

AT SUNDOWN.

The glory of the sunset fades away,
 Close clouds of gloom o'erspread the changing sky,
 The beauty and the radiance fleet and fly,
 And night's black pall enfolds the dying day.
 Thus is it with the life wherethrough we stray:
 Swift are the smiles that but suppress the sigh,
 The transient splendours of our pleasure die,
 But grief abides with gloomy clouds and grey.

Yet souls that hear the music of the spheres
 Dream-driven through the choral air, have won
 A passing respite from the sounds that jar,
 To banish the heart's pain and sanguine tears
 Remote as the far flame of the sinking sun,
 Or steel wind storming round some dying star.

FREDERICK DAVIDSON.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

It is perhaps as well to explain at the outset that the word cranks is here used in its more respectable, Miltonic sense; not in that familiar to our every-day Canadian speech. Let none take offence, then, whose name may be found in these two columns of disconnected college reminiscences. I have attempted no particular classification; I shall string my stories together as they occur to me, and when I have told enough I shall, I hope, be prevailed on to stop.

Some of the best of the old stories centre round Moss Hall—that shrine of student-worship that will soon exist only in the memory of generations of graduates. The elections have their reminiscences for every student; the hazing—now no more—can also contribute its share. Tricks without number were wont to be played by wily politicians on their unsuspecting opponents, and one of the stratagems resorted to may find a place here.

That year the election was close. As it turned out, half the committee was elected by majorities of three or four, or less. The managers of both parties were on the alert; every vote had been canvassed and the whole college was excited. In a certain affiliated institution were five voters all pledged to the Blues. It became, of course, the bounden duty of the Buff leaders to see that these gentlemen did not exercise the franchise; since they would fain use it unwisely—from the Buff point of view. Accordingly, two virtuous canvassers of the Buff persuasion made it their duty to interview the reverend principal of the college in question on a business matter. This they discussed innocently for half an hour, and as they passed from the hall they incidentally remarked on the approach of the election. "Terrible times—election times," said one, and shook his head sadly. The principal pricked up his ears. The schemers proceeded to describe the whole affair as a scene of revelry and riot, and though the principal said no word, they saw resolve in his eye and went away with full assurance of success. When the fateful night arrived the Blues sent to the college for their men. In vain! They were detained; none could leave the hall. One, whose father, fortunately, came to town that night by train, took advantage of his permission to go to meet him to vote the straight Blue ticket. The other four were freed at 4.30 the next morning; and rushed to the polls only to find that the voting has ceased half an hour before; and to learn, later on, that three Buffs had been elected by majorities of three or under!

The elections gave occasion one year for a rather sharp report. The canvassing committee of one party was revising the list of voters and came across the name of one who was said to be opposed to them. "Who is he?" asked one. "Is he in Knox?" "No, he is an ass," was the quick reply. And the committee smiled.

Talking of Knox reminds me of many an escapade of which her Calvinistic halls have been the scene. On one occasion, the slumberers on one flat of the College were awakened

by an alarm clock which, at three o'clock in the morning, broke the nocturnal stillness. Each drowsy theolog. breathed a—sigh—and settled himself to sleep again. But once more—whir-r-r-r! And again and again at intervals of a few minutes for full half an hour it went on—clock after clock. And at each explosion the sleepers would start up and grumble; and as each clock ceased they would again seek repose, thinking each one the last and altogether too lazy to stir. And in the morning it was explained: for in the corridor, all in a row, sat a dozen alarms stolen the day before from the rooms of absentees and carefully regulated to go off within a few minutes of each other.

It must have been the genius who planned this trick that at another time secreted the lawn-mower for half a day in his room, that he might have the pleasure of rattling, dashing, smashing with it at midnight, along the corridor, down the stairs, past the doors of execrating sleepers and through a storm of old shoes and boot-jacks out into the night. When morning came the mower was nowhere to be seen. But next day it came back—from the cutler's shop. The jolly joker had broken it in his mad career and had been obliged to rise at six and wheel it down town to be mended. He directed it simply to be returned to the College; and his name was never known.

One of the best college stories I have ever heard is told concerning the late Dr. Beavan, once Professor of Philosophy in the University. The doctor, a worthy man enough, was not of a stamp to inspire enthusiasm in his pupils; in fact, many regarded his lectures as something of a bore. One day, accordingly, when he entered his class room he was surprised to be confronted by an immense and ugly ape which his students had with facetious intent placed in his professor's chair. His amazement, however, was but momentary; he quickly took in the situation. He took off his cap, and bowed gravely. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "since you have found a professor more fitted to your capacity, permit me to retire!" He bowed again, and left the room. X.

LETTER LEGACIES.

(Continued.)

[The following must only be regarded as an individual expression of opinion.—EDITORS].

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DEAR FRIEND,—Do not imagine for a moment that I think Annexation to be the only political outcome of present political uncertainties. I had rather anticipate a separate development if that were peacefully possible. But in these larger enterprises fate is not directed by argument alone. There is an element of predestination in the working of the great forces that control all natural movements. The question before us is simple. There is immense power to the south of us. We are weak in comparison. Can we resist ultimate absorption? and should we do so unprofiting of the unwholesome spectacle that Europe has presented with her disintegrating processes so disastrous to continued peace? Apart from all knowledge of the certainty of increased material prosperity, it seemeth me that patriotism itself demands this union, and so let us have no more about it at present.

The scientific tendency of the century conflicts less with our unborn literature than the causes that retarded the mind of America till the advent of the existing school. These causes are as evident as the results they produced, and are applicable with additions to our case. Our constitution is young, and the creative minds have expended themselves hitherto in oratory. Our country is new, and the sympathies of its people have not been directed towards an appreciation of literary effort, but they have pursued their inborn instinct of personal gain to the utmost. Nor are they much to be blamed, for it is this instinct that always precedes an age when the receptive faculties may be exercised in leisure and the energies have cooled from their first great heat, when "the epic passion was absorbed in the clearing of forests, the bridging of rivers, the conquest of savage and beast, the creation of a free government." What reasonable explanation does