

that to be where Gretchen is, to him is happiness. But keenest pleasure borders upon pain; and for all the hours of sweetness gained when in her presence he pays an exorbitant price when her absence makes itself felt.

"Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night."

And when night falls, and silence reigns, and hope lies bleeding,—when all things stand out plainly as they are, and kind deception flies, and the barrenness and loneliness of his life betray themselves in all their hideous nakedness,—then it is that despair conquers him, and his heart cries aloud in its passionate vain regret.

As love has been forbidden him, why has he been permitted to love,—to centre every thought upon one object with all the fervor and intensity of a happier man? Each hour of the day he sees her, hears her voice, feels, it may be, the cool touch of her beloved hand as she arranges his pillows, and marks with greedy eyes the gentle smile that always lights her face as she draws near him.

There is another—even a deeper—grief than the knowledge that he can never be more to her than he now is, that lies hidden in his breast, and that he hardly dares to drag from its hiding-place or let his secret love dwell upon. It is a belief he shrinks from, although hour by hour it grows stronger with him. Why had she blushed yesterday when he made that little foolish speech, half fanciful, half tender? Why had that faint look of distress crossed her face last Monday when he spoke again of his return to Laxton? Can it be possible that, had fate proved less unkind, she might—might—

It is this trouble that overpowers all others,—the thought that he need not always have been indifferent to her, the intolerable fancy that he might perhaps have been allowed to win her, had he been as other men are. He has grown paler, thinner, more silent, of late, more feverishly restless in Gretchen's absence, more desperately though secretly jealous of Tom Scarlett's constant visits. Yet so strongly riveted is the chain that binds him to the Towers that he dares not break it,—to fly from a passion that threatens to wreck the little peace that still remains to him.

(To be continued.)

THE BLUSHING BONNET.

"A 'Blushing Bonnet' for the benefit of would-be bashful ladies has lately been invented. Hidden behind the strings are two tiny steel springs, which, by the wearer merely drooping the head, are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries, thus causing a charming blush at any appropriate moment."—*Fashionable Rev.*

Choose old-world bard what theme he may

For epic or for sonnet,

'Tis mine to chant a modern lay

And sing the Blushing Bonnet.

In past unscientific days

The girls would blush at random,

And glow perforce at our young praise

As through the dance we'd hand 'em.

'Twas then the heart: 'tis now the head—

Or rather what is on it,

When blushes natural were fled

Art gave the Blushing Bonnet.

The "temporals" respond you see,

Each time your sweet brow bent is.

(Did Phylliss know anatomy

When I was in my twenties?)

Away with rouge! The "tell-tale blood"

Obeys when'er you don it—

This crown of vestal maidenhood—

This bashful Blushing Bonnet!

At will unmoved you may remain,

Or feign confusion gentle,

The "eligible" to retain,

Or snub the "detrimental."

And since on bashfulness we're bent

We'll fast improve upon it,

And other coy coiffures invent

Besides the Blushing Bonnet.

We'll aid the modest demoiselle

And eke the matron frisky

Their soft embarrassment to tell

When talk or play grows "risky."

Then here's a text for all who'd gush

In epic or in sonnet—

'Twas not before we'd cause to blush

Appeared the Blushing Bonnet.

[Gordon Gun in The Graphic,

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In an editorial in the SPECTATOR of the 4th inst., in regard to my remarks on history in McGill College, you thus concluded, "Those statements of correspondents which are the results of inaccurate information, we may suffer to pass unnoticed." Exactly. Any statements that I made, which are the result of inaccurate information, and are thus inaccurate and wrong in themselves, I hope shall be passed unnoticed. But when my statements are correct, and the assertion is made but not proven, that they are not so, I think I may be allowed to answer, although I may trespass on your valuable space. There is no ordinary history taught in McGill College. You answer "that some specimens of the *English examination papers* will be published to give the public some idea of the tenor and scope of the work done at our University." In the first place *English examination papers* have very little to do with *history*. Again, *English examination papers* and also *history examination papers* have been published before; but the public must remember that the greater part of the history asked in those examination papers *has never been taught in the College*, but has been acquired by the students from *outside sources*.

"It also appears that History is not a university course, raised to the dignity of Classics and Mathematics." Quite true. But I maintain that it should be. Should the study of Classics and Mathematics be considered more important and occupy a greater length of time than the study of our own Language and Literature? This is a question which has been widely discussed and the almost universal reply is, "No, they should not. If there is to be a division, let it be an equal one."

Again, you say, "there is a course of lectures on History." A magnificent course! Whilst the announcement of Classics occupies nearly a page, the announcement of History is comprised in this somewhat vague and laconic sentence. "The Professor of History will deliver a course of Lectures on some period of Modern History, of which due notice will be given." What is that course of Lectures? What period of Modern History do they embrace? and when is the due notice given? are some of the questions, which are easily asked but I am afraid not so easily answered.

"Still History forms a distant feature of the examination for the ordinary degree." All the History asked in the examinations for the ordinary degree, is a few events of English History as found in any school text-book. But no matter how many features of the examinations History may form, the point, the undisputed point, is that no ordinary History *is taught*.

You say "It is an easy matter to fill the pages of calendars with the titles of books which the students are not supposed to read, and which, in some instances, at least, are not to be found in the libraries of the universities themselves." Quite true. I agree with that statement. There are many books, mentioned in the Calendar of McGill, which the student is not supposed to read, and which cannot be found in the library of the University itself. Here again, I repeat, there is as much History taught in one year at Toronto University as there is in the whole four years at McGill. I may add, in the University of Harvard there are only six Professors of History, and others take it up incidentally.

One of my points you have not noticed and with it by your silence you seem to acquiesce. It is a very important point—the teaching of Canadian History. If all my other statements were inaccurate and wrong, which I am glad to say was not the case, at least it cannot be said that Canadian History is taught, in any form in our colleges. I say again, should it not be? Francis Parkman, the *American* historian, has spent his life in writing on Canadian History; McGill itself recognized his labours by conferring on him last year the title LL.D. Surely then Canadian History is not unimportant. It is needed in nearly all the professions and especially in the profession of law.

Permit me now to bring my statements forward once again; not inaccurate and wrong statements, but true and correct ones. There is no ordinary history taught in McGill College as is done in other universities. History is not raised to the dignity of classics and mathematics, which should be done. And there is no Canadian history taught at our universities and this especially should be looked to. When these statements are proven to be the result of inaccurate information and wrong in themselves, but not before, I hope they shall be passed unnoticed.

Yours truly