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A SONG OF PAIN.

On these eyes that burn and tremble,
Sweet, if you your lips should lay,
'Twere a charm to cool this fever ;
As old books of leech-craft say.

Overbold my thought is, Sweetheart,
Overgreat this thought of mine ;
'Tis not meet that e'en in blessing,
All too lowly you decline.
'Twould suffice if just the fingers,
Of one apple-blossom hand,
Swept these aching lids as lightly,
As the seed-stars brush the land.

No ! Love,—I could not but take it
To my lips ; draw down that hand,
Leave within the palm's soft hollow,
Hot and quick, my kisses' brand.

Still I crave too rich a favour,
Still too much would you bestow ;
Let me see you as I saw you
First, so many years ago.
Snow of face and wrist and finger,
Snowy gown so simple-neat,
Dark green branches waving o'er you,
Sun-lit grasses at your feet.
Halo-circled, softly radiant,
Still you stand there, Little One,
Like a moon in mild September,
When the Summer's heat is done ;

In your grave eyes rest and comfort,
And a graciousness divine.
Ah ! 'twere healing for all anguish,
Just to see you, Sweetheart mine.

BOHEMIEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Since our last issue University College has suffered a signal bereavement in the loss of her first President, the Rev. Dr. McCaul. The blow was not an unexpected one, for the deceased gentleman had for a long time been in declining health, owing to a malady which some years ago compelled him to retire from the field of active duty. Yet, when the announcement came, it fell heavily on the hearts of older University men everywhere in Ontario. For, what quarter of this wide Province was without a witness to the excellence of the intellectual training with which this presiding genius of University life had endowed the youth and growing manhood of Canada? His influence is felt to-day in every seat of learning in Ontario—felt and cheerfully acknowledged by all who had the inestimable advantage of pursuing their studies in humane letters under his guidance and direction.

When Dr. McCaul came to this country nearly fifty years ago, academic training and classical culture were but little ap-

preciated, for in the then sparse settlements of Canada, and in view of the difficulties which beset the early settlers, the field of educational operations was necessarily very restricted. But when, after two score years of unremitting toil, Dr. McCaul relinquished the chair of classical literature in University College, what a transformation had his life-work effected ! The motto which his refined taste selected for the University crest : "*Crescit velut arbor ævo*," aptly expresses the growth and development as well of his work, as of his own reputation. The sapling which he planted and has so diligently tended, has already grown into a mighty tree, so that a nation may be said to repose under its branches. The lamp which his genius lighted—*parum claris lucem dare*—in Western Canadian wilds, like the courier-fire from Mt. Ida, has transmitted the torch of learning from University city to growing town, and from growing town to thriving hamlet, until every corner of the Province has been penetrated by the benign rays of the central beacon-fire. *Velut arbor crescat ; velut lampas luceat !* Men who have illustrated every walk of professional life, men who have adorned the bench and presided in the nation's council-chambers, and especially those men who have devoted their talents to the service of the country in the noble profession of teaching, have not been slow to ascribe their success in life to the habits of exact study and the thorough intellectual training which they received in the institutions over which Dr. McCaul so ably presided.

To the College man, those memories of the worthy old Doctor, which most nearly concern and affect him, are naturally those connected with the College life spent (*Consule Planco*) during his Consulship. And it is the best tribute to the worth of the deceased gentleman that these are so largely interwoven and over-wrought with many kind words and acts, with much friendly advice and affectionate counsel. His urbanity, his genuine good humour, his undisguised interest in the well-being of his pupils, his real concern for their advancement in life, and his anxiety that they should give a good account of the time spent in the College and reflect credit on its instruction, were patent to everybody. He almost invariably excited in the minds of his students feelings of affectionate regard and esteem ; and this, too, notwithstanding that some of his amiable foibles—for, like most great men, he was not without his trivial weaknesses—were a constant source of merriment to them. He had a singular faculty of unbending before his pupils, of laughing and chaffing with them, of exploiting freshmen and enjoying their discomfiture, of detailing his own experiences with Ciceronian self-complacency, of felicitating himself on the excellence of his own jokes, but he could well say with Horace, *Dulce est mihi desipere in loco*. He always observed the limits of becoming mirth. He would recover his self-possession instantaneously, and proceed with his lecture after he had got his audience in good humour. This, it will be admitted, was a rare and even dangerous faculty. But no one ever took advantage of it or trespassed on the proprieties. No one ever ventured to question his authority. On the contrary, he was generally regarded with unbounded veneration. Of the excellence of his lectures themselves it is impossible to speak too highly. After his kindly greeting to the class, one readily recalls the quiet dignity with which he entered upon the lesson. Having got the attention of everybody, he would produce his silver snuff-box as an indispensable preliminary to a right understanding of the author, and the lesson began. His lecture was a series of suggestions, of hints, of explaining difficulties, of pointing out beauties, of portentous references to the knotty character of some passage when first

seen in brand-new print in an examination-hall—references generally emphasized with an ominous pinch of snuff! It must be admitted, however, that the prodigious amount of Maccaboy wasted was in the inverse ratio of the amount consumed. Thus his lectures were chiefly incentives to study elsewhere, to make good use of the library and the authors he referred to, and to especially note the difficulties he pointed out. He knew where the difficulties were, and, unlike some authors who are very diffuse when no difficulties present themselves, but oppressively silent in the presence of really abstruse passages, Dr. McCaul was at home with the difficulties, and delighted in pointing them out and elucidating them. He never lectured from a marked copy of any classical author. He disdained all that. His remarkable memory would enable him to point out in a half-hour lecture all the difficult passages in an ordinary Greek play. He had a singular aptitude for "sizing up," as the vulgar phrase is, his pupils. He could by a few leading questions accurately determine their standing and requirements. The students instinctively felt this and knew he could not be imposed upon. Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The stately figure that used to be so familiar on all public occasions, and the eloquent tongue which sounded the praises of the students, and of the character of the training which his loved university had bestowed upon them, have been committed to the quiet tomb. For the University there remains the pleasing duty of providing some suitable memorial to commemorate his name in the College over which he presided so long and so well. For ourselves, *manibus da lilia plenis*. The VARSITY brings a loving chaplet and reverently lays it on the grave of the illustrious scholar, her distinguished preceptor.

W. H. C. K.

MAY.

Love in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,
 Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,
 Bird music heralding her sun-lit steps,
 Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.
 Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,
 White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,
 Smiling till hoar and old their youth renew,
 And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.
 Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,
 Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss;
 Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow
 With budding hopes of love and joy and bliss.
 Fern banners wave and harebells welcome ring,
 As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

BOOK-GUIDES.

It is a very common thing—and a most acceptable gratification of one's literary vanity—to be asked to recommend a course of reading in general literature; a thing, too, the promise of which is as difficult to resist as its carrying-out is to accomplish. Most people who are known to be at all extensive readers of books are frequently asked for advice in this direction, freely promise it, and sadly regret the rashness of the promise. Many, too, who are not extensive readers of books, make this promise,—and they make it, of course, with greater rashness, and infinitely greater confidence,—and find themselves in a serious difficulty. The writer went out the other day to search for some books for a young lady who had innocently trusted to his judgment; and, after turning over about two thousand volumes, carried away half-a-dozen, which he only selected because he was of the impression that for the time being he could find nothing better.

So many people have of late taken upon themselves to recommend to the world a course of reading as an infallible guide to a genuine culture, that it might naturally be supposed that when one finds himself in a hopeless and clueless entangle-

ment among millions of books,—old and new,—good and bad, all he would have to do would be to rush off to Sir John Lubbock, or John Ruskin, or Frederick Harrison, or the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and have himself immediately let into the straight and narrow way that leadeth to the literary heaven. The interview is not likely to be a satisfactory one. When Solomon,—who, in practical affairs, was very far from being a fool,—concluded that in the multitude of counsellors there is much safety, he either did not foresee the now-existing differences as to the relative values of the literary productions of the world—or even of one language—or he was guilty of a delightful proleptic sarcasm. These differences do undoubtedly afford a certain amount of amusement, but not very valuable instruction, nor quite harmless. To lose one's intellectual way is a serious affair. "There's a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society," says J. R. Lowell; "*Un bon livre est un ami; n'en ayons que d'excellents*," says a French motto; and a mind whose society is found mainly in books is certain to be subdued to what it works in, and moulded by its companionship. Unless one is willing, then, to be guided solely by his own light or his own inclinations, a good guide is invaluable, if he can be found.

Let one go to professional guides (if we may so call them) and see how he will fare. Let him take up the much-lauded, much-abused list of Sir John Lubbock, and he will find enough to satisfy him, at any rate so far as quantity is concerned. But if he desires to know how authorities agree as to the value of that list, he is liable to confusion. He will find Sir John recommending Gibbon, Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, and John Ruskin "blottesquely" eliminating these with the characteristic and unambiguous remarks that "Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman," that, "having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or of wit: his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid;" that "every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl;" and that Sir John ought to have known that John Stuart Mill's day was over. If he is still unwilling to accept the "blottesque" amendment, and knows that the great art-critic is often inspired with that literary hatred, malice and uncharitableness which results in a prejudiced, jaundiced and sarcastic boorishness, he may be induced to retain his interest in "The Decline and Fall," by hearing from Frederick Harrison that not a sentence can be erased from Gibbon without marring the symmetry of his work as a whole. If he feels his literary nerves jarred by Mark Twain telling him that Scott has kept civilization back half a century by grafting the principles and sentiments of a decayed chivalry on the practical growth of the present age, he may be somewhat soothed by forgetting his prejudice against Ruskin, and accepting his judgment that "every word" of Scott, as of Plato, should be read; or by accepting Harrison's opinion, clothed in one of Steele's beautiful phrases, that Scott is an education in himself. If, continuing to follow Harrison, who so agrees with him,—we all like our instructors to coincide with our raw views of things,—he is shocked to find Lamb somewhat roughly handled, and dismissed as a trifler in letters scarce worthy of attention, he can find consolation in the eulogiums of the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," or in the friendly essays of Leigh Hunt; or he can for himself test Lamb by the essays on "Roast Pig" and "Poor Relations," and be independently satisfied. And if, still clinging to his pre-established confidence in Lubbock, he searches for Lamb among the food offered upon his literary table, and find him not, he may, if retaining any confidence in his own poor opinion, feel a certain sympathy with James Payn, when he says, with regard to Sir John's list, that it contains "the most admirable and varied materials for the formation of a prig." And so it does. So do all such lists, no two of which will ever agree, and in all of which a prig would find enough to read, and fortunately might be kept busy in a vain attempt to read them all. It is, perhaps, safe to assume that out of every thousand of those who have studied the lists which have been recommended, at least nine hundred and ninety-nine have done so, not to seek suggestions of value, but either for purposes of criticism, or to find sympathy with pre-established prejudices. For each individual is mainly guided by his own tastes, so far at any rate as that reading is concerned

which is made valuable by appreciative interest; and those tastes themselves grow with reading. Guided by taste, we keep as part of ourselves what is good in what we read; the bad we must try to avoid, or, not avoiding, forget. It is thus we rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things,—in appreciation and knowledge of books and authors.

And may it not be that the very fact that the vast majority of us are governed, in the choice of books, almost entirely by this uncertain and strictly-individual standard of taste, accounts to a very great extent for the lack of appreciation of the courses of study which have been recommended to us? And it is a standard which is probably, after all, as safe a guide as any other,—assuming, to begin with, a certain development of taste in a right direction. And is it not necessary to make such an assumption, in order to imagine a judicious use of any of the learned lists which have been built up with so much erudition and perseverance? Indeed, this is practically the guide which Shakespeare himself—who must have been a great reader of books—lays down in the sage advice:

“No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.”

And if, on a summer afternoon, one most affects “*Les Miserables*” or “*The Sentimental Journey*,” he is not to be persuaded, by a thousand lists, that he could derive more profit or pleasure from “*The Ramayana*” or “*The Mahabharata*,” even as “*epitomized by Wheeler*.”

Nor are the other applied or suggested tests entirely satisfactory—or even quite intelligible—apart from this universal test, which, reliable or otherwise, we all have in ourselves. It may be interesting to know what books a literary felon has taken to prison with him, or what choice Stanley would make in preparation for a year's burial in Central Africa, or what books Archdeacon Farrar has decided that he would snatch from a fire in which all the books of the world were in a blaze, if he had only time to rescue a dozen of his favourite victims. But there are many of us who, if we were on our way to prison, or to Central Africa, or should find ourselves in the desperate position which the venerable Archdeacon pictures—all of which contingencies let us continue to hope against—would allow no other person to dictate to us in our most careful and loving choice. Those of us who are of a religious tendency would expect to find the Archdeacon prescribing a list by which we might safely be guided; but if we were given the privilege of rescuing a dozen books from eternal destruction, many of us would be likely to kick aside Wordsworth, and the whole of the Lake School together, in a frantic search for “*The Decameron*,” or “*Tom Jones*,” or “*Henry Esmond*,” and would, in all probability, forget Thucydides and Tacitus, if we could catch a glimpse of Horace or Scott, of Cervantes, George Eliot, or Thomas Carlyle.

After all, the differences of opinion, and the difficulties of choice, come back to this fundamental and indisputable fact, that what Dr. O. W. Holmes calls “the saturation point,” is the same in no two minds under the sun. Just as true as it is that no two individuals are exactly alike, so true is it that never will two minds agree, either in their interest in any book, or in the instruction derived from its perusal. The differences may vary in degree. They may not all be so great as that between Coleridge's appreciation of Shakespeare and a child's, or between Stirling's knowledge of the Secret of Hegel and—mine. But there the differences are, and, existing, they must be recognized and taken into account. And so long as they exist—and exist they ever will—no two minds will desire the same food, or, receiving the same food, find in it equal nourishment.

But how variable is each individual taste in itself—changing with circumstances, with seasons, and in its own natural growth by what it feeds on! On a summer holiday, however spent—on the water, in the quiet country, or simply in the “blessed retirement” of a bachelor's den—who would think of taking with him, as a companion in solitude, a volume of the “*Novum Organum*,” or the “*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*,” or “*The Wealth of Nations*?” At such a time, one is inclined to consider, not so much what has been formally recommended to him, as in what he can bury himself, shake hands with the author, and have pleasure in a genuine companionship. For

true readers are an author's intimates, and books have been beautifully spoken of as authors' letters to their unknown friends.

But all this discussion about books and authors may indeed indicate an actual increase of interest in both. If so, what good may not be done! And what genuine pleasure added to the average life! In the love of books, there is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; and few writers of books, in any age, have been able to resist the temptation of telling their readers of the books which they themselves have read. Lamb reaches the depth of abstraction in his books when he finds that he is so buried in them that they think for him, and so save him the trouble of thinking for himself.

Leigh Hunt worshipped his books. On a winter evening, sitting in his easy-chair before a brightly-burning grate, his lamp over his left shoulder, and a book in his hand, he would watch the blue smoke curl upwards from his “pipe divine,” and picture to himself a heaven the very conception of which must have been a spur to his religious aspirations. Surely there is something true in the pictures of his reverie. Let us hope so. Would we, too, not like to look forward to a heaven in which the elect would have Shakespeare writing plays and Scott writing novels through all eternity; with Homer, too, and Horace,—if any of the heathen are among the elect,—and Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Burns; with the Garrick Club again re-organized, and Samuel Johnson's sonorous criticisms re-echoing through the lofty club-room; with Dr. Holmes to talk to us at breakfast, and Coleridge and Southey to talk to us at dinner, if only Lamb were in their company again to act as an antidote, and to persuade them not to write, but only talk; with Hume and Gibbon to write histories for us,—it is sad to think that there are some who do not expect to see those worthies there; and with hosts of others who would write books for us, and read them to us,—or who would talk to us as we imagine they must have talked in the flesh, but eternally. And when many, many books had been written, can we not fancy that we see some latter-day essayist,—later by a few millions of years after the end of time and the beginning of eternity,—recommending, in cherubic tones, to listening choirs, a list of the hundred best books? And see the shade of Carlyle fall across the scene, and hear the old voice growling forth such words as these,—if the shade of Teufelsdröckh continues to speak in language similar to that of his former state:—“Fool! fool of fools! Do you wish to be of use to your equals and inferiors, the ignorant, the crowd? Then make a list of books *not* worth reading at all—mind-poisoning, moral-destroying, time-wasting, Devil-inspired trash and filth; you will thus at any rate do no harm, even if you do no good, as you will not, because your list will be so unweildly as to be of no practical value whatever to any person.”

WILLIAM CREEFMAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

Thou sayest that Faith now dies; that Science, proud
By strong exploit, has proved the right to sway.
Her arms, upheld by Fact and Law, to-day
Leaguer the camp of Faith with clamour loud.
Thou sayest that Faith is dying; that her shroud,
Bleached by Despair's white tears, and one last ray
Of winter's palling sun, awaits—the way
Is strewn with dying leaves that sigh aloud.
Thinkest thou Faith is in extremity?
The flower forever lost its early bloom?
Thou knowest not with how great a constancy
Faith's champion cheers her, and dispels the gloom.
Immortal Love shall banish cecity.
And by his aid Faith conquer even the tomb,

J. O. MILLER.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

(Natural gifts are to be found in both sexes alike.)

PLATO.)

In the afternoon of one of those lovely days in May, when the world outdoors is a dream of freshness and greenness, when the sun strikes slantingly through screens of branches and tender early leaves, and flitting lights and shadows fall upon the lawns and grassy slopes that lie around the old-world magnificence of the edifice we are all so proud of, the hour, the season and the scene according perfectly, as in some delicate etching,—a little after four in the afternoon of such a day, while robins are running about the broad University lawn, and pens in Convocation Hall are still racing over page after page, few having yet reached the last page of all, two visions of loveliness enter the ladies' room, and find themselves alone. It is to be regretted, indeed, that we are quite unable to divine the divers turns their sprightly discourse has taken since they left the Hall two minutes ago; as the door opens, the theme would seem to be tennis.

MISS SMITH (a charming girl, her low forehead shaded by thick, blonde hair, and with dark lashes to the sweetest blue eyes in the world,—she wears a locket, and a sleeve slightly open at the wrist).—"I couldn't return at all, but it was just perfectly lovely, and when we were tired playing we walked under the trees, and Harry quoted—I think it was Tennyson. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

MISS TURNER (a pretty, vivacious brunette, possessed evidently of perfect taste, and a love for a graceful outline in dress,—with a gleam of rose-color at her throat).—"Oh, you dear,"—indifferently—"how I envy you!"

MISS SMITH (giggling).—"Don't you think him awfully sarcastic?"

MISS TURNER (fervently).—"He's just lovely!"

MISS SMITH.—"I was looking languid and interesting, half-dead almost, and—"

MISS TURNER.—"Yes, Kate, I know. It's very taking during the Exams,—that's if one is judicious, of course!"

MISS SMITH.—"I was telling Harry that I just felt like sleeping a week after it's all over, without wanting to wake once, and he said"—imitating young Mr. Stevenson's drawl—"Gawd, I tell Mamma, Miss Smith, that it will take at least six weeks at Lake George to revive me!"

MISS TURNER (musing).—"I think he has such a nice voice, when he speaks low . . . and then his manner!"

MISS SMITH (slowly).—"M—yes?" A pause. "And in the evening Mrs. Roberts was there"—vivaciously—"with her dear Bella."

MISS TURNER.—"Spiteful, giggling thing!"

MISS SMITH.—"The dear gawk sang, and used her eyes, and made frantic attempts to attract Harry,—and Mrs. Roberts was crushingly sweet to me."

MISS TURNER.—"Oh, I can imagine!"

MISS SMITH.—"Dear Bella is so young and inexperienced," she said, "and knows so little of the world! I'm afraid she is too refined and delicate to attend the University,—but I'm so glad to see how intimate she is with you, dear! She is so artistic, so gifted—"

MISS TURNER.—"How ridiculous!—as if no one ever tried to paint on plush before!"

MISS SMITH.—"Bella is so sweet and beautiful, Mrs. Roberts, I fibbed, 'that you ought to be content now to shine by your daughter's reflected light!'" A ripple of laughter.

MISS TURNER (recovering).—"Oh, how could you be so cruel? The poor woman might as well sit in the outer darkness at once!"

MISS SMITH.—"She will go to Italy in a year or two," Mrs. Roberts said, "to finish her studies in music,—although Mr. Profundo and Professor McThorax have told me that she needs very little further training, and—"

MISS TURNER.—"It's not likely dear Bella will get any nearer Italy than Hamilton."

MISS SMITH.—"No, indeed. Have you ever noticed the amount of gold in Mrs. Roberts' mouth? The woman's teeth are actually more gold than anything else!"

MISS TURNER.—"She must be a brilliant conversationalist

when she opens her mouth wide. But Bella's strivings to be a *caulatrice* are a great deal more hopeless than the strivings of that mauve china monkey"—vivaciously—"to climb up to the chandelier by the crimson silk cord."

MISS SMITH (giggling).—"Oh, infinitely!—you mean in that hideous room where she spends so much time at the piano making herself sallower every day."

MISS TURNER.—"Yes, and narrow-chested. . . . Oh, Kate," turning from the mirror quickly, with one hand brushing back from her forehead a truant wisp of hair, "When we were at the Commencement at Atonement College, Friday night, you remember, George Munro told me, while the Bishop of Kamschatka was delivering his address on Foreign Missions, that he would take the services at the Church of the Innovation on Sunday, and—"

MISS SMITH (who has at last succeeded in arranging to her liking that delicate straw fabric, her hat, with its mass of silky, fluffy I know not what, and its knot of pale-blue flowers,—reproachfully).—"And you never told me, Sadie!"

MISS TURNER.—"I am so sorry! But it was just beautiful, Kate, at the church,"—enthusiastically—"George preached exquisitely, and I wore"—the beauty of the toilet which is described *must* have impressed even ecclesiastical susceptibilities. "And"—the fair speaker is ecstatically at a loss for a moment or two—"Oh, yes! and he came into my Sunday-school class in the afternoon, and was so nice—oh, you can't think!—and—"

MISS SMITH (rapturously).—"Oh, it must be just too lovely for anything to really belong to the Church of the Innovation!"

MISS TURNER (with more composure).—"Oh yes, indeed." She goes to a window which looks out upon the lawn.

MISS SMITH.—"Are there many out from the Hall yet, Sadie?"

MISS TURNER.—"There are quite a few. There's Jack Edwards,—and Frank Brown is with him."

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, I thought I should die that day Jack and Ed. Draper came into McConkey's,—don't you remember?" She goes to the window. "Oh, Sadie, who is that funny little fellow talking to them?—with the check suit,—there positively isn't half a yard left of his gown!"

MISS TURNER.—"That's Harry French,—he's in the First House. They use their gowns in Residence to clean their lamp-chimneys, you know. Isn't it shocking?"

MISS SMITH.—"Just think of it!" Appalled, perhaps, by this glimpse of Bohemia, Miss Smith is silent for a time, the two, in the meanwhile making preparations for departing.

MISS TURNER.—"Did you notice Grace Dixon in the Hall this afternoon?"

MISS SMITH.—"You mean the way she came in late, and went up to the table simpering, so that everybody—"

MISS TURNER.—"Oh, she's always doing that! I mean when she was going out for the oral. She thinks"—with a quick flash of ill-nature—"that she's a very giddy young person."

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, yes. Isn't she a fright in that lilac and navy blue?"

MISS TURNER.—"I often think it must be her eyes that give her such an unpleasant appearance."

MISS SMITH (giving the matter her consideration).—"They are rather starey. And then her mouth—"

MISS DIXON, a slight, graceful girl, wearing a breast-knot of violets, comes into the room.

MISS SMITH (effusively).—"Oh, how well you are looking! dear!"

MISS TURNER (sweetly).—"What a pretty dress, Grace!"

MISS DIXON (without embarrassment).—"I'm so thankful that one more paper is passed. I haven't another now until Friday." She bears up under the pretty, graceful ways of feminine affection lavished on her.

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, Sadie and I have two to-morrow,—haven't we, Sadie?"

As Miss Turner and Miss Smith leave, several of the ladies are coming in, and the room presents a notable scene of animation and vivacity. The two friends, however, pass demurely along the corridor, by no means unfrequented at this hour of the afternoon. At a yard's distance from the young ladies one would hardly perceive that they are speaking together.

MISS SMITH.—"Do Jack and Frank write to-morrow?"

MISS TURNER.—"In the afternoon. . . . Isn't that Lessing you have there? Why are you carrying such a—"

MISS SMITH.—“Don't you *see*, Sadie, how nicely it harmonizes with my nun's veiling?”

* * * * *

When at nine o'clock in the evening a deep-toned bell tolls once somewhere in the night, and the sound—set like a great round period at the foot of the page of a day's life—sinks into the stillness, the fragrance-laden night breezes steal through a garden, and past a trellised, modern casement into a pretty, cosy room, where a small clock is tinkling the hour silverly. A handsome girl, with thick blonde hair, and a vivacious brunette stare at each other breathlessly until the little clock is silent again.

MISS SMITH (from a sofa,—with wide-eyed earnestness).—“Gracious, Sadie, there it's nine, and we haven't done a thing yet!”

MISS TURNER (from her low chair,—careless and good-humoured).—“I guess we shall have to try to keep quiet, and if the agony becomes really *too* intense—”

MISS SMITH (severely).—“Oh, Sadie, we *must* read this through to-night!”

And as the pretty little French clock tells out the dulcet seconds, the munching of caramels goes on over the study of the modern languages.

W. J. H.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

How sweet in dreamy afternoon,
When heaven and earth have hushed their tune,
To lie beneath some forest shade
In the low pause the day has made;
Down where the genie of the leaves
His web of light and shadow weaves,
And builds his lattice-work of green
Where airs and sunbeams steal between.

Down underneath my cool green tent
Wood violets in wonderment
Peer shyly at their patch of sky,
Blue and soft as a maiden's eye,
Which gave them their own gentle hue
In sunbeams, wind and pearly dew.

My couch is of the softest moss:
No damask has so fair a gloss,
No ceiling tracery receives
Like my green canopy of leaves,
No roof has such a tint of blue
As where the holy sky looks through.

From lichened rocks a fountain near
Distils its waters sweet and clear,
And in its bosom like golden lances
The shining sunbeams hold their dances.
High on a shady bough above
A robin tunes his pipe to love,
And near-by through the whispering woods
His shy mate on her blue eggs broods.

Outside, amid the sunny farms,
The river spreads his great blue arms,
And drinks into his swollen veins
The waters of a thousand rains,
And locks within his turbid breast
All streams that run to him for rest.

Between the orchard's snowy bloom
The farm-house roofs and gables loom,
And in and out on wings of snow
Soft cooing pigeons come and go;
The farm hand in the half-cut clover
Sleeps, and dreams the day is over,
Oblivious of the drowsy team
Dozing the blossomed swarths between.

Blown over fields the humble bee
Comes up the farm-lands from the sea,
And on the lips of some sweet flower
Hangs honey-laden a music'd hour,
And then is gone in the low song
And murmur of the day's dream throng.

Here in these realms of sun and air
Comes not the weary wail of care,
Blown from the din of half-mad mirth
In the Red Market-place of earth;
Where God and Heaven are sold for power,
And virtue panders to the hour;
Where hatred, misery, and strife
Beat round the shores of human life.

Here a far sweeter, lower tune
Murmurs the soft-tongued afternoon,
Where nature, like a flute half-blown,
Reverberates an undertone.

In sleepy fields, the tired airs,
Like mortals that forget their cares,
Drugged by the clover's sun-brewed wine,
For other regions cease to pine;
Forgetful of the breath of flowers,
In the hushed slumber of these hours.

The pigeons hang on snowy wings,
The river drifts and dreams and sings
And runs off shimmering to the sea,
Winged by his own melody,
Kissing the blossomed banks below,
That fold in white-arms all his flow.

Here all is peace and holy rest;
The soft wind walks a silent guest,
Among these lofty forest halls,
With high-arched roofs and leafy walls,
Like one who in his spirit hears
A tune not heard by mortal ears.

And here in dreams I love to lie,
Where the low wind goes stealing by,
And in the hush of sky and sod,
The silence seems the voice of God.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

West Claremont, N. H.

THE ALL-MOTHER.

I.

ONE DAY.

What can be more prosaic than the aspect of a railway track? Two metal lines drawn hard and fast across half a country, rough wood, hard steel, loose gravel, bare earth and all bounded by dull rows of ugly fencing. And yet the Dreamer, faint after a night of passion and parting in the morning, leant his head against the open sash of the railway carriage and, looking out upon these common things, saw that they were not common. The train rolled slowly up a steep incline, beside the water and across the bridge. The summer mist, just brightening to sun-rise, was carried on the breeze like a cooling balm to the feverish eyes and throbbing temples. With his eyes so anointed the Dreamer saw more clearly. The huge raw gashes of the cuttings had been healed by the tender far-spreading grass: green bushes and shrubs, tangled with wild vines, crowned their summits and ran along the fences, shrouding them, like cloth of gold upon a cripple's twisted limbs. On the slopes, row over row, were armies of clovers; now a blurr of pink, now a flash of white as the train sped past, and when speed slackened you could see each soldier as he stood in the

ranks, legion upon legion, dashed and dazzling with the heavy dew. The bright green leaves they stood so deep in seemed the glittering livery of a white or rosy face. Now and then at the edge of little bridges the sweet-brier's trailing sprays hung over the chasm, like a fair girl's loosened hair when she throws back her head and her laughing face is turned upwards for a kiss. The pale pink flowers glowed like stars against the vivid green of the small sharp-scented leaves. The sweet-brier was queen; but there were hosts of others, common flowers that people call weeds. Many would grudge them the name of flower, but they had fulfilled their Sovereign's behest to redeem a part of her realm from hatefulness and bear her morning proclamation of refreshing and sweet rest to at least one weary soul.

II.

A SECOND DAY.

The express-train is crowded and whirling along through the afternoon. It is the same scene that the Dreamer's eyes look out upon; but with a difference. That was cool morning; this is the hottest time of the midsummer day. The wild roses, the troops of the clover, the dandelions have all vanished, but the new change is into something even richer than they. The flowers in our city gardens have withered in the heat; but here, even in this wildest domain of the Queen-mother, her children and subjects are strong and lusty. The bushes stand higher, richer in colour, and more rank. Stretches of low plants with brown polished leaves ever succeed patches of buttercups holding lightly up on slender branching stems their myriad basins of thin smooth gold. But the buttercups could not catch as much of the largesse of August sunshine as the unordered fleeing crowds of golden-rod. They press everywhere; along the levels, and up the slope of the banks; they reach the top only to hurry down the opposite incline and, in their pride of life and strength, jostle one another close to the whirling deathful wheels. But how royally you live! with both hands you fling your golden bounty on the air, wherever you come the land is ablaze with your glowing faces and shining hair. This heat that makes the weak hang their heads only gives you a sturdier grace and an intenser bloom. And Someone knows the proper home of your kindred; where they flaunt and riot all over a granite island, one of a thousand; and across the waveless river in the dazzling sun-light a skiff is gliding to the shore.

III.

THE RED BRIDGE.

It was the centre one of those three memorable days after the course of the year was changed. Spring had come at last. The river had risen suddenly in the night, and carried the ice in huge masses over the dam; then, after grinding it against the stone piers of the bridges, had borne it all down to the lake. The river was free. Ah! the delight of being free; free as the river after the long cold, the killing frost that went into the blood, and into the brain, and into the heart; stiffened the joints and chilled the marrow in the bones. Free! from the bondage of four hateful walls, the rows of books, the same pictures in the same places, and the sickly lamp-light over it all. Free! free! after the long compelled Puritanism of the winter; free to bathe in the soft voluptuous light and warmth, standing on the old red bridge by the hour, and watching the brown water as it swirls round the mighty stone abutments. Free! to rejoice in the infinite changes of toppling cloud, drifting across the friendly blue. And the warm south wind from over the leafless hills caresses like a girl's soft hand upon the cheek. No wonder the sailor lad loved you so, South Wind. But even the glories of the sky cannot hold the eye long away from the rushing water. Carelessly the moments slip by and the Dreamer's gaze is never lifted from the moving flood, and his ears hear nothing but its rejoicing volume of heavy sound. People pass and re-pass behind him, but with arms folded on the parapet he sees and hears nothing but the river rushing down. And the spell grows upon him till the blunt pier under his feet seems the stem of some stout vessel ploughing her steady way against a mid-stream current. But the river did more. The brown water rose and laved every joint and limb, washed through every vein within, and searched its way to

every crevice of brain and heart. Then it sank again and flowed calmly away in its rejoicing progress to the distant lake. It was like a bath of roses or anointing with a grateful oil. Then the dreamer turned lightly homewards. Something had slipped from him in that strange bath in the flowing of the river which was borne down to the lake, and which the lake delivered to the sea.

IV.

OVER-AGAINST.

The sand is warm on the top of this high bank that slopes steeply down to the narrow beach. The waters of Ontario are glistening in the sun-light, blue, calm, limitless: no ocean can be more beautiful. Not a sail is in sight, not a cloud, not a wave: only at intervals a drowsy plashing on the pebbles on the shore rises from below. From this solitary pedestal there is nothing to be seen but the two ever-welcome comrades, water and the sky: this ledge of cliff projects itself between them merely as a resting-place for the Dreamer. All earth has melted away except this piece of land floating with its human burden between that double mirror of the eternal, heaven and the sea. But close beside his head, introducing themselves across the blue field of the vision, are haulms of grass, slender stalks, fine and feathery, jointed and tufted, and swaying slowly in the pleasant breeze. And what a mite the Dreamer seems among them: they tower above his head into curious tropic trees of unimagined height. How many they are and how diverse! What tangled thickets and leagues of jungle! And yet it is only the grass waving its green spears and tassels idly through the afternoon, over-against the great calm depths of sky. Tears rise unbidden: in the field to-day, to-morrow it is cut down and withereth.

BOHÉMIEN.

BY PROXY.

While you are in Ireland,
Sweet Kitty, my dear,
Amid all the disturbance,
You've nothing to fear;
For the sight of your pretty
Blue eyes, I declare,
Would make the "Moonlighters"
Your slaves while you're there.

'Tis what you have long
Made of me, I know well,
Though I've not had the courage
My secret to tell;
For I haven't a tongue
That smooth speeches can say,
And whenever I try
Something comes in the way.

Kiss the stone on the Castle
Of Blarney, my sweet,
And—am I too bold?
Give me—one—when we meet!
For the Spirit that dwells
In the Castle, I swear,
Will give double measure
When he sees who is there.

The touch of your lips,
By that sweet spell enchanted,
Will give me the thing
Which so long I have wanted:
The power to plead my own
Cause without fear,
In words that will move you,
Sweet Kitty, my dear.

F. B. H.

A WAGNER OPERA.

I will confess to a good deal of surprise at finding that the first impression of an opera of Wagner's was of simplicity rather than of complexity and incomprehensibility. The method by which certain effects were produced seemed to me (who am no musician) to be infinitely complicated and involved, but the effects themselves to be incapable of being misunderstood. Wagner treats music as the native language of the emotions, and the mind has not to translate in order that the emotional side of the nature may be able to comprehend. The composer's idea is conveyed directly and unmistakeably, and the intellect finds itself only apprized secondarily of the significance of the impressions received.

The ordinary listener is helpless when he endeavours to understand or explain the reason why he is affected thus and thus, but none the less does he feel that the chords of his nature are roused one by one to vibrate in unison with the sentiment of the music. The gamut of the emotions is run through, and love, despair, awe, anger and fear in turn reign in the soul when the composer wills it. Even the sense of the ludicrous is at times irresistibly present—as in *Die Meistersinger*, where a smile is seen on every face in the audience at one or two comical passages, although but very few understand the German words that are being sung.

Is it the case that there is a natural correspondence between the different emotions and certain definite musical intervals, and that Wagner has understood this better than others? This seems to be an inevitable conclusion, unless indeed the impressions of which I write are merely fancied, and the appropriate feelings are read into the music by some dexterous and evasive mental process. The human voice in emphatic conversation naturally regulates itself to certain intervals which have been investigated and found to be approximately invariable, and one can frequently tell, even when at such a distance as to be unable to discern words, what emotion is animating a speaker. It is not unlikely, then, that arrangement of notes and transitions of chords may more or less nearly represent emotional states, and this apart from time and *timbre*, which are obviously adjuncts of music in the expression of feelings. This individual conclusion is infinitely strengthened when one finds the same ideas and impressions excited in an entire audience apparently by virtue of the music alone, and it seems incredible that some fantastic universal self-deception should be at the base of it.

I would therefore put it (still from the standpoint of a humble listener) that Wagner has found in a singular way the means of making music the vehicle of the emotions, and has (so to speak) made it more of an intelligible language in this respect. Beethoven rises to greater intellectual heights, but Wagner plays more directly and variously on the feelings; it would then seem that the latter can be comprehended and enjoyed with much less of a musical education than the former.

W. H. B.

BALZAC.

For students of French at the University pleasant recollections, as of a great and fascinating romance-writer, will hardly be awakened by the name of Balzac. Until recently, he was represented on the course of French prescribed for Honour work by a volume of selections, consisting mainly of long and elaborate descriptions, singularly repellent in character. "Eugénie Grandet," the work now on the curriculum, is a novel which all critics agree in calling perfect, and which most readers find unutterably depressing. The volume opens with an account of an old and dilapidated house, which fills pages upon pages, and reads like the architect's specifications. In an extract from another novel, which was inserted in the volume of selections previously named, it is a battered coat-of-arms that takes the author's fancy. He treats it in similar scientific fashion, scattering his heraldic terms without stint. To understand and appreciate, a smattering, or perhaps more than a smattering, of heraldry is indispensable, just as in the former case the reader must be first architect, and then student of French. This is Balzac's mode of procedure, whatever be the object that he undertakes to describe; every third word is a technical term. I have somewhere seen that a certain

French *avocat* placed "César Birotteau" among his professional text-books, as an authority upon the law of bankruptcy.

But Balzac's great reputation as a writer is based upon more than professional lore and scientific accuracy. Mr. Leslie Stephen is not an *avocat* nor an architect, but he, too, acknowledges Balzac as a writer of text-books, text-books upon human nature, and on his shelf of such text-books finds him a place beside Shakespeare. The volume of extracts formerly used at the University was not calculated to impress the reader with this view of Balzac's achievement. Wealth of words, not portrayal of character, seemed to have been the principle of selection adopted by Mr. Van Lann. And, indeed, no selection of fragments, nothing but a complete novel could completely express Balzac's supreme literary virtue, development of character. And no single novel could give an adequate idea of his other distinctive excellence, variety of type. Only those devoted students who have laboured through the fifty-five volumes, which constitute Balzac's title-deeds to fame, know how much he has observed, and how well.

The example of some eminent authorities would lead me to mention Balzac's exactness and truth of detail as his most important quality. But the instinct of truth refuses to sanction such a statement. There is no question about his exactness. The most casual reader will acknowledge that characteristic of Balzac's mind. But we are not all heralds, architects, *avocats*. To the unprofessional reader such exactness is always fatiguing. It is often more than fatiguing, it is dull; and dullness is emphatically *not* a virtue for a storyteller. We should not forget that Balzac's claim to rank as an artistic writer depends solely upon stories, and from the days of Demodocus to this present age—the age of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson—it has been held by the majority that a story cannot be a good story unless it be an interesting one. Unfortunately for Balzac, he constantly forgot to be interesting. There is not one of his longer stories that does not drag at some stage in the action, owing to his fatal propensity for interminable description or display of learning. "Le Père Goriot," an acknowledged masterpiece, contains a famous account of a cheap boarding-house, the scene of Père Goriot's sufferings. Considered simply as a picture, the description is perfect. The elaboration of every detail produces a wonderful impression of reality. You see the hideous furniture and decorations, you feel the horrible presence of the mistress of the house and of her no less horrible cat. But the process proves an exhausting one for the reader. The mind demands rest and relaxation before proceeding further and entering upon what is really the main business of the book, the people and their sayings and doings. Then, when the conclusion is reached, on a mental review of the story, the vision that comes up unbidden before the mind's eye is probably this very scene of Madame Marneffe, her cat, her dining room and her dinners. Surely this excess of local colour is a blemish on Balzac's work. Local colour ought to be a mere accessory, a background to the characters, and a true artist would keep it properly subordinate. A good example of artistic treatment of the *mise-en-scène* is found in Prosper Mérimée's novelette "Carmen." At every stage in the action the surroundings are altered, not capriciously, but with evident intention to make the locality suggest the event, thus fulfilling the true function of local colour. Now imagine what Balzac would have made of this exquisite story. He would have overloaded it with minute description, until the tragic significance of the plot was lost in the multiplicity of landscape.

In "César Birotteau" that same bankruptcy episode is insufferably wearisome from the very exactness of the professional details. The marvel is, how Balzac himself ever struggled through his self-imposed task of writing down such dry technicalities. The explanation, no doubt, is to be found in Balzac's systematic economy of everything but money. Early in life he had been engaged in a business speculation, which failed and left him a bankrupt. It is likely that he himself at this time went through all the annoying experiences which he assigns to the poor merchant, César Birotteau. In this way he had been supplied with the necessary information, and rather than let it go to utter waste he inserted it in this novel. Such a thrifty proceeding is a credit to Balzac, the man of business, (with whom, however, we have no concern) but scarcely a merit in Balzac the creative artist.

In many of the shorter *Scènes* the story is obviously of

secondary importance. The author intended them to be mere pictures of certain phases of life. We can recognize in these the object aimed at, and value the workmanship accordingly. "Les Employés," for example, is little else than a representation of executive intrigue and idleness, in which the fortunes of M. Lupeaulx are not meant to do more than give point to the realistic conversations of the clerks in the office. These dialogues, given in dramatic form, in bulk are fully half the story, and are constructed out of the most common-place material, just the ordinary gossip of the office, stupid jokes, vulgar chaff, *banalités*. Such work is nevertheless artistic, and Bixiou deserves a place in novel-literature no less than Thackeray's *Jeames de la Pluche*. Observation and representation of low life is not derogatory to a novelist's dignity. But what are we to say for Balzac's high life? In treating of this section of society Balzac shows himself detestably vulgar. He has the snobbish desire to mingle with the aristocracy, and consequently his books are crowded with Viscounts, Barons, Marquises, Duchesses and Princesses. Titled folk abound, but there is not one real gentleman or lady among them. They are all *nouveaux riches*; ostentatious of their wealth and titles. And this is not because Balzac wishes to represent only the vulgar aristocracy created by Louis Philippe. On the contrary, most of his titled gentlemen boast of their ancient lineage and adherence to the legitimist party. They are, it is to be feared, the offspring of Balzac's imagination, and their characteristics are inherited. This is a very unfortunate feature in a novelist. Those of us who are not naturally refined like to read about people that are, and those of us that are naturally refined dislike reading about people who are not. In Balzac's books we can find many worthy people, honest *bourgeois*, virtuous and amiable country folk, devoted servants and heroic peasants; but ladies and gentlemen, never!

A grave fault in Balzac, closely akin to the last, is his want of delicacy. He is perpetually striking a false note. That he should be theatrically sentimental is natural, in view of his nationality. But there are degrees of evil in this as in other vices, and it might be expected that Balzac would, in this respect, not sink much lower than the Victor Hugo grade, for instance. As a matter of fact, he not infrequently touches the zero of Eugène Sue. The "gush" of the third-rate English lady-novelist is an amiable weakness in comparison with the monstrous bad taste Balzac sometimes displays.

Mr. Henry James has remarked upon the utter absence of the moral sense in Balzac. He appears to perceive no radical difference between right and wrong. Remorse in his view would be unintelligible, except as a mental disease; and, as far as my reading has extended, there is no attempt to depict it. Another peculiarity which may tell against him with some readers, is his fondness for unhappy conclusions. Looking at the subject-matter of the great mass of his novels, we must pronounce Balzac to be right in this respect on artistic principles. But in some instances our sense of poetic justice cries out against the inhumanity of such dénouements. When I recall the dreary progress of that miserable story, "Eugénie Grandet," and remember how I was buoyed up to struggle on in the hope of a happy termination, I cannot but regret that Balzac's artistic instinct would not permit him to wind up in the old-fashioned way with a marriage, instead of bringing the melancholy tale to a consistent and dismal conclusion. There is only one other novel in my experience that can rival Eugénie Grandet for uniform depression and gloom. The name of this competitor is "Washington Square," and its author is Mr. Henry James.

On looking back upon what I have already given as my impression of Balzac, there appears to be a strong case made out against him. Dullness, dreariness, vulgarity and bad taste are not commendable qualities. The fact cannot be disguised, that Balzac is uncommonly hard reading. But we are also bound to admit that he possesses a charm greater than many authors more agreeable to our taste. Balzac is like a bad habit, such as smoking or opium-eating. The first taste is anything but pleasant, and many people have contented themselves with a first taste. But should curiosity or the example of others induce a more extensive trial, the spell begins to work and the habit is formed. Smoking may be given up, will never willingly be renounced. The fascination which he exercises is due to a certain extent, no doubt, to his just

delineation of character, and even to his very accuracy of detail. There is in human nature a thirst for truth that will bear with many obstacles. Even the details that seem unworthy of a noble theme are not altogether unnecessary. It is the small matters of life that test the character. The patience of Père Goriot under the sneers of his fellow-boarders is more unselfish than his impoverishment for the sake of his daughter's gambling lover.

But Balzac's great power of fixing one's interest does not depend solely upon his accuracy and truth. For on this supposition, how explain the effect of such a fantastical study as "Louis Lambert?" There his subject is mysticism and his facts are as extravagant as his fancies. Balzac has a childish love of the marvellous for its own sake, which refuses to be tied down to possibilities. And yet whatever irrational nonsense he writes, the fascination is the same. The key to his power seems to be his intensity of meaning. What he thinks or imagines, he feels strongly; and what he feels he is determined to make others feel also. A strong personality outweighs a multitude of literary sins, and none who read Balzac can fail to recognize the strength that lies behind his works. His published letters confirm this instinct of a powerful nature, working out its own purposes with the merciless egotism of genius. This is the chain that binds together all the parts, even of a dull novel, and makes it interesting. Read any portion of it apart from the rest and you will find it tedious and inconclusive. Read the whole story and the effect is excitement. You are subjugated, not by the story, not by the characters, by nothing in the work itself, but by the mind revealed through the work, by the personality of Balzac.

H. H. L.

AT THE CHAPEAU ROUGE.

It was in the quieter time that came with the restored Bourbon House. France had not as yet recovered its old-time gaiety. Nations, like men, become thoughtful after seeing death face to face. A wintry rain stayed some few travellers at the Chapeau Rouge in the goodly town of Dijon. Not so much as servant as humble companion did Icilius share the fortunes of M. Charles, at present on his way to visit at a neighboring chateau. Moved thereto by the prevailing dullness of street and market-place, Icilius had made the acquaintance of the plump host. But him he had dismissed with scant courtesy for a tiresome chatterer when he would describe to his unwilling guest the marvels of the Cathedral of St. Benigne, whose great spire loomed gray through the cloud mantle that lay heavily on Dijon. So now, Icilius sat in the old tavern with his own well-worn thoughts for company.

It occurred to Icilius quite naturally, in the course of time, that there were better ways of spending the long morning. He shouted to the landlord, whose burly voice he heard within scolding the maids, to bring some drink. But to little purpose; muttering at the fat rogue as dense of hearing, he pounded on the wainscoting, and called, "House! house!" This attempt was more successful; for the jolly figure of the landlord in answer filled the low doorway to be saluted by "Well, I suppose one might get a fairly good cup of wine here?"

Something in the question excited great merriment, and his loud laughter subsided to a faint chuckle only on observing the deep displeasure of Icilius. "My friend, you must, indeed, be a stranger to the red wines of Burgundy to ask such a question in Dijon! Come here," leading him to the window, "See, where yonder the mist seems to hang in thicker draperies—ask what the wines of the Côte-d'Or are like? ha! ha!"

"So, that's the Côte-d'Or? not much to look at."

"Nay, you wouldn't say that if you were to stand at this casement some drowsy summer day. Me it makes feel as if at mass to follow the track of the plow as it heaves the deep red soil in ridges, until the eye is led to the hill-slopes where the dark clusters in the vineyards borrow a richer bloom from the purple haze. It's a lovely sight from Dijon. . . ."

"Piff! What about the wine?"

"Were it clear your eye might sweep with ease the whole slope that grows the right Chambertin and that needs no praise! But the hammer men of Notre Dame are chiming noon; and both man and beast begin now to feel appetite. I must be bustling."

Icilius watches with grave interest the landlord empty into a tall silver pitcher the contents of a dusty flask; and then he approaches Icilius and exclaims with pride, "There's a perfume for you!" Icilius extends his hand. "But that wine is for our betters; we'll have something together by and by." Icilius grasps the flagon. "Stop, you madman! what are you doing?" for Icilius drinks the wine with every gesture of approval, "You will ruin me!"

"Peace, rascal! and learn that a veteran of the Republic has no betters." The landlord recoiled with a "Lord! how fiery he is," and then addressed Icilius in a courteous manner, "Pardon! Monsieur has then served?"

"As you say."

"Ah! we, too, in Dijon saw the Republicans. They danced the Carmagnole in the churches and threw down the altars. And, what do you think? The mayor drove out the Cistercian brothers, glad enough were they to escape with their lives, and gave their church for a fish-market. Somehow it doesn't seem right."

"Pooh! what if the lazy monks were made to shift for themselves?"

"I am a plain man and don't meddle in politics; the pleasure of my guest is concern enough for me. Yet I can't help thinking that no good will come of troubling the holy fathers."

"What ill effects have you noticed?" inquired Icilius with something approaching a sneer.

"I don't know if I can explain myself. Men now wear sad faces and seem always thoughtful. It is lonely at times now in the Chapeau Rouge. They who used to revel of old were hunted out. There is now no danger, but men are still sad."

"Bondsmen turned on their oppressors; slaves on their masters."

"But Monsieur himself follows M. Charles?"

"That is different."

"Ah!" the landlord's ejaculation expressed himself as fully satisfied.

"Listen," for Icilius wished to convince him, "I was corporal under his father; we served together, and when he fell he spoke to me of his youthful son. I was not worse than a dog. Since then I have never left him."

"Monsieur is a man of heart! He is right; it is different. My Lizette has taken some refreshment to the gentlemen, and if Monsieur will do me the honour of dining with me—very well; this way. But no more lessons, if you please." (*Exeunt.*)

W. H. H.

PEACE AND LIBERTY.

Rest after work; refreshing sleep and rest! Sing, poet, sing! but not of feats of arms "by flood and field." Sing not of the spoils of war; nor of renowned victories of peace. Sing not of nature in her season of unfolding. That is a time of hard, unfeeling labour; a time of sorrow too; for only the strong survive the gray bleakness of the tardy spring, the weak fall, disabled, to die. Sing me not a song of work—not even a song to cheer the daily round of toil. For, lo, the winter is past, and toil is over. Let me, then, resting, hear a simply happy song from thy "place of nestling green for poets made." And, to enjoy thee as I ought, let me away from the begrimed town. Find me a spot where I may lie and dream, or sleep but to awake at thy behest. A spot like that of which a poet wrote:

"The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet birds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn."

To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending,
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels; I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started."

Sing, poet, sing! My brothers hear the song! And be it your burden *peace and liberty.*

"The time of the singing of birds is come." Happy is the man who has music in himself to attune his ear to these gentle notes; thrice happy he who can lift up his voice in true accord with nature's sweet singing. Who would not glory in his voice who could sing:

"The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth with his song the morning gray;
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth at the sight."

Alas! that here we have no lark; and alas! that if we had, there are but few to rise to greet the herald of the morn.

Who does not envy the voice that sang:

"But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song."

Such gift of song is to a few rare spirits. Be thankful if thou hast the gift of enjoyment. That thou mayest possess of thine own will. And now that thy liberty is restored to thee, take the pleasures of it in full meed. Enjoy thyself. Now that the winter of thy discontent has sped away like the mist of the morning, let the glorious summer make thy life-blood bound impatient, and bring love to thine heart. Lay thy head upon great Nature's breast, and let its pulsings teach thee what love is.

Cast away thy books, and court the Cherub Contemplation. Long have thy "due feet walked the studious cloister's pale;" let them now seek the scented lanes and verdant fields. When the gentle gloam has bathed the heated brow of the summer's day, then mayest thou follow the example of the patriarch of old, who walked in the fields at even to commune with his own spirit. Yet beware lest thou follow him still further, and lift thine eyes upon Rebecca; and, above all, beware lest Rebecca lift her eyes upon thee.

J. O. M.

LAURA SECORD AND OTHER POEMS.

We have received the advance sheets of a forthcoming Canadian book of poems by Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon. The volume bears the title: "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812; and Other Poems." The drama from which the book takes its name is in blank verse, with twenty-four characters in the cast, and hosts of supernumeraries. The extract given is too short, and the incident chosen is not of an exciting or emotional character, to allow us to judge fairly of the merits of the drama. There is a very broad farce called "The Sweet Girl Graduate," dignified by the title of comedy, which appeared in *Grip's Almanac* in 1882, and which is entirely out of place in a collection of this kind. Besides these dramas there are some two dozen poems, including some translations from the French. The specimens given are too meagre to justify a criticism of Mrs. Curzon's ability as a poet. The book is to be published by subscription.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers in arrears are requested to send in their subscriptions at once to

J. A. GARVIN,
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS IN ARTS AND
LAW—1887.

M.A. DEGREES.

H S Brennan, W A Flost, L Kinnear, J H McGeary, T McKenzie, F J Roche, J Simpson, R W Smith.

B.A. DEGREES.

A Abbott, H A Aikins, A J Armstrong, E Bayly, H Bonis, H B Bruce, J C Burrows, A Burwash, Alex Campbell, H Carpenter, R J Chrystal, John Crawford, J T Crawford, A Crozier, Jas D Dickson, Jas Drummond, John A Duff, L P Duff, Joseph Elliott, T E Elliott, Miss Carrie Fair, J A Ferguson, Ulysses Flack, Colin Fraser, J A Freeman, J A Givin, A H Gibbard, J R Hamilton, R M Hamilton, C J Hardie, E J Harris, J J Hughes, L S Hughson, J G Hume, W H Hunter, J T Jackson, R L Johnston, A J Keeler, M V Kelly, Thomas Logie, R A McArthur, R B Mackay, John S MacLean, Wm McBrady, J B McEvoy, E B McGhee, J N McKendrick, P W H McKeown, J N McLaren, P McLaren, J A McMillan, W L Miller, A E Mitchell, Thos Nattress, W B Nesbitt, W H Nesbitt, J H Philp, F A C Redden, H E A Reid, W F Robinson, T H Rogers, T R Rosebrugh, R Ross, N H Russell, F Sanderson, J McP Scott, E O Sliter, A G Smith, Miss Nellie Spence, John Stafford, H E Stone, A W Stratton, J C Stuart, T M Talbot, John A Taylor, F G Wait, W V Wright, A H Young.

CANDIDATES FOR B.A.—HONORS.

(Note—Candidates in Honors in the Fourth Year are arranged alphabetically in their classes.)

Classics—Cl. I., Sliter, Stratton. Cl. II., Freeman, Hughson. Cl. III., Bonis, Harris, McBrady, Ross.
Physics—Cl. II., Dickson, Duff, Rosebrugh. Cl. III., McKendrick, Stafford.

Mathematics—Cl. I., Stuart. Cl. II., Crawford, Flack, Keeler. Cl. III., Campbell, Philp, Sanderson.

English—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Hardie. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson, Gibbard, Young.

Ethnology—Cl. I., Ferguson, Gibbard, Hardie, Logie. Cl. II., Elliott, Young.

French—Cl. I., Logie, Young. Cl. II., Gibbard. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson, Hardie.

German—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Gibbard, Young. Cl. III., Elliott, Hardie, Ferguson.

Italian—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Gibbard, Hardie. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson.

Spanish—Cl. I., Hardie, Young.

Natural Science—Division I., Cl. I., Miller. Cl. II., Wait. Cl. III., McKeown, Nesbitt. Division II., Cl. II., McArthur. Cl. III., Chrystal, Hamilton, Talbo.

Mental and Moral Philosophy—Cl. I., Hunter, Reid. Cl. II., Hume, Kelly, Russell, Spence. Cl. III., Abbott, Aikins, Armstrong, Bayly, Burwash, Crawford, Crozier, Drummond, Elliott, Hardie, Johnston, MacKay, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, McMillan, Mitchell, Nattress, Nesbitt, Redden, Rogers, Scott, Smith, Taylor, Wright.

Logic—Cl. I., Abbott, Aikins, Hume, Johnston, Mackay, Reid, Spence, Wright. Cl. III., Armstrong, Bayly, Crawford, Elliott, Hardie, Hunter, Kelly, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, McMillan, Mitchell, Nattress, Nesbitt, Redden, Rogers, Scott, Smith, Taylor, Wright.

Civil Polity—Cl. I., Aikins, Armstrong, Crawford, Hume, Hunter, Reid, Spence. Cl. II., Abbott, Bayly, Elliott, Hardie, Johnston, Kelly, Mackay, McMillan, Nattress, Redden, Russell, Wright. Cl. III., Burwash, Carpenter, Crozier, Drummond, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, Mitchell, Nesbitt, Roger, Scott, Smith, Taylor.

PASSED—THIRD YEAR.

B M Aikins, T Beath, R R Bensley, E F Blake, H C Boulton, G Boyd, J R S Boyd, W A Bradley, N P Buckingham, W E Burnett, Miss H Charles, H J Crawford, G Cross, J N Dales, G F Downs, Miss J G Eastwood, J W Edgar, S J Farmer, J S Gall, T. A. Gibson, J A Giffin, E A Hardy, J G Harkness, T M Harrison, W J Healy, T M Higgins, E H Hull, W H Hodges, F B Hodgins, E S Hogarth, J P Hubbard, W F Hull, J H Hunter, E C Jeffrey, J Jeffrey, Miss A Jones, J E Jones, H R H Kenner, N Kenner, C S Kerr, S King, A A Knox, W A Lampor, Miss M Lennox, W A Leys, E Lyon, A J L Mackenzie, H McLaren, J W MacMillan, H A McCullough, W J McDonald, J McGowan, R McKay, F McLeay, W H Meizler, A W Milder, J O Miller, S A Morgan, W Morin, W B Nicol, E A Pearson, R B Potts, W Prendergast, S J Radcliffe, G H Reed, C E Saunders, S J Saunders, L E Skey, T C Somerville, J A Spauling, F J Steer, F H Suffel, M P Talling, G Waldron, J Waugh, G Wilkie, J G Witton, W M McKay, P McEachern.

To take subjects of third year over: Physics—E A Pearson. Heat—W G Miller. English—E F Blake. Civil Polity—T A Gibson.

THIRD YEAR HONORS.

Classics—Crawford, Nicol, Gibson, Milder, Waugh. Cl. II., Healy, Kerr, Kenner, Suffel, Farmer, Morgan.

Physics—Cl. I., McGowan, Witton, Cl. II., MacMillan, Saunders, Metzler, Sparling, Boulton, Prendergast, Steen.

English—Cl. I., Charles, Jefferies, Dales, Hardy, Steen, Radcliffe, Eastwood, Buckingham. Cl. II., Jones, Jeffrey, Bradley, Gale, Hogarth, Jones, King, Leys, Somerville, Waldron, Hubbard, McEachern, Hunter, Lennox, Kent below line.

History—Cl. I., Nichol, Charles, Beath, Radcliffe, Hubbard. Cl. II., King, Jeffrey, Hogarth, Buckingham, Bradley, Steen, Hardy, Jeffries, Waldron, Blake, Dales, Hodges, Lennox, Jones, Somerville, Gale, Harkness, Hunter, Eastwood, McEachern, Kent. W A Leys below line.

French—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Jones, Waldron. Cl. II., Jeffries, Leys, Steen, Buckingham, Hardy, Jones, Radcliffe, Eastwood, Hubbard, King, Lennox, Hogarth, Dales, Gale, Kent, Somerville, Hunter.

German—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Steen, Hardy, Waldron, King, Jeffrey. Cl. II., Jones, Hubbard, Buckingham, Dales, Kent, Eastwood, Lennox, Radcliffe, Hogarth, Leys, Jones, Gale, Hunter, Somerville.

Italian—Cl. I., Jeffrey, Eastwood, Steen, Hardy, King, Jeffries, J E Jones, Waldron, Hubbard, Charles, Buckingham, A Jones, Dales, Kent. Cl. II., Lennox, Leys, Gale, Hunter, Hogarth, Somerville, Radcliffe.

Spanish—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Eastwood, Jeffries, King, Radcliffe, Jones, Steen, Leys, Hubbard. Cl. II., Lennox, Waldron, Dales, Gale, Kent, Hardy.

Constitutional History—Cl. I., Nicol, Jeffrey, G Harkness. Cl. II., Blake.

Chemistry—Cl. I., Bensley, Potts, Knox, Boyd, Saunders. Cl. II., Giffin, Wilkie, Edgar. Hill below line.

Biology—Cl. I., Jeffrey, Bensley, Potts, Boyd, Knox. Cl. II., Wilkie, Saunders, Edgar, Hill, Giffin.

Mineralogy and Geology—Cl. I., Knox, Bensley, Potts, Boyd, Saunders, Hill, Edgar. Cl. II., Wilkie, Giffin.

Mental and Moral Philosophy—Cl. I., Cross, McCullough, Mackenzie, McKay, Blake, H ggins, Sparling, Harrison. Cl. II., Hull, Hodgins, Talling, Harkness, McKay, Skey, Waldron.

Civil Polity—Jeffrey, McKay, Sparling, Cross, Nichol, Harkness, Higgins, Blake, Charles, Talling. Cl. II., Harrison, McCullough, Hull, Hodgins, Mackenzie, Skey, McKay.

PASSED—SECOND YEAR.

W M Allen, J K Arnott, G C Biggar, J R Blake, D M Buchanan, C B Carveth, K B Castle, Miss A Clayton, H J Cody, F C Cooke, J S Copeland, F Corbit, W W Crow, J A Crowe, W Cross, Miss E M Cuzor, T C DesBarres, W J Fenton, W C Ferguson, C Forfar, P Foin, W G W Fortune, G A H Fraser, H B Fraser, F W French, H F Gadsby, W Gould, R J Gibson, J Gill, W H Grant, W H Harvey, J N Harvie, J W Henderson, D Hill, A F Hunter, A T Hunter, J Hutchinson, J S Johnston, R H Johnston, B Kilbourne, G E Mabee, A W Mainland, J May, F Messmore, J E Mill, W G Miller, H R Moore, J H Moss, Miss M Mott, J Munroe, J A Mustard, J McCallum, W McCann, F W McConnell, F H McCoy, T R E McInnes, W W B McInnes, D McKay, O W McMichael, J McNair, J McNichol, Miss N Naismith, M J O'Connor, W Pakenham, T J Parr, N N Patterson, H S Robertson, Miss M R Robertson, Miss J R Robson, J H Rodd, E G Rykert, F W Scott, Miss I T Scott, H W C Shore, J R Sinclair, A Smith, F C Snider, J D M Spence, W H B Spotton, L B Stephenson, H Stevenson, Miss E M Stewart, W B Taylor, W P Thompson, F Tracy.

To take subjects of second exam. over:

Greek—W G W Fortune, R J Gibson, R H Johnston, T J Parr, A Smith.

Latin—T Corbett, B Kilbourne, W W B McInnes, O McMichael, W P Thompson.

French—J A Crowe, J W Edgar, J A Giffin, J T Johnston, A A Knox, W A Lampor, E Lyon, A J L Mackenzie, G Wilkie, P M Harrison, W J Macdonald, J Munro.

German—E M Cuzor, E L Hill, S H McCoy, J O Miller.

Mineralogy and Geology—J K Arnott, G C Biggar, F W French, H F Gadsby, J A Mustard, W McCann, T R E McInnes, L E Skey, M R Robertson, E G Rykert, E M Stewart, W J Macdonald, W H Grant.

Mental Science—J McNichol, M J O'Connor, H W C Shore.

Logic—J Gill, D Hull.

Hebrew—P M Foin.

SECOND YEAR HONOURS.

Classics—Cl. I., Cody, Fraser, McKay, Stephenson, Mainland, Rykert, Allen. Cl. II., French, Messmore, Hunter, Gadsby, Mustard, Grant, Fenton, Sinclair, Scott.

Mathematics—Cl. I., Moore, Hull. Cl. II., Gill, Robertson, Hunter, McCallum.

English—Cody, Pakenham, Snider, Robertson, Taylor, Ferguson, McNichol, Scott. Cl. II., Naismith, Harvey, Moss, Robson, Clayton, Forfar, Mott, Sinclair, Tracy, Henderson, McMichael, Hunter, Hutchinson, Rodd, Stewart, Spence.

History—Cl. I., Pakenham, Taylor, Cody, F C Snider, Forfar, Rodd, Ferguson, W Cross, Hutchinson, Hunter, Stewart. Cl. II., C B Carveth, N N Patterson, Clayton, Tracy, Spence, Naismith, Harvey, Robson, Mott, A Stevenson, Robertson, McNichol, D M Buchanan, Henderson. Scot, Mos, M J O'Connor, of St. Michael's gets Cl. II in history.

French—Cl. I, Cody, Robson, Snider, Ferguson, Moss, Spence. Cl. II, Mott, Forfar, Taylor, Rodd, Stewart, Scott, Robertson, Hunter, Harvey, Mill, Pakenham, Clayton, Tracey, McNichol, Naismith.

German—Cl. I, Cody, Pakenham, Rodd, Moss, Scott, Snider, Robson, Stewart, Clayton, Hunter, Mott, Spence. Cl. II, Taylor, Ferguson, McMichael, Naismith, McNichol, Robertson, Forfar, Harvey.

Italian—Cl. I, Cody, Snider, Robson, Pakenham, Mott, Moss, Naismith, Scott, Ferguson, Taylor. Cl. II, Forfar, Rodd, Harvey, Clayton, Robertson, Stewart, Spence.

Chemistry—Cl. I, Munro, Kilbourn. Cl. II, Copland, McCoy, Miller, Curzon.

Biology—Cl. I, Copland. Cl. II, Munro, Curzon, McCoy, Kilbourn, Miller.

Mineralogy and Geology—Cl. I, Kilbourn, Copland, Curzon, McCoy, Munro. Cl. II, Miller.

Mental Philosophy—Cl. I, Buchanan, DesBarres, Johnston, Tracy, Gould, Cody, McCann, May. Cl. II, Snider, Cross, Fortune, Moss, Rodd, Hunter, McNair, Croll, Craw, Arnott, Stevenson, Fraser, Johnston, Mabee, Cooke, Gibson, Hutchison. Parr, Forin, Smith, Biggar.

Logic—Cl. I, Tracy, Hunter, Moss, Snider, Cross, Buchanan, DesBarres, Johnston. Cl. II, McNair, Rodd, Cody, Harvie, Cooke, Croll, May, Robson, Gould, Hutchison, Arnott, Craw, Parr, Biggar, Johnston, Mabee, R J Gibson, Henderson, Fortune, Robertson, W B Taylor, P Forin, Smith, Fraser, McCann, Stevenson.

Hebrew—Cl. I, McNair.

PASSED—FIRST YEAR.

W Black, D A Burgess, J S Davidson, H S Dougall, J Douglas, M Dunning, G R Faskin, A Ferguson, W T Harte, H R Horne, G Keyes, J W Mallon, G L McDonald, T H Mitchell, E J O'Connor, A P Saunders, J L Scully, J B Senior, J Stafford, J D Alexander, F C Armstrong, W F Bold, G A Ball, Miss A W Ballard, W Begg, J M Bell, J E Bird, R J Bonner, A E Boulton, L Boyd, W C P Bremner, W Brydon, A W Campbell, J G Campbell, L H Campbell, W C Campbell, J R Carling, J G Caven, C A Chant, D A Clarke, J C Clarke, T Coleman, J Collin, J E Deacon, A E DeLury, H A Dwyer, W C Ewing, R A Farquharson, J J Ferguson, J H Glen, W H Graham, R C Griffith, W C Hall, A E Hannahson, R S Hamilton, J C Handy, E J Harte, R E Heggie, J A Henderson, Miss C L Hellard, Miss A R Hitchon, J O Honsberger, R M Huston, R E Jameson, J P Kennedy, J H Kerr, W D Kerswell, F W Laing, P Langan, Miss G Lawlor, G Logie, A A Macdonald, N MacMurchy, G B McLean, T McCrae, A L McCrimmon, J M McEvoy, K C McIlwraith, J A McKay, J McKellar, C R McKeown, L McKinnon, D H McLean, A McNabb, A R McRitchie, J D McSweeney, W A Merkle, W C Mitchell, W J Mill, N Morrison, A H Nicol, D P O'Connell, J O'Hara, J. P. Pete, W Purcey, G F Peterson, R J Read, Miss A L Reazin, J B Reynolds, W R Rutherford, Miss L L Ryckman, F L Sawyer, A E Scanlon, A E Segsworth, W L Senkler, E C Sherman, R A Sims, J E Skeele, C S Smith, J Stringer, A T Thompson, H V Thompson, R M Thompson, H E Warren, W G Watson, Miss M D Waterworth, J R Wells, T H Whitelaw, W B Wilkinson, Miss A Wilson, W E Woodruff, G S Yong, W O McTaggart, T A Brough, W M Weir.

To take subjects of first examinations over :
 Classics—J C Handy, T McCrae, J McKellar, C R McKeown, W O McTaggart, A H Nicol, W I Senkler, R A Sims.
 Latin—A E Haneson, J M McEvoy.
 Mathematics—A Boulton, J R Carling, H A Dwyer, E J Harte, T W Laing, W J Mill, D P O'Connor, J E Skeele, A T Thompson, W A Wilson.
 English—G A Ball, A McNabb, T H Whitelaw.
 French—W J Fenton, R C Griffith.
 German—R E Jameson.
 Biology—J R Blake.
 Hebrew—H B Fraser.

FIRST YEAR HONORS.

Classics—Cl. I., Colling, Macdonald, Rutherford, McIlwraith, Ryckman, Langnn. Cl. II., Bonner, McKay, Bald, Logie, Wilkison, Ewing, Ferguson, Peterson, Huston, Mitchell, O'Hara, Skeele.
 Mathematics—DeLury, Sawyer, Reynolds, Chant, Percy, Warren, Heggie, Lawler. Cl. II., Kennedy, Whitelaw, Burgess, Wells, Campbell, McKellar, McTaggart, Thompson.
 English—Cl. I., Ryckman, Armstrong, Dwyer, Macdonald, Lawler, Honsberger, Chaut, Burgess, Graham. Cl. II., Faskin, McDonald, Watterworth, Ballard, Hall, McLean, Hillyard, Bald, Ewing, McKinnon, Peel, Black, Dougall, Farquharson, Alexander, Bonner, Ferguson, Campbell, McKay, McEvoy, Bird and Willson below line.
 French—Cl. I., Armstrong, Rutherford, Lawler, Macdonald, Ballard, O'Connor, Honsberger. Cl. II., H P Saunders, Ryckman, Alexander, W C P Bremner, Graham, Hillyard, McDonald, Watterworth, Willson, Bird, Ewing, Dwyer, Hitchon, Henderson, McLean. W C Hall below line.
 German—Cl. I., Honsberger, Macdonald, Ryckman, Armstrong, Ballard, Bonner, Bremner, Lawler, Willson, McDonald, Hillyard, Graham, Ewing, Watterworth, McLean. Cl. II., Alexander, Bird, Dwyer below line.

UNIVERSITY MEDALS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

PRIZES.

German Prose—T Logie.
 Hebrew—2nd Year, T McNair.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

(Only given in 1st Year.)

Classics—1, J Colling. 2, A A Macdonald.
 Mathematics—1, A T DeLury. 2, A W Sawyer.
 Modern Languages—F C Armstrong.
 General Proficiency—1, A A Macdonald. 2, Miss L L Ryckman. 3, Miss G Lawler.

MEDALS (3RD YEAR).

Lansdowne Gold Medal—J A Sparling, who got first class in Mental Philosophy, &c.; second in Mathematics.
 Lansdowne Silver Medal (2nd Year)—H F Cody, who got first class in Classics, Moderns, and Mental Science, and second class in Logic.
 Blake Scholarship (3rd Year)—W B Nicol.

COLLEGE MEDALS AND PRIZES, 1887.

IV. YEAR.

Classics—E O Sliter.
 Mathematics—J C Stuart.
 Modern Languages—Not awarded.
 Natural Sciences—W L Miller.
 Mental and Moral Science—H E A Reid.

III. YEAR.

Classics—J T Crawford, W B Nicol.
 Mathematics—J McGowan, J G Witton.
 Modern Languages—Miss H Charles.
 Natural Sciences—R R Bensley.
 Mental and Moral Science—G Cross.

II. YEAR.

Classics—H J Cody, G A H Fraser, D McKay.
 Mathematics—H R Moore, D Hall.
 Modern Languages—H J Cody, F C Snider.
 Natural Sciences—J S Copland.
 Mental Science—F Tracy
 Oriental Literature—J McNair
 General Proficiency—H J Cody.
 The Wyld Prize—F B Hodgins.

FACULTY OF LAW.

SECOND YEAR.—Cl. I., L P Duff, J H Bowes, G W Holmes, M H Ludwig. Cl. II., R McKay, C J McCabe, C D Scott, G A H Scott, A L Baud. Cl. III., C Elliott, G W Litlejohn, E Bell, S Livingston, W A Smith, F W Carey, W A Lampont, N Kent, C R Fitch.

THIRD YEAR.—Cl. I., S A Henderson, H Harney. Cl. II., J T Kirkland, A Collins. Cl. III., J A V Preston, E J Beaumont, G I Cochran, R A Bayly, T A McGillivray, A K Goodman, W J Millican, A Macnish.

CANDIDATES FOR LL.B.—Cl. I., R U McPherson (Toronto), J M Palmer (Toronto). Cl. II., A A Adair (Stratford), T C Robbinette (Toronto). Cl. III., W H Deacon, G Paterson (Toronto).

SPECIAL EXAMINATIONS FOR LL.B.—A G Campbell.
 MEDALS.—Gold, R U McPherson. Silver, J M Palmer.
 SCHOLARSHIPS.—Second Year, L P Duff. Third Year, S A Henderson.

The following statistics may be of interest in connection with the above list :—

The number of candidates who underwent examination in Arts (including those for M.A.) was 432.

The number who failed was 57, or a little over 8 per cent.

The degrees in Arts were granted to 86 candidates, 78 for B.A. and 8 for M.A.

Taking the lists by years, the results may be classified as follows :—

YEAR.	PASSED.	REJECTED.
IV.	78	5
III.	79	8
II.	84	30
I.	126	14
	367	57

The number of "stars" granted was 77, as follows :—

III. YEAR ... 4	II. YEAR ... 45	I. YEAR ... 28
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The "stars" may be classified as follows :—

Classics .. 20	Mathematics and	German .. 5
French .. 14	Physics .. 12	English .. 4
Sciences .. 14	Metaphysics, Logic and Civil Polity 6	Hebrew .. 2



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DI-VARSITIES.

SOME ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

This epitaph is to be seen in Farnham Churchyard :—

Who lies here? Who, do you think?
Little Johnny Newman. Give him to drink.

What, drink for a dead man? Ay, says I,
For when he was a live man he was always a-dry.

Here is another :—

Hio jacet Plus;
Plus non est hic;
Plus et non plus;
Quomodo sic?

To which a translation is appended :

Here lies More;
More is not here;
More, yet no More;
Is not that queer?

It is. So is the following :—

Here lies poor Roger Norton,
Whose death untimely thus was brought on:
Taking his scythe his corn to mow off,
The scythe it slipped and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying,
And this was the cause of Roger's dying.

And this is from a stone in the churchyard at Virginia Water :—

At the close of day when the shades of night
had gathered round,
I left my wife and children dear on duty
bound,
Suddenly the pains of death I felt, and
joined the heavenly hosts.
Do not, my beloved Friends, of to-morrow
boast.

"Is that your dog!" the new customer
asked of the Beekman street barber.

"Yes, sir."
"He seems quite fond of watching you
cut hair."
"Oh, it's not that, sir. Only sometimes
the scissors slips, sir, and takes a little bit
off a gent's ear."

"Aw, Ethel," remarked Charley to his
pretty cousin, "I believe—aw—I'll have the
babbah—aw—twim my whiskers this morn-
ing—aw."

"Do, Charley," said his pretty cousin.
"And—aw—Ethel, how would you sug-
gest that I have them twimmed?"

"Well," replied Ethel, after sufficient con-
sideration, "I think they would look very
sweet trimmed with pink ribbon."—Harper's
Bazar.

GOOD LUCK.

"What luck did you have, Silas, in your
fishing match with Dr. Robbins?"

"Well, fair, pretty fair luck, considering,"
replied Silas.

"Did you catch any fish?"

"Well, I can't actually say that I caught
any fish," said Silas, cutting off a new quid.

"Did you have any bites?"

"Well, I lost three or four hooks; but I
think they were mostly seaweed bites."

"What do you mean, then, by saying
that you had good luck?"

"Why," said Silas, his face brightening
into a triumphant smile. "Dr. Robbins
didn't catch any fish either; and he caught
his hook in his left hand and had to have it
cut out. So you see that I am still ahead."

Such are the gentle rivalries that fishing
encourages.

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