

of strangers. Dr. Wilson will find that he has made a great mistake. Neither the president nor any other member of the faculty of University College can afford to defy graduate opinion. If he and some others had been wise they would have learnt that lesson long ago.

As for the other members of the deputation, it must be said that their action in this matter is in very bad taste and plainly reprehensible. In any vital sense they are not members of our university at all. They and the institutions they represent derive considerable prestige and general advantage from their present nominal connection with us. If our graduates had opposed the affiliation movement, as they had a perfect right to do, it could never have been consummated. And now the persons who have been admitted to the honours and privileges of a connection with the University of Toronto, turn round and attempt to get the control of the institution entirely into their own hands.

Graduates, the danger is a serious one. It is true your opponents are few in number *but they are on the ground*, while you are scattered all over the Province. They are a solid body united by a special interest, but you are individuals without effective organization and with distinct individual opinions. Your work is done publicly, and whatever weaknesses there may be in it are fully exposed to your opponents. Their operations are conducted in private, and it is only by the slightest chance you hear of what is being contemplated until it is done and beyond remedy.

There is no time to lose. The designs of this new party in our university politics must be checked at once and forever. We cannot permit our Provincial University to be degraded into the position of a mere ornament and appendage of the affiliated institutions.

Literature.

THE SLIDE.

The tedious steps ascended now—
The polished ash, with curling prow,
All covered o'er with cushions gay,
Entrancing, charms all fear away:
A shout! a shove! and down we go
Skimming over ice and snow;
Underneath a brilliant sky,
Swifter far than swallows fly,
Passing whirling drift and tree,
Bounding, leaping, in its glee,
On and on, like startled doe,
Deftly steered by nimble toe,
Over icy hill and heath,
In the whistling whirlwind's teeth.
The fleet toboggan rushes still,
Heeding not the quickening thrill,
The stifled sigh, or tender nerve;
Without a spill, without a curve,
Until its brief career we shift,
And breathless plunge against the drift.

Oh fie! ye murmurers who lament
The steady climb and long ascent!
A star-lit sky and frosty air,
And (best of all) a lady fair,
Should charm the labour all away,
And heavy heart make light and gay.

IN A TRINIDAD FOREST.

"CHACUN POUR SOL."

(Continued from last week.)

Now, for a short time, we will look at another curious plant, also a parasite.

Up a tree trunk zig-zags the fleshy green stem of the vanilla orchis, throwing out at each angle a fleshy, oval leaf and a root which is flattened against the bark of its host. The lower part of the stem has decayed, but it plainly has grown from the ground. Now here is a life history just the converse of that of the matapalo. The seed of the vanilla germinates in the soil. The plant turns to a tree, up which it climbs, and when sufficiently advanced is totally independent of its earthy root, which decays. The plant now feeds only upon the sap of its host and the gases of the atmosphere. Both of these parasites attain their object, namely, a place where sun-food and air can be obtained freely, but by what different routes! The first is at first parasitic and then becomes independent, while the other is born independent but develops into a regular "sucker."

As you slash your way through the bush you are suddenly brought up with a jerk, and, turning round, find your coat caught in the tips, luckily only the tips, of a series of natural fish hooks strung on a green whip-lash three feet long, as fine as a piece of whip-cord and as strong. As your companion helps you out, he will tell you, perhaps, the old story which gives this plant its common name—"Valga mi Inglese" (Desmoncus).

During the good old times of Raleigh and the buccaneers, a party of Raleigh's men attacked a Spanish fort on the Caroni river. The Spaniards abandoned their guns and ran for their lives through the bush, when one of them was caught in the hooks of this Desmoncus, and, imagining that he was held by one of the terrible "Inglese," he shouted in terror "Valga mi Inglese"—"Take ransom for me, Englishman"—a name it still bears among the Spanish Creoles. It is a palm, as is seen from its little fox-brushes of flowers and bunches of coral-red fruit, but how different to the rest of the palm species! These, with the exception of the Desmonci of the Western Continent and the Calami of the Eastern, have all strong, well-developed stems and a terminal crown of fronds. These valgas, however, have found it more profitable to climb. The thin prickly stem gives out at intervals a pinnate leaf of the true palm type, the mid rib of which is enormously prolonged beyond the leaf and carries at its tip, as we have seen, a series of re-curved hooks, which are merely pinnae altered to suit the climbing habit of the plant. A pest of the forest is this same Desmoncus, but not so terrible as that climber which mantles the dark crowns of those melastomas with masses of softest green. This is the Scleria flagellum, the "razor grass" of the Creoles, a cousin in the olden time of that broad-leaved sedge occasionally seen in Canadian gardens. It has developed also into a true high climber, having found it easier to lean on somebody else than to stand on its own legs. Its stem is triangular, beset with sharp, siliceous spines, which look down towards the ground. Its leaves are long, sabre-shaped and curved, and are armed like the stem with sharp spines that cut through clothes and skin and flesh if handled roughly.

Its life history is interesting, and is about as follows:—The seed germinates at the foot of a tree. As soon as the stem is too weak to support itself it gently leans against its neighbour and climbs by friction. It runs up into the tree, where it branches until it completely covers its host, which is generally strangled by its ungrateful neighbour.

A little further on we come across another scleria, the "vine bamboo," not so pretty as its cousin, the razor grass, but more suggestive, since it apparently has not yet made up its mind whether it will be a climbing or an arborescent grass. Meanwhile, in apparent hesitation, it tries awkwardly to stand upright