

I said something like this to R—and he answered that it was nothing. I soon should get used to it if I were at Cambridge. It would not matter much, however, if I did not. They would do it still.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that there are few caps and blazers alike?"

I had.

"Well," said R—, "the reason is this. If a couple or three fellows come together a couple or three times, they form a club or union which has for its object the adoption of a uniform cap and blazer. It may happen, of course, that some, or all, of these fellows are members of other such unions and have a cap and blazer for each of them. How they manage to hit on new combinations of colour, is something I can't understand, but the result of it all is that, not only do you seldom see two caps or blazers of the same kind on the same day, but you seldom see the same man wear the same cap or blazer on two consecutive days."

At this point I became mystified.

#### IX.

I remarked in R—'s life at Cambridge, so far as I had been able to observe it during my short stay with him, a calm which was almost Sabbatic. Such an air seemed to be breathed there. Having spoken to him on the point, he said, as he stood on the platform, waiting until my train should start, "Yes, we are all so here. Our life is a quiet one, much quieter than you live at home. We are in a land of dreams."

J. A. G.

#### MY IDOL.

Hearts oft bow before strange idols,—  
Strength of power and breath of fame,—  
And, forgetful of life's morning,  
Dream of noontide's gilded name;  
But the idol that I cherish  
Knows no glory e'en in part:  
'Tis the simple faith of childhood  
Long grown strong within my heart.

In the darkest hour of trial,  
When each star has veiled its face,  
Turn I fondly to my idol,  
Full of heavenly light and grace:  
Then my step grows firm and steady  
Down the mystic path of night,  
For the simple faith of childhood  
Guides me, leads me ever right.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

#### ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE TADDLE.\*

*Tempora mutantur*—how pleasant to be once again where a Latin quotation, however hackneyed, is not out of place—*tempora mutantur*, but we "old boys," we from whom youth is flying so fast, he seems to be entering on the home gallop, to be putting on the final spurt, we whose barbers tell us—all unconscious of the pang they cause—they see "a few grey hairs, sir; yes, sir, a few grey hairs," we, despite all that age may do, do not change *in illis*. No; it is you hopeful, careless undergraduates who change.

\* Perhaps this classic stream ought now to be referred to as the ex-Taddle or the *quondam*-Taddle. So far-reaching is the restless hand of the innovator that not even Nature's works are by him allowed to rest in peace, and what was once a purling brook is now a burnt-clay conduit!

Whither have fled your gown and mortar-board? Whither the Grand Mufti—although I have reason to believe that this latter high functionary does still exist *in posse* if not *in esse*? And who are these who with lightly-tripping footsteps and demure, or quasi-demure, look share with you the library and lecture-room? A dainty sight to see, in truth, but is it not an enticingly distracting one? I know not how I, *consule Planco*, and especially *calidus juvenis*, should have regarded it; but, methinks pink cheeks and flashing eyes would have had for me more charms than all Professors' or Fellows' words of wisdom, charmed these never so wisely. Grey-haired though, as my barber assevers I am, I cannot look upon these Atalantas† without tender feelings, such as in olden times were only aroused on some such exceptional occasion as a *Conversazione* or a Residence Dance. No, it is you who change, not I.

What, too, means all this busy building on every side? Knox I know, and the Observatory I know, but the School of Practical Science, McMaster Hall, Wycliffe College, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Biological Laboratory, the Parliament Buildings—what are these? I am old, I am conservative; I would, I think, that our majestic Mother had been left in her serene and dignified loneliness. Does it add to her glory that in her retinue she now numbers a faculty of Medicine, a faculty of Pharmacy, a faculty of Dentistry? Above all I do not like to see her graceful trailing robe besmirched with politics, trampled on by Ministers and M.P.P.'s. Already have education and politics had too much in common; what will be the outcome of a closer communion? I fear me much that the grasping fingers of the political wire-puller will sully the already hardly spotless garments of the Provincial University. Could the Government have chosen no other site for their expensive pile? Is Parkdale not now about to be a ward of the city? Or if Parkdale objected to the wrangling horde, is there not space and to spare east of the Don? Near the Asylum or close to the jail I would have found them a place.

Nor is the contiguity of a House of Commons the only link between education and politics lately forged by "the authorities"; there is now, I hear, a chair of "Political Science." To this I object not; rather I welcome it. All the more, too, if, as is to be most devoutly hoped, this chair of Political Science prove antidotal to the baneful influences of Political *arts*, be a species of vaccination, shall I say, to ward off the morbid germs that infest the halls and members of popular assemblies. I trust the learned politico-scientific vaccinator will thoroughly inoculate his pupil-patients.

Yet another chair too, I learn, has been founded and is soon to be filled. This change also I am Whig enough to welcome. English in England's most English colony is wofully man-slaughtered. Truly I hope that he to whom presently this comfortable seat is offered is one who shall find no difficulties with his "wills" and his "shalls."

However, change on, changeful undergraduates. "Old boys" always, I know, are too apt to think there were giants in *their* day, with the unexpressed hint that there are none in yours. I, despite all my fossilification, will not be so churlish, —indeed will go so far as to say that, perchance, unknown to us grey-haired children of our common Mother, you her last-born make use of a new standard of measurement, so that who to us were giants are to you dwarfs. If so, and if so it be that these changes have had aught to do with the increased stature of those nurtured by our Mother, I too will welcome them, and will do my best to be able truthfully to say *et nos mutantur in illis*.

T. A. H.

† Does Rumour inform me aright when she declares that one of these fair Atalantas was tempted from her arduous race by the golden apple of matrimony?