Williamson & Co.). Wherever possible, he went to the ori-
 ginal documents for his information, so that the work ought
 to be a standard one on the subject. He has very wisely ar-
 ranged the dates in classes, under the various headings, so
 that in searching for information one has merely to turn to
 the section where one would naturally expect the information
 desired, and not wander wearily over page after page of un-
 classed facts and dates.

With the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* Robert
 Louis Stevenson closes his series of papers with what he calls
 "A Christmas Sermon." These articles, as they have appeared
 in the course of the year, have been especially enjoyable and
 have only given his readers a deeper insight into the power
 of this popular author. During the coming year they are to
 be replaced by a no less notable series, contributed by the
 best English and American authors. It has been already
 announced that Thomas Bailey Aldrich will write the first of
 these papers for the January number.

"Snowflakes and Sunbeams" is the title of a dainty little
 holiday volume containing a score of the shorter, earlier poems
 of William Wilfred Campbell, selected by himself. Many of
 the pieces of this collection are already familiar to readers of
 THE VARSITY, many of them having appeared in its columns
 in years past. We are glad to see them now in a more per-
 manent form, and fully expect to see some of them embodied
 in the volume of Canadian poetry now being prepared for the
 "Canterbury Series." Mr. Campbell's poetry has a flavour
 distinctively its own, and he might not inappropriately be
 called the poet of Canadian winter, or it may be that it would
 be more fitting to describe him as the founder of a Canadian
 "Lake School." He has with singular success and felicity
 described Canadian winter and lake scenery, and in this
 respect really occupies a place by himself, his poetry being
 peculiarly characteristic and native born, if any poetry can
 be described as such. Mr. Campbell has recently published
 some poems in the different American monthly magazines.
 Among these may be mentioned: "Legend of Dead Man's
 Lake," with full-page frontispiece, in the September *Ameri-
 can Magazine*; and a "Lake Memory," in the November
Century. Another poem will appear in the December *Cent-
 ury*, entitled "The Winter Lakes." We are glad to welcome
 this little volume as the first published collection of Mr.
 Campbell's shorter poems, and are especially pleased to know
 that it is the immediate forerunner of a larger and more impor-
 tant volume, to be entitled "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems,"
 to be published by Mr. Campbell this winter, and which will
 contain all his later and stronger verse. Mr. Campbell is
 to be warmly congratulated upon the success he is meeting
 with in American literary circles, and we can only regret that
 he has received such scant encouragement at the hands of the
 Canadian literary and publishing public, that he has been led
 to publish chiefly in the United States. This is probably
 more advantageous, in many ways, for Mr. Campbell's repu-
 tation, but it is no less another lamentable proof of the truth
 of the saying that a prophet is not without honour save in
 his own country. We are glad to see that Mr. Campbell has
 again taken up his residence in Canada, at St. Stephen, New
 Brunswick, and shall hope to hear from him from time to time.