

which was destined to darken every memory. It was his natal day, and the gods gathered to honor their favorite companion with music and games, one of the latter being to set Baldur as a mark for stones and arrows, which dropped harmless to the ground. Now Loki, the Scandinavian Satan, had this glad youth, who always spoiled the quarrels which the former himself delighted to make. He envied his popularity; he determined his ruin. No sooner then did he see the kind of sport on the *tips*, than he hurried off to the forest, and cut a long stem of mistletoe, remarkably straight for that plant. This he had long ago selected and watched in growth, and as he carried it home, he trimmed and shaped it with care, cutting off a knot, smoothing a corner and sharpening the top to a fine point. In this manner he reached the city, and looked on at the game, where every god seemed in the highest spirits. One only was sad; one only stood apart. Hodur was blind. His history was such a string of misfortunes, that even the god never whispered the dreadful blunders he had made. Here then was Loki's chance. Stepping up to him, he called out cheerily, "Why, O Hodur, drawest thou no bow at Baldur's feast?" "Alas!" was the reply, "thou knowest I cannot see." "Take then my bow," said the wily one, "and I will direct thine arm, that thou mayst not be comfortless, in the midst of joy." One moment more and Baldur's heart was pierced.

How great was the confusion, how boundless the grief, when those laughing deities saw the arrow in his breast, his lips so bloodless, and his face so deadly white; but immediate steps were taken to restore him, and Hermode the messenger female Pluto. Dashing over a golden bridge and past the door keeping maiden, he hastens into the mouth of Hades, where he overtakes Baldur himself, and the dead one says that if all things weep for him, his return is possible. Freyja, on hearing this, sends envoys over the earth, and everything drops its tear—everything but an old hag found spinning in a cave. Her name is Thök, and she persistently hums a refusal, to the whirl of her wheel.

Long waited the messenger, long he entreated, but Thök was Loki in disguise and consequently inexorable, so a return had at last to be made to Asgard. Baldur's body was taken on board his own ship; this was launched, and they were about to light it, when Nanna, his wife, sprang on board declaring that she would join her dear one in death. Solemnly the torch was applied, slowly the vessel drifted off, and as the flames died over the horizon, the whole assembly broke up with a sense of doom.

This name, Baldur, is etymologically, as well as mythically, connected with A-pollo and our Biblical Baal, but the Greek deity alone approaches the gothic in grandeur. From the imperfect story above, you can have a conception of the brilliant, pure Sun-god, so altogether admirable, so entirely sweet. Phœbus, it is true, has characteristics that make him the noblest of Hellenic ideals, but these, even to a partial reader, must grow dim before the greatness of Odin's son.

**A HOPELESS BALANCE.**—Horace Greeley used to tell this story:—He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and, regarding it as rather a dubious debt, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for a fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir, I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."

THOMAS FULLER, the quaint old English divine, has inscribed over his dust, in Westminster Abbey, "Here lies Fuller's earth!"

## HEALTH.

The plea of ill health having been urged to one of our Professors, not long since, he remarked, rather facetiously, that "illness and idleness were one and the same thing," no allowance being made for either." Such being the case, no student can afford to be sick during the College Session, and all must therefore endeavour to maintain the even balance of health. Those who desire to reach that state of greater health which we call strength, do so, we have often observed, at the expense of their college duties; we do not hold this to be absolutely true, but that such is frequently the case is undeniable. However, to the hard-working student, a few words with regard to the preservation of health may not be amiss. In the first place, then, comes *exercise*, about which so much has already been said and written, that a very few words from us will suffice. Health depends on the harmonious action of all the faculties and functions, the disuse of any of which causes loss in the tissue peculiar to that function. For example, disuse of the intellectual faculties produces an appreciable diminution and softening of the brain matter; the same thing happens to the muscles when not exercised. Walking, whether combined with gymnastic exercises or not, will ever be found to be very beneficial. The late Georges Sand (Madame Dudevant) was a great walker; Macaulay was rarely off his feet, indoors or out; his biographer says, "The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book." The next point, though by some it may be considered vulgar, is still one of great importance,—*viz., eating and drinking*. Food, as is generally known and acknowledged, should be plain and substantial; for cerebral and sanguineous purposes nothing can be better than good oatmeal porridge. Some one may remark that this savoury of the Scotchman, but, however that may be, we heartily agree with him in having a high opinion of oatmeal, and in this respect we practice what we preach; not that we wish to have it understood that we, as the witty Sidney Smith used to say of poor Scotch students, "study the arts and sciences on oatmeal," but we have always regarded and used it as a beneficial article of diet. Food, then, should be plain, substantial and nourishing; meals should be taken at regular hours, and with due deliberation and cheerfulness, since no habit is more pernicious than that of bolting food; eager students, too, will even read while at their meals, the result being that both brain and stomach are enfeebled. The evil effects of close rooms and bad ventilation must be well known to our readers. Bad air can never make good blood, nor impure blood healthy bodies. We would, therefore, advise students to throw open their windows whenever they go out, and if the window be so situated as not to send a draught directly across the sleeper, let it by all means be left partially open during the night. Students, too, are great sinners in regard to sleep; of the beneficial effects of the "early to bed and early to rise" system we can say nothing from experience, but should suppose it to be a healthy practice, when it can be carried out in a natural and easy way. Nothing can be more healthful and stimulating than a cold bath of a morning, when judiciously made use of; if used injudiciously it may become the source of great and serious harm. Let it be then borne in mind by all, that the *mens sana*, though greatly to be desired, is, without the *corpus sanum* to sustain it, worse than useless.

Student (translating a disputed passage in "Isocrates.")—"My editor says this is an emendation."  
Prof.—"Oh! no matter; 'tis 'impossible to say.'"