

a mist that is almost rain. To go or not to go? that is the question! The morning is certainly not inviting. A decision must be made at once if we are to go at all, so our weather prophetess is called upon to speak, and thus she delivered herself: "Get ready by all means. If you were not so very fond of a morning sleep (she was fonder of a morning sleep than any of us) you would know that this is quite a frequent beginning to a fine day."

So bustle and hurry ensue, and finally a start is made, and as the electric car hums along and nears the Yonge St. wharf, the mist that has been rising suddenly clears away and the sun bursts forth. All dampness is dispelled, and looking across the radiant water we inwardly exclaim: "Why do we not rise early every morning, it is so refreshing!" And as we steam away out into the lake, a merry congratulatory party we are.

In due time we enter the Niagara River, and all at once the wraps that have been our comfort are thrown aside, as we realize that the day is warm. The old landmarks are observed and commented upon, and the troublous times of 1812 recalled as we catch the first glimpse of Brock's monument in the distance. The sail up the river has been delightful, but it is not the "Falls." So we eagerly wait for the placing of the gang way, and make for the open cars in waiting, securing end seats so as to command as good a view as possible of the sights along the river. We steadily mount the steep grade until the summit of Queenston Heights is reached, and looking down the river from there, enjoy a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country; the eye is scarcely satisfied before our car glides forward, and as we suddenly sweep to the very edge of the cliff we give a little gasp, half of fear, wholly of delight, as we gaze down at the seething, boiling waters,—how many feet below? On we spin in our mad career, now on the brink of the precipice, now for a moment entirely out of sight of the river, slowing up now and then when the guard shouts out something which no one can understand except those who have been there before. We slowly cross the trestle work, from which, on looking into the dizzy depth below, we see a tiny thread of silver making its way slowly towards the mighty force of waters a few hundred yards beyond; instinctively we grasp the rail of the car for safety, and are informed that we are over 200 feet above the bed of the streamlet. At last the Falls are in sight (the Falls so often seen before, and yet so new), and we leave the car, voting the new electric railway a complete success. To-day we will not go up to Chippewa, but lunch just above the Falls on the grassy slope overlooking the wonderful dashing, leaping, and further on majestically sweeping waters, before the final leap is taken.

A party of five, far enough from the carriage road to escape observation, having risen at five o'clock in the morning, what wonder is it that our wearied frames should lose consciousness in sleep? Lulled by the subdued roar of distant waters, and fanned by the gently passing breeze, who would not envy us this delightful slumber? Small wonder that *even* we *seniors* should in dreams be carried back to the time when we were "fresh," but not "green," and witness again the combat of Beowulf, and hear the cries of Grendel's mother as she pays the extreme penalty beneath the boggy fen; or that the gentle swaying of the branches overhead should transport us to those bright seas, where the sweet music of the sirens is drowned in the nobler and sweeter music of Orpheus as he sweeps his hand across the golden harp strings and sings of courage, hope and victory.

Then there is a shout: "The Bastille has fallen!" The cannon thunders in our ears, and we awaken to find a coaching party rolling past, their Jehu shouting like a very Stentoria. Refreshed, we wander further up, gathering here and there flowers,—old friends of former times; and so passes the day until we long to be at home again, and as night closes in upon us the brilliant lights of Toronto harbor flash a welcome across the lake, a welcome whose brilliancy is softened by the red and blue and yellow paths that lead from Hanlan's Isle. And now we four are in our room again, and "Gertrude, where did you hide 'Big Ben'?" "Behind the couch in the Library." Chorus, "Good-night."

Sleepily, "Ethel, what did you write on the placard you hung on the door?" Very drowsily comes the answer: "'Not to be disturbed.' Please don't speak to me again, I'm off to the land of ....."

A. D. LA NON."

#### LIBRARY SOCIETIES.

We are all familiar with methods of educating the Grecian and Roman youth, and with what was considered a college course in those days—Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy. The Greeks and Romans valued highly the gift of eloquent and logical speech, and paid much attention to debate. As a natural result of this widespread and popular interest in public speaking, those countries produced men like Demosthenes, Cicero, and Caesar. I can imagine the young Cicero putting aside his stylus and tablets, and leaving the latest papyrus roll on rhetoric to join in the mimic debate, that was a means of developing the talents which made him the most powerful speaker that ever stood on the Roman rostrum.

From various causes, political and otherwise, this interest, manifested during classical times, slackened