VARSITY

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VARSITY

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HUMANITY.

Our lives are far apart ; silent, alone,
From morn till eve we live our earthly day,
Soul shut from soul, unknowing and unknown,
Pilgrims, yet strangers, on the self-same way ;
Like streams whose lonely waters seaward flow,
While dreary wastes of land stretch far between,
And dark dividing hills their shadows throw, -
Beyond, the waters pass unheard, unseen ;
But to themselves confined, they ever moan,
And fret along their shores unto the sea,
With low unceasing wail, "Alone ! alone !"
With longing murmuring cry for sympathy !
Until on ocean's breast they meet and mingle free,
No more estranged,—to all eternity.

H. L. DUNN.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

At this joyous season, united Christendom prepares to celebrate with all the traditional ceremonial, the day, which of all others, is designated in the Universal Calendar of National Observance, as sacred to "Good Will and Good Fellowship."

This is the season, also, of "Peace towards Men." Let this not be forgotten by those whose devotion to Race, Religion, or Party has made them regard as enemies those whom they should look upon as brothers.

This is, also, a time for Retrospection and Introspection. We are about to bid good-bye to the old year, and are soon to welcome in the New. The past year has brought momentous changes to many people ; it has wrought havoc amongst nations. Let us, as we bid good-bye to the old year, bid good-bye to the bitternesses and strifes, which its days have brought about. We should not carry over to the new year any of the animosities that have embittered the past. Why should the young New Year be cursed with the sins of its predecessors ? Let it have no hereditary taint. Let us begin 1886 unhampered by the past, and with a determination, as much as lieth in us, to "live peaceably with all men." This doctrine applies just as forcibly to individuals as to nations. It is a lesson for each one of us. Let us not fail, as individuals, or as a nation, to appreciate it, and carry it out.

Listen to Tennyson's noble words. May they be our watchword for the future :

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

At many a bright fireside this happy Christmas season, friends will gather to greet one another, and to exchange those kindly sentiments and wishes which do so much to soften the asperities and abate the conventionalities of our modern artificial society.

Christmas and New Years' cards, those appropriate and beautiful messengers of affection and regard, will bring into many a home words of greeting and remembrance that will long remain to delight and charm.

To many the joys and pleasures of this season must be, of necessity, but a tender reminiscence, and a sorrowful remembrance. Time alone can give to such hearts a merciful ministration, and banish the sorrow, leaving nothing but the sweetest recollections of by-gone pleasures.

In many new homes, in which the Crane has been hung but a short while, little golden-haired beings take the vacant chairs at the fireside, and fill the voids in many hearts.

This is the season for feasting and rejoicing, for enjoying life during the few short days that we in this busy work-a-day world can spare for relaxation.

In our rejoicings we should not forget the children of poverty and ill-paid toil, into whose lives few rays of gladness enter. Is it through any desert of ours that happiness comes to us and sorrow to them ? Nor can we fulfil our duty to them by charity concerts and mere material gifts. Their souls hunger for human sympathy more than for bread. It should be our mission, more fortunate than they, now and always to grant them in some measure, this divine gift. But we must do this personally and as individuals. Societies and charity organizations often pauperize rather than benefit : they may distribute hampers, but they cannot dispense human sympathy.

It is our business now to be happy, and to make others happy. If we are not happy, it is imperative that we seem to others to be so. We must not at this season intrude our sorrows upon others.

The editors of THE VARSITY, desirous of living up to the sentiments which have just been expressed, have gathered around their sanctum fireside a merry and whole-hearted group. As the firelight sheds its hospitable light upon them, song and story succeed one another, and laughter and tears chase one another across the countenances of the listeners.

Whilst the merrymaking is just beginning, the Editor would invite the reader to mingle with the throng, and to take a seat by his fireside, and participate in the general rejoicing, and listen to the wit and wisdom of his guests ; whilst he himself would gladly make his bow, and leave the reader in the undisturbed possession of all the good things provided for his entertainment.

To all his readers he wishes most cordially "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY LORE.

Why are the children glad with glowing faces
To gather round us in the Christmas night,
And talk with gleesome hearts of verdant places,
Or dreamy reveries in the summer light?

Ah! they remember yet old tales we told them
In flowery meads, of fairies long ago,
Of fays and tiny elfin barks to hold them
Quick dancing, seaward, on the brooklet's flow.

Anew the young and fresh imagination
Finds trace of elfish presence everywhere,
And peoples with a sweet and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

Anew the gate of many a fairy palace
Opes to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam bells, down the merry streamlet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old,

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision-fields forever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

Berlin. J. K.

A LITTLE DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

Theodora Clyde was in serious trouble, and, as is sometimes the case with women's troubles, a man was at the bottom of it. She was deeply in love—upon this fact hinged all her mental disturbance. But the object of this affection was her own husband, which, of course, as a wholly unromantic condition of affairs, makes a very poor beginning of a love story.

Less than two years ago, before she became Mrs. Clyde, she had been accounted one of the least attractive of young girls in Montreal. Pale, pedantic, puritanic, she had few admirers and no lovers. It is difficult to love a piece of ice, no matter how transparent in coloring, nor how exquisitely shaped. There is a manner which says as plainly as words, "Approach me at your peril!" and Theodora Lent possessed this manner in perfection. How she ever came to marry Jack Clyde was a mystery none of her friends attempted to unravel. Perhaps, as Mrs. Lyle, Jack's sister, rather hyperbolically observed, "the ice melted so fast under the warmth of his affection that it made a perfect flood, and swept her clean off her intellectual feet." Jack was as common as daylight, and just as welcome. He radiated a perpetual atmosphere of gladness and goodwill. He was a little rough and very slangy, but, with all his ease and freedom, he cherished a secret and lofty ideal of womanhood. The first time he met Miss Lent she wore a handful of violets on her proud little shoulder. Bending to inhale their odor, with the graceful familiarity that made him so popular with other ladies, he was surprised to see her withdraw herself very entirely, not with any airs of affronted majesty, but with decided aversion. Jack was secretly chagrined at the open repulse. In his reiterated attempts to win some signs of approval, he fell deeply in love with her, and it is to be supposed that he won her upon the principle that constant dripping wears away the stone.

"But mark my words," said Mrs. Lyle to her brother, shortly before the wedding, "Theo does not love you. What she loves is the sensation of being loved, and she knows she isn't likely to receive that from any other man."

Jack was annoyed, but he would not gratify his sister by any exhibition of this feeling. "Flora, my child," he said, "I wouldn't advise you to go in quite so heavily for these metaphysical and abstract speculations. They are unsuited to a person of your delicate mental calibre. Now Theo is better qualified to tackle them."

"You'll find that Theo will not be apt to tackle things. She'll object to this, and won't like that, and will be down on the other, either because it is sinful and vulgar, or else because it is vulgar and sinful."

"In that case," said Jack, "your conversation will have no charms for her."

"My object," replied the lady calmly, "is not so much to please as to instruct."

For answer she received an inarticulate growl, in which an uncomplimentary reference to herself was alone distinguishable, and, of course, the result of this discussion was to make Jack more than ever determined to marry the subject of it.

So they were married in haste, and now they had leisure enough, and perhaps reason enough for repentance. It is possible that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Clyde was a very easy person to "get along with." Jack was fond of a good dinner, and good company, and plenty of both. Theo was more interested in ideas than in people, and took rather an egotistic pleasure in the society of her own thoughts. On some occasions, as the evening on which this story opens, their house was filled with invited guests, but the youthful hostess viewed the prospect with feelings which partook more of the nature of resignation than of delight. It was all for Jack's sake. But at the last moment, Jack ran across an old literary acquaintance whom he did not specially care for, but whom he invited for Theo's sake. This was Philip Ellery, a man with tired eyes and very agreeable manners, who devoted himself almost entirely to his pretty hostess. He discovered that she was a devout lover of poetry, and he listened gravely when she fell to berating the stolidity of the Canadian imagination, and questioned if there were such a being as a Canadian poet. For answer he quoted:

"Blow, summer breeze, wild fragrance bearing,
Take with thee every sweetest thought to her to night:
Blow softly, wake her not, her face is wearing
A smile whose presence makes her chamber seem more bright."

Theo's fair eye's were luminous with pleasure. "Exquisite!" she exclaimed. "Please prove me in the wrong again."

"And youth forgot its passions,
And age forgot its woe,
And life forgot that there was death
Before such music's flow."

"Now where is your stolid Canadian imagination!"

"I have nothing more to say," replied Theo.

"What a calamity! Then I am sorry I quoted anything."

"I am glad. There is so little poetry in our lives. Don't you think that we—all of us—have rather a stupid time of it on this earth? Slow and sordid and half blind we grope about in the darkness of every day life, until, like a flash of lightning, a poem, or picture, or strain of music suddenly illuminates the sky, and, for one divine moment, we vividly realize that the world is beautiful, the soul is immortal, and that heaven broods over us perpetually."

Across the room, from a group of young people in the corner, came Jack's loud, cheerful voice: "Well, you just bet I had a sweet time of it. Three fat women and a cart load of infants to be shipped out of those picnic grounds before night, fifteen miles to go, muddy roads, not a star, and rain pouring cats and dogs. My little team has lots of ginger, and so we pulled through, but 'twas dispiriting. 'Tisn't going to a picnic so much as having to be man of all work when you get there that grinds me."

"I should think," said Mr. Ellery to Theo, as they stood a little apart, that you would find few to sympathize with your peculiar ideas." As an afterthought he added: "But then you have your husband."

If he had struck the pale proud face before him it could not more suddenly have turned to burning red. She laid a detaining hand on the arm of a lady who was passing, and, after presenting Philip to her, she crossed the room, and sat down beside Jack. At this moment Miss Arden, a very pretty girl, but absolutely devoid of ideas, was relating an incident of her life, of which she had been reminded by Jack's picnic reminiscence. "I'll never forget," she concluded, "how those two dudes tried to flirt with me."

"Mrs. Clyde," said another, "it is your turn now. This is story-tellers' corner, and each one is expected to contribute something.'

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Clyde, "I could never consent to dim the brilliance of Miss Arden's anecdote by any poor recital of my own.'

No sooner had the words escaped her lips than she was stricken with remorse and self-contempt. Not content with the sin of enjoying the conversation of a man whom Jack did not care for, she had resort to the vulgarity of making an unkind remark. She looked contritely at the injured girl, but Miss Fanny had not the remotest idea that she had been insulted. Her lovely lips unclosed again, and she lisped out:

"Well, *'twas* commycul, the way those two dudes tried to flirt with me."

After it was all over Theo still continued to hate herself. Otherwise she could scarcely have listened in meek silence, while Jack dilated upon the charms of Fanny Arden. At last, while she strove to repress a yawn, he said:

"But you don't seem particularly enthusiastic over the subject. Not jealous, eh?"

The remark was uttered purely in joke, but every one of Theo's little airs of superiority, which Jack detested, came rallying to her defence.

"Jealous!" she exclaimed in pure incredulous astonishment. "Of *her!*" and she said nothing more.

The young husband was justly incensed. He himself had once wasted a few sighs at Fanny's shrine, and might have increased the number had he not met with his wife. "I'll tell you what it is, Theo," he said, deliberately and exasperatingly, "you think your self a little better, and a little brainier, and a little more refined than anybody else."

Theo never got angry; she would as soon think of getting drunk. "Perhaps you are right," she said, indifferently; and this time she made no effort to conceal the yawn that overtook her.

"Well, I suppose you know the Bible says that pride goeth before a fall."

"Does it? I thought it said pride goeth before destruction, and I imagined it meant the destruction of the person who opposed the proud one."

She gave him one of her arch looks, at which he was forced to smile a little. So then she flew to him, and took her favorite stool at his feet, with her cheek resting on his knee.

"Dear Jack," she said, "I don't care what falls, so long as it is not your love for me. I don't care if the heavens fall!"

"Or the price of potatoes," tenderly murmured Jack, as he pinched her ear.

So they "made up and were friends." But a few days later the young man was more indignant than ever—this time because his wife declined to be vaccinated.

"What!" she exclaimed, "give oneself a small disease in order to avoid having a large one! You might as well kill a baby in order to avoid killing a man. It's a detestable idea."

"I wish," said poor Jack, "that you had fewer ideas and a little more common sense. I think I ought to compel you to be vaccinated."

"Compel me?" she repeated, with exquisite gentleness of tone and look. "I think you do not mean that."

There is nothing so immovable as the determination of an even-tempered person. Jack went out to soothe his ruffled feelings by a call on Fanny Arden. There was not the slightest doubt that *she* was vaccinated, for, as he inadvertently touched her arm, she drew back with an affected shudder.

"Poor little arm," he said, by way of apology.

"'Tisn't so very little, either," she replied, tossing her head, and delighted at the prospect of making her own physical perfections the subject of conversation; "I despise little arms and little shoulders."

Jack was reminded of a saying of Theo's, "The mind's the standard of the woman." But he cherished a secret sort of bitterness against his wife. It was no pleasure to him to remember that she had a mind of her own.

"Now, do come in any time," said Fanny's mother, when they separated. "Because Mrs. Clyde don't care for company is no reason why you should stay cooped up."

So Jack went again and again, and, as fate would have it, the otherwise lonely evenings of his wife were relieved by the frequent presence of Mr. Philip Ellery. This young man had many attractions for Theo, how many she never realized until the evening on which he came in with his hands full of fresh proofs of the novel he was writing. She could not help being interested in his work, nor could he help being pleased by her interest. But she criticized his book without mercy, told him that his heroine was a simpleton and his hero a prig. To make amends for her bluntness she praised his style, which was indeed his strong point. Then they sat for hours discussing the incidents, scenes and sentiments, and trying between them to invent an original sort of a villain. The clock struck eleven. Theo rose at once, pale, grave, conscience-stricken.

"Well, then," said Philip, rising also, "we will decide upon his death to-morrow night. I can't let him drown. That's too common a way to dispose of superfluous personages."

"And besides, drowning is too good for him," declared Theo. "But, if it suits you as well, I should prefer you to come only on Friday evenings. Jack is always at home on Fridays."

"But Jack could never enjoy this," and he held up the long, narrow sheets.

"Then I can never enjoy it," said Jack's wife, softly but inexorably.

The young man bent a disappointed face over the proofs, which he was folding. There was a long pause. "I wish you success," she said, stiffly.

"It has seemed to me to-night," he said, with an appealing weariness in eyes and voice, "that there is one thing in the world better than success, and that is sympathy."

"I am the most unsympathetic soul alive," said Theo icily.

"Yes, to those who do not understand you."

"Then I must beg, as a special favor, that you will *not* understand me."

"It is not difficult to respect your wish. You are totally beyond my comprehension." Then, as he saw she was on the brink of tears, he murmured, with real regret, "Ah, I am distressing you. I am very sorry," and so was gone.

And the young wife was left in unloved loneliness. She bore it bravely for a few weeks, at the end of which time Mrs. Lyle, having heard various rumors of what she called her brother's "goings on," called in to see her sister-in-law about it.

"You are an awful little goose, Theo," she said, commiseratingly, "awful! Instead of letting Mr. Ellery slip through your fingers, you should have kept him every night until 12 o'clock, or 2 o'clock, or whatever time it was that Jack came home. Then, when he appeared you should have said with affected surprise, 'Home already?' and, after glancing at the clock, 'Why, I never dreamed it was so late. Philip and I have had such a delightful time together. *Must* you go, Philip? Well, be sure you come to-morrow night.' This course of treatment would have a prodigious effect. Oh, you don't half know how to manage a man!"

Theo's light eyes were clear and transparent as dew. "I don't know what you mean," she said: "I never manage others—I never permit others to manage me. Can't you understand, Flora?" she pleaded with quivering lips, "*I love Jack*! I love him with all my sick, sorrowful heart. Other wives may retain their husbands by other methods—I have nothing but love. It will not last long," she added, showing her bare arms, white as milk but nearly fleshless. With her fair head bowed upon them, she looked like a wreath of snow in the moonlight.

"Well," said Mrs. Lyle, "I suppose you are an angel, Theo, but I warn you that it doesn't pay to introduce angelic manners and customs into this 'airthly spear,' and Jack is the last person in the world to appreciate them."

Not long afterwards Jack Clyde stood at the gate of Fanny Arden's home, bidding good-night to that young lady. It was by no means a brief process. She was certainly an exceedingly pretty girl, and her prettiness turned his head a little. For the first time he bent down and ardently kissed the perfect crimson mouth. In return for this outbreak of brute passion he expected indignation, scorn, tears of mortification and disgust, or the white, unspeaking wrath of hopelessly offended womanhood. But there was nothing of the sort. He left her with a horrible sense of moral nausea. All his swiftly kindled passion had turned to bitter ashes upon his lips. She had made the fatal mistake of accepting an insult as a compliment, and now he was learning how loathsome may be the beauty that conceals a vulgar soul. Fanny's light had gone out like a smoky lamp, and all the atmosphere about her was poisoned by the vile odor.

Then, like a star rising out of the thick darkness, came the thought of Theo, pure and constant and infinitely far away. He yearned to reach her, and plead for her forgiveness. He walked swiftly homewards, never so swiftly before; but the door was closed against him. Theo was down with smallpox.

In the first outburst of his grief at this intelligence he thought, not of her obstinate stand against vaccination, but of his own neglect, which had probably weakened her system, and rendered her more liable to the attack. His poor little love! He might have known that, apart from him, she would die, just as surely as a lily dies when uprooted from the coarse soil on which it feeds.

This view of the case was supported by his sister, in whose house he was for the present domiciled, and in whose tough little heart there really did exist a few grains of affection for the neglected wife. "Oh, there's no doubt that she loves you," declared this young woman with conviction. "She stuck to you as faithfully as a tombstone sticks to a grave, and, like the stone, she retained scarcely anything but coldness and whiteness, and an indelible impression of your unapproachable virtues. I don't understand it at all. I suppose that women who don't care for men in general are apt to get infatuated over some one particular man, but—"

"In the name of pity, stop!" implored her brother, as he seized his hat, and strode out into the street.

When Theo was beginning to recover she asked for a hand mirror, and after one glance into it she turned away, and lay for a long time upon her face, without speaking a word or shedding a tear. There was a light tap at the door. "Come in, Jack, she said, in a voice as sad as death, I have lost the little beauty I had, and I have lost you, and it is all the fault of my wicked obstinacy and pride, Oh, my darling!" for his face was full of inexpressible love and tenderness and contrition.

He came and knelt at her bedside, "I am not worthy to be near you," he said.

"But my disfigured face," she murmured.

"It is not so bad as my disfigured soul. Sweetest, you will always be beautiful to me. But, Oh, Theo, you can never forgive me. I have been a frightful fool."

"Never mind, Jack," she whispered soothingly, with the faintest gleam of a smile, "I am frightful too."

Of this he was never convinced, but they did not argue the point. She lifted his wet face, and drew it down upon her shoulder, and, if Jack Clyde lives to be a thousand years old, he will never experience anything quite so heavenly as the forgiving pressure of those tender arms.

AGNES E. WETHERALD.

SLEEP.

This night, as so oft before,
  We shall lie in the arms of death,
As the welcome lethé gathers o'er
  The day's faint labouring breath.
The sleep of the cradled child,
  And the toiler's welcome rest;
Oblivion of distractions wild
  That wear in the anxious breast;
The cares, and troubles, and strife,
  Forebodings that rise above
The turmoil of the battle of life;
  The burdens of duty and love:
All buried in the grave
  Night fashions for each day's death,
Whence we rise renewed, and strong, and brave
  For what warfare the morrow hath;
Nerved for the meanest defection,
  For misprizion, distrust, and sorrow,
With the sense of a new resurrection
  In the life of the dead day's morrow,
If then this nightly death,
  This mystery of repose,
Where oblivion daily fashioneth
  Life's renewal with each day's close:—
If we must daily die
  Through all life's little span
From the cradle of our infancy
  To the three-score ten of man;
Shall not life's light return
  When the shadows flee away
In the dawn of the resurrection morn
  And the light of the endless day?

DANIEL WILSON.

DIALECT-STUDY.

IT may be safely said that no two persons speak the same language, even in these days of schools and books. One man's vocabulary is not coextensive with—nor if less extensive, is it, as far as it goes, coincident with—that of any other man.

There is something distinctive and significant in every man's intonation; and certainly there is much in every man's favourite phrase-forms, which, to those who choose to observe such matters, separate him from all his fellow-countrymen. It may be that there is not one word of my vocabulary, nor a single phrase-form of mine, which is not used by *somebody* else; but nobody else uses *all* the words and phrase-forms which I habitually use.

So each family has its language differentiated in many ways from the language of other families of the same community. Differentiations, again, are intensified a thousand fold in the language of different communities, until finally we are obliged to draw definite lines and call the language of certain communities dialects, or, if sufficiently marked, languages.

From the time when the child begins to acquire a language, each word and each phrase appropriated receives the mark of his individuality ; and to that extent a new language is created. Our language is mainly the language of our fathers, because we have received it from our fathers, but at the same time it is not the language of our fathers, because our own individuality has stamped it anew. What is ours exclusively will probably perish with us ; but much of the new that is common to us and others of the generation to which we belong, will go down to the generations which follow us. Thus a language is changed or colored in some manner by every generation which has it in keeping.

Change is a most natural and necessary law of language ; and our writers on philology often seem to go to unnecessary lengths in their attempts to prove what should be almost self-evident, and the more wonderful phenomenon of language—the persistence of its forms—is not duly emphasized. If infinite variation of individual forms is inevitable in language, fixedness of type is certainly not less so.

There is nothing more truly wonderful in nature than the manner in which languages are perpetuated. Subtile, intangible—almost spiritual—they float down from generation to generation for thousands of years, gaining in life and power, and this without the aid of writing.

Each individual of a nation may draw from the common fund to what extent he chooses, but not even a Shakespeare can make the whole language of his generation his own. *As a whole*, the language is the property of the nation alone, and any portion of the nation can possess it only in part. An influential man or set of men may commit to writing that part of the national language with which they are acquainted, and this literary portion of the language may commend itself to the refined tastes of the more enlightened spirits of the nation, and they may reject the language-peculiarities of all other sets as unclean ; but until every individual speaking the language belongs to the literary class, the literary language is after all but a part of the national language, and the unwritten dialects have as much right to be called part of the national language as their more fortunate sister—the literary dialect.

From childhood up we are taught to despise dialects ; and, in reading the literary works of bygone centuries, we usually content ourselves with observing the coincidences of the older language with the *literary* language of our time, and the variations there brought about in the intervening years. But when once we realize that the literary dialect is but one of many still flourishing in the older countries, and to a certain extent in the newer countries also, would it not seem the most natural thing in the world to observe coincidences and variations in the *non*-literary dialects, as compared with the older literary form ? Language cannot stand still and thrive ; and the dialects in their progress necessarily move in lines of their own. What changes or perishes in one will remain unchanged in another.

If, then, it is a profitable and interesting exercise to compare the old literary dialect with the modern literary dialect, should it not be as profitable and as interesting to compare the same old dialect with the modern non-literary dialects which are in many cases more truly national than the literary dialect, but whose misfortune it is that they are not written, and have consequently not so good a social standing ?

If, after marking the absolute forms of a text of seven or eight centuries ago in the light of our present literary language, we then proceed to examine this absolute list in the light of the more pronounced of our dialects, we cannot fail to be surprised at the result : indeed, after such an experiment one is almost tempted to say that words cannot perish, but with the nations using them ; for if a few small districts can furnish so many forms which we supposed were dead, but which are, on the contrary, vigorous and plastic as they were a thousand years ago, is it not possible—even probable—that if we could only carefully examine *all* the dialects, not a single form on our obsolete list would be found wanting?

Nothing will rid a student of his old and unjust prejudices on the subject of language so soon or so effectnally, or so speedily inspire him with a just conception of the real nature of language and its phenomena, as the careful study of the non-literary dialect.

But the study must be direct and not at second-hand. It is doing work, and thus arriving at results, and not learning the results of work, that is interesting and profitable to any student. One may feel a certain languid interest in an Anglo-Saxon or Gothic word when it is stated in a foot note that the same word is still in common use in Yorkshire or Ayrshire ; but can that feeling be for a moment compared with the thrill of satisfaction a student feels when to-day he finds in Ulfila's or Alfred's prose, a word which but yesterday he heard from the lips of an Ayrshire or Yorkshire laborer.

That the dialects become intensely interesting when regarded in the light of the older literary language is unquestionable ; but another source of interest is frequently overlooked entirely ; the old texts themselves when read in the light of these non-literary dialects, are inspired anew with life, and instead of being books of ages past, they become in a great measure books of our own time.

J. McW.

A CHRISTMAS IN TRINIDAD.

LAST Christmas morning I was awakened by a sharp tap ping on my window, and, turning in bed, saw through half-opened-eyes and a mist of mosquito curtains an apparition. A good-humored black face, with ivory teeth and eyes sparkling with fun and rum, greeted me with, " Me frighten you, Mass Charl' ; Merr' Christmas."

Christmas ! with odors of orange blossoms floating in at the open windows, with chattering of birds and hum of insects. Christmas ! without frost or snow or ice, with everything green and glowing in the morning sun. Was I dreaming still, and would it all roll up and disappear if only I pinched hard enough ?

No, I was awake, and, jumping out of bed, I wished Domingo a hearty " Good morning and a merry Christmas." While I am dressing let me describe the view from my window.

The house is situated on a slight eminence above a smooth broad road that winds among the groves of cocoa toward the village above. Between a clump of orange trees and a great mango the eye wanders up a mountain valley covered with cocoa plantations, over which blaze like a sheet of fire the scarlet blossoms of the "Bois Immortelles." Beyond these, on a gently rising hill, gleams forth the quaint white-washed tower of the village church, embowered in fruit trees, from which the bells are sending forth their merry Christmas greeting. Still beyond rises green hill above green hill, each showing the gardens of the villagers like a patchwork quilt in the distance. Yet beyond again rise the purple summits of the northern mountains, now shining in the first rays of the morning sun.

After a cup of strong coffee and a crust of bread, we shouldered guns and buckled on our cutlasses, and set off for a ten-mile tramp up the northern mountains to visit a certain cascade that Pierre was always talking about.

Our way lay through the village, past crowded shops filled with votaries of Bacchus, who were beginning thus early to celebrate their Christmas, past pretty painted houses with cool, low verandahs and jalousied windows, half hidden behind flowering hedges and fruit-laden trees, and past the village church into which crowds, dressed in all their holiday best, were pouring to bow at the little cradle and pay sixpence to kiss the waxen image of the infant Saviour. People of all colors and of many nationalities elbowed each other good-humoredly in the crowd. Pretty Creole girls dressed in snowy muslin, swarthy Spaniards and Portuguese, brown and yellow mulattoes, and negroes of every shade of blackness and brownness, coolies and Chinese from the other hemisphere, and not a few whose wide-apart eyes and high cheekbones proclaimed their fierce Carrib blood. All seemed in the best of humor, and many a graceful "Salaam, Sahib," and "Bon jour, mon cher," greeted us as we threaded our way through the throng.

We turned, after passing the village, up a green lane which was carpeted with pretty sensitive mimosas that shrank from our footsteps as we passed over them. I never get tired of teasing the sensitive plants. A stamp of the foot, and the plants for a yard around fold up their pinnæ and then let fall their petioles in a manner very curious to notice. The under surface of the leaves thus exposed is a bluish green, altogether different to the bright green of the upper surface, so that in a savanna carpeted with these plants I have often traced a line of blue to be seen for a few minutes by drawing my cane through the plants.

The lane was bordered with a hedge of scarlet hibiscus and purple dracarna, over which let us look in fancy for a few moments at a negro garden. The house is a heterogeneous mixture of boards and mud and branches thatched with palm-leaves and elevated on stilts that the wind and poultry may pass freely under. The garden in front of the house is laid out in flower-beds, edged with black bottles stuck neck downward into the ground. These beds blaze with colsi and crotons and showy flowers, for the negro is as fond of flowers as any white man, albeit he does not show much taste in their arrangement.

While we stand admiring, the black owner comes out, barefooted, clad in shirt and pants and an old straw hat, and with delicate courtesy gathers his finest roses and forget-me-nots, with fragrant carnations and mignonette, and hands them over the hedge with a kindly smile as he remarks in broken English, "Me tink you like Eenglese flowers."

Next he runs back to an orange tree laden with fruit, shouting something in Creole to some one behind the hut. A little boy, clad in a hat, comes forward, dragging a bamboo, which the old man seizes and belabors the tree with until half a peck of oranges dot the ground. He makes us load ourselves with the fragrant fruit, asks us to come again when oranges are wanted, and then leaves us.

This is but an instance of the kindness a stranger meets with from the colored people all over the south if he has but sense enough to treat the negro as he deserves.

And now for the garden. Over the hedge scrambles a beautiful convolvulus, its snow-white flowers—delicate children of the moonlight, as broad as one's hand—just shrivelling up under the hot morning sun. Over the ground a tangle of yams, sweet potatoes, janices, schoos, pine apples, pigeon peas, and a host of other vegetables struggle for breathing room. Over these rise the lush fat green stems of bananas and plantains, carrying a huge crown of giant leaves fifteen or twenty feet long and bunches of purple flowers and green fruit. Over a rude trellis of bamboos at the side of the hut climbs a delicate granadilla, with pale green cordate leaves and purple passion flowers. Over these rise the dark, massive crown of mangoes. Awkward-boughed breadfruits from the far off South Seas, pretty poplar-like Malacca apples from the Malay peninsula, native star apples and sapotas and sapodillas, oranges, limes and lemons crowd together and grow in wild luxuriance, untouched by the hand of the pruner, yet each bearing its fruit in its season as abundantly as if tended with every care.

Our way beyond this lay up a steep mountain ravine, strewn with gravel and boulders of talcose rock, on each side of which steep hillsides rose, planted with cocoa. The cocoa tree is an awkward-looking, ugly affair, growing about the size of our apple trees, and bearing, at the extremities only of the branches, bunches of drooping, oval-pointed leaves. The fruit, curiously enough, is not borne, as is the case with our Canadian fruits, in the axils of leaves along the finer twigs, but springs from forgotten, buried, adventitious buds all up the trunk and larger branches. The flowers are minute, white, and fragrant with the characteristic odor of chocolate. The fruit when ripe is a red or yellow pod, looking not unlike a strongly ribbed cucumber, and is about the same size as that fruit. When split open by a blow with a cutlass, rows of seeds are seen imbedded in a white, acid, mucilaginous pulp. These are taken out, sweated for a few days, dried in the sun, and when ground and mixed with from 30 to 70 per cent. of arrowroot or other farinaceous materials, and flavoured with vanilla, etc., find their way on to the breakfast table as fragrant "Menier" or "cocoa."

The cocoa is a delicate plant and requires shade, so that about every twenty or thirty yards is met a giant shade tree called by the Creoles "Bois Immortelle," by the Spaniards "Madre del cacao," which at this season is leafless, but is covered with scarlet blossoms and blazes, a tree of coral, against the deep blue sky. These trees are subject to the attacks of parasites, and are furred from top to bottom with a parasite growth of orchids, philodendrous ferns, &c. Hair-like tillsandias wave like green mermaid tresses from the limbs, and wild pines and matapalos wage a continuous warfare against each other for every inch of the upper surface.

About three o'clock Pierre shouted "the chorro!" and as we turned an angle of the ravine the cascade burst upon our view a hundred feet above us and a hundred yards beyond the ridge dividing the ravine, up which we ascended from the deep channel worn by the waterfall. A little river had worn a deep trough in the soft mica schist, and down this channel it rushed with the speed of a mill stream towards a perpendicular cliff, over which it plunged with a flying leap a hundred and fifty feet down into a deep blue basin below.

The cliff was matted with grey sprawling cacti and a network of lianas and vines that left not an inch of the rock visible through its mantle of green. The channel of the river was arched over by a green lacework of tree ferns and feathery bamboos. All around, the steep mountain walls rose, feathered with richest tropic vegetation, a thousand feet into the sky, starred with palms and gay with flowering trees.

We sat down to lunch under the arched bamboos, and as we drank the cool mountain water and peeled fragrant oranges with our cutlasses, we pitied the poor denizens of cold Canada, whose only prospect on looking out of doors was snow and ice and bare leafless trees sticking up like bath brooms into the frozen air. And such oranges as we had never reach "infel heim." Fancy, huge green globes nearly as large as a child's head, with fragrant rinds in which the essential oil is so strong that they must be carefully peeled off and not bitten or sucked as may be the sapid, tasteless things they call oranges at the north.

After lunch we took a bath in the cool basin at the foot of the fall, and, refreshed and strengthened, determined to climb to the summit of the mountain. We started up the steep incline, and after an hour and a half of hard climbing, arrived at a flat table-land on the top, which afforded the most extensive view I had ever seen. Towards the east the Northern mountains stretched, a series of jagged peaks and peaklets, till lost in the purple distance. Northward, between the mountains, gleamed the dark, foam-flecked waters of the Carribean, with Tobago, like a blue cloud, topped with white cumuli, just visible on the horizon. Westward, another series of mountains stretched till lost in the last spurs of the Venezulan Cordilleras. Southward, swimming in a soft purple mist, stretched the flat lowlands, sheeted with cane fields that surged up into the dark green mountain glens at our feet in bays of lightest green. A shining river traversed these, emptying into the blue gulf which melted into mist at the horizon. Vessels passed in and out of the harbor, which, though 20 miles away, seemed hardly half that distance, seen through the hot moisture-laden air. We sat in silence under the shade of a group of noble palms, gazing at the map-like expanse, until aroused from our reveries by Pierre, who reminded us that it was time to return. Then we remembered that we were in the tropics, where there is no twilight, and where

> "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out
> At one stride comes on the dark."

We hurried down the mountain and took a last look at the cascade. But before we were half way down the ravine by which we ascended, the sun went down and left us suddenly in the dark. I began to be frightened at the idea of descending a thousand feet of steep mountain in total darkness. But Pierre was equal to the occasion. Without a word he felt his way towards a dry log of "poni" that he had noted on the way up. In a few moments he had a handful of splinters which, when bound together and lighted with a match, burned like a torch, and furnished a most brilliant light, by the aid of which we continued to descend the ravine. A few minutes more and we were opposite the house of our dusky friend of the oranges and flowers. It seemed he was likely to have a few more empty bottles for flower borders by the sounds of merriment that issued from the hut. As we passed through the village we noticed a jolly crowd footing it right merrily to the sound of the guitar up in a palm leaf "ajoupa" at the top of a rather steep hill a hundred feet above the road. We stopped to watch them, and saw the last drink and the breaking up. The hill was steep and the donkey road led up to the hut in a zig-zag fashion, worn as well into a deep rut by travel and rain. The people held lights at the top to light their visitors down, but the way those people rolled and tumbled down that donkey path with their heads and feet full of tangle-leg rum, will be a Christmas memory for me for many years to come. Our kind guides bid us good night at our own door a few moments later. Just as the moon rose over the eastern mountain, and flooded the valley with silvery light, we ate a hearty supper, and tired with our mountain climb, went to bed satisfied with our day's work, and feeling that we had indeed spent a "Merry Christmas."

C. BRENT.

THE DEWDROP.

O loveliest daughter of the dark-robed night!
The rosy-fingered dawn, uprising slow,
Adorns thee with her own ethereal glow,
And paints thee dancing, shimmering with delight,
Yet thy brief life, so dazzling with unrest,
A touch of lightest hand, or faintest breeze
Of air that murmurs low dissolves; decrees,
Thy fall upon thy mother's fruitful breast.
Not dead! for thy refreshing fragrance there
Shall clothe her form with flowers of brightest hue,
And shed new life on valley, plain and hill,
Or, borne upon the viewless wings of air,
Thou shalt mount up unto the azure blue,
And there await to work His perfect will.

Ottawa, Dec. 1885. S. WOODS.

ON A NEW VOLUME OF THACKERAY.

What amount of attention ought to be given to an author's estimate of his own work? Should we pay any attention whatever, to an author's estimate of any part of his work, or to an artist's view of his pictures, or to a statesman's view of his policy, or indeed to a grocer's idea of his sugar, or a tailor's opinion of his make of coats? It is far too serious a question to decide off-hand; for, you will observe, if we once admit that any of these persons has a right to dictate finally what shall be the verdict of posterity, or of contemporary society, on his own special article of merchandise, we shall be in for quite an interesting series of comic conclusions; and Mr. Filley will be entitled to proclaim that *his* coats have soul, and Mr. Sandman that *his* sugar is pure, and Mr. Wordy that *his* speeches deserve to be remembered, and Mr. Everfull that certain of his works are to be taken as works of genius, while others may go to the grocer for useful trade purposes.

Nevertheless, literary men have tried, at various times and in various ways, to fix a certain value on their works great and small; to say to the public, "You shall not read such and such of my writings; they are not up to my usual standard; you must read only my greater works;" or to warn the public that they were in danger of overlooking genius. Lord Bacon was sure of his fame and confidently left his fame to foreigners and the next generation. Shakespeare was certain of his immortality, and declared that his lore should in his verse live ever young. Milton heard the applause of the ages, and proclaimed that he had written things that posterity would not willingly let die. The world has, so far, accepted these views, and has consented to take these great geniuses at their own valuation; though the number of people who actually study Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton are so few that a convention of them would not tax the seating capacity of any place of public entertainment.

But the world has not consented to accept the views of many others who made an effort to be heard in favour of their own immortality. Nothing is more amusing, more interesting, more pitiable at times than the refusal, by posterity, of contemporary criticism. Landor and Southey, for instance, praised each other and foretold each other's immortality; but the reading world reads nothing of Southey now, except his Life of Nelson; and Landor has as small a coterie of admirers as any man who ever wrote English with such skill and strength and dignity. Macaulay thought nothing of his essays and had no intention of publishing them till an American publisher had put forth an edition of them which was finding its way into England. Now, there are a hundred readers of the Essays for one reader of the History. Mr. Dickens insisted, in the preface to one of his books, that every literary man was, and ought to be taken as, an artist in his own vocation. His view was not accepted nor acceptable; to accept it would be to do away with all critical literature—no doubt much of it might be spared. Baron Tennyson has tried in vain to keep out of print certain of his poems, which nevertheless the public insist on having and reading. Mr. Disraeli tried, when he had risen to the height of fame, to suppress the Runnymede Letters, but here they are on the table beside me, printed in full, annotated in full, and destined to immortality, although they are tawdry in their rhetoric and tiresome in their sameness of style. And here I have at hand a new volume of essays and sketches by Mr. Thackeray which he did not care to publish, and which have been hidden among the dusty files of the old Fraser's Magazine for forty years or more. So as a matter of fact public judgment is against allowing any author to tell us which of his writings we shall *not* read, as it is slow, in general, against allowing him to tell us which of his writings we *shall* read.

Mr. Thackeray's, or rather Mr. Thackeray's publisher's new volume is not all new. It opens with a bit from "Yellowplush" entitled "Fashanable Fax and Polite Annygoats," which was published, I think, in an American Edition of his miscellaneous works some years ago. It consists of literary criticism from the point of view of the celebrated Jeames, that butler of genius. This article and the two which follow ("Jerome Paturot" and "Grant in Paris") are specimens of a species of criticism which has almost disappeared—whether for good or evil I shall not say. It is rude; it is personal; it is unfeeling at times; at times it is coarse and unfair; it is certainly also very witty, very effective, very readable, and perhaps does no ultimate injustice to the trash which is subjected to the flail. In Jeames's review of Mr. Skelton's book, the unfortunate author is spitted as "Mr. Skeleton" and laughed at most scandalously. In the review of "Grant in Paris" the foolish author is called "Jim" all through the paper; and he is mercilessly treated to sneers and scolding and laughter. In the old Blackwood days Nelson and his comrades set a terribly bad example. And in the old Fraser days the example was bad too. Lockhart and Maginn and Mahoney and Thackeray have a good deal to answer for in regard to those boisterous belabourings of booby authors, who were nevertheless fellow christians. It is the custom among stupid people to tell us that the press of to-day is very personal and often very coarse. Any man who knows anything of the history of literature will contemptuously refuse to accept the slander as true. From the days of Swift's pamphleteering to the days of Fraser there had been a change for the better, in point of decency and moderation; yet the improved period was pretty bad still. In the last forty years there has been an immense improvement in the tone of the critical and political literature of the time; and for much of the work of Swift, of Scott, of Nelson, of Maginn, of "Prout," of Thackeray, it would be difficult to find admission into the monthly magazines of to-day. It may be doubted if the change is much of an improvement. After all, personalities are only materials for good biography.

We get next a paper which was also published in an American edition I am sure—for I read it at the time,—and which is to be coupled with one on Laman Blanchard, as a pleasant pair of specimens of Thackeray in his kindly mood, the mood in which he dealt with Leech and Cruikshank, and in which he always deals with literary men who are worthy, in life and work, of a good man's praise. In "A Box of Novels" (the paper I refer to), Mr. Thackeray gave us the most pleasing and touching account of the effect that Dickens' "Christmas Carol" had on him, as it has had on so many thousands, perhaps millions of sensitive human beings. I am prevented from quoting by lack of space. In the essay on "Laman Blanchard," written from Paris, Thackeray puts forth the truth he was always insisting on: that the literary calling is to be followed like other callings, with industry, with honestry, sobriety, perseverance; that genius, or cleverness, has no right to expect immunity from the penalties attaching to broken laws of health, of society, of economy, and that a literary man has no more right to expect a fortune or fame than any other worker—unless he has the genius and the luck and the qualities that secure fame and fortune. He knew that the literary calling was a hard one; and he insisted that men should not consider it trivial and frivolous. We have also here the lecture on "Charity and Humour," which was delivered in New York, after the delivery of the lectures on the "Humorists." It is a perfect specimen of a purely literary discourse of the popular kind. It is, in a measure, a summary of the lectures on the Humourists; and he touches with tactful hand on the great and famous names in English literature which he loved so well. Let me make one quotation from this lecture which is so perfect, and let me commend it as inculcating thoughts which at this season are so humanizing and so softening:

> "Wherever it is spoken, there is no man that does not feel, and understand and use the noble English word 'gentleman.' And there is no man that teaches us to be gentlemen better than Joseph Addison. Gentle in our bearing through life; gentle and courteous to our neighbour; gentle in dealing with his follies and weaknesses; gentle in treating his opposition; deferential to the old; kindly to the poor and those below us in degree; for people above us and below us we must find in whatever hemisphere we dwell, whether Kings or Presidents govern us; and in no Republic or Monarchy that I know of is a citizen exempt from the tax of befriending poverty and weakness, of respecting age, and of honouring his father and mother."

Such a lecture at this season is worth reading. And about the man who wrote it my paper has been worth writing too. There are many readers who know Thackeray better than I do; to these I apologise for my hasty and imperfect treatment of his memory.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE DISESTEEM OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THERE is no need to quarrel with the pessimism which affirms that Canada has no literature. In a sense, the statement is true; for, of a distinctively native literature, on its English side, it has as yet little. We do not say this as a concession to popular ignorance or prejudice, but as a fact, the frank admission of which may be helpful to native letters. Yet the number of books written on and in Canada is large; how large it would surprise many people to know. The writer has had frequent occasion to compile a list of Canadian publications and works relating to Canada, and in his time has made many more or less ambitious collections. The extent of the list has always been a marvel to us, and we may be permitted to say that no Canadian at least should be unfamiliar with much that it comprises. There is scarcely a department of thought in it that is not represented, though it is specially rich in the materials for history; and the current additions to the list are by no means meagre. While this is the case, we constantly hear the statement that English Canada has no literature; and before going further it might be well to see just what it has. What is it, then, we classify in our libraries under native authors, and why give it so much space if it does not rank as literature? We shall best answer the question by taking a look at our book-shelves. Here is one devoted to Canadian history and travels. True, the French portion overshadows the English; but it is no less national or lacking in the literary quality. But if objection is taken to its citation, we shall pass by our Champlain, Charlevoix, Lescarbot, Sagard Lahontan, Hennepin, and Le Clerq, with their modern congeners Garneau, Ferland, Tasse, Turcotte, LeMoine, Chauveau, Sulte, Verreau, Casgrain, Tanguay, and St. Maurice—names that confer distinction upon Canada, and whose authors have earned the right of admission into the temple of literary fame. But before leaving this section let us note what a field there is here for the translator, and how much profitable work might be done in rendering into English those interesting records of early French travel and discovery which, so far, have not been translated—despite the plums Parkman has abstracted for his brilliant historical narratives. It is not creditable to Canadian literary industry that, as yet, we have no English translation of the *Relations des Jesuites*, of Sagard or Lescarbot's works on *Nouvelle France*, or of many other instructive histories and monographs of the French period.

Let us now turn to the English division of the same department. And here every section of the country, and almost every period of its life, are dealt with. A mere string of names will convey little; but those familiar with the work which the following list of authors represents will admit that it counts for much in the sum of our Anglo-Canadian literature:—Auchinleck, Bouchette, Bourinot, Bryce, Canniff, Christie, Coffin, Collins, Dawson, Davin, Dent Fleming, Galt, Gourlay, Gray, Grant, Haliburton, Heriot, Hargrave, Head, Hincks, Howison, Hind, Hodgins, Howe, Kirby, Leggo, Lesperance, Lindsey, McGee, Martin, Morris, Morgan, Murray, Macoun, Mackenzie, McGregor, MacMullen, Machar, Rattray, Ryerson, Reade, Sandham, Scadding, Smith, Stewart, Talbot, Taylor, Thompson, Todd, Watson, Withrow, Wilson, and Young.

In this obviously incomplete list, we make no mention of authors outside history and kindred topics, who have published works in other departments, or graced Canadian literature by minor contributions from their pen. Nor have we cited authors in the professions—of education, journalism, law, medicine, science, and theology—who have issued text-books, treatises, manuals works of practice, etc., or made important contributions to the journals, periodicals and transactions of their respective professions. Nor have we referred to our poets and writers of fiction, or to the mass of printed matter, in pamphlet and brochures, which claims recognition as "Canadiana," and a respectable amount of which, as fact or criticism, we hold, belongs, if not to literature, to something closely akin to it. Yet with all this material, it is slightingly said that Canada

The happenings, and as our title shows the calamities, of the eight intervening days, form the subject of the following sketch :

Conceived, I remember, in the south reading-room, for we were all of us college men at the time, our plan had been to utilize the two weeks or so, which having passed, would bring upon us the first of October with its attendant college opening, in making a short yatching cruise. A suggestion that we should run down the south shore from Hamilton eastward, and inspect the peach orchards of that district, met with such general approval as to be at once adopted.

Our party consisted of the captain—the virtual owner of the yacht, a large roomy centre board sloop, B——, S——, and myself.

With innumerable commissions in the fruit line, with a well-stocked larder, and an unlimited supply of smoker's sundries, and with a devil-may-care feeling possessing us, akin to that which I fancy pervaded the buccaneers of olden time, our start was made.

The first night and day out proved little interesting. Yachting with the prevalence of a constant calm scarcely ever brings with it anything worthy of record. It is a period when the indolence of the wind inspires a similar indolence in those who await its return to full life. It is a period during which a lover of the 'weed' indulges himself to the full, and tobacco smoke covers everything; when stories pointless and endless seem to find their way to the surface ; when six meals a day take the place of three. A contrast, assuredly, to the time, when with your vessel's head a few points off from a rattling breeze, with a motion like that of a spirited horse with the bit firmly fixed between its teeth, she buries her nose in the hissing water and dashes on.

Every possible source of amusement we investigated and quickly turned from one to another. Frequent trips ashore were made, and every now and then, the dingy would be swung loose and, laden with a commission of enquiry, head off to inspect some likely-looking orchard, and be back again with a full report before the yacht had crawled past it.

Our tortoise-like pace brought us late in the afternoon of the first day out, abreast of Burlington pier. Whether to run across to Hamilton, or continue our course down the southern shore, was a question on which the crew divided evenly. Had the former been acted on the reader would have been spared this story, but, alas for us, a breeze, which seemed to spring up and freshen as we argued, decided for the latter.

That decision settled our fate. Towards the close of the night, the dusk of which was just coming over us, our little craft was driven ashore some eight or nine miles east of Burlington pier.

An hour's run and darkness came. It had turned moderately calm and the wind had given way to a pelting rainstorm. Running in to within some hundred yards of shore, we dropped anchor, and, having made everything snug above, went below. The close atmosphere of the cabin, in addition to our having spent the previous night with open eyes, soon reduced us all to a state of drowsiness, and it was not long before I myself was away off into dreamland. Nothing troubled the even tenor of my way until a hand roughly shook me, and the words : "For God's sake get up, the yacht is going ashore," rang in my ears. I looked round, the cabin was empty. In an instant I was on deck. The picture that presented itself I shall never forget. Inky darkness was over everything. The wind, blowing a small tornado, was driving before it the scattered sections of the night's rainstorm. Close behind us was the cliff. Thickly covered with enormous trees it appeared to tower a hundred feet above us, a huge black wall. Seaward the prospec was little better. Breaking over our bow, kept low by the anchor chain, the whole lake seemed to be pouring itself in on us. People talk of the "roll of Atlantic's blue ocean," but old Lake Ontario, when it feels inclined, can do quite sufficient rolling for me. Such an inclination actuated it on this occasion.

It did not take long to convince me that our chances of saving the yacht were small. A few yards more and we would have been dashed against the cliff. Perhaps we should have kept cool. We did not. We became at once four of the most excited men this little world at that moment contained. Our first action was to spoil even our slim chances of escape, by doing, as people generally do in such cases, exactly what we ought not to have done. We had our anchor up before our sail. We hoisted our foresail instead of our mainsail. In about half a minute we had pretty decidedly settled that yacht's fate. Even yet there seemed a loophole of escape. The sail filled and we moved. It was of no use. Our dingy, swamped and full behind us, was holding us like an anchor. We quickly cut her loose, but it was too late. Our last chance disappeared while we did it. We bounded madly on some rods farther and then a grating noise sounded for me the *Undine's* deathknell. Some distance off the dingy, hammering away against the cliff, claimed my attention. Climbing along the edge of the cliff, I soon had the culprit back and safely deposited on deck. Meanwhile the yacht had firmly settled in the sand with her side against the bank, with its whole force the water was breaking over her.

We had now for the first time an opportunity of surveying our position. Soaked from head to foot we stood there. Not a word escaped us. Silence only was of sufficient power to express our feelings. The tops of our masts we could see just met the over reaching top of the cliff. Clambering up by this means, we soon were on *terra firma*. A half hour spent in doleful silence, and day broke on our calamities.

In a short time after daybreak we had nearly everything landed and the yacht made fast to the cliff to prevent her dashing herself to pieces against it. The drizzling rain soon cleared away and the sun came out. With it our spirits rose. A broad grin by turn overspread each countenance. One man uttered a word or two and the others soon followed. A philosophic resignation came over us. The milk had been spilt, why bemoan its loss ? This spirit soon prevailed and no jollier ship-wrecked crew ever was than ours.

Our landing place proved to be a thick grove. Here with our sail cloth we erected a palatial residence, and here with every species of devilment and merriment, that human invention could devise, we passed the next four days.

Our first day on shore was passed in impatiently watching the falling of the sea, which had all day beat mercilessly on the little craft at the foot of the cliff, and maturing our plans for her rescue. Towards nightfall, the wind having moderated a little, we obtained the assistance of some friendly farmers, transported the best part of a rail fence to the scene of action, and commenced operations. A half-hour's hard work floated her, sail was hoisted, with the idea of running down the shore to an opening in the bank into which we purposed hauling her. But in this, to put it mildly, we were disappointed. A hundred yards from shore she filled and capsized. The captain, who declared that his swim ashore in heavy rubber boots had come close to providing him with a watery grave, now gave forth his dictum: the yacht was doomed. This second misfortune was in many ways more disastrous than the first. Many things which had been left on board were lost in the capsize. Our anchor we found had gone by the board, as well as our foresail, which had lain loose on deck. On the second day, aided by our farmer friends with their horses, another and more successful attempt was made, which ended in the depositing of the battered hull in a neighbouring gully. A Hamilton boat-builder's opinion was next evoked. It coincided with our own ; the yacht was done for. We stripped her of everything of value, which we expressed to Toronto, and, tired in body and mind, betook ourselves to the solace of onr camp.

Over the rest of our life ashore—with its nights of song and revel round a glorious campfire, with our various commercial dealings with our neighbours, among which the disposing of our yacht's ballast to an old skinflint of an ironmonger, stands out in my memory as I think of them, and with its midnight marauding expeditions to surrounding peach plantations, want of space compels me to pass.

Towards evening, on one of the closing days of the week, with a sad and sorrowful parting look at the demasted and battered hull of the *Undine*, and with another of regret around our camping place, we loaded our dingy and commenced our homeward journey.

A sharp look-out along the shore for the several articles that had parted company with us in the yacht's second catastrophe, was soon rewarded by our seeing, half buried in the sand, our yacht's ensign. A vigorous system of excavation revealed the fact that it still maintained its connection with the sail, sunk a foot below the surface. Observations taken as we dug decided us on camping for the night on our landing-place. While the others of us, with the assistance of a snake fence that stood near, arranged the rescued canvass, with the double purpose of drying it and affording ourselves a prospective shelter from the shower which the sky seemed to threaten, S— set out to inspect our surroundings. In a short time he returned. In his hand was a well filled milk-pail, on his face a smile expressive of more than usual satisfaction. The former, a farm house not far off, and our acquaintance with S—'s seductive charms explained. An explanation of the latter our enquiries soon elicited.

"It's no farmhouse at all," said he, "but some swell's country residence. I saw him myself. Had quite a talk. I've got an invitation to go up and spend the evening there, and permission for you fellows to domicile yourselves in the old vacant homestead on the corner."

Thankful for small mercies, we quickly transported ourselves and our baggage thither. Our shelter was a roomy log-house, the remains, we afterwards learned, of U. E. Loyalist times. Supper, served on the floor of the largest room, was followed by a jubilee celebration in the shape of a rollicking dance, which to the long departed inhabitants, had they been gazing on us through the clouds of dust that came from ceiling, walls, and floor, would have seemed a base desecration.

Our superfluous energy worked off, all our thoughts were concentrated on S—'s visit. Naturally we might have been expected to be somewhat jealous of the honor done him. But it was not so. For to us he was our representative, our deputy. It was not S—, but the compounded essence of the four of us that was to make the visit. To attire him in a way that would reflect the greatest amount of credit on our combined individuality was our supreme effort. The nether garments which he himself wore were, after careful investigation, declared the best the combination could produce. A coat and vest belonging to myself were selected as the most suitable in point of color and preservation. In these our deputy was accordingly attired. A further conning over of our goods and chattels produced a satisfactory tie and other *et ceteras*. Fully equipped, our representative was ordered to parade for inspection. General approval of his "get up" having been expressed, and B—'s chronometer, in my vest pocket, on S—, declaring it to be eight o'clock, we despatched him on his way, with a shower of parting sallies.

We had lit our pipes and, seated in the form of a triangular figure on the least dusty part of the floor, were preparing to enjoy a quiet evening and await S—'s return, when he burst in upon us.

"I've been sent back to fetch up the whole o' ye," was his salutation.

Here indeed was a fix. An invitation, and positively 'nothing to wear.' S—— stoutly protested that he would carry back no message of refusal. I immediately put in a claim for a portion at least of the company's finery. But not an article would our representative give up. During our altercation the other two had quietly possessed themselves of the respectable portion of the remainder of our wardrobe. It was now three to one against me. Vigorously protesting against the injustice of such a division I was quickly shut up, covered up, and dragged along.

Lest I should become too personal, I will draw a veil over the rest of the evening. Suffice it to say that our host's sex did not prevail in the household, and that perhaps the best remembered night of our entire outing was that which we spent there.

Early the next morning we launched the dingy and crossed to Port Nelson, a few miles east of the Beach. From here B —— and S—— took the train to Toronto, and the captain and myself continued on by water, arriving home in the desolate manner described. Many an interesting incident of the latter part of our trip is fresh in my memory, but already I fear I have consumed the reader's patience, if indeed he has followed me thus far.

We have grown wiser since. We never anchor now on a lee shore with a thirty foot cliff behind us. No longer does the charm of plundering a peach orchard prompt us to bid defiance to the gales of September. But though our experience cost us dearly, we none of us regret, as we talk over its pleasures and excitements, the autumn week long since past and gone, which chronicles the wreck of the *Undine*.

A word more and my yarn is done. One afternoon in the following summer S—— and myself were sailing again on this part of the lake. With a natural desire to gaze once again on the well-remembered spot, we drew in close to land as we passed. The place where we had first gone ashore we picked out with little difficulty. The dents in the overhanging cliff, made by the beating of the masts against it, were still there. Further on we passed our farmer friends gazing with their arms resting on their rakes. Farther still the gully where we had left the remains of the wreck. But not a splinter of it was to be seen. Landing further down, we met with an old gentleman, whose afternoon siesta our arrival had disturbed. The conversation turning on sailing, he invited us to look at his yawl in the boathouse close by. Forward in her bottom lay the *Undine's* anchor and chain. Not a word did we say. He told us how it had been found in the lake by some farmers, and how he had bought it. He told us, too, of our shipwreck. In stolid silence we stood there, and with faces as solemn as a sexton's listened to a distorted though in many ways a correct account of an event with which we were ourselves tolerably familiar. But a sly wink passed between us when the old gentleman wound up his description with a remark, uttered with a knowing twinkle in his eye, which implied a doubt, more than shadowy, in the perfect sobriety of the stranded quartette.

W. H. IRVING.

THE ABBEY LIGHT.

The abbey stood on a beetling cliff,
  A cliff whose feet were washed by the sea ;
The stars shone down on the abbey roof,
  And the light of the abbey sang quietly
From its golden cup in the darkling sea
  Where the light and the stars reflected lay ;
  The light of the abbey sang quietly :

"I come from the house of the men of God,
  Down to the depths of this restless sea."
" We come from the house of the God of men,"
  The stars sang in sweet harmony
From their golden cups in the darkling sea
  Where the stars and the light reflected lay ;
  The stars sang in sweet harmony.

From the golden lips of the golden cups,—
  In the sea where they all danced merrily—
Of the heavenly stars, and the abbey light,
  A sailor song rose rev'rently,
And the golden cups in the darkling sea,
  Where the light and the stars reflected lay,
  All sang to their God in sweet harmony.

Winnipeg, Dec. 1885. F. C. WADE.

FAIR VISION AND BRUTAL FACT.

Floating idly in a skiff one evening, I looked out westward over the level floor of water to where it met a wall of blue with saffron base. And it seemed, as fancy touched my sight, that there, for the sun, stood an opened door into a paradise of light—light celestial, pure and holy—home of happy spirits cleansed of all grossness, and living in harmony and love. 'Twas a blessed, blessed vision of the world that might be. And oh, the heart warmth in those rays streaming through the heavenly portal! Oh, the rush of freedom and strength that came with that glimpse of a larger and purer life! brief spasm, it seemed, of slumbering energy divine.

But a cry broke harshly in—a laugh wild and wierd—and the vision and its glory had vanished. And in its stead this was the sight: On the shore near by stood an asylum for insane, and through one of the grated windows of the vast prison a poor madman was stretching out his arms and shouting in his strange frenzy. From other windows peeped a few faces of that sad gathering of shattered reasons. But it seemed as if the one maniac shouted for them all, and in his cry mingled a mockery and despair that chilled to the marrow. Have you ever known the blank bewilderment of a mind lost in black despair? Were you ever as one whose one friendly light had gone out at night on the moor?

Further along to the right stood a penitentiary. How ever forget that sullen procession that passed me one evening to enter the great iron gates!—that negro giant who glared upon me with the unreasonable rage of a beast till I sickened at the horrible perfectness of his ruin? Those massive, cold stone walls forever building, forever reaching outward like the murderous arms of a devil-fish to kill our social virtue.

Still further along to the right stood a factory—saddest of all in its savage unreason—a factory where little children worked, stifled, and were soul-starved. One child I often saw looking wistfully out from amidst the noisy whirl of spindles, wheels and shafting. The delicately oval face, the dark eyes and dark luxuriance of hair were maddening to see in that setting of dreary toil. I remember looking in anger and desperation up to the serene sky and tranquil clouds, over the rippling lake and pleasant islands and all the peaceful glory of an autumn landscape, to find somewhere the reason and explanation of it all.

From my skiff I could see that the asylum, the penitentiary and the factory stood out upon a dull background, which to describe would entail the long, weary catalogue of commonplace sorrow and sin—small loves, shall hates, small ambitions, selfishness of the favoured few, hopeless drudgery of the masses, darkness of night lit only here and there by fitful gleams of noble purpose, flashes of a longing and a striving for better things.

Which, then, is true—the fair vision or the brutal fact? Upon which are we to fix our faith? In the strange double reality of the fact itself I've found the answer. Those fitful gleams and those flashes are real, and the light they shed is the same that streamed through the heavenly portal. And now when I dream of a happier world, where men shall work together like brothers, and love shall girdle the earth with generous deeds, though blind prophets of despair see naught but the darkness of night and wail their lamentations, still in the flickering light of love's deeds around me, I know the night to be a lie and slander and the dream to be supremely true.

Kingston. R. BALMER.

AUTUMN'S LAMENT.

Summer's dead and
Autumn weepeth
From her limbs
Her garb is rent;
In the bosom
Of the cold earth,
All the scented
Sweetness sleepeth:
Autumn need
No more lament.
For the spring,
The thousand-throated,
Soon will sing
With merriment;
And the olden
Spirit-fragrance
That, in air, so
Softly floated,
Will arise from
Earth's warm bosom,
Be with bird-song
Sweetly blent.

And the meek and
Mild-eyed cattle,
Sleeping in the
Summer sun;
And the shouting
And the prattle
Of the happy
Children homing;
And the tired,
Contented workman,
After his day's
Work is done:
Cease thy weeping,
Summer cometh
After chur.ish
Winter's gone.

J. H. BURNHAM.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH SHORE.

IT chanced that a friend and myself spent part of our summer vacation in the islands along the north shore of Lake Huron. We had talked a good deal of an expedition to the La Cloche Mountains, which were a perpetual presence on the northern horizon, and now we were going there.

This resolution was arrived at in the little village of Shaftesbury, on Manitoulin. A party of five was organized, and the yacht *Manitou*, famous in all those waters, was chartered for the trip. The youthful postmaster of the village was in command of the yacht and the expedition, and was forthwith designated "Captain." Years before, he and I had gone to school together, and in our little trips in an old boat on the village pond he had doubtless acquired considerable skill in nautical affairs. The young man from Knox College, who was in charge of the Presbyterian mission station at this port, went with us. The Missionary was characterized by a far-away look in his mild brown eyes and a most unclerical straw hat. A solemn-looking Pedagogue and two worthy mechanics, friends of the captain, made up the party.

So, being fitted out with tent and stores, we made an early start one morning, and in a strong fair wind the *Manitou* went flying through the islands and across the channel. By this time the wind had increased to a gale, blowing directly upon an open and rocky shore, and we had much ado to keep our boat from drifting upon it. There are people who would have laughed to see the soulful-eyed Missionary and the dignified Pedagogue vigorously poking away at the rocks with their long oars to prevent the *Manitou* from breaking to pieces upon them. After beating about for a time, vainly trying to effect a landing, the Captain discovered a quiet and cosy little bay further down the coast, and soon we were safely anchored in it.

After lunch we started up the mountains which here come down to the shore. In this locality they do not present the aspect of utter desolation which characterizes the range farther east—at least as seen from the deck of the steamer upon which we came up the lake. Near the base there are in many places considerable tracts of scrubby forest, and here and there far up the sides the eye is relieved by little patches of greenery. The least trace of soil seems to be sufficient to nourish the huckleberry bushes, which grow here in great abundance. It may be stated that the bruised and broken fruit which city grocers call huckleberries, is but a sorrowful pretence to those who have seen them in their native mountains. A cluster of these berries on the bush, with all the wild beauty of their bloom still on them, set against the dark green background of the leaves, makes a picture which an artist would love to dwell on.

It was in something after this fashion that the Pedagogue used to hold forth to us frequently while we were climbing the mountains. But we observed that he invariably concluded his æsthetic harangue by eating the cluster he had been admiring, After much exertion, for the rocks were steep and slippery, we reached the point which from the shore we had supposed to be the top of the mountain. But there before us was a narrow plateau, and beyond, a perpendicular wall of rock rose to the height of several hundred feet.

Before beginning the ascent, we undertook the search of a suspicious looking cavern at the foot of the cliff, for a bear that we were exceedingly anxious not to find. Scarcely had we entered its sombre depths when somebody said he heard a rustling beyond us. We decided just then that a party of tourists had no use for a bear anyway, and this conclusion was acted on with considerable rapidity.

At last we discovered a place where the cliff was not quite perpendicular, and after an hour's hard climbing we stood on the summit.

To the southward there was spread out before us a vast panorama. The blue waters of the channel stretched away to the eastward and westward for forty or fifty miles. In either direction they faded away in a hazy suggestion of beauty still farther and farther beyond. Innumerable islands, green, brown, and grey, lay beneath us. Away to the southward the sky rested on the dim blue mountain ridge of Manitoulin. Nearer, the little village which we had left in the morning, scarcely visible, nestled in a little hollow by the shore. That speck of white yonder in the southern channel, from which a breath of smoke is rising, is, so the Captain tells us, the regular mail boat, the Atlantic, just leaving Shaftesbury on her upward trip.

From this scene of beauty and grandeur we at length turned to explore the wild region behind us. Dreary indeed was the prospect. Great stretches of bare rock lay near us ; beyond, to the north and east and west, many small peaks rose grey and grim against the blue sky. There are few signs of soil anywhere, and all nature seems dead or dying. The stark and bare trunk of a solitary stunted pine, standing out here and there on a rocky ledge, tells only of a life that has been.

Little wonder it is that these mountains look hoary and desolate. They are the oldest in the earth. A thousand centuries have gone since these venerable peaks first emerged from the ocean, then truly all-embracing. It was the summer suns and the winter storms of the ages since that left this Laurentian range so bleak and bald.

Hidden among these dreary peaks, like a happy memory in a troubled life, we discovered a little mountain lake that charmed us beyond expression with its lonely beauty. There, too, in a tiny rocky bay into which a few inches of vegetable mould had drifted from somewhere, we found water lilies of the most exquisite grace and loveliness. The petals were far more delicate in form and colour than the flowers that feed on the grosser soil of our ponds and lagoons.

Evening was coming on as we descended to the shore. The great solemn mountains became grayer and grayer in the twilight. Slowly and silently the night sank down until primeval darkness resumed its ancient reign over the mountains and the islands beneath them.

We soon had a huge fire of driftwood blazing on the shore, and while the Captain and the crew got ready the supper, the Missionary and the Pedagogue gathered moss for us all to sleep on. We sat down to a royal repast of fish, roast partridge, and a certain ambrosial food provided by the genii of these regions. Then, having replenished the fire, we lay down on our mossy beds, silently watching the great sparks flying like fairy spirits up, up, and out into the darkness. The Pedagogue, moved by some strange influence, burst forth into song, figuratively speaking, and the Missionary joining in with his inimitable tenor, the mountains and the shore re-echoed the strains of "Litoria" and "John Brown." Presently the singing ceased, and each man wrapping himself in his blanket, we were lulled to sleep by the drowsy murmur of the fire and the soft lapping of the water upon the rocky shore.

We made another ascent of the mountains the next day in a different direction, with varied but equally interesting experiences. Returning early in the afternoon, we struck camp, shipped our empty baskets, and were soon far out in the channel on our way back to Manitoulin.

But our eyes still linger on the mountains. Their spell is upon us, and willingly we yield ourselves to it. Distance has softened their rugged outlines, and the impression of dreariness and desolation has vanished. There they lie behind us, mysterious in their massive grandeur and sublime in their infinite repose. Forever the same, they, at least, shall endure, though men and nations and all things else change and pass away. And so we begin in some measure to understand the indefinable reverence and strong affection with which mountains are regarded by people who live near them.

But now the captain rises from the helm, the crew let slip the lines and down come the sails on the run. We have reached the little Shaftesbury pier, and our trip to the North Shore has become a pleasant memory.

A. Stevenson.

GOOD-NIGHT.

How calmly, love, the day hath fled !
  How soon the sun sinks down to rest ;
See how yon quivering orb doth shed
  His myriad gems about the west,
And gold and rainbow-tinted shells
  That fade so sweetly and are gone ;
Amid the music of far bells,
  The starry night steals softly on.

The full red moon hangs o'er the pine,
  The fields are veiled in misty shrouds,
The first pale star begins to shine
  In beauty o'er the sapphire clouds.
Fair night, how thou dost soothe the heart
  With sleep and dreams and pure delight
Give me thine hand ere I depart,
  Give me thine hand, my love, good-night.

What happy hours I've spent with thee !
  Too soon hath vanished this brief day,
Still do I wait and lingeringly
  Like unto it must pass away.
Soon youth must die that bloometh fair,
  And sadder light into thine eye
Must steal, and gray into thine hair,
  And to thine heart the troubled sigh.

Thy lovely face is pure and glad,
  And tender dreams thine heart-strings thrill ;
No bitter grief hath made thee sad,
  Nor yearning wish thy soul doth fill
That only life and love were sure
  As death and souls could never part.
From sin and shame and thought impure
  God ever keep thee as thou art.

Sweeter than setting sun and bars
  Of golden cloud and mellow moon
And silvery sheen of twinkling stars,
  Sweeter than thoughts of faded June,
Knowing that thou art in the fold
  Of innocence, and wolfish blight
Is far removed from thee, to hold
  Thy lily hand and say good-night.

Phillips Stewart.

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Fact and Fun.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There was a little Tutor,
And he had a little pug
That never did belong to him, him, him,
But he lost the little pug
With the very ugly mug,
And he wept till his eyes were dim, dim, dim.

He advertised his loss
In the *Evening Twaddlegram*,
But he handed in the wrong address, -dress, -dress;
And he told another fib,
Said *his* name was on its bib,
So, the owner of the dog who could guess, guess, guess?

The pug was taken in
By a philanthropic man,
And it curled itself up neatly on the rug, rug, rug.
And when "lifted" from the mat,—
"What in thunder are you at?"—
Remarked this lah-de-dah little pug, pug, pug.

When the dog was taken back
By this philanthropic man,
The owner used some language that was strong, strong, strong;
And he said: "I'll prosecute
You, you blundering galoot,
For keeping of my little pug so long, long, long."

MORAL.

Whene'er you lose a dog
This advice should followed be:
Be sure and write your advertisement plain, plain, plain;
When by others it is spurned,
And by some kind friend returned,
Never speak to him in language that's profane, -fane, -fane.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Will the writer of the beautiful verses, 'Blue Eyes,' which have been sent to us anonymously, kindly favour the edtors of the VARSITY with his name and address.

The first college paper ever published in America was the Dartmouth *Gazette*, printed in the early days of this century. Daniel Webster's first literary efforts were contributions to this paper.

President Porter, of Yale, is engaged in supervising a revision of Webster's Dictionary. Several months will be required for the completion of the work, and there will be many more additions than in the last revision.

Professor John Watson, at Queen's, has been offered and has refused the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Cornell University.

There are now four daily college papers in the United States—at Cornell, Harvard, Princeton and Yale.

General Butler has intimated that he will bequeath his fine library to Colby University.

Among the eminent men who object to the prominence given to the study of Ancient Languages is Canon Farrar, who declares his views on the subject in a lecture lately delivered at John Hopkins University.

A College is to be built in Russia for the purpose of teaching all the languages of the different nations under the Russian rule, together with all the modern languages of any mportance.

If a man haint got a well-balanced head I like tew see him part his hair in the middle!

Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallered.

Piety is like beans ; it seems to do best on poor sile.

Tew remove grease from a man's character, let him strike sum sudden ile.

There iz only one good substitute for the endearments of a sister, and that iz the endearments ov sum other phellow's sister.

I had rather undertaik to be 2 good doves han one decent sarpent.

A lie is like a kat—it never comes tew yeu in a strate line.

Don't mistake habits for character. The men ov the most character hav the fewest habits.

The man who iz thoroughly polite iz 2 thirds of a Christian enny how.

Mi dear boy, there are but few who kan commence at the middle ov the ladder and reach the top.

One ov the biggest mistakes made yet iz made by the man who thinks he iz temperate just becauz he puts more water in his whiskey than his neighbor does.
—*Selected from Josh Billings' Philosophy.*

Extra copies of this number on application to the manager of VARSITY, University College.

The Editor would like the name of writer under pseudonym *Adanae.*

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