

animated handiwork. Others strive towards the same goal by the art of Aristophanes—for their poetic caricatures are manifestly weak imitations of that great and gifted Greek. There is a class again, still with the same aim, who quote from Dante or Jay Kobb, and always succeed in getting their quotations mixed. These three classes probably do their deadly destruction for the most part from a spirit of ambition expressing itself in lowly form and evincing a deplorable selfishness in its forgetfulness of others. But the most fatal work is done by the man who is animated by nothing less than general cussedness. He sits around and when work gets monotonous he hunts out his weapons and proceeds to execution. He loves the University in his way, and loves the library as a part of the institution, but his love is negligent and does not prevent him from obviously injuring the object of his affections. It was from this perhaps that once agone, as we pondered amid the ponderous tomes, a voice came to us saying in heart-weariness and sorrow:—

It may have been right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?

Perhaps, however, we should not refuse the plea of heredity in behalf of these unfortunates, for it is reasonably maintained that we, being a composite people, are forced to exhibit outwardly traces of Gothic, Vandal and Huron blood that courses through our veins.

The sources of mutilation other than these are trifling, and with them we need not concern ourselves. Those, however, to which we have referred demand our serious thoughts, particularly when we remember that the remedy is in our own hands. Surely there is nothing tending to elevation or culture in damaging an unoffending piece of furniture even though there be such tendency in the hustling of the not less unoffending freshmen. We are sinning first and chiefly æsthetically or artistically, and we are sinning secondly economically. The authorities have at length provided adequate library facilities and it behooves us not to abuse the opportunities to us afforded. We sincerely hope that the old habit may pass away as many of its evil contemporaries have been doing, and that on this question, as it should on all, the student mind may be found advancing ever towards something better and brighter, leaving its burden of moss and mud ever farther behind in the woods.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown I saw her go—
The daintiest sight the world could show,
The cap aslant with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there—
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs maids come and go.
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O Grecian girls in robes of snow,
O satin belles of long ago,
However gay your dress, or fair,
I tell you ye could not compare
With the new maid ye cannot know—
In cap and gown.

—Bryn Mawr Lantern.

MY FAVORITE CANADIAN AUTHOR.

One of those significant facts which show the trend of the thoughts and hopes of Canadians in the present day is the increased and increasing attention devoted to native literary productions. The people of Canada are awakening to the fact that there has been growing up of late years a school of writers of no mean powers and capabilities. It augurs well for the future of Canadian literature that such should be the case. The present is full of the promise of still better things in the near future.

I have never, unfortunately, been able to devote much study to our native poets, and with most of them therefore I have only a very slight acquaintance. But there is one from whose productions I have derived, even in a hasty perusal, no inconsiderable amusement: I mean the poet Brooke. I may therefore be excused if I call the attention of readers of VARSITY to this writer, whose works are happily too little known and valued.

The first poem in the edition of Mr. Brooke's works which I possess is entitled "Key to my Writings," and is suggestive of the famous picture of the life of man which Shakespeare gives us in "As You Like It." Let me quote a few lines from Mr. Brooke:—

Man, what are you, following predecessor on—
What have you been? I have been an infant baby,
A suckling child without purpose—
No mind, most helpless and without guile.
I was onward pressed—a boy became;
Castles in the air I built, and like the rose they wilt.

It may strike the unreflecting reader that these lines fail to exhibit a mastery of metrical forms; that they are, in fact, to express the idea shortly, rather lame. But surely the peculiarity of form should not divert us from the richness and profundity of meaning (if there is any meaning at all). It is ever the characteristic of genius to turn aside from the path where other men have trodden, and to seek in originality of form an adequate expression for original ideas. Such is the defence of our poet that we would offer against those who quibble over such technical and subordinate points.

Amongst the many characteristics that mark the poems of Mr. Brooke, there are two, in my opinion, that stand pre-eminent: a love for out-door life and active sports and a fervent spirit of patriotism. The first of these is especially to be seen in his poems on hunting and fishing. Take, for example, the following lines from the poem, "A Day's Woodcock Shooting,"—

'Twas morn at peep of day—
I bounded from my bed, where oft I lay,
Beneath the acacia trees you'll find my cot,
If honest you cannot miss the spot,
With trees around, above, below,
'Tis Acacia Cottage, white as the driven snow;

'Twas there I gave that whistle shrill,
Like magic appeared my noble setter, subject of my will,
With joy he bounded to my side,
Obedient to my call with faithful pride,
His eyes they sparkled and seemed to say
"Command, my master, I will obey."
I stroked his head, and pleased was he
At sight of gun, game-bag and me.

A spirit akin to that of Sir Walter Scott seems to breathe through these lines. Still more suggestive of Scott is the following animated description of a fishing exploit:—

His pole it bends a half-moon then, that fish he is surprised,
As darting through the water quick, he turns upon all sides;
He runs full length of line and rod, the water rushes through;
In fear or rage is desperate, or something equal to.
He from the water gives a leap, and shakes determined there,
To loose the barb that's in his maw, while suspended in the air;
Then down he goes full depths the river,
And rises again to go down there and quiver;

My friend, a sportsman true, in fishing takes a pride,
And taking pleasure in giving pleasure, his bait with you'll divide;