

themselves there after their return from Scotland, soon became the centre where the *litterati* of the city met. Darwin and Tennyson were amongst the number of Mrs. Carlyle's admirers while Lord Jeffrey and Leigh Hunt were almost nightly visitors. Partly from confidence, partly from indifference this homage paid to his wife never troubled Carlyle, wrapped up as he then was in some of his greatest works.

But a severer test yet was now awaiting her. Her husband had become one of the lions of the day and his attentions to Lady Ashburton set off against his long neglect, indifference and harshness to her, caused his wife acute distress. This was the *coup-de-grâce*. Despair overpowered her. The works of kindness which she had done ever since her marriage crowded upon her and turned to gall. The past was spoiled by the present. The innumerable sacrifices accomplished with smiles and soon forgotten now came back to memory. Positive discord reigned where previously all had been submission on her part. For both a great shadow was cast over the years during which they had lived together.

But the trouble was brought suddenly to an end by the death of Lady Ashburton. Carlyle was not the man to make up quarrels, but it was his one drop of consolation after his wife had been taken from him, that during the last few months preceding her death he had seemed to arouse from his lethargy and to feel for her a thrill of natural pity, to show to her somewhat of a husband's sympathy. The excruciating agonies which she suffered sank into the deep places where abode his soul. Near the end of 1863 an accident while getting into her carriage, hastened an evil of which the doctors were ignorant, and in the following April, her husband was rudely awakened to the consciousness of what he had lost, and he who had been so long blind now saw with more than common distinctness. The knowledge of all that his wife had suffered and borne for him together with the sense of his own shortcomings flooded upon him, and overwhelmed him with grief and remorse.

Much has been written and will yet be written about the domestic troubles of Carlyle and his wife, and critics have been inclined to take one side or the other and, like paid advocates, to represent all the facts in favor of their own particular views and to conceal everything adverse to the position which they take. Such is not our plan. It is only natural that one's sympathies should be with the weaker party, but we must not allow these to prevail too far and let our hearts get the better of our brains. We ought not to be too hard upon Carlyle. He was no ordinary man and is not to be judged by the rules applicable to one. He felt that his duty lay in his work and that to the latter every thing must be sacrificed, although we are free to admit that his exertions by no means ended there. His wife would gladly have played a more important part in their united lives than that which he assigned to her, but her devotion to his work as well as to him caused her to accept the situation without murmur. We need not eulogize. The story of her life has spoken far more plainly of her virtues than could any praise which we might bestow. Her faults were few and easy to forgive. In all her relations she

left little to be desired—a dutiful daughter, a faithful friend, a prudent and devoted wife, a noble woman; her talents deserved a wider field of exercise, her virtues merited a happier life.

C. J. BROOKE.

McGill News.

THE Faculty of Arts have decided to award a gold medal to the student who stands first in the examination for the ordinary degree of B.A., provided he shall have secured a first class in four out of the seven departments and have passed not lower than second class in the other three. No honour students can compete, nor any who have taken professional exceptions.

McGILL'S NEW SONG BOOK.

As a good deal of impatience has begun to manifest itself among the students with regard to this work, a few pertinent facts may not only be of interest, but serve to convince the subscribers that a volume of songs is being provided for them at the cost of much time, labour, and skill, gratuitously contributed by gentlemen who are ambitious, not so much to win their thanks as to produce a book that will reflect credit upon the institution whose name it bears.

The work of the compilation committee is now almost finished. All the music and songs have been finally revised and corrected. A well-known and thoroughly reliable publisher has been engaged, and in a few days the MSS. will be consigned to the printer. Though some delay must necessarily attend the reading and correcting of proofs, still it is earnestly hoped by the members of the two committees that the book may be ready for circulation before the close of the present session.

As to the matter of the book, none will have cause to complain. Among the many original songs, composed especially for this edition, is one from the pen of Dr. Frechette—our distinguished *poet laureate*—with music by Mr. Pigon, of Paris. Songs have also been contributed by Wm. McLennan, B.C.L.; Dr. Harrington, Professor Moyse, Arthur Weir, W. N. Evans, Fred. Harkin, and many others.

During the session the compilation committee has met once every week, and has laboured most indefatigably and with unabated enthusiasm. It will scarcely be possible for those ignorant of like tasks to estimate the amount of work performed. The committee, however, will consider themselves amply repaid for their trouble, if they shall have succeeded in supplying a long-felt want, and will be highly gratified if, in the least, their labors shall merit the appreciation of the students and graduates of McGill.

We hasten to the aid of the unfortunate Freshmen in Science. It appears a number of them absented themselves from lectures on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday of Carnival week and are now threatened to be fined \$2.00 each by the faculty.

It is to be regretted that the Freshies did not learn