

succeeded marvellously well in masticating acorns and roots of plants, is poor proof that he is not adapted, as well and better, for the superior fare which his reason and inventive faculties have since provided. The fact that a man's hands succeed marvellously well in snatching food from his neighbor's mouth, surely does not prove that, when they labour in helpful co-operation, they are departing from the use for which the creator intended them. Surely, if you speak of a designer, you will credit him with at least our own human judgment, and not have him create for base purposes what is so excellently adapted for higher.

The best interpreter of the design in creation is ever an enlightened conscience. Christ, from the height of His moral inspiration, understood God's intention with regard to man, and proclaimed, as our guide in society, the law of human brotherhood. "Love thy neighbour as thyself." That this law of social life is not always understood and obeyed, is no proof that it does not exist. There are known laws of physical life, and these are constantly violated; but their violation as well as the violation of the law of social life, is productive only of deformity and pain; while it is only in conformity with these laws that the human form and human society assume the lines of a divine mould and throb with a joy new and divine.

R. BALMER.

THE TWO WARRIORS.

Laden with memories of tears and laughter;
Of sin and loving faith, and joy and woe;
Of warfare that shall live in fame hereafter;
Into the past the Old Year turns to go,
Looking upon the world with longing eyes,
Once more be'ore he dies.

Then, a young warrior in armour mail'd,
The New Year entereth the sleeping world,
And greets in awe his home with snow-ropes veil'd;
While in his hand he holds his flag unfurl'd,
Whereon are writ the destinies of fate
That his long reign await.

Their eyes encounter, the old man's and the stranger's;
The meek New Year reveres the kingly form,
Austere, with wearying griefs and world-felt dangers,
And owns that nobly he has pass'd the storm,
And sighs, "May it be granted unto me
To do great things like thee!"

But the Old Year, in sorrowful contrition,
Beholds the warrior's robe that bears no stain,
"Ah! that my countless sins could gain remission,
And I, as thee, be young and pure again."
In fervent agony the Old Year cries,—
"Pray for my sins," and dies.

As his last breath ascends, the stillness breaking,
Glad Christmas music, from a thousand bells,
Mingles two voices in their bright awaking;
One pealing forth its myriad—parting knells
For the pale dead,—the other, loud and clear,
Greeting the New-born Year.

Berlin.

J. KING.

COASTING UNDER THE AURORA BOREALIS.

A steep hill flanked by great snow-banks is climbed, and to the east lies folded in a little hollow, the hamlet I left so shortly ago. At the dip of the hill to my right, a long, rough, sabre-like projection of ice, glistening and flashing in crystalline splendour, cuts its way sharply into the well-defined waters of the wonderful Current river, that challenges all the forces of winter to bind it fast. As far as the eye can reach east and west, it flows along silently between narrow sheets of ice, on which the shrubbery of the islands that

show so clear under the flaming skies, and from amidst the gleaming ice-fields, throw dark serrated outlines. Some travelers, shanty-men perhaps, mail couriers more likely, have been stopped by its course, and a fire shines ruddily from the foliage of the largest and most heavily wooded island, calling out in a language understood along all this coast, "Boatman, do not tarry." But who would not camp out on such a night, and under such a sky? The whole northern heavens, to the zenith, are flooded with a pale blue brilliancy, in which float some dark irregular clouds, pierced here and there by the bright eyes of the stars, and looking, in the sea of light in which they lie, like the *Fortunate Isles of the blessed*. Long quivering tongues of flame shoot up from the mountains, that stand out in bold relief, fall athwart the tufted islands, and in thread-like gleams flicker upward to the zenith.

Atmospheric displays of this kind are of common occurrence in this part of Her Majesty's dominions, but are usually marked by a blaze of fireworks in one quarter, to be succeeded by a like blaze in another quarter. The bright colors spring up and fade so quickly, and follow and chase each other in such rapid succession, that the eye has but to watch one section of the heavens to be gratified by every variety of light and shade, form and coloring, observable in this grand phenomenon. But to-night there is a great difference, in that the display is stationary. From the early evening hour the illumination has continued as at first it broke out, save that the clouds have changed their forms and positions.

But the merry-makers are coming this way. Even this unfrequented slide must fall a prey to Albany sleds and toboggans, on such a glorious night. I cast a last look around, tie the strap of my snow-shoe which has become loosened, and go home to write to my friend, the Editor of the VARSITY.

H. E. T.

Algoma District, Jan. 9, 1886.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

"Lego, Diek, Lego!"—Joseph Andrews.

Whether it was out of chagrin at the untoward results of the mind-reading at Gerolman's last term or for some other reasons altogether beyond the grasp of my comprehension, I did not know; and perhaps it was because I didn't know, that I was having all the more pleasure with my speculations and conjectures on the matter, when that bulky letter from Leatherby himself came to me yesterday. Before opening the envelope, which bore the stamp of Universality College, I tried once again to think out what it could be that led him to leave Toronto for the sake of attending lectures at that well-known American institution, where he himself, however, would be not at all well known. Though I know Fred Leatherby's character intimately, I found on opening the letter that my last guess had not hit the mark.

"My strong point," he wrote, "is original research, as you know." I must say that I had not known this. "But until now," the letter went on, "I felt myself cramped. What I needed was a man of profound erudition to be my adviser, a man versed in all the old languages and skilled in ancient cosmogonies, myths, antique fables, theology, and knotty points generally; a man whose *dictum* on any subject would be definitive and final. Such a man, I feel sure, I have found in Dr. McCrudely, the new lecturer at Universality College. As yet, it is true, I have seen very little of him, but what makes me pin my faith to his erudition is the sight of the *menu* card of an elaborate feast of languages, which he has pinned up on the announcement board here. I have copied it for you in all its learned length. It made the postage come high. It begins, as you will see, with the Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia, and amongst a host of other languages includes Zendic, Aramaic, Sanskrit, Syriac, Targumic, Assyrian, Prakrit, Pali, and Arabic, and ends with Ethiopic,—to say nothing of the most atrocious kinds of comparative Philology. From this it is plain to see of Dr. McCrudely that for profound scholarship in the lore of all languages, he beats the very devil."