

Rain that rises up in vapor,
Wind that passes to the west,
Sunlight that becomes a taper,
Death that kisses into rest.

IX.

Strong life on Time's roadway graven,
What thou wast is but a type
To the weakest—of a heaven,
Of a higher better light.

Of some hope—not a mere seeming,
But a calmer, sterner road,
From all weak agnostic dreaming,
To the holy, living God.

Gray walls, loved old Alma Mater :
Till the crumbling of thy stone,
Minds may live, but never greater
Than the spirit that is gone.

Moonlight on dark tower and turret,
Shine down on our human fear,
Till the weak faith we inherit
Makes our lives and deeds sincere.

Till the fire of human madness
Burns out from the hearts of men ;
And an age of rest and gladness
Visit this dark earth again.

Meanwhile, through hot pulse and fever,
Groping blindfold up the way,
To the sun that shines forever,
To the light of endless day.

HURON.

THE FIRST AIRS "OF MY INVENTION."

JOY.

Peal ! peal ! ye merry bells,
Like laughter gay and singing,
Your gladsome music ringing,
Over hills and through the dells,
Carry happy, happy greeting,
That slow time may change to fleeting :
And to maids and lovers' meeting,
Add the charm of your melodious delight,
That, when parting till the morrow,
All be joy and naught be sorrow,
Which dreams away, with them, the sleepy night.

GRIEF.

Toll ! toll ! O gloomy-sounding, deep-mouthed bell,
The world grows dark. She, whom I loved so well,
Hath ta'en the light of her pure life away ;
Now reigns sad night, where all before was day.
My spirit longs to follow hers in flight,
And bid this shadow-haunted world "good night."
Sorrow, Despair my heavy heart control—
Mourn on ! great bell, and let thy parting toll
Free from this clay my grief-imprisoned soul.

B.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

MR. BUCHAN is pursuing a more liberal policy towards the boys at Upper Canada College than his canny and birch-loving predecessor did. A Debating Club has been organized, and it has been decided to resuscitate the *College Times*. These are signs of revived spirit and 'go' in the place, and, though the change may not be wholly due to the Principal, I suspect it would not have taken place under Mr. Cockburn's reign. True, to the latter gentleman's Scotch aptitude for business is owing the present sound financial condition of the College. Nevertheless the fact stands out that not a dollar has been spent in improvements which would be direct attractions to the boys. The provisions for their physical well-being have not been added to, and, as I

pointed out before, amelioration is required as well as addition. This selfish neglect has borne its fruit. The moral tone of a youthful community is largely dependent on the encouragements afforded to physical recreation. The governing body of the College is therefore partly responsible for a state of things which has provoked certain exaggerated but not wholly-false charges. From his previous career it may be presumed that Mr. Buchan has a better acquaintance with modern theories of education than was betrayed by Mr. Cockburn. He should, then, be able to convince the public in a practical way that Upper Canada College deserves a higher title than that of the First High School of Ontario.

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THERE is a slight coolness between two prominent members of the "Owls." He was telling a rattling good story in one of the numerous smoking-rooms of the Residence; when it was finished the second bird of wisdom said : "That reminds me of an anecdote," and proceeded to take his innings. Said the first speaker : "I don't see how what you have told us was recalled by my story." "It was," replied the other, "because mine is on the same page of Green's Almanac as yours."

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A NEW book is announced called "The Great Mistake." It is probably written by a fellow who never tried to run a university paper.—*Ed.* Or who never started one.—*Ex-Ed.* Or who never ran for an office in a debating society.—*The Gen. Com.* Or who never was struck by the broad views of the college council.—*Undergrads.* Or who never admired the equally broad views of the Residence steward.—*The Forty Skeletons.* Or who never compared the young men in the University to children.—*A Member of the C. C.* Or who never sent a love-ditty to the girl's father, and the letter about "how much money she was to have" to the girl herself.—*Spot.*

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OLD X., who's sick at the sight and name of lawn-tennis, was told by a friend at the Club that an excellent substitute for the nets and rackets might be found in quoits. Accordingly a set was bought. Atalanta, who claims to be a muscular Christian, went to work with "the rings," as she called them, at once. She threw two. The first grazed her pa's head and went into an apple tree. The next went over a wall behind her, broke a vase of plants, and cannoned on to a hen's back, killing a constant layer almost immediately. The quoits were put away, and the odds are now in favor of Miss X.'s stay at Whitby being prolonged.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the Brooklyn *Eagle* went the round of Oxford and writes a good letter thereon. It was during commemoration week, when the degree of D. C. L. is conferred. The writer explains that it is not supposed that a man should know anything of law to become a D. C. L.; critics, poets, politicians, inventors, noblemen—for being noblemen—are doctored. The candidates are marshalled up the hall from the door in single file, all dressed in red gowns; the professor of civil law introduces each in a Latin speech, which contains some happy characterization; the chancellor then addresses the candidate in another Latin speech, applying to him some complimentary expressions, and, finally, the bar is raised and he shakes the candidate by the hand, who sits down a D. C. L. The bad behavior of the undergraduates in the gallery is famous. At the last commemoration they kept up an incessant howling from beginning to end. It is said that when Tennyson presented himself in his usually-uncombed condition, some undergraduate asked him : "Did your mother call you early, Mr. Tennyson?" The scant wit is supplemented by the more widely-diffused qualities of 'cheek' and vocal volume. When the vice-chancellor—Dr. Liddell—was reading a Latin address, on the last occasion, some one would call out : "Now, construe." A man who violated the canons of dress by appearing in a white coat was fairly stormed out of the place. He stood it for an hour or so, during which he was addressed as follows : "Take off that coat, sir." "Go out, sir." "Won't you go at once?" "Ladies, request him to leave." "Dr. Brown won't you put that man out?" (Then in a conversational and moderate tone) : "Just put your hand upon his shoulder and lead him out." After an hour of it the man withdrew. Each successive group of ladies was cheered as it came in. The young men would exclaim : "Three cheers for the ladies in blue." "Three cheers for the ladies in white, brown, gray, etc." The poor fellows who read the prize odes and essays were dreadfully bullied. One young man recited an English poem, of which the burden could not be heard, but from the manner of its delivery it must have been upon the saddest subject that ever engaged the muse of mortal. His physiognomy and his tone of voice alike expressed the dismal and the disconsolate. I think that possibly the extreme sadness of his manner may have been induced by the reception rather than the matter of his poem. They catcalled, hooted, and laughed immeasurably at him.