

romantic pages of Henty knew it not. But that it happened is now verified, as the men of the Morrice Hall and the residents of a certain street, the name of which suggests sport, can bear witness. Were we called upon for a title we would suggest, and with all humility, "Out in 45, or a Tale of Three Jacobites." Students of history and lovers of romance have watched the episode with peculiar interest. It was strange, passing strange, that men so retiring should try to surpass their ancestors' gallant deeds. Shades of him who fought at Falkirk and was basely betrayed by Monteith, look down on that descendant who bridged a wall and found the barrel of mystic apples on the other side, and who accomplished this while zealously safeguarding from the clan of Mac the wards that were intrusted to his care.

Tell it softly, whisper it low, where Donaldas most do congregate, that he whose people once persecuted the Covenanters, and hunted in darkness on the muirlands, wanders under cover of the darkness still, but not alone. But further we must not speak, for deep are the ways and cunning the craft of the philosopher. When he chooses to step (h)in to the light we will be satisfied.

Is it a wraith that looms up amidst the mists of the hills? The tartan plaid, the scowling look, the hand that wanders to the ever ready dirk? Perhaps not, but it might be excused if it were. Oh, child of the Macs, why did you do it? 'Tis true that for many a long year no suspicion would be attached to you. 'Tis true that your circumspect walks were once a lesson to the juniors—no longer now. How suddenly and completely you fell! We hoped for other things. Alas, the hope! Close the record. It is enough.

Mr. G. D. Ireland, B.A., is giving a course of lectures in English literature at the city Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Ireland, it will be remembered, was editor-in-chief of the *Journal* last session.

A large number of the students accepted the invitation of