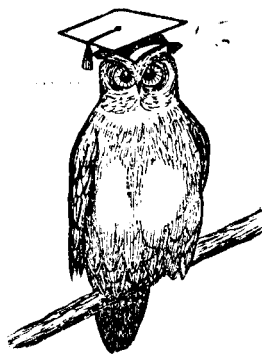


THE VARSITY



CHRISTMAS

NUMBER

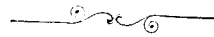


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

1886



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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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No. 9.

A BALLADE OF CALYPSO.

The loud black flight of the storm diverges
Over a spot in the loud-mouthed main,
Where, crowned with summer and sun, emerges
An isle unbeaten of wind or rain.
Here, of its sweet queen grown full fain,—
By whose kisses the whole broad earth seems poor,—
Tarrys the wave-worn prince, Troy's bane,
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

To her voice our sweetest songs are dirges.
She gives him all things, counting it gain.
Ringed with the rocks and ancient surges,
How could Fate dissever these twain?
But him no loves or delights retain,
New knowledge, new lands, new loves allure ;
Forgotten the perils and toils and pain,
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

So he spurns her kisses and gifts, and urges
His weak skiff over the wind-vest plain,
Till the grey of the sky in the grey sea merges,
And nights reel round, and waver and wane.
He sits once more in his own domain ;
No more the remote sea-walls immure ;—
But ah ! for the love he shall clasp not again
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

L'Envoi.

Princes, and ye whose delights remain,
To the one good gift of the gods hold sure,
Lest ye too mourn in vain, in vain,
Your green Ogygian Isle secure !

Windsor, N.S.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE UNDERGRADUATE GOWN.

Without entering at all into the deep philosophy of distinctive costumes in the case of the *animal implume*, the featherless biped, man, I am desirous of putting on record, as a matter of fact, the origin of the existing undergraduate gown of the University of Toronto. It was intended, in its form and adornment, to be a tribute to the memory of one whose name will be ever interwoven with the early history of higher education in these parts, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Hemington Harris, first principal of Upper Canada College. Dr. Harris had been a member of Clare Hall, in the University of Cambridge, and not merely a member, but a fellow of his College, a position often quickly attained by a fifth Wrangler, as the doctor was, in 1822. When King's College, Toronto, was being organized, it was suggested by some one among the large group of Dr. Harris' Canadian *élèves*, that the gown worn by him when an undergraduate should be the one adopted in the new Canadian University. The idea was entertained ; and hence it has come to pass that the distinctive undergraduate habit of University College, Toronto, successor to King's College, Toronto, is today that of an ancient and distinguished foundation in the University of Cambridge—ancient, as dating from A.D. 1326, and distinguished, as being the

“grete college
Men clepe the Soler Hall at Cantabrege,”

spoken of by Chaucer in the *Reve's Tale*, and the College of Geoffrey Chaucer himself. At least, so the tradition runs.

The undergraduate gown of Clare Hall is the same in form as that of the Bachelor of Arts of the University, except that perhaps it is somewhat less ample, and the sleeve, instead of being open from the shoulder, is closed down to the inner angle of the elbow, and just over this inner angle three chevrons of black velvet are to be seen, a device doubtless borrowed from the College shield of arms, on a part of which three chevrons appear.

While at the present time the undergraduate gown of all the seventeen separate Colleges in the University of Cambridge is alike in shape, it is differenced for each particular college by a special mark, so that to the experienced eye, a man's college is known at a glance. Clare Hall, for example, or Clare College, as in later years it has been authoritatively designated, has these three chevrons ; St. John's College has in the same position three horizontal bars ; other colleges employ a system of narrow plaits, transverse or vertical, on the facings of the gown, and other slight minutiae of ornament, while the Trinity undergraduate has a special distinction of which he is very proud ; his gown, while not varying in shape from the standard pattern, is wholly violet-coloured or blue. The Trinity undergraduate thus sometimes exchanges his undergraduate garb with regret, for the sombre habiliments of the graduate, by means of which he is merged in the general crowd more than he had been before, the B.A. ribbons to the contrary notwithstanding, which, though intended to be tied across the breast to secure the gown on the shoulders, are usually allowed to float to the right and left on the breeze, *dignitatis causa*.

Still, after all, it is to be observed that the present undergraduate gown of Cambridge is not an ancient institution. I am in a position to say that, for I happened to be a denizen of the place when a wonderful change was effected in its undergraduate habiliments in the year 1836. I feel pretty sure that is the date, when an order came from the Caput or Executive of the university that henceforth the primitive, immemorial undergraduate costume was to be abandoned and the habit already above described assumed in its stead ; the questionists, *i. e.*, the fourth year men of the year, being at the same time considerably excused the necessity of providing themselves with new gowns.

Now, it must be confessed that the old undergraduate habit had at the time become a most disreputable-looking affair throughout the whole university. Originally it was a longish vestment descending to about the middle of the calf of the leg, and made of strong, lustrous Russell cord, quite handsome to behold when new, so far as its material was concerned. Moreover, it was rather richly adorned with silk velvet down its sides, and had a broad, rectangular flap of the same material falling over the shoulders, after the manner of the collar of a man-of-war's man's blue shirt. But the garment was entirely destitute of sleeves, and when on it had the exact appearance of a child's pinafore put on the wrong way. With every one who was at all sensitive on the point of exterior effect, the habiliment was most unpopular. It became a practice, even with the newly-arrived in the university, to prefer second-hand specimens, which were not difficult to procure, rusty in hue, frayed in outline. And then, as to be clothed with the article to the smallest extent possible was an object, it was from time to time curtailed more and more, the skirts of the ordinary coat becoming more and more grotesquely conspicuous below

it as the academic terms rolled on. The ignominious title of "curtain" universally bestowed upon it was an insinuation that its sole function was to be a kind of veil suspended over the less comely portion of the human frame. These studied exaggerations of the deformity of the old undergraduate vestment, having become habitual and inveterate throughout the university, induced, as much as anything else, the authorities at last to decree its abolition.

Such a striking revolution as that which followed in the costume of the university could not pass over without giving rise to a number of the customary squibs and epigrams. I shall quote a few lines from a contemporary production of this sort, which I have chanced to preserve. That they may be properly understood, it will be necessary to observe that between the two all but contiguous colleges of Trinity and St. John's there is supposed to subsist a kind of continual latent rivalry, both in respect of places gained in the class lists and in respect of general college equipment, splendour of architecture, spaciousness of grounds, courts, gardens and so forth. It is also to be recalled that the undergraduate of Trinity had by some good luck been already for many years exempted from the use of the objectionable vestment, and allowed to envelope himself in the imperial colour, by virtue, it is probable, of his being a member of a royal foundation. Some caustic doggerel had come forth, as it would seem, on the Trinity side of the wall, cynically chaffing the Johnians on the figure they cut in their new undergraduate attire. The rejoinder is in this form:—

"Be it known that offended and curtainless men
Have petitioned their Laureate to take up his pen,
And with one single flourish, whose force is infinity,
Put down the vile scandalous scribbler of Trinity."

The said laureate then proceeds to indulge in a good deal of opprobrious talk and perpetrate some atrocious puns. The following specimen will suffice:

"It is very well known that our robes long and new
Have made all the Trinity gownsmen look blue,
And since we've brought down our gowns to their levels,
Our Trinity neighbour's been filled with blue ———
Our three stripes of velvet so plain to all eyes,
Which we wear on our arms in the new-fashioned guise,
Show we're *Sergeants* at least, while it equally true's
Each Trinity man's but a *private* in the Blues."

An audacious reading of a line from the *De Arte Poetica* heads the whole piece—"Quatuor aut plures *aulæ* premuntur in *inches*"—with "Free Translation" added—"The curtains are lengthened three or four inches."

It will now be seen that the existing undergraduate gown of the University of Toronto, adapted, as it has been narrated, from Clare Hall, in Cambridge, in honour of Principal Harris, turns out after all not to be the vestment in which that educational benefactor of Canada trod the courts of Clare Hall. In his day the undergraduate vestment worn there was the traditional one of Chaucer's era, under which the modern youth of Cambridge chafed so long.

The initiation of distinctive academic costumes in a new college in a new country led, when King's College was being put in operation, to some consideration of the question whether the habiliments proposed, if adopted at all, might not in some points be so modified as to be rendered occasionally of some practical use, as articles of dress, instead of being, as in Universities generally they have become, mere conventional ornaments? Is it not well known that most of the vestments now regarded as official costume were originally ordinary matter-of-fact articles of dress? Was not the academic square cap, now so paste-board and stiff, as it comes from the hands of the maker, once a skull-cap or coif, fastened sometimes under the chin with strings, with a comfortable bonnet of felt or wool put on over it? Was not the hood, with its liripipe depending, the common covering of men's heads before the introduction of the beaver; and the tippet attached thereto a realistic thing for the protection of the neck and chest? Were not scarves and stoles simply mufflers, sometimes as old pictures show, actually fur boas,—thrown back over the shoulders when not in use? And was not the M.A. gown properly a loose sack with capacious sleeves provided with armholes in front, back through which the arms could be withdrawn at pleasure, and the hands thrust down into a pair of roomy mitts, the survival of which is to be seen in the horse-shoe cut of the M.A. sleeve, sometimes considered so mysterious? I do not know that any results, very

enduring, came of these suggestions. But I certainly remember seeing the President himself—if not several of the professors—wearing, as December drew on, an academic cap, covered, as to the spherical part of it, with handsome black Astrachan dog skin fur, over which the usual quadrangular trencher and tassel did not look amiss. The professor of Divinity, it may be added, invented a shovelesque winter fur cap for the use of D.D.'s and other dignitaries, provided with a broad projecting peak, and a turn-up or turn-down, as circumstances might require, fitting close to the head behind, but coming round slantingly on both sides to the broad peak in front in such a way that the whole could conveniently be worn, if necessary, under the capote of a Canadian habitant's or Hudson's Bay coat; on the *motif* of which also the professor designed a useful every day cassock, which was adopted by some, and possibly continues in use.

HENRY SCADDING.

FAME.

In days gone by of worldly fame I dreamed,
What time I lay upon the tented field
And sleep, by weary marching gained, had sealed
Mine outward eyes; and in my dream I seemed
To stand on high, where silk and jewels gleamed,
And hear the hum of praise while joy-bells pealed—
Yet in my heart there lay a woe concealed,
For never eyes on mine with true love beamed.

But now I envy not a warrior's fame
Tho' he be victor in a thousand fields;
For, once o'erthrown, the world forgets his name
And Beauty her sweet smile no longer yields—
For in thine eyes I see eternal love,
And I am famed all earthly fames above.

W. P. MCKENZIE.

TWO MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS.

It is one of the melancholy things to reflect that however crowded the age may be with more or less clever and industrious writers, few of them win contemporary fame, and fewer still, when they have gone hence, find an abiding-place in the literary annals of their time. With whatever skill and toil their books may be brought forth, how soon does the wind wail heedlessly over their once living pages, as it will one day wail heedlessly over the narrow tenement that encloses their forgotten dust! In the midst of this entombing process, which is ever repeating itself, it is with no little pleasure that we now and then note the good fortune of some writer who bids fair to defy oblivion, or who has lengthened his hold on the public attention by the possession of gifts which the world was slow to recognize and a miser to reward. In the former category we may place the comparatively little known philosophic novelist, George Meredith. True, his novels are caviare to the multitude; but for over a quarter of a century he has plied his skilful, though often cynical, pen, and striven hard to merit the fame which seems now about to be meted out to him.

To those who are wearied with the inanities of most writers of modern fiction, and who care to give the thought necessary to the intellectual enjoyment of a clever writer, who is at once a shrewd discerner and an able delineator of human character, the novels of George Meredith will be found well worthy of attention and will amply repay the labour which their careful perusal demands. Of the novelists of the time there are few, in our judgment, who possess greater intellectual power, or whose writings present a more unique individuality. Like the works of George Eliot—with whom our author may well be classed—the writings of George Meredith manifest remarkable insight, subtle and profound thought, and a quaintness of humour, which is heightened by an almost unexampled power of epigrammatic phrasing. No less remarkable is his skill in dissecting character, in analysing motives, and in laying bare the roots of human action. In dealing with present-day problems, in politics and sociology, he has the grasp and insight necessary for their elucidation, and which assure one that, however appalling these problems may at times appear, there is

at least one mind capable of throwing light upon them and of materially aiding in their solution. As few of his writings seem to be known to Canadian lovers of fiction, and but one or two are to be met with in the cheap libraries, we may indicate such of his novels as are most deserving, not of popularity—for they are not simple enough to win that—but of the interest and attention of the thoughtful reader. These are: "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Emilia in England," "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist," "Evan Harrington," and "Diana of the Crossways." The first and last two of these we would especially recommend. The range of interest and diversity of theme in these stories will surprise and delight the reader; while he will find in the author's poems and comedies, if he cares to seek them out, much vigorous, though sometimes too recondite thought, which belong to great creative intellects, with a delicacy of touch characteristic of the true poet.

Into neither the plot nor the incidents of Mr. Meredith's novels have we space here to enter, nor can we indicate further the treat in store for the studious reader of them who makes their acquaintance for the first time. Again we say that these novels require thought on the part of the reader; but if he can get over their sometimes tedious prologues and become accustomed to their author's portentous mannerisms, he will be abundantly rewarded. As a writer of English, if in nothing else, George Meredith is well worthy of study. His style, though terse and compact, is bright and luminous; his imagination is rich and vivid; and his sympathies are broad and generous. Besides these attractions, Mr. Meredith is a most instructive and suggestive writer, one that has, in a marked degree, what so many novelists of the day lack—genius.

Another comparatively little known author who is rapidly making a place for herself in the literature of the time is the lady who writes under the pseudonym of Vernon Lee. Her real name, we believe, is Violet Paget. She is of English birth, though she was educated in Italy, and has long been a resident of that country. Her style, like George Meredith's, is her own; but, unlike that novelist's, it is florid and discursive; and though her work is equally charged with thought, and is at times overburdened with ethical purpose. Vernon Lee, though she has very marked natural gifts, is the blossom—we had almost said, the full-blown flower—of the higher education of women. This she herself almost admits in a passage occurring in a collection of Essays on the Renaissance in Italy, which, while it bears the marks of youthful enthusiasm is at the same time rich in thought and richer still in suggestion. Speaking of these essays, our author says that "they are mere impressions developed by study; not merely currents of thought and feeling, which I have singled out from the multifold life of the Renaissance, but currents of thought and feeling in myself which have found and swept along with them certain items of Renaissance lore." Art is chiefly her theme—in the twin-handmaids of Music and Painting—and Italy, which she knows as the lover knows the face of his mistress, is the main field of her work. But, as a clever and cultured woman, instinct with imagination, and brimful of ideas, Vernon Lee seems capable of writing on any subject, as the range and variety of her Essays indeed bear witness. Her published work, so far, includes art, biography, religious philosophy, general literature, and fiction. In all of these departments she has challenged criticism, and in one at least her clever work has all but disarmed it. In 1880 appeared "Euphorion"—presumably named after the wondrous child of Faust and Helena, whom Carlyle speaks of as "the offspring of Northern character wedded to Grecian culture"—a volume of stories of the antique and the mediæval in the Renaissance. This was followed by "Belcaro," a collection of Essays on Aesthetical Questions, of an intensely subjective character. Her first work dealt with the great Italian musicians and composers of the eighteenth century; the latter with the painters and sculptors. These volumes are loving studies of the art-world of Italy, and display a wonderful discernment of its beauties, with a lavish praise of its creators. These again were followed by a novelette, entitled "Ottilia," and by a biography in the "Eminent Women Series," of the Countess of Albany, who was married in her youth to the ill-fated Charles Stuart, the Pretender, and afterwards became the mistress of the Italian poet Alfieri. Recently we have also from her pen a novel, "A Phantom Lover," and a volume of speculative essays, entitled, "Baldwin," being "Dialogues on Views and Aspirations." This, her latest work,

has all the finer feminine qualities, of lofty aspiration and high ethical purpose, which mark Vernon Lee's writings, with the strength of the acute but, unfortunately, sceptical thinker. "Baldwin," who has been called "an atheistic sort of Socrates," discusses with a number of other interlocutors such subjects as the responsibilities of belief, the morality of vivisection, the value of the ideal in fiction, and the beneficent agencies of literature and art. On all these subjects Vernon Lee has something fresh to say, though the manner of saying it is not always happy. Still less happy are the views she puts into the mouth of the chief interlocutor. With his aspirations we cannot fail to have much sympathy, but we should like to have seen them the blossom of the soul rather than of the intellect. The moral effect of the Dialogues is almost entirely lost by the anti-Christian attitude of the characters introduced, and by the failure to see that morality does not arise from any "rule of the road," devised by the self-preserving instincts of human society, but from moral intuitions which have their ground-work in a Revelation which the interlocutors deride, and in a Being whose existence they contemptuously ignore. On purely intellectual subjects, our author, however, has the faculty of interesting the reader, and of occasionally impressing him with a sense of the nobility of her aims and the genuineness of her claim to be heard as a thinker and a teacher. With the defect we have pointed out, thoughtful readers may take up her books with profit, and find in them the earnest reflections of a clever woman and an able writer.

G. MERCER ADAM.

MY CUPID.

"Ερως φρένας ἀμφικάλυψεν.

Iliad III., 442.

The fickle pleasure-loving race
Who peopled erstwhile storied Greece,
Whose genius, strong, refined and chaste,
Is still the model for our taste,
Were shrewd and skilled enough, I grant,
In things whereof the mere pedant
May prate, or modern aesthete rave,
The sun-light glinting on the wave,
The rustling bay or olive leaf,
The scented gold of harvest's sheaf,
The god-like grace of human form,
The darkling glory of the storm,
As whistling from the north it lowered
O'er straining forest-tops, and poured
Its gushing, gusty squadrons down
On waving fields and fallows brown,
Or swept where white-waved billows roar
In long succession to the shore. *

Fancy's swift shuttle, with bright threads like these,
Filled warp and woof of life for them with colors sure to please.

And when their grave philosophers first strove
To enter Mind's dark kingdom, and unlock
Its stores of mystery, the treasure trove,
The spoils of intellect, won by the shock
Of labored onset on the forest grim
Of Ignorance rude and cruel, furnish him
With clew who fain would tread again the way
They trod before him centuries ago.
Or when the Muse inspired the Poet's heart
With lofty passion's generous ebb and flow,
How sweet the numbers rose at his behest,
Whether to melting love he tuned his lyre,
Or swept its ringing, echoing chords with patriotic fire.

But though in pride of intellect, in patriot zeal,
The sons of Hellas stand aloof, alone,
A long-robed shadowy throng, not stern, but drawing close
About their faces ghostly ceremonies
Of greatness long-departed but unequalled still;
Though poets never sang like theirs, nor grew

Under the sculptor's chisel rare such forms
Of breathing, speaking beauty as their gods,
Their Zeus and Artemis from Pheidias' cunning hand,
How strangely they mistook in bodying forth
Their God of Love, their Eros, as a petulant boy,
Blind, winged, with bow and stinging arrows armed,
A peevish, vengeful child, not brooking cheek nor cross,
But wild, imperious, coquettish, coy.

Type truer far in you, dear girl, I find
Than quick Hellenic fancy could divine
For Love, the master-passion of our kind,
That moving melting force, that in such wise
Does one day enter into change the mould
Our very souls were cast in, and to fill
With Heaven's own glow the loveless heart and cold,
Till love's new cadences on my heart-strings thrill.

Far be the spoilt blind boy from me, dear heart,
When you are in my thoughts; your sparkling eye
Is lighted not at Anger's torch; no part
Nor lot has lurid peevish jealousy
In your dear breast; motive unkind or low
Can find no harbour there; the kindling blush
That rises mantling over cheek and brow
Is sweet as dew-dipped rose, no forced affected flush.

How sweeter far to me your matron's grace,
The arch coquetry of your clear dark eyes,
Than the winged boy's bright dimpled changeless face
Where the true melting love-light never lies.
Mere beauty I could never love; beneath
The fairest face there lurks the grinning skull;
The tender heart and kindly soul that breathe
In face and feature make your love so masterful.

J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

AN AFFECTATION OF THE POETS.

Chief among the affectations of the poets is that tendency to gloom observable in so many writers of verse of the present day. Sadness, world-weariness, hopelessness, is literally the burden of their strain—a burden that they bear all too willingly. It seems like a hard and cruel thing to say of suffering, it is an affectation, and of grief, it is unreal, but the practical mind is frequently moved to the reflection that the amount of effort now expended in clanking chains would be sufficient, if rightly expended, to break them.

"I sometimes deem it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,"

says Tennyson, and having encouraged us by this bit of confidence, we feel like going a step farther, even to the verge of intimating that to our unpoetic sense it would be better to substitute "often" and "wholly" for "sometimes" and "half," respectively. We are told too frequently that this is a weary world of woe. The statement is smooth and alliterative, and one is tempted to give mournful cadence to it when one remembers old age, with its infirmities, middle age, with its blighted hopes and ruined prospects, youth's broken hearts, and childhood's cut fingers and shattered toys. Very sad are these, and very real to those who suffer from them. But it is only children and poets who make a wanton display of their griefs. They sigh and sob and will not be comforted. They are certain that because the day is cloudy and their pleasure is postponed, that therefore all the days of their lives will be dark, and that for them pleasure, except as a name, has ceased to exist. If it is a sign of immaturity, of what one may call amateurishness in life to weep and bewail, "to curse the heavens and die," why not in literature?

In a world of unrealities there is nothing quite so fantastically unreal as poetic woes. The poet deploras his loss—as though anything could ever belong to us; he broods over his affliction—as though to keep open an old wound were the best thing for it, or for him, or for the unwilling spectator; and continually reminds us that "earth is a place of graves." What have we to do with graves? They concern us not,

They are of the earth, earthy. The materialists are welcome to them. May they take possession of them soon!

However real sorrow may seem to the rest of us, one must always think it an affectation in the poet. In his heart he dimly feels it to be such. What fellowship have the lofty virtues of courage, hope, faith and patience with the weak souls that rail at fate? Happiness, like heat, is invisible and intangible, and yet it is the life of the world. It is positive, indestructible, immortal. It is the broad and strong foundation of our being, but in our gross materialism, accustomed to distrust what we cannot see, we build too slightly upon it, and then complain because around the frail structure that we have hesitatingly reared, the storms of life beat heavily, and its windowless interior is chill and dark.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past!"

This is the adjuration of the strong-souled poet.

After all, what is this sorrow of which so much is sung and said? "She is no transient guest," proclaims one of the sad-eyed singers. But it is equally certain that she will not outstay her welcome. No need to be harsh in her dismissal. The worthy Quaker, who was sorely plagued by a stranger, who lingered an interminable time within his gates, finally freed himself by introducing this striking clause into his morning petitions: "And oh, Lord, we entreat thy special blessing upon our dear friend, Samuel B., who is to depart from us this day." Is it too much to say that no grief is blest until it departs from us? So long as it sat at our table and slept beneath our roof it was a continual source of irritation and depression. But now the clouds lift, the sun shines forth, frolic breezes disport with the manuscript of dismal ditties, or bear them out of sight forever:

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

It is a common superstition that joy is light, effervescent, lacking in experience and wisdom, suited for children, or for the ignorant and thoughtless. The same may be said of health, which is the normal condition of everyone. Sadness is soul-sickness. Disease, whether of soul or body, has many beautiful outward appearances, but its substance is unsoundness, its atmosphere is poisonous, its end is death.

It would be folly to contradict the oft-repeated statement that the poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. But what is it they teach in song? Would they have us believe that despair is the natural lot of man, and that hope and joy are made of such stuff as dreams? Then indeed they have not learned the alphabet of suffering. What grief greater than bereavement—a continual realization of the fact that we have lost a life dearer to us than our own life—and yet, note the lesson learned in this bitterest form of suffering:

"I hold it truth whate'er befall
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

There is a deeper lesson still, which lies at the very heart of suffering. It is seldom expressed in words, but we sometimes read it in glorified characters on the faces of those who have endured pain and privation, disappointment and hardship all their lives long. Briefly expressed, it is the knowledge that only through wilfulness of our own are we ever shut out of God's presence, and in His presence is fullness of joy.

To those blest singers who have escaped from the prison-house of gloom, within whose unbolted doors so many feeble souls have chosen to remain, we say not, "What of the night?" but evermore our cry goes forth, "What of the day?" In the shining distances which are yours by heritage, do you not

"Have glimpses that will make us less forlorn?"

Do you never catch sight of

"The sun which bares its bosom to the morn,"

And

"The white arms in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

Say naught to us of darkness and decay, but tell us about that blithesome time of year

"When the lily-footed spring glides out at summer's gates,"

And when

"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

For it is life,

"Oh, life, not death for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want."

Poetic retrospection—introspection—vivisection! Enough,
enough!

"What though the heart's roses be ashes and dust,
What though the heart's music be dead?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead!"

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

"LOVE'S WANING."

A RONDEAU.

O waning Love! it surely cannot be,
That this poor shrunken thing indeed is she,
Who lured me on with sweet beguiling grace,
And lingered lonely, in my warm embrace,
As coral isle lies bosomed in the sea!

Reckless of riven vows, fair, false and free;
Could my fond eyes fatality foresee,
Bathed in the light of Beauty's smiling face,
O waning Love?

And yet, could Fate once vary her decree,
And traitorous Time unroll the past for me,
I would not from the scroll one line efface,
But with affection fond would note each place
Where thou wert dear, yea! all in all to me,
O waning Love!

Toronto.

F. M. FIELD.

SIX WEEKS AT THE SOUTH.

A sojourn for about six weeks at New Orleans, early last year, gave me an opportunity of observing many things new and strange to a Canadian. For instance, in that city all the street drains, or sewers, are above ground. A main drain forms a sluggish canal in the middle of one of the wide streets or avenues; and yet the effect is not so unpleasant to the senses as might be supposed. After a heavy shower—and showers are unusually heavy in New Orleans—a steam-pump of great power was put in motion to clear the Exhibition grounds of the accumulation of water collected there.

Then, all burials are above ground. The bodies are placed in receptacles called "ovens," which are hermetically closed. Some of these are neat little brick or stone structures; others are large, and capable of containing in tiers, one above another, ten or twenty coffins. The reason for this kind of sepulture is, that water is everywhere found about two feet below the surface of the ground. The Jews, who object to this kind of burial, inter their dead under mounds raised about two or three feet above the ground level.

The French and Spanish creole quarters of New Orleans are historically of much interest to strangers. A person when there can hardly imagine that he is in America, much less under the dominion of the stars and stripes.

That national peculiarities are long-lived and die hard, even in contact with an aggressive cosmopolitanism, is abundantly demonstrated in New Orleans. The "old creole days," as sketched by George W. Cable, do not now exist, but enough of their spirit still lingers to show how averse the French, and especially the Spanish, Creole of to-day is to fraternize with *les Américains*.

One of the most amusing incidents of a visit to New Orleans is to watch the groups of negroes—chiefly women with bright turbans—that congregate near the Cathedral and about the old French market, and listen to their incessant jabber in a

French patois peculiar to themselves, grotesquely marked as it is by the peculiarities of manner and the characteristic shrug of that vivacious nation.

Had I space I should like to say a few words about a most interesting visit which I made to Shell Beach, on an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and also to the famous "jetties" at the main embouchure of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. Shell Beach is remarkable as exhibiting a practical example of the slow process by which the chalk cliffs of Dover were formed. On this beach there are billions of small shells which have been dashed up by the sea waves. They form hard and compact banks, and appear to be slowly becoming converted into a limestone formation.

The "jetties" are renowned as an example of the wonderful scientific skill and foresight displayed by Captain Eads, who constructed them. He successfully solved the difficult problem of keeping open an unobstructed channel to the Gulf of Mexico, through what had been the sluggish and choked-up arms or passages of the river to the Gulf. This channel was opened up through the delta which had been formed by the mud and debris carried down for long years from the far west and north by the great "Father of Waters."

My visit to New Orleans was, however, for a far different purpose. It had to do with the educational features of the great "International Exposition" held there last year. The Educational Exhibit at that Exposition was very complete and extensive—especially from France, Japan, Jamaica, and the several States of the Union. The exhibits from France and Japan were remarkable for their fullness and variety, while from the United States Bureau of Education at Washington and from nearly every one of the States in the Union there was no lack of pupils' work and school material displayed. A separate gallery was also set apart for an exhibition from the coloured schools. This exhibit formed a most instructive and suggestive study. It was unique in its combination, and, in many respects, was characteristic of the peculiarities of the coloured race. The mental and manual labour of the pupils in the schools was displayed in about equal proportions. The handicraft was somewhat rude, it is true, but still specimens of map-drawing, of writing, of arithmetic and of composition, as well as of cabinet work, carpentering, broom making, sewing, and quilt making, were quite creditable. The æsthetic taste of the negro was displayed in striking specimens of water colour drawings, vivid in style, and in oil paintings, not certainly copied from the "old masters." Nor was the embroidery equal to the exquisite specimens from Japan.

As one of the International Jurors selected to examine and make awards on the vast array of educational work displayed, I had an ample opportunity of noting the condition, progress and prospects of education throughout the Union and elsewhere. The study was a most instructive and practical one. It was in some respects a revelation. I felt that Ontario must look well to her laurels, or she will be left behind in the race of practical and industrial education.

Industrial education is now the question of the day, and we have barely looked at it; while France, England, and many States of the Union have, within the last few years, made it an essential feature of their educational operations.

Hitherto we have regarded the New England States as being in advance of the other States in the completeness and thoroughness of their system of education. And yet the jurors were unanimous in placing Minnesota in the highest rank of educating States. To her was awarded a grand diploma of honour, while to three of the New England States they were only enabled to award a third grade in rank. Massachusetts and Rhode Island had, in their judgment, to take second rank. As a rule, the jurors found the Western States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Ohio quite in advance, both in the superior character of the pupils' work exhibited, and in the evident practical character of the teaching in the schools.

The prospects of education in the South are very cheering. The Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Congregational and Baptist Missionary Societies, are doing good work. Many of the Southern States too, as the weight of the enormous war debt of \$400,000,000 is being lightened, are putting forth renewed effort to afford the colored population the means of acquiring a good practical education.

And yet there still lingers in many parts of the South, great hostility to the education of the quondam slaves. The influ-

ence of the Northern residents in the South is all in favour of uplifting the colored race, but they meet with much sullen, and often open opposition. It is even carried so far as to socially ostracise the educational agents and teachers from the North, especially those who seek to establish colleges and higher institutions of learning for the negroes.

Want of space forbids more than a reference to the successful solution of the problem of Indian education. The policy of the Indian Department of the United States has of late years been vigorously and judiciously directed to this end. Bands of Indian youth of both sexes have been brought from the Indian reserves and placed in such industrial schools as that at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. There they are skilfully trained in regular habits of industry and thrift. The convenience and comforts of home-life, as enjoyed in dwelling-houses, are demonstrated to their senses and judgment, so that when they return to the reserves they carry with them the feeling that such things have become a necessity to them.

A most interesting feature of the jurors' work was to examine and make awards in several departments of women's work. A diploma of honor was awarded in the Literary division for a "collective exhibit, embracing nearly 1,400 volumes of published works in the English language by women." In the Scientific division a similar diploma was awarded for another "collective exhibit, including about fifty illustrated examples of the scientific work done by women, in astronomy, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, entomology, architecture and ethnology."

Want of time forbade a visit to the Teche country, the home of the expatriated Acadians and of Longfellow's Evangeline.

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

Toronto, December, 1886.

THE SONG IN "CYMBELINE."

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun."

Saviat acris hyems, urat sol fervidus agros;
Nil tibi quod noceat bruma vel æstus habet.
Exactus tibi jam labor est numerataque merces;
Claudit opus vesper, tempus abire domum.
Aurea sic pueri, sic aurea turba puellæ,
Servorum ut proles sordida pulvis erunt.

Torva supercilia et gladios contemne potentum;
Imperia in manes nulla tyrannus habet.
Omnia mors æquat; nec major arundine quercus
Nec tibi vestis erit cura nec ulla cibi.
Regum non aliter sceptræ atque Machaonis artes
Pallados et doctæ munera pulvis erunt.

Ira Jovis cœlo tonet et micet ignibus æther,
Non rumpent somnos fulmina dira tuos.
Irrita nec metues mendacis verbera lingue;
Ultimus hic luctus lætitiaque dies.
Tota cohors Veneris, toto quod in orbe juvenatæ est
Lege tua, exiguo tempore, pulvis erunt.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE STORY OF A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

"Ah, there!" he said, waving his arm with easy grace as he stepped out on the pavement, cigar in hand, to meet the horse-car; and the electric light seemed to etch his form for a moment on the vague background of shadow and stir and shifting half-lights on King street before us,—for it was after eleven o'clock of a night in August, and I was standing alone with the driver on the platform of the last McCaul street car. A moment after his exclamation he was with us on the platform.

My conversation with the driver had been disjointed, owing to a habitual preoccupation of mind on his part, suggestive

of frequent dexterous clutches at the brake-handle, by which all was brought to a standstill as his eye caught the signals people make before boarding a horse-car; but between the newcomer and myself the stream of talk flowed more freely. As we moved along we spoke of one thing and another, I forget what, until our talk came to be of Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, which I knew from of old. "I didn't tell you he is my uncle," he said, when I asked him if Dr. Mayne lived still in Poughkeepsie. "His son, my cousin Jack, and myself entered Bellevue Medical School together a year ago. One of Jack Mayne's chums at the school was Gus Dekker,—you must have known Gus, too. Wasn't he sort of grad of your university?"

"Well," I admitted, "he matriculated, I believe. He was around here two years in a desultory way. Wiley, a friend of mine who was here then, used to say that Dekker was more different kinds of fool than any—"

"Yes, that's Gus Dekker! He's something like those little prize arrangements, you know, they have at church fairs. It costs you a dime ante,—only in his case you squander it in a sample room; and then you can draw him out as easy as anything, and you find there's nothing particular in him. And, besides, you knew that beforehand in both cases, and—"

I remember that as the car swept round the curve at the head of York street he was telling the following story.

"After the examinations last April, when we were all at the end of our first year, Dekker expressed a wish to get some insight into a physician's ordinary practice; and as Dr. Mayne's assistant—for he did his own dispensing—intended to be away from Poughkeepsie for a few months, it was arranged that Dekker should pass the summer with my uncle. He was delighted with the plan, and two jolly fellows they were, Jack and he, as I saw them off up the river early in June, promising to follow them before the end of the month.

"I had a postcard from Dekker before I left New York. It announced that 'except a few cases of ague there was nothing doing as yet,—the people round there were too condemned healthy for a man of ideas, who knew a thing or two about all the latest methods of treatment.' He kept his hand in, however, by spending a great deal of his time fishing and shooting with Jack. The two seemed to be having a pleasant summer.

"It happened that I did not reach Poughkeepsie until well on in July. It was seven o'clock in the evening when I arrived,—and I was evidently not expected until the next day. The doctor was not at home. Jack and Dekker, I was told, had left that afternoon for Catskill. This is a place four or five miles down the river where the doctor had built a cottage. It is as beautiful a nook as any on the Hudson, with wooded hills on either side, and in the blue distance the Catskill range where Rip Van Winkle slept his famous sleep so many years ago. In this pleasant retreat of deep woods and quiet waters there are only five or six summer residences yet. One of them has a telephone connection with Poughkeepsie.

"Well, Doctor Mayne drove up not long after I had arrived, and greeting me hastily, he passed into the dispensing room. He came out soon with several phials and instruments, and without speaking to anyone drove away again; and then my cousin Nellie gave me a letter that had been left for me. It was in Dekker's hand, and began by telling me how the doctor had given him charge of old Mrs. Hasbruck's case, and sketching out the treatment by which she was to be brought around nicely. 'I have just made up,' he wrote, 'a second lot of pills for the old lady, which I'll leave with her on my way to the river.' He then made some able remarks on the epispaetic treatment and that sort of thing, and said: 'If you don't get this note let us know to-morrow when we come back to see if you have yet arrived, and to bring you down to Catskill with us.'

"I was standing on the stoop as I read this, and when I looked up, it was to see a carter, whip in hand, coming up the path towards the house. His team was standing at the gate. He gave me a note scrawled hurriedly with a lead-pencil, and told me that as he was coming along the road two young fellows had hailed him from a small boat on the river and given him the note to carry to Doctor Mayne's, there to be read by whom ever was at home, as it was important. I read it. It was from Dekker, too. He had made a mistake about that second lot

of pills for Mrs. Hasbruck. Before leaving he had changed his coat and forgotten the pills, which would be found, he wrote, in the pocket of his coat hanging in the dispensing room. He wanted them sent to Mrs. Hasbruck at once, as she had taken the last of the first lot that afternoon.

"I went into the dispensing room and searched all the pockets of the coats I found hanging there, but I didn't come upon any pills. The room was now growing darker, and as I stood puzzled and uncertain what to do, I was suddenly startled by the ringing of the telephone bell. I did not know at the time that there was telephone connection with Catskill; but my surprise was no greater than Dekker's when we found ourselves speaking to each other.

"After learning that the doctor was not at home and that the carter had given me his note, Dekker informed me that further down the river, while fixing some cartridges—they had a rifle in the boat—he had let fall into the water all the shot they had with them. 'I then made a thorough search,' he said, 'for anything available, and to my great astonishment I found Mrs. Hasbruck's pills in one of my pockets. Well, we were coming near a great place for duck, so I just loaded up with the pills and got myself in readiness, with Jack at the oars. We're having two of the three duck I brought down for supper—the third must have been meant for you.' Dekker likes to put things strongly.

"After I had promised to go out to Catskill next day, Dekker asked me to make up the pills for Mrs. Hasbruck and gave me the formula over the wires. 'They are to be exactly the same as those she has been taking,' he said; and his prescription was mainly podophyllin, or anthemis, I think,—anyway, there were minute doses of strychnia to counteract the tendency to paralysis. And while I was measuring out the strychnia, graduator in hand, my uncle came into the dispensing room with a disturbed expression on his countenance.

"He told me, as he walked over to the telephone, that Mrs. Hasbruck had just died in convulsions. He called up Dekker and asked what were the doses of strychnia she had been taking. Dekker said one-twentieth of a grain. The doctor pronounced Mrs. Hasbruck's death to be an evident case of strychnia poisoning, and went on speaking about twitching of the muscles, tetanic spasms, dyspnoea preceding death, and the administration of chloral or belladonna, I don't remember which. Dekker was now thoroughly frightened, and seemed to be saying—as far as I could make out from the doctor's end of the conversation—that one-twelfth of a grain of strychnia was not an uncommon dose. Something was said of the mortar he had used which had not yet been cleaned; its contents could be subjected to analysis. The doctor told Dekker angrily to come home in the morning. I went out of the room but I could still hear his loud tones as he spoke through the telephone. I did not see my uncle again that evening.

"In the night I awoke after a short sleep and tossed on my bed, unable to close my eyes again. I heard a clock strike one; but all drowsiness was far from me, and as I lay there, multitudinous thoughts poured into what I understood to be my mind, jostling and rolling over one another, and leaving me in hopeless misery. I must have fallen into a doze, however; for at the clock striking two I awoke with a start that left me hopelessly sleepless. And then the telephone bell rang out. I hastened down at once.

"Jack Mayne was speaking with incoherent excitement. 'Dekker is dying,' he said; 'we're both poisoned. It's the ducks—just like old Mrs. Hasbruck. It's the pills. What'll we do?' He was almost crying. But in the torrent, tempest, and as Hamlet says, the very whirlwind of his passionate vehemence, the telephone ceased suddenly and was silent as a thing of stone.

"My uncle had come down by this, and we stared at each other helplessly. After an anxious deliberation we thought it best to go to them. We dressed hastily, hitched up, and drove out for Catskill.

"The grey of an early summer dawn was beginning to streak the eastern sky in the old, reliable way; but between the wooded hill-tops all was yet in shadow. On our right, as we drove along the road, the great river was motionless siiver. Across the river, the dark pines, I remember, were not unlike a procession of monks from the monastery of night—each friar gloomily alone—breasting the hillsides with a surly greeting for the coming day. Well, we came in sight of Catskill at last,

and when I saw a light in the cottage beneath the trees, I could hear my heart beating in my ears, for a fact. I can't remember how it was that we reached the cottage; all I know is that when we broke in we found Jack and Dekker—playing cards, and smoking, and talking together, and seeming very comfortable. They explained that Dekker had had a nightmare and that they had both been badly scared for a few minutes."

He looked up at Wycliffe College as he ended, for we were now at the head of McCaul street, and Miller's oriel window was shining out into the night. His cigar had long been extinct.

"But old Mrs. Hasbruck?" I asked, as he lighted a new one.

"Well," he replied, puffing quickly a second or two, "around towns like Poughkeepsie there are generally quite a number of old women who make up cures and remedies of their own from all manner of 'yarbs'—compounding simples, and that sort of thing. And it came out later that Mrs. Hasbruck had privately taken a large dose of one of these wonderful remedies which arrest every disease at the fountain, by setting to work at once upon the blood. You remember Mr. Powderell and Mrs. Gamsby in *Middlemarch*? Of course this co-operative measure wasn't to be mentioned to the doctor. I don't think, now," he mused, "that the old women can have any very certain reliance on these things."

"It is strange," I said, "that their attitude of mind with regard to their drugs should differ so little from that of the licensed practitioners."

"Oh, the old woman in this case," he answered cheerfully, "probably tempered the general uncertainty of things with a devout hope that the use of her drugs might be attended with a blessing."

We were now at St. George street, where we both alighted. And as we stood talking for a time before parting, we watched idly the red light of the horse-car jingling along westward into the darkness.

W. J. HEALY.

THE PRAYER OF THE FISHERS.

It was at one time the custom, and may be yet, for the French fishermen on the coast of Brittany, before going out on a cruise, to stand in their boats, as they were ready to leave the harbour, and offer a prayer for Divine protection. The burden of the prayer was:
"O Lord, protect us! Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

Lord of the sea, the sunshine and the gale!
God of the brooding ocean and the storm!
Father of those who brave the treacherous main!
Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

Calm is the sea to-day, the sunlight free;
Fair is the lapping wind that fills the sail;
Lord, ere we go we trust our all to Thee—
Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

When the safe stillness creeps upon the wave;
When the white moonlight cheers the silent night;
Guard us lest danger lurk beneath the calm—
Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

When the wild hurricane uplifts its voice,
And cold embracing billows threaten us;
If Thou should'st slumber we are powerless;
Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

Bread-winner of the crying fatherless!
Husband of widowed women left to mourn!
Our all—we leave them; Oh! protect them, Lord!
Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

J. O. MILLER.

VITA BREVIS.

'O crudelis adhuc et Veneris numeribus potens
 Insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae.—'
 —Horatii Carm., IV., 10.

Meadows in gloominess silently lying,
 Voices of spirits in dreary winds sighing,
 Earth-strewing carpets of autumn leaves dying,
 No longer green.

Rain-swollen brooks with their deep murmurs lading,
 Silence of nature her losses upbraiding,
 Sadly regretting her gaiety fading,
 Such was the scene.

Chloe was sadly and tearfully viewing
 Wrinkles reflected, so swiftly pursuing
 Beauty with passion her lovers imbuing ;
 Formerly deaf to the words of their suing,
 No longer green.

T. A. GIBSON.

LADY MACBETH.

A STUDY.

Let me try to paint for you the character of this woman. At the very outset there meets me the plain unvarnished fact that in her case experience can lend me no aid. The type which she represents is as extinct as the mammoth or the cave bear. Why, then, did Shakspeare sketch such a woman? Why did the Almighty allow a Cæsar Borgia, an Alva, or a Countess of Brinvilliers to strut their brief space and then pass away, leaving a halo of infamy alone to mark their stranger than meteoric flight? Shakspeare is the poet of the centuries, and whatever epoch he touched, he has left for us a picture drawn from it which we must endeavor to read aright.

There are many things we must try to forget in studying Lady Macbeth. We are now living in an age of refinement and cultured ease, of manners moulded by Christianity, by fashion, or often by caprice. We are now a law unto ourselves. We regard human life as sacred. We measure our actions by their probable consequences under strict moral regulations, and above all, we do right, because it is right to do so. Now, none of these considerations can avail us in examining Lady Macbeth. Eliminating all such, then, let us put ourselves in her place, and in her time.

Her time is fixed for us. Siward of Northumberland, Sweno of Norway, and King Duncan all lived at or about the beginning of the eleventh century. A time of upheaval, of war and carnage, personal valor, and preternatural hate; when treaties had no power, when law was in abeyance, when human life was cheap, and when neither man nor woman looked too closely to the means, provided the end was attained. In such an age, given a woman of Lady Macbeth's character, and her course will appear true both to history and nature.

Then, again, her husband is the king's cousin, both being sons of Siward's daughters, Daoda and Beatrice. The one is Scotland's king with two sons not yet grown to man's estate, the other is the thegn of Fife, successor to the crown if Duncan dies before the sons are old enough to govern. The crown in those days went not to the king's son, unless the kingly sceptre could be wielded by him in such a way as to make it respected. The king is amiable, mild, fond of home and all its pleasures. The thegn is a victorious general, the darling of the army, and his ambitious thoughts are stirred within him by a mysterious meeting with the weird sisters on the heath. Then in reward for his great victory over Norway's hosts, he is saluted "Thegn of Cawdor," while at the same time his nephew is designated prince of Cumberland, and his inherent right to the royal inheritance thus boldly declared "a step," says Macbeth, "on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies;" and to crown all, his wife is—Lady Macbeth.

I am now face to face with her, and how, I may well ask, is she to be described? Perhaps I can do it best by negatives. She has none of the qualities which we associate with women. She never shows one particle of love, woman's crowning glory. She knows no mere consequences, no regard for anything, beyond the mere temporal advantage of her husband. And yet the picture of her stands out bold, clear, undimmed. We can see every act of her life; assign a reason for every step she takes. She is a wild untutored animal, a very tigress tamed only by her regard for her lord. She marks his hesitancy. She glories in his deed of midnight assassination. She ever after supports him even when "his coward lips from their courage fly."

But is not such a character impossible? Certainly, in our time, but not in the eleventh century. In no other country have feuds and rivalries been so rife as in Scotland; and in none other have the women been found the foremost in fanning the flames of war. Mary Queen of Scots was a civilized Lady Macbeth, and acted her part, as wild, weird, and frightful, as her prototypes.

Not one of Shakspeare's heroines has a ruling passion; and yet in all of them there is one central motive power, and in Lady Macbeth this is *ambition*. She wades in blood to the throne; she upholds her husband in every one of his subsequent murders. The thought of failure alone appals her. She bends every energy to shield and protect him; she is fiendish in her desire to shed blood, not because she hates her victims, but because they stand between her husband and the throne. In the magnificent banquet scene, neither she nor any one else suspects the horrid sight which unnerves her husband. She knows not of Banquo's murder; she may strongly suspect it; she is ready with excuses for her husband's strange conduct, yet her vehement aside: "This is the very air drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan," shows that she at least had no fear for things which might "well become a woman's story on a winter's night." Her strong desire to shield him, to ward off even the appearance of suspicion, to make light of his disconnected maunderings, is but part of that ambition which has decreed that, come what may, there shall be no failure in her. In the pursuit of her purposes she has kind words for neither friend nor foe. But does she not love her husband? Yes, but not with the love of woman. She loves him as the bloodhound loves his master, as the lioness loves her mate. Anything that rouses danger to him calls forth every instinct of her nature and makes her watchful, fierce, unyielding. Then, no dangers and frighten, no fear of consequences causes hesitation, and blood alone can satisfy the restless cravings of her heart.

It might be thought that Shakspeare has here painted a fiend in human form, and yet she is consistent with herself. We are fascinated with her. We hesitate to give her even our small meed of praise, and yet somehow she compels us to respect her awful career. Yet she is not altogether bad. Listen! "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't." The words are few, but they are Shakspeare's. I honour them, however, as showing me a glimpse of heaven in a character else so unlovely. Amid all her cool, calculating fury, her more than devilish yearning for the murder of the king and his chamberlains, the image of the sleeping victim goes right home to her heart. This may be a trait common to her and also to the animal instinct in every living thing; but all the same, I cannot help assigning it no unworthy place in a being from whom all good had else departed. The gleam of a better nature is transitory, quick as the lightning flash, and yet, like the lightning, it helps to illumine the all-surrounding darkness.

Her husband loved her. Small blame to him. He had climbed high; and unaided, except by her, had held his place. On the last day of his life, just before the battle, his mind is distracted by thoughts of her, and directions to his army, and now, when everything is slipping away from him, he longs for that active brain of hers, which never failed him, which often infused her spirit into his, and whose worth he now knows by what is lacking in himself. The love of such a man is not worth much, but such as it was she had it.

Was she satisfied? If she had been, Shakspeare would have failed for once in his analysis of the human mind. All her plans had succeeded; all her ambitious longings had been satisfied, and yet they did not give her a mind at ease, for I read:—

"Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content ;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

These lines show the deep-seated remorse, biting like the serpent's tooth. The rank she gained is worthless to her ; she even envies her victims, "sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads," and writhes beneath her ever-present inward monitor, conscience. And yet, in the very next line, on her husband's entrance, she throws all aside, assumes a manner she cannot feel, and sharply reminds him of the uselessness of unavailing regrets, for "What's done is done" ; and in the immediately subsequent banquet scene, not once does she falter, although the agony of remorse was undermining her reason.

And so the night-walking scene is but the fitting prelude to the end. "Out, damned spot ! out, I say ! one, two ; why, then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky ! Fie, my lord, a soldier and afeard ! What need we fear who know it when none can call our power to account ? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ! The Thegn of Fife had a wife, where is she now ? What, will these hands ne'er be clean ? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that ; you mar all by this starting. Here's the smell of blood still ! All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh ! wash your hands—put on your night-gown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave ! To bed, to bed, there's knocking at the gate ; come, come, come ; come, give me your hand—what's done cannot be undone ; to bed, to bed, to bed !"

Insanity is in every word. And yet see how her mutterings sweep every scene in her murder-laden life ! The hands besmeared with the old king's blood run through it all, and horror ever brings her back to them. But the distraught mind again hears the bell, and one ! two ! recalls the fatal hour. Then the thought of hell, dismissed instantaneously, as the faint-hearted husband looms up before her, and anon the blood. Then the banquet scene is re-enacted, and Macbeth's nervous excitement angrily reproved, and amid all—the blood on that little hand ! Finally, tired nature relaxes ; the knocking is again recalled ; the hurried dressing ; and then to bed, to bed !

Shall I tell you how that scene affected one of the greatest impersonators of it, Mrs. Scott-Siddons ? "It was my custom to study my characters at night. On the night before I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up and began a careful study of Lady Macbeth. I went on in tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, till I came to this scene, when the horrors of it so rose before me I could do no more. I snatched up my candle, and hurried from the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to my room, seemed like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, clapped my candlestick on the table, and then threw myself on the bed without the power of taking off my clothes."

Little else need be said. "More needs she the divine than the physician," and soon after the wailing cry of her women announces that all is over. The king dismisses her from his mind with a grand commentary on the briefness and uncertainty of life :—

"Out, out brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

And I, having concisely sketched the salient points in her character, would gladly dismiss her were it not that I want to point the moral I see in her : That power gained by unjust means will not satisfy. The retrospect of it was ever present with her, wrecked her mind, and finally snapped the cord that bound her to life, but not before she had drifted away into hopeless insanity. "The golden round" for which she had sinned "gainst fate and metaphysical aid" brought no peace, but rather a curse. She knew it, she felt it, and the thought of it dethroned her reason, and the wild, wayward heart and life went away, as when a gust of wind blows out a light at the casement.

Ottawa.

SAMUEL WOODS.

BALLAD OF LAKE HURON.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist,
Marsh and shoreland where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed ;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.
Miles and miles of crimson glories,
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze,
Miles of shoreland red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze,
Dreaming where the woods and vapors
Melt in myriad misty ways.

"Mary ! Mary !" calling "Mary,"
Crooked, aged, shrunk is she,
Crooked, eyrie-shrunk and shrivelled,
Bent like some bleak withered tree,
"Mary ! Mary ! Where is Mary ?"
Croaks the burden of her tune.
Like some winter brook that shrunken
Low, can only croon and croon,
Parched and frozen, chill and chattering,
Under clouds and waning moon.
"Mary ! Mary !" calling "Mary,"
Through the long still afternoon.

"Curses ! Curses ! All is evil,
Curse my pipe, 'tis getting low,
Curses ! Ay, the lad was handsome,
In his eye the devil's glow ;
Dad was drunken, Bill was brutal,
God's sake what's it keeps her so ?"

Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Out beyond the cabin door,
Out beyond the cabin, built of
Wreck and driftwood from the shore ;
Built of driftwood in the forest,
By the lakeside bleak and wild.
Where about it crawl and clamber,
All the woodvines flaming wild.
Clinging, clasping all its walls tight,
As a mother clasps her child.
Near it in the rude dug garden,
Golden pumpkins glow the ground,
Sunlit, flaming gold and ruddy,
Flinging tendrils far around :
While beside her, blind and haggard,
Whines in sleep a toothless hound.
Up the old crone starts and totters,
Hands on eyes to peer before,
Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Miles of woodland, mist and shore.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist,
Wild birds calling where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed,
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.

"Get up, Cherry ! Get up, Dandy !"
Homeward in the evening air,
By the lakeside, by the woodside,
Where the marsh is bleak and bare,
Where the briers and bushes tangle,
Darkling in the evening air.
"Get up, Cherry ! Get up, Dandy !"
She was trustful, sweet and true.
Ay, was trustful, over-trustful,
For an evil heart to woo.
With the birds and flowers she grew up,

Only their wild love she knew ;
Voices of the sky and forest,
Loves that never were untrue.
"Get up, Bossies !" She is dreaming
Of the promise that he gave,
Of the love he lightly cared for,
Fickle, false, as wind and wave ;
Love that she will keep and cherish,
Hold and cherish to the grave.

"Get up, Bossies !" She is dreaming,
Woman-like, of love and home,
Lit with gentle words and actions,
Where no evils ever come,
Rudest, poorest, by the lakeside ;
Love and love would make it home.

She is dreaming, hearth and firelight
Flaming ruddy into glow,
Table set with cups and saucers,
White and shining all a row,
And a well-loved one that enters,
Making gladder gleam and glow.
She is dreaming, let her dream on ;
She will never dream them more.
"Get up, Bossies," miles of woodland,
Miles of vapor, mist and shore.

Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Miles and miles of gust and gloom,
Where the winds are shrieking, raging,
Under clouds that scud and loom,
And the great lake in its anger,
Shoreward rolls with sullen boom,
'Twas a storm of demon madness,
Men ne'er knew its like before,
Many a vessel wrecked and driven,
Sank that night on wintry shore ;
Blew the lake winds with a madness,
As they never blew before.
In the bitter night stood Mary,
By the lakeside wild and bleak ;
From the northwest came a wind that
Took the life-blood from the cheek.
Loomed the night and roared the gale so,
One could scarcely see or speak.

"I must go," she cried, "come with me !
He is out there in the storm,
Through the gale I hear him calling,
Through the gust I see his form.
Could you leave a fellow-creature
Out to die there in the storm,
All alone out in the night there
In the bleak lake and the storm ?"
Then there spoke an aged fisher,
"I have sailed these lakes for years,
Come next summer, it is thirty ;
Grown too old for landly fears,—
But to venture it were madness ?
Such a surf to landward steers.
Hear it booming, hear it calling,
Hear the wrack and treacherous tow ;
Where the lake is straining, pulling,
Like a creature in its woe ;
Pulling, straining in its madness,
It were surest death to go."

"I must go alone," she cried then.
"He is out there on the wide
Waste of seething wind and water,
Where the breakers shoreward ride,
Out alone there, and to-morrow
He had sworn I'd be his bride."

Ere a man could speak or stop her
She had siezed the nearest boat,
With a strength far more than human,
Sent herself and it afloat,
Where about it dipped and tossed her,
Like a lily on a moat.

Then they cursed her and besought her,
But her ears were deaf to all,
Save the beating of the surf outside,
Against its landward wall,
That beat and moaned throughout the night,
With bleak and lonely call.

Ay, they called and called her vainly,
Had their narrow hearts but known
That the lake's wild calling outside
Seemed her lover's drowning moan ;
And the grief and madness in her,
Turned all else in her to stone.

Ay, she went into the darkness,
With a prayer upon her lips,
Toward the raging waters outside,
Fast her boat careens and dips ;
Out into the lake and midnight,
With a prayer upon her lips.

She was just as pure a spirit,
Ever earthly precincts trod,
Whiter than those starry tapers
Round the altar-throne of God,
Flaming all the floor of heaven
As the daisies flame the sod.

Men and women, hearts that pity,
Wives and husbands, priests and kings,
Have the poor no heart-felt sorrows ?
Are they but unholy things ?
She was trustful, she was human,
Had her hopes and failings too,
Had her dole of dreams and heart-break,
Living, dying, sweet and true,
Sweet and trustful, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed ;
She is driving with the lake's face,
Driving, drifting into mist.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

West Claremont, N.H.

MY FRIEND JULIUS SCHMIDT.

My friend Julius Schmidt is a very odd sort of fellow. He is, as might be inferred from his name, a German. That is, he was born some eight-and-thirty years ago in a little German village in the Rhine country, and lived there long enough to make him a little shaky in his pronunciation of shibboleths such as the English *th*. Still he speaks our language with wonderful fluency and correctness, and has become a Canadian in at least one respect, for he is thoroughly cosmopolitan, which is another way of saying that he has rid himself of all sentiment akin to patriotism. He presents, too, the curious spectacle of a German who uses neither beer, tobacco, nor *sauer-kraut*, for he thinks they are vile articles, and clog and hamper the soul of man. Another odd thing about him is, that, although during the last few years he has been wonderfully successful in his affairs, and has more than trebled his income, he prefers to live still in the same humble quarters, amongst the same plain people, in the same plebeian street he occupied years ago when it was hardly possible for him to make ends meet. In this of course he differs from both Germans and Canadians. His friends, for he has a few, often remonstrate with him and try to shame him out of his humble lodgings, but he sticks there still like a burr in a fleece. He says he

can't see why he should be ashamed to live where he has lived so long, because he happens to be a little better off now than he was formerly.

"Am I not happy?" he asks. "Are the people not kind to me? Would it not be casting a slur on my past life to be ashamed of the old twelve-by-fourteen room which has so long held me and all my belongings? Which is of greater importance, what I have or what I am? If my past life has been clean and good why should I seek to break loose from it? Is the unbroken continuity of my own existence of no importance to me?"

But the most curious thing about Julius is something I discovered the other evening when I ran in to see him. I was urging him to get into more elegant quarters, and he in addition to all his old arguments was urging in reply, that it would be impossible to find an excuse that he could use either to his landlady or to himself.

"If that is your difficulty," said I, "I can show you a way out of it. Get married, Schmidt, and *you'll* be pleased, and the landlady—well, there never was a woman who was not pleased to know that somebody was getting married, even though it might be her best boarder."

Schmidt replied solemnly, "I'll never get married."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," replied he, "I'll never be able to choose. I love too many women to be able to give all my affection to one."

This was news to me. I never heard that he had a single young lady acquaintance in the city. Nobody had ever seen him even cast a glance in the direction of the fair sex. I was speechless with astonishment.

"You look surprised," said he, "but I'm telling you the truth, and if you want to have evidence, come out with me for a walk, and I'll call on a few of them."

I accepted his offer with great readiness, and we set off. We soon turned down a very poor street, in which were a large number of second-hand shops. On arriving opposite one of these, which was crammed full of old stoves, old chairs and tables, and old boots, besides a large assortment of apples, cabbages and turnips, Schmidt stopped short, and taking me by the arm, told me to look in. I did, and saw seated in the midst of all these wares a decidedly corpulent mulatto woman of about fifty years of age, whose eyes were very full and lustrous, but who might have had more regular features twenty-five or thirty years ago.

"That is one of them," said Schmidt. "I think that is a very sweet face," continued he, "and I often come down this way to have a look at it, but I never go in, I have never spoken to her, nor do I want to. I am perfectly satisfied with the sweetness of her countenance, and I do not want to have the charm destroyed."

We passed on and soon stood in front of a candy and fruit shop. Schmidt stopped again and asked me to look. I did so, and saw a very pretty dark-haired, red-cheeked girl of about eighteen. I asked Schmidt if he would not like to buy some of those fine Northern Spies I saw in the window, but he said he would not go into that shop for a thousand dollars. It was a shrine whose sacred precinct he dared not enter.

We moved on; we passed a little stationer's shop where we saw a little old maid with the kindest of faces, before whom Schmidt paused a few moments in a sort of silent adoration. I asked him if he bought his evening paper there, and he said he would consider any such thing a profanation.

Then he turned towards home, no doubt thinking he had made calls enough for one evening. As we walked along, he said,

"I have others besides these in various parts of the city, and I pay my addresses to them, as you have just seen me do, silently and unseen. I feel none of what the world calls 'lover's pangs.' I am never in doubt as to whether my suit will be accepted. I know that they are all mine. Their fidelity to me can never change. For me they are the sweetest and purest of beings, and they never can be anything else, for I shall never approach them close enough to know whether they are as earthly as I have found the majority of mortals to be. When I sit by my fire, dozing and musing, after my day's work is over, they often drop in to keep me company. If I am in a serious mood, my sweetheart with the deep, deep eyes comes to see me. We talk together about those matters which are only found far down in the soberest hearts, or I take down some gentle book

and read to her, while she draws closer to me and lays her hand in mine and I am comforted. Sometimes it is the gay little chit with the merry eyes and the golden locks, who pokes fun at me because I am a bachelor, or because my hair is turning gray, or because I am an oddity, and I have to laugh at myself so heartily that the tears often come to my eyes. No, No, my friend," said Julius, "I shall never marry."

And I don't think he ever will.

JOHN FAIRMAN.

UNIVERSITIES.

The difficulty of determining the work to be done by the Universities of the present and the future is very much greater than it appears to the casual onlooker. The great thing, we are apt to be told, is that our schools and universities should meet the practical needs of our people; and in a large sense of these words few will object to the requirement which they formulate. But the moment we begin to discuss the nature of these practical needs, we find that we have been using language which has many meanings in the mouths of many speakers. There is a kind of utilitarianism which does not result in that which is, on the whole, most useful. There is a kind of practical philosophy so short-sighted that it undermines its own foundation and falls into the pit which it had dugged with quite another purpose.

One of the most remarkable symptoms of the difficulty of these questions is found in the continual changes in the curriculum of almost every university, European or American. The two great English Universities, formerly reported the most conservative of educational institutions, are so changed in their course of instruction that their old *alumni* would hardly understand them. No doubt there is a traditional tone and spirit, a consecutive historical *ἦθος*, by which each of these Universities is distinguished from the other. Oxford may be very different from the Oxford of a century back; but still it is Oxford and nothing else. Cambridge has changed nearly as much as Oxford, and yet it is still Cambridge; and men with delicate perceptions declare that they can tell the member of the one University from that of the other.

It seems clear that we have in the circumstance just noted a hint of the way in which these institutions should be developed and adapted to their work. As a rule this cannot be successfully done by revolution, or in any way which does not respect the past history of the University. Of course, there may be Schools so bad that there is nothing for them but revolution. Many persons think the state of France was so bad at the time of the revolution that there was no remedy for it, but in what Taine calls dissolution. It may be so; but at least the reconstruction has been arduous work, it can hardly now be said to be satisfactory, and its future is most uncertain.

These remarks, it may be said, have very slight application to the educational institutions of a new country; and, to a certain extent, this is true. But they are not without application even among ourselves. Our school and college system has its origin in those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, just as our people have their origin in the inhabitants of those lands. And, just as the Canadian has a certain stamp, by which he is partially identified with the parent races and partly distinguished from them, so Canadian education has its own stamp, and, moreover, it has become a consolidated system bound up with the associations, the habits, even the affections of Canadian men; and as such has the same kind of claim to respect, the same right to protection from revolution which belongs to the older types.

We are not forgetting that there exist among us various types of Universities, some conformed, in greater or less degree, to the Scottish archetype, some to the English. And this is exactly what we should expect, and indeed what we ought to desire. The English and Scottish Universities were genuine products of the intellectual life of the countries to which they belonged. Each originated in the Middle Ages, each from the beginning reflected the characters of the two peoples, both were influenced by the Reformation, and diversely, according to the form of the Reformation in either country. The Scottish University education was to a large extent popular, the English might perhaps be said to be aristocratic; there, too, may be

seen the influence of the peculiar manner in which the Reformation was brought about in the two countries. In Scotland the professorial system was dominant, large classes being lectured to by professors. In England the University professors very nearly had sinecures, the work being largely done by college tutors, and to a considerable extent also by private tutors, irreverently termed coaches.

England and Scotland have greatly assimilated in character during the present century. A Scotch clergyman informed the writer some years ago that the local dialects which were spoken in his youth were rapidly becoming extinct. Some of the most distinguished Scottish professors at the present moment are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The University systems of the two countries have been affected by these changes: the professorial system has been quickened into life at Oxford and Cambridge, and something of the tutorial has been attempted in the Northern Universities. In other respects there are evidences of assimilation. In the old Scotch Universities men received an education perhaps as useful as any that could be given for the ordinary work of the world. The English Universities, however, imparted a higher culture. As a rule their students are more wealthy and of a higher class, and their system corresponded with the material on which they had to work.

The Scotch graduate was, as a rule, a more thoughtful man than the English, but he was not so good a scholar. It is generally agreed that the English public schools produce a type of scholar that is not found elsewhere. The Scotchman was seldom a good Greek scholar, nor did he excel in Latin verse composition; but he knew Latin very nearly as he knew his own language, and his Latin prose would have passed muster in the best days of Classic Rome. He was often a mathematician, and generally something of a metaphysician. The Englishman, as a rule, took little interest in abstract thought; but Cambridge produced great mathematicians, and great scholars, like Bentley and Porson, while Oxford turned out the most cultivated men that the world perhaps has ever seen. It may be useful here to note a difference between these two Universities, which is sometimes overlooked. It is common to say that Cambridge is the mathematical University and Oxford the classical. In a certain sense this is true; but it was more true in former days than it is now. Formerly a man could not take Classical honours at Cambridge unless he had first taken Mathematical honours, and the consequence was that several of her best classics have taken no honours at all. Besides this, Cambridge has been distinguished by the attention given to the language rather than to the contents of the books, whilst Oxford has aimed at learning quite as much as at scholarship, if not more. This may partly account for the fact that Cambridge has certainly turned out the finest scholars, whilst Oxford is thought to have produced the more cultivated men. As the *Saturday Review* said of Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion of culture, which is sweetness and light: "Oxford men are sweeter and lighter than other men." It seems that Cambridge is now adopting something of the Oxford method in the study of the classics. This is, no doubt, desirable, if only the fine Cambridge scholarship is not to suffer.

Before leaving this subject of the mutual influence of the Universities, we should mention that the Scotch Universities have received a new impulse in regard to the study of Greek. When we remember that the Professor of Greek at Glasgow is Mr. Jebb, reported to be one of the first, if not the very first, of Greek scholars, and that the new Professor at Edinburgh is hardly behind him, we may hope for great results in the Scottish study of Greek; nor must we forget what has been done by Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen, a scholar of native growth, who has shown by published examples that he can raise Greek students who can write verse in that language of which the University of Porsen would not be ashamed.

One powerful influence in the modification of our University systems deserves more attention than can be given to it at the end of a paper already sufficiently long, and this is the study of the physical and natural sciences. How far these can take the place of classics as a means of education is a very interesting and a very serious question. How far, again, our Canadian Universities may properly be affected by those of England and of Scotland, is a subject which requires to be considered. For the present both of these questions must be deferred.

Trinity College.

WILLIAM CLARK.

IN CHRISTUM NATUM.

MELOS: "Brightest and best."

Lux jucundissima, Phosphore belle,
Nos tua, quæsumus, fauste juvet!
O horizontis Eoi ocelle,
Duc, ubi infans Redemptor latet.

Gelidi rores resplendent cubili,
Astant armenta et pecudum grex;
Angeli laudant, qui dormit bubili
Munndi Creator, Salvator et Rex.

Dic, si Heddamus divinos honores,
Anne hæc placeant dona illi:
Siliæ myrrhæ, Sabæi odores,
Terræ thesauri, dos Oceani?

Frustra; nil valent hæc munera pia,
Non hisce artibus salvus eris;
Blandior multum est vera latria,
Carius Deo est cor pauperis.

O jucundissime Luciferorum,
Lux tua nos viatores juvet!
Stella Orientis, des lumen decorum,
Duc, ubi infans Redemptor jacet.

W. H. C. KERR.

DREAMS.

In considering this subject a distinction has necessarily to be made at the outset between dreams, as generally understood, and visions, in which some revelation of future and impending events may be made. Visions, at least for the purposes of this writing, may be considered as being produced in some way by the influence of some mind outside the one receiving the impression. This and a closely allied subject have been discussed by Messrs. Gurney and Myers in a series of admirable articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for the current year, under the title of "Apparitions," to which the reader is referred.

Before proceeding to the consideration of dreams, it would seem necessary to offer some explanation, partial and imperfect though it be, of the way in which any sensation reaches the brain. For example: take the effect produced upon a person by viewing a tree which stands alone on a level lawn. The rays of light from the sun fall upon the tree and are reflected from trunk, branches and leaves. A converging pencil of rays falls upon the retina of the eye of the observer. In the eye the vibrations of ether are transmuted into a form of energy, which we will have to call "nerve energy." This nerve energy is transmitted along the optic nerve to the brain. Some of the particles of brain matter are consequently thrown into a state of vibration, and these vibrating particles in coming to a state of rest arrange themselves in a different way from that in which the entering impulse found them. This, when cognized by the brain, produces the conception of the object, viz., the tree.

If the word "Tree" be pronounced at the same time by some one standing near, another effect will be produced. The sound impulse reaching the ear of the observer, and being transmuted in that organ into nerve energy, is propagated along the auditory nerve. On reaching the brain certain other particles of brain matter vibrate, which, in coming to a state of rest, assume an appropriate arrangement different from that in which the inward auditory nerve impulse found them. The co-relation of these two distinct sensations in the brain produces the recognition of the object looked at, as a tree. Suppose these processes simultaneously repeated a great number of times. The process of teaching is in reality being carried on. In course of time it happens that if only one of these two impressions be produced on the brain of our observer; so closely have the two at first distinct sensations now become related, that the other is also simultaneously produced, though in a less degree of intensity than formerly.

It appears, then, possible for an impulse from without, travelling along the auditory nerve, to stimulate into appropri-

ate action particles of brain matter, at other times directly stimulated by impulses travelling along the optic nerve. The auditory impulse produces a similar effect, though of course very much weaker, to that directly produced by the optic impulse. This is also the case with particles of brain matter stimulated by the gustatory, by the olfactory, and by the nerves of feeling.

Each inward travelling wave of nerve energy leaves the particles of brain matter more sensitive and more ready to respond to the following similar wave. Each separate sensation leaves the particles of the brain predisposed, so to speak, to receive a similar recurring sensation. Professor Huxley says, in his essay on "Animal automatism": "The condition of the brain on which memory depends, is largely determined by the repeated occurrence of that condition of its molecules which gives rise to the thing remembered. Every boy who learns his lesson by repeating it, exemplifies the fact." In sleep the door of the mind is as it were left open, and the entrance of any impulse from without through any of the senses may, by reflex action, stimulate one or more of the other senses into activity.

Impressions produced during the day, being the latest, will in all probability be more vivid and more easy of reproduction, in the brain, than those of the previous day, that is, unless some incident of peculiar importance has happened on the previous day. The events of the day being more easily recalled, a comparatively insignificant cause will be sufficient to start a train of sensations. During sleep, when the brain is quiescent, if a person be aroused by the noise made by continued hammering, carried on, say in an adjoining room, it may be that at the first blow of the hammer, a vague and indefinite impression may be produced in the mind of the sleeper; but as blow succeeds blow, the repetition starts one of the recently made, and comparatively vivid impressions of the day. The blows of the hammer, perhaps, suggest to the mind of the slumberer, splashes made by the stick thrown into the water for a dog to swim after; which sport was indulged in during the walk home from the office. The recollection of the water, thus called up, produces the memory of the reflection made by the rays from the setting sun across its smooth surface. The recalled "orb of day" brings with it to the mind of the sleeper the bright sunset colors observed that evening. The sunset colors, in their turn, remind of the autumnal tints of the woods seen at that season of the year. The thought of the woods carries with it, the sights and sounds proper to the woods in reality. The sighing of the autumn breeze and the notes of the birds, and the rapid tapping of an imagined wood-pecker brings vividly before the mind, not only the bird making this repeated striking noise, but his height from the ground as he works away, far up the trunk of some white dead tree. The white tree and the woodpecker's height from the ground cause the sleeper in fancy to endeavour to lift down the heavy book from the top of the office shelves, which he in reality had done that afternoon. But the wood-pecker engrosses the dreamer's attention, and he endeavours to lift the wood-pecker down, but seems to overbalance the bird; and book and bird both fall down together, striking every branch of the tree and making successive sounds in their zig-zag descent—and with a start, complete wakefulness is produced. Yet a few blows of the hammer may have been struck, and only a few moments required to wake the slumberer. If the dream were recalled and recounted it might be in these words, our supposed dreamer speaking:—"I thought that I was returning home from my office, and upon reaching the turn of the road, came upon the lake, whereupon I picked up and threw into the water a number of sticks for my dog 'Nero' to swim after. The exercise caused me to run, and I followed him eagerly, and ran into the water after him. As soon as I got below the bright surface, I seemed to be in a forest, and above my head, tapping loudly, was an old wood-pecker. The noise he was so loud and so irritating that I put up my hand to reach him and lift him down. In catching hold of him I over-balanced a large book, exactly like one of those in my office, which I had not before noticed, and which was in the branches of the tree, and it and the wood-pecker came tumbling down together, making as they struck each branch, a loud noise. Both fell on the ground with a loud bang, and on looking down I discovered that there were only two large books lying on the wooden floor, upon which I found myself standing when,— I awoke and found it was only the workmen, tacking down the carpet in the next room, who were making all the noise."

The hypothetical dream and the hypothetical dreamer make between them altogether a very connected narrative. It will, however, when considered in detail, serve to show how some one impression, conveyed from the outer world to the brain, may arouse sensations more or less vivid, and which impression, entering through one particular sense channel, may produce upon the mind effects usually produced by impressions directly conveyed to the brain through some other sense-channel. Each separate sensation is the faithful reproduction of some actual occurrences of daily life, though strung together and following each other in strange and grotesque sequence. For instance, in dreams a poker would seldom be imagined as being used or held by the foot; yet to poke the fire with an ink-bottle would not appear, at the time, at all incongruous. The idea of poking the fire would be natural; and the idea of the ink-bottle would also be natural; but the use made of the one with reference to the other would excite no surprise in a dream, for in daily experience in real life they have no such relation in the mind, the one to the other.

The sequence of events, however unnatural, excites in the mind of the dreamer no surprise, and the absence of the perception of the absurd or the impossible in events following each other in dreams, is perhaps due to the fact that little or no feeling of surprise is experienced at the sequence of events in daily life. Nothing unusual would be noticed in dreamland if a friend stepped out of a railway train which had travelled over the ocean, rocking on the crest of every wave, and which drew up at a wharf instead of a platform. We do not usually feel surprised when a vessel reaches a wharf, or when a railway train runs into a station and draws up at a platform; so in a dream no surprise will be felt at the landing at a wharf or the reaching of a platform of something which could not possibly land at a wharf, or could not possibly reach a platform.

It may, however, be urged that dreams are often brought about by no such violent means as hammering tacks into a carpet, and that they are more often produced without any apparent cause. This is true, but it must be remembered that most subtle causes will often operate in producing a train of ideas in the mind which follow one another into various channels, "as water spilled on the table flows more freely in the lines already made by water previously spilled." It must also be remembered that the ordinary sleeper is at the mercy of many and various influences, each competent to arouse certain brain activities which connect themselves more or less directly with the more or less vivid impressions of the preceding day, of the preceding week, or of the preceding year, or it may be years. The sudden opening of a door, a constrained position in sleep, and the effort to become more comfortable, a slight draught, a pain, an attack of indigestion, the buzzing of a fly, a mouse running under the bed, the flickering of a lamp, the sound of wind or rain, or any of the thousand sounds only heard at night in a still house, or the thousands of incongruous sounds of the street or country may all collectively or individually produce, or tend to produce, that state of consciousness which we know as "Dreaming."

The writer has for years been able to trace the sensations experienced in dreams to the occurrences of the day, or week, or perhaps of the month preceding, the merest suggestion of an idea being sufficient to make an important dream event. Often an occurrence of the day passed over, almost unnoticed and forgotten, stands out in the mind in a dream, clothed with a grotesque and fictitious importance, giving birth to new and more startling fancies. Careful watchfulness, so that no detail escapes, and faithful memory, and perhaps a little practice, will convince any unprejudiced person that the dream of the night is but the transposition of the actions and feelings of the day, "the mind being driven hither and thither, like a rudderless ship, by every wave and wind and passing gust."

A dream is a state of mental activity, but often too feeble to be recalled definitely to the mind with morning light, as each sensation not directly produced from the outside world is weaker than that which is so produced. This may perhaps explain why, in waking moments only, the indistinct, undefined, vague and formless memory of a dream remains, or perhaps only the feeling that we have dreamed and have wandered for a few short moments in the moon-lit world of dreamland,—where we cannot tell, and have returned to the light with only the soulless ghost of a dream fading from our sight.

Yale, B.C.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Christmas-tide brings with it the usual round of seasonable utterances, also occasional lament over the loss of the splendour and gaiety that lent grace to the festival in olden days. For—

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man through half the year."

The fancy can not but dwell fondly on the old Yule-tide customs and observances, the stately pageantries and rude boisterousness of games entered into with equal zest by old and young, noble and burges, glowing feasts adorned with peacock's train and boar's head with gleaming tusk, ferocious even in death. Very pleasing, too, is it to picture the kindness and overflowing generosity that filled men's hearts at that season. Who can read Bracebridge Hall or Pickwick Papers without feeling a sympathetic interest in the simple hearty fun of an old English family when the Yule log is crackling and blazing on the wide hearth and the lamb's-wool is circling?

In our own Canada, when we consider the present in the light of the traditions of the past, we might naturally feel that the glory of Christmas has departed. What can now compare with the wild revelry and feudal state kept up by the great fur-trading nabobs—the partners in the North-West Company who resided at Montreal and Quebec? Have we not, too, some glimpses of a little muddy spot, destined to blossom out into a queenly city—Toronto, which in those olden days reeled with the reckless festivities of a garrison town?

One whose mind is thus imbued with the spirit of the past points out with regret that the fine old race of cultured professional men is dying out; that the stern realities of life require a constant devotion to one pursuit to at all ensure success. The lawyer, he will say, knows nothing but law; the physician, nothing but medicine. So strong the competition that we must sacrifice the graces of living to such an absorbing devotion to our life's work. Social life is incompatible with this hard commercial age and its ceaseless quest for wealth. The jolly confraternity of the Monks of the Screw would be as much an anomaly to-day as the airy costume of a Greek warrior in a modern sham battle.

That this picture is over-charged we have but to turn to such brilliant exceptions as the poet-broker of New York and the scientist-banker of London. Even he who takes so gloomy a view of the age must perforce smile when asked, Has then amusement lost all charm for our generation?

Far other seems to be the true reason underlying this decadence of old roistering customs and amusements. With advancing culture higher intellectual pleasures are sought.

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To tust in us unus'd.

This is pre-eminently the age of intellectual amusement to satisfy the cravings of our higher nature. Men still mingle the pleasant and the grave as our fathers did. The change may be clearly seen in the status of the theatre. In Shakespeare's day, the hey-day of the drama, patrons of the stage were found almost exclusively in the highest and lowest ranks of London population. Noble and gentleman, apprentice and vagabond, graced the performance of Hamlet and Lear, the great middle class was alien. Indeed, a respectable burges would have forfeited the esteem and confidence of all sober-minded men if he were seen in the pit at the *Globe*.

* * *

Beautifully is it said that at the Christmas feast the old tale told of the spiritual Swedenborgians is made true, and a plate is set for the invisible guest. Our merry-making is not without the presence of those who are gone from amongst us for years; they come with the kindly cheerfulness we knew of old, "gentle and just," casting no shade of sadness on our mirth.

It is now a quarter of a century since Thackeray's wearied brain pained, and his great, outworn heart had rest forever. But he is with us to-night—he who knew so well how to crush down the secret sorrow in his heart and make an evening such as this pleas-

ant, and memorable to his friends. He will sing for us his Christmas hymn to the Mahogany Tree:

"Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

"Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing out free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree."

For "the sense of tears in mortal things" will haunt us in moments, be we never so merry; and a minor creeps into the brave voice of the tender, true-hearted singer:

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust
We sing round the tree."

But on this night of high-blazing fires and generous good-will, the one night of all the year, we will draw closer together, and be merry in despite of fate.

"Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate—
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

"Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

"Sorrow, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree."

* * *

Thackeray was a man of world-worn wisdom, who saw through life with that terrible lonely power of his; who lived his life bravely, with maimed happiness, with the frequent fallings, the bootless strivings and endeavours of us all; who said many a bitter word in his wayward fits of moodiness and grim solitude; but who never grieved with harshness those he loved—whose heart was ever as a child's, yearning for love, and brimming with love for men, his brothers. Let the memory of such a life be with us to-night, "his sweet presence of a good diffused." For his was the child's heart within the man's; his the noble, pure spirit without which there were no Christmas, the feast dear to children, dear to us all because of our childhood, and consecrated to the divine Child who took on our humanity to teach us the lesson of love.



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As I sit and sing of the days of old,
To whisper the half-told tale ;
And I sigh as I think, how short he stopped—
My own and only beau,
Just as I thought he ought to have popped,
The question long ago ! "

THE OLD BACHELOR SINGS :

" When moon-beams silver the sylvan scenes,
As sinks the evening star,
I leave my room with its ' might have beens,'
And puff my dime cigar ;
But a phantom face in the smoke I see,—
And strange it should be so,
' Tis the only face that was dear to me,
In the days of long ago ! "

F. M. F.

A DESPERATE PLUNGE.

He stood upon a fallen tree,
Whose branches in the river lay,
And in his mind full pensively
Wild thoughts chased wilder thoughts away.

" I cannot leap," he slowly said,
" Yet that's the reason why I came
In the dark river's watery bed
To rest my strong but shrinking frame.

" Oh, what would my dear mother say,
My loving sister Maggie, too,
If they should know what I to-day,
Had here intended now to do ?

" But such weak thoughts I'll harbour not,
I will not play the coward's part ;
So fields and woods and every spot
I love, farewell. Be still, sad heart."

He leaped, and now the dark, swift stream
Had quickly hid his form from view ;
Aloft was heard the eagle's scream,
Shocked at what man had dared to do.

Silence upon the river came,
The circling eddies swiftly fled,
But look—once more the youth's stout frame
Arises, for he is not dead.

Like sheep by ruthless butcher's hand,
Unto the cruel slaughter led,
The youth his dark eyes turned to land,
And most excitedly he said,

" Billy, old fellow, jump right in,
The water's beautiful ;
Don't stand like I did, shivering,
For fear it might be cool.

J. L. G.

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Whether the Tower of Pisa, he,
If other towers should meet his sight,
Would deem his leaning self to be
The only tower that stood upright ?
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A DARWINIAN FABLE.

(From the French of H. P. Le May)

It was in Afric soporific
That, canopied by plantains stubby
Dangling with bananas chubby
The apes held congress scientific.
Wished they our human clothes to don
And after man to do the funkey?
Ah! No. They only wished to con
The origin of monkey.

Savants, sceptic philosophers,
Poets, critics, politicians,
Smug-moraled hagiographers,
Horse-reporters and logicians
Came flocking, gravely, to depose
Accounts that savored of the wondrous.
But a horrid scandal sudden mid the throng
arose
When sev'ral sages, in accents thundrous,
Declared off-hand,
With bold defiance
In the name of science,
The ape so grand
His descent began
Straight from an animal called man.
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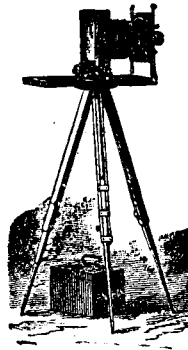
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