

bution." Talk of the gallant and gentle bearing and stalwart proportions of her lover with the crystal-hearted Rosalind.

Rosalind is an enchantingly grand-spirited heroine. She is best described in the following lines:—

"Nature presently distilled"

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart,"

"Cleopatra's majesty,"

"Atalanta's better part,"

"Sad Lucretia's modesty"

"Thus Rosalind of many parts"

"By heavenly synod was devised"

"Of many faces, eyes and hearts,"

"To have the touches dearest prized,"

"Heaven would that she these gifts should have"

"And I to live and die her slave."

Orlando's love is full of gaiety and dashed with a shade of natural melancholy. He is witty and is no mournful, depressing companion. His love shows no fading in its rose, no false sentiment, none of the marks of a dying lover; no lean cheek, no sunken blue eyes, no unquestionable spirit, no beard neglected, no hose ungartered, no bonnet unbanded, no sleeve unbuttoned, no shoe untied, no careless dissolution.

Jaques is a solemn pretender to a quality not natural in him, a grave coxcomb, pompous, and patronizing, ostensibly melancholy and a cynical philosopher. Some remarkable passages came from the lips of "Mr. Melancholy."

"I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fanatical: nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mind, cross, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my after rumination wraps me in a most humorous address."

The banished Duke is a noble gentleman worldly wise, gallant in misfortune, changing stubbornness of ill-luck into so quiet and sweet a style, that every one is happy in his company. The Duke "finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

In reading "As You Like It" we dwell in a world of moral beauty. Its characters soothe and heal the troubles of the world. We see the beautiful forest of Arden, with its broad oaks and quiet moving streams, new sandy banks, green swards, brawling brooks, merry-throated birds, herds of deer, thickets of brambles and green holly, and meadows with sheep. A lovely place for beautiful people to dwell in and there we will leave them.

PHIL: C HARRIS, '11.