

lamplighter, whom we met outside a few minutes ago, said on its behalf. "Joe Beef keeps the best whiskey in Montreal," said he. Beer is the popular beverage, and it is drunk out of tin dippers or pannikins—five cents a tin. The men loll about the barrels and benches, smoking hard and fast, but imbibing in laudable moderation. Perhaps the five-cent pieces are scarce. We must have some beer else our coming will be resented. The woman who is serving at the bar is Mrs. Joe Beef. See, she smiles and produces twoglasses and we are pleased at her consideration for our refined taste. Really, she is quite handsome. Now, drink your beer, slowly, old man, and take a good look at the place.

The room is well-lighted, but the conventional glitter and paraphernalia of the bar is lacking. In their place are sundry curious things not usually found in bar-rooms: a long skeleton, habilitated in martial garments, grins down on you as you drink your beer; and numerous nondescript articles adorn and embellish the wall behind the deal counter. Two or three huge stoves (they are not lighted, for it is yet early in the Autumn,) take up no little space, and in one corner is a large pile of sawdust with a shaggy old man in tattered raiment asleep thereon, a shovel lying by his side. It is his duty to keep the floor well dusted with sawdust. Bits of color are displayed here and there on the walls; a faded flag or two, and a scrap of bright bunting are hung between two posts, and altogether Joe's bar-room is a very odd kind of place indeed. The eccentric proprietor himself is not here to-night, else we might have a chat with him. But it is getting late. We must depart.

Charles McKiernan, for such was Joe Beef's real name, was a man of considerable wealth, and on more than one occasion contributed handsomely to the city's charities. He was a friend to many a poor wretch, and in the death of the kind-hearted Joe the "wharf-rat" has met with a loss which he will find hard to bear.

We take our leave of thee, poor Joe. Thou hadst a kind heart. Farewell.

CARTER TROOP.

MY COLLEGE ROOM.

SOMETIMES in dreamy moments rare,
When that grim demon "Business" slumbers,
Kind fancy doth my musings bear
To by-gone days: Oh! then in numbers,
Lucent through time's obscuring gloom,
Dear visions of the past arise:
Last night I saw before my eyes
My old-time college room.

I saw the cheaply-papered wall,
The pictured types of female beauty,
The few books in their book-case small,
The table which had long done duty.
I saw my ancient sofa loom,
That sofa whose obtrusive springs
Caused men to utter sudden things
In my old college room.

'Tis summer time: the music falls
In dying strains: the match is done.
And girlish voices in the halls
Acclaim our triumph hardly won:
And she is here, in maiden bloom,
She who all others far excels:
A strange, transcendent glory dwells
About my college room!

'Tis winter: February's din
Makes music with the rattling sashes:
But all is warmth and light within,
And song and jest go round in flashes.
My merry comrades fill the room,
Who since have gone their various ways,
To fame and failure, blame and praise,
The altar and the tomb.

'Tis midnight now: before the grate
I sit and watch the red glow dying,
And wonder what will be my fate
In that great world around me lying.
The future knows nor grief nor gloom,
But, glowing like the ember, hope
Lights up my radiant horoscope
In my old college room

My horoscope!—I can't forget
All has not happened as expected:
That epic's not indited yet,
That castle is not yet erected.
But what have I to fear from doom?
Whatever fickle Fortune brings
I still may hope for happier things,
As in my college room.

G. A. M.

A CANADIAN POET.

THE following review of "Among the Millet, and other Poems," is reprinted from the *London Spectator*. The copious extracts we have been obliged to omit for want of space, but enough remains to show how highly Mr. Lampman's book is prized by our transatlantic relatives. Mr. Lampman, as everyone knows, is a graduate of Trinity:—

A volume of verse published at Ottawa, and full at once of the influence of Canadian scenery and of classical culture, arrests the reader's attention at once. And though there is nothing exactly demonstrating true genius in this volume, there is so much in it of truth, simplicity, vivacity, and of something that fairly deserves the name of passion, that it is very pleasant and sometimes even impressive reading, almost from beginning to end. The very last page, for instance, which is devoted to a by no means ambitious theme, is sufficient evidence that Mr. Lampman has a true eye and a true sense of humor.

Nor is the sonnet called "March," which is for the most part a sketch of the demeanor of what Mr. Lampman calls the "British Sparrows" in a Canadian