

periods it is sometimes well to have recourse to the lore of antiquity.

Read Petrarck's "Triumph of Love" (Anna Hume's translation), and see how all the gods and heroes had similar experiences:—

"For they appear not only men that love,  
The gods themselves do fill this myrtle grove:  
You see fair Venus caught by Vulcan's art,  
With angry Mars, Proserpina, apart  
From Pluto; jealous Juno, yellow-haired  
Apollo, who the young lord's courage dared," etc.

To be candid, however, I cannot recommend the classic deities as paragons of excellence as regards courtship; indeed, some of their methods are, positively, worthy of execration. I will select three typical courtships from mythology, which, I think, are not worthy of emulation. The first is that of Hercules and Omphale. Omphale was a queen of Lydia, and the mighty Hercules was so fond of her that he became her slave, as Samson did with Delilah. He put on her robe and walked humbly at her side, while she wore the lion's skin that he had worn; and, as a depth of all humiliation, he suffered himself to be beaten with her slipper. Now, Freshmen, it is probable that, in all the pride of your young manhood, you are resenting the assumption on my part that a caution against such courtship as that is in any degree opportune. But you must remember that Hercules far excelled all your feats in the gymnasium and on the field. Love defies all philosophy. The most manly sometimes become the most effeminate. Intellectual power, that moved the whole world, has capitulated to an Auburn curl tossed on the head of a flippant, unreasoning damsel. Beware! There are some such inversions of the patriarchal order of things in the present day. I have not yet heard of any lover or husband submitting to be afflicted by the slipper of his adored, but I have heard, in vulgar parlance, of the wife wearing—not the lion's skin, but what, I suppose, would correspond to it.

(To be continued.)

#### A MCGILL MAN.

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#### CHAP. IX.

"'Tis time short pleasure now to take,  
Of little life the best to make,  
And manage wisely the last stake."—Coveley.

"And now he has poured out his idle wind  
In dainty delices and lavish joys."—Spencer.

I love, and always shall love, the Lower St. Lawrence, and if my readers find me lingering over some bit of landscape or country drive rather more than is necessary for the story, I beg their forgiveness. The happiest days of my life and the most miserable have been spent among the Laurentian hills, and amid

these aged companions I have learnt humility and strength.

We were all on deck at an early hour in the morning, and amused ourselves by looking at the sunrise, the river banks—and shivering. Charley came up to me shortly before Clooney turned out, and said that he feared for Clooney's resolution, if Miss Mayflower was on the wharf at Murray Bay. "We must keep him off the deck when we arrive," he said.

I replied that if Clooney gave his word that he would accompany us, he would do so; and added—

"What do you say if we get off at Murray Bay? If we have a good time there, let us stay there; if we do not, we can continue our voyage. It does not matter much whether or not Clooney comes with us. Let him enjoy himself."

"Well," said Charley, "here he comes now. We'll have another talk about this later on. Hello! Clooney, how do you feel after your act of humanity of last night!"

Clooney was well muffled up in a fashionable spring overcoat, a soft felt hat upon his head, and looked the very picture of a traveller who knew how to take care of himself. He answered Charley lightly, and we turned to admire the scenery. There were no low banks now such as we had had the night before. From Montreal to Quebec the shores rise gradually, but steadily, to a steep bank, whose continuity is sometimes broken by wooded ravines, which, with the groves sprinkling the extensive plateau, enhance the loveliness of the scene. As we approach the city the plateau grows higher, rocks replace the soil, and the scenery becomes wild and grand. Finally, the plateau merges into hills, and the hills become mountains, in whose valleys nestle little villages, their white houses and tapering church spires glittering in the sun. And then—

"High on a throne of royal state,"

Quebec—the Gibraltar of America—swings into view.

Later in the day, when well on our journey below Quebec, Charley called a council of war, at which it was decided to stop over at Murray Bay, and try to get the Mayflowers to join our Saguenay party.

"Clooney, old boy," said Charley, "you are free. If, by chance, you see a pretty girl at Murray Bay, whose company you have had taste enough to prefer to ours, leave us. Jay and I will smoke the peace-pipe together, and, lo! you may join us when you will. There will always be an empty couch in our wigwam for you."

We reached Murray Bay between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and debarked.

"Voulez vous un calèche?" cried the cabmen with one voice, as we mounted the steps at the wharf, Charley leading.

"Look out for your satchels," called Charley, "these rascals will take them before you know it."

One cabman clutched my arm and made some frantic grimaces, waving his arms about like wind-mills. Another sprang at Clooney, who threw himself into fighting attitude, dropping his valise as he did so. Instantly there was a scramble for it, and a tumbling, swearing mass fought over it, while Charley, planting his portmanteau between his legs, sat down