

do not play cricket, will find that they have a great deal of spare time on their hands. To use up some of this time in a very interesting way, why not act on the suggestions that Capt. Geddes made to us in his lecture on insects last fall? Most boys seem to think that collecting insects is a lot of hard work without any pleasure, but on the contrary, it is very interesting, and there is not so very much work about it. Besides the pleasures of entomology however, it is very useful because, in reading up, to find out about the insects which you have, you begin to take more of an interest in all animals, and most boys would be surprised at how little they knew about ordinary animal life.

In another lecture last year, Dr. White told us something about the wild flowers in the vicinity, and although it does not look as if one would find many near the College, yet he says there are a great many of them within easy walking distance. Here, then, is a chance for boys who have nothing to do in the spring term, to go in for botany.

We think the boys would appreciate it, if the Friday lectures were renewed, as they make rather a pleasant break in the regular lessons of school.

A PREHISTORIC DOCUMENT.

"Recently I had occasion to search among the archives of Upper Canada College," writes an eminent linguist, "and I was greatly interested in a Sanscrit parchment I found amongst the other documents. It was evidently very old, for it was much faded and some of the characters were almost illegible. After some trouble I was able to decipher it and made a fairly accurate translation, though some passages are, to my mind, still doubtful. Thus it reads: 'For many moons the children of the mighty rok have hunted in the land of the fast-running rivers and the plains of many days; and Anaçon, the father of his people, has eaten with his warriors, as the father of day has hidden his face from men. And now the people, my people, will turn their faces toward the land of sweet roots, and will walk

for many moons to join the great armies of their brethren. And I, Lona, the mother of my tribe and all the warriors now not fit to fight against the ones that hate us, and all the old women—we must stay. But Anaçon, my son, will not leave his people without meat. So many (the word is almost illegible, being *ac--h*, probably for *acuah*, the horse) horses, bulls, goats and (another indistinct character, *ç-an*, without doubt for *çuan*, the dog) dogs as a young warrior can slay in one moon have been given us to eat.' Then there follows a description of the place, rather indefinite and hazy. It continues: 'There is also a writing of the land which——' and here the skin is torn. The second fragment reads: 'And now the mighty father of day no longer is kind to his children. His face is still seen as he comes forth from his lodge, and he looks all day on the forlorn ones of a once powerful nation, but the heat from his fire is gone out. The crows pass beyond where the eye can see—they follow my people. The little trees no longer have leaves, and the tall trees no longer can make cold when the mighty sun in his anger looks too fiercely on his people—for all is cold, we get always colder, and now I can but for a little time hold in my hand the bone with which I mark this skin; my son knows this place. I have put many skins on the legs of birds, which always fly towards my kinsmen, and they will know the place in which I die. We have slain all the beasts, and their bodies are hard as stones. They lie in the huge hole under the rock, and I have marked it on the drawing; you, my son, will find it.' There was also the fragment of a map, and in another place I saw the record of the finding of these parchments by an old College boy in a temple cave in Ceylon. It had evidently been regarded as a most sacred relic by the natives. The other map has no doubt been carefully hidden, as the knowledge of the whereabouts of such a treasure of meat is an invaluable boon to such an institution as the College. I have some doubts as to the exact position referred to by the dying savage, but it is probably somewhere in the north of Asia—no doubt in northern Siberia; and the reference to the departure of the tribe refers to the southern migration of the savages at the