

before this time men had lived without sorrows or toils or diseases. But Pandora took the lid off the cask which held these—it stood apparently in the house of Epimetheus and was kept firmly secured by his wiser brother, though Hesiod is not explicit on the point—and away they flew far and wide among mankind, who now are never secure against them for one hour. Of all the contents of the cask Pandora succeeds in intercepting one only. She throws the lid on in time to prevent Hope from escaping. By this last touch the poet seems to express, certainly in a way rather inconsistent with the previous tenor of his imagery, that the only blessing which still remains to man—a very dubious blessing, too, according to Greek conceptions—is Hope.

It seems tolerably clear that in this and in the former story we have a combination of two diverse accounts of the origin of evil. According to the one, woman is the source of all the ills that flesh is heir to; the other finds the "fons et origo malorum" in Prometheus the fire-stealer. He is simply the inventive spirit of man himself, who, instead of resting in passive piety upon the gifts of the gods, steals the sacred fire of heaven, which he pollutes by turning it to earthly uses, finds out for himself many devices, arts which minister much more to his luxuries than to his real wants, and learns, too late, amid the toils and diseases brought upon him by the unnatural conditions which he has fashioned for his own life, to regret the simple, happy, early time. This is a world-old theory of man's sorrows; there are traces of it in Genesis also where the invention of the arts is ascribed to the impious race of Cain. At the same time this same theory meets us constantly in advanced periods of human thought. Its most eloquent exponent is Rousseau. It is the theory of the simple-minded, rustic-like Hesiod, who views, without any sympathy, the restless advances of man's expansive energy in thought and art; it is also the theory of the higher æsthetic child of an artificial civilization, weary with the burden of the later days, the bewildering complexity of human life in an age when it threatens to be overwhelmed under its own mechanism, when the means have become so multifarious that they destroy the end.

Over our heads truth and nature—
Still our life's zig-zags and dodges
Ins and outs weaving a new legislature—
God's gold just shining its last where that lodges,
Palled beneath man's usurpature.

So we o'er shroud stars and roses,
Cherub and trophy and garland;
Nothings grow something which quietly closes
Heaven's earnest eye; not a glimpse of the far land
Gets through our comments and glozes.

Prof. McNaughton has started a class for the study of New Testament Greek, which meets for an hour every Sunday morning, at 9:45, in the classics room.

POETRY.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet commotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle;—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

—Shelly.

A LAMENT.

Sad and low of heart was Kingston,
When she heard the awful message
From the portals of the west wind,
From her champions in Toronto,
From her noble, wounded warriors,
From the field of bloody conflict
Where the band of mighty forces
(With a mighty small resultant)
Sought to tear and drive each other
From the land where they were planted
To the other end of nowhere.

Sad and weary were the lovers
Of that doughty band of fighters,
Of the bruised and weary warriors
Who had pulled the tiger's tail off,
When the same had come to sweep them,
But had not a chance allowed them,
For to spoil the white-faced soldiers.
So we waited for the tidings
Of our overbalanced fighters,
Overwhelmed and exceeded
By a power a little stronger
By a mighty power immeasurable,
Helped by Mars, the god of battle,
And Archie K—r his deputy.
So that both sides were rewarded
For their honest work in fighting
For their noble deeds in battle—
One by points (the thing they wanted),
One by knowing they were victors.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

I cannot fail to read who know her well,
The white despair that bent above the page,
The large hot tears that never fell,
The sick heart flutt'ring in its cage,
All these I read in glad and open signs
Between the lines.

No matter tho' the words are rarely cold,
And very few and all too firmly writ,
The little hand compelled to hold
The pen, was very tired of it,
Can you not read the glad and open signs
Between the lines.

My glad heart knows the dear familiar hand
Alone has penned, without a moment's thought,
These words, so frigid and so grand,
And then the heart repentant wrought
The other lovely message in the signs
Between the lines.

R. R. L.