

## STANZAS.

From the Colophon MSS.

Yt was a Chylde I heard  
 Among ye flowers at play,  
 And blythely as a byrd  
 He sang ye lyfe-long day :  
 And thys, as I remember,  
 Of hys song was ye refrayne,  
*By hours, ye hours are slayne :—*  
*He comes, ye bleak December—*  
*Away, away, away.*

Ye Brooklet by my feet  
 Went syngynge to ye sea :  
 Oh, Brooklet, why so fleet?  
 Ye lylies mourne for thee !  
 And thys, as I remember,  
 Of yts song was ye refrayne,—  
*By hours, ye hours are slayne :—*  
*He comes, ye bleak December—*  
*He comes, to thee, to me.*

Ye Cloud that floated o'er me  
 Seemed hastyng to ye west—  
 Yts shadow sped before me  
 Upon ye earth's green breast :  
 And then I well remember,  
 My teares fell down lyke rayne,  
*For I ye hours had slayne,*  
*And near me frowned December,*  
*Whom I had dared yn vayne.*

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 PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle is no copyist. He seems to write as if determined to stamp his individuality not only on his ideas, but also on his words. Some of his newly-coined terms are passably euphonious ; but many of them are as stiff and bristly as the hair on his head, or the bristles on his chin, and as difficult of manipulation by any hand but his own. Hence his method is called "Carlyless." I do not think that this style is his hobby, and that he prides himself in being odd in it, but its uniqueness had been forced by torrents of ideas crowding upon him for utter-