

THE  
STUDENTS' MONTHLY.

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THE KNIGHTS OF MAPLE WOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Ned Ellis sat in his room a prisoner, accused of having stolen the bracelet. Much to the surprise of all who knew him, and especially of Edith, he refused to say how the cross had come into his possession: of the bracelet he denied having any knowledge whatever. As soon as Edith had time to escape from the drawing-room she made her way to the boys' room, and, after knocking at the door, turned the key so as to let herself in. "Oh, it is you, Edie; I knew you would come. Well I don't think you believe me to be the thief. Do you?" The boy looked at her half laughing. For this knowing him to be so sensitive, she was not prepared, considering that so grave a charge hung over him.

"No, Edward, I do not. But I cannot understand what reason you have for not being more open."

"I will be as open as I can with *you*. I want you to believe me when I tell you that I know nothing whatever of the bracelet. I don't mind saying strictly between ourselves that I do suspect what has become of it. The cross fell into my hands; how, you must not ask me. Perhaps I may be yet able to explain it to you. However, the cross having come into my possession under very peculiar circumstances, I wanted to send it back to Mrs. Cadgett, and I was stupid enough to tell Figgs to put it in her room instead of taking it to her myself." "Well, Edward, I am quite confident that you tell me the truth. But are you sure that your reasons justify you in refusing to say more about the cross?"

"Believe me, Edie, I am. I should like much to tell you and Cyril all about it. But I cannot do so now." And so Edith left him with a kind "Good-night," and an assurance that she at least would not lose confidence in him. As she returned to her room, she met Cyril Ellis. "I was on my way to see poor Ned." "Have you been with him, Edith?" "Yes, I have just left him. Is not all this strange? The boy is generally so very frank!"

The excitement of her sympathy with Edward prevented her from being embarrassed, neither did she notice that there was an air of preoccupation about Cyril as

he for the first time, without hesitation, called her by her Christian name. "Indeed," he replied, "the matter is altogether a curious one, and I, for my part, cannot agree with Major Ellis in his treatment of his son."

As he spoke he produced from his pocket-book a note which he asked Edith to read, and reply to at her earliest convenience, informing her, that, it referred to a subject at present having more interest for him than most others:—but one with which—if distasteful to her—he would not venture to trouble her again. "I have just had, he added, an unpleasant scene with my brother, and I intend to leave his house to-night for Montreal."

"So soon," was all the girl could say, as almost without a thought she took the note he held towards her. Presently, however, came the feeling that she had done wrong in taking it, and she would have given much to be able to return it, but further conversation was rendered impossible by the ringing of the dinner bell; that tocsin of our carnal nature which makes itself heard through all life's music of jubilee and lament, which must be listened to even through the funeral tolling and the wedding chimes.

It took Edith some minutes to get ready, and when she found herself seated at dinner, the first thought that occurred to her, was that in her haste she had left Cyril's note (which she had not had time to read) on the looking-glass which stood upon the bureau in her room. What if it should be lost—like the bracelet. Her first impulse was to rush up stairs to get it, and this impulse was so strong that she had already moved back her chair a little from the table, when she caught the eye of Julia Cadgett, who was staring at her with something of triumph added to her usual supercilious expression. Edith felt as if she would increase this triumph by any act which might excite remark, so she controlled herself and remained still, resolving to retire—as indeed was her custom—immediately after dinner. When grace had been said, however, Major Ellis requested her to accompany him to his study, where she was detained for nearly an hour talking over the question of Edward's innocence.

To her arguments in favour of Ned she found Major Ellis more ready to listen than she had expected. She put forward strongly her own view of the case, which was that the boy's story was simply and literally true, that the cross had come into his possession in some way involving no dishonour to himself. She did not undertake to defend his refusal to make known all the circumstances—but she submitted that the boy's previous character gave him the right to claim not to be considered a thief.

"Very well," said Major Ellis, "the boy must take his chance. If the others here or at school like to 'cut' him, believing him to be the culprit—I can't help it. He may come among us as before, for there is much justice in what you say, Miss Sorrel; but until he makes me acquainted with every particular of this affair, he may defend his character as best he can. I wash my hands of him."

Edith flew up stairs to tell her cousin the result of her interview and intercession with his father, nor, till she had been some minutes with him did she

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Meanwhi so short a note. He Montreal—l for the sons was already man's wife. his wishes, it is true, ad Ellis, when l praised her l severely to ts was also very good positio that "he saw To this, Ma friends, Mrs. Cadgetts we stay no longe of carrying o had happened and daughter deed there w served in susj very best, and almost to the gold threads i was to call for ture to Mont which women

again think of Cyril's note. When she returned to her own room, it was nowhere to be found. Again and again she searched the room. It was gone! The only conclusion that she could come to was, that the note had been taken desigedly away. When she went down-stairs to tea, there was an indefinable something about Julia Cadgett's manner which made her involuntarily recall what Edward had said of Mrs. Cadgett's propensity for reading other people's letters, and to wonder if this disagreeable trait could have descended to Julia. What was she to do? To ask Julia Cadgett whether she (Julia) had entered her room and purloined a letter addressed to her? But if Julia had done this, was it likely that she would acknowledge it? On the other hand Edith would, by asking the question, be confiding to one who appeared to be her enemy, many things from which she almost shrank from thinking of herself. Very unhappy, and very uncertain how to act, Edith thought that her best course was to remain silent.

Meanwhile Cyril was walking up and down before the house, which in so short a time he was to leave, very impatient for Edith's, answer to his note. He had told her in that note of prospects newly opened to him in Montreal—he had been offered immediate employment in a large classical school for the sons of the clergy, with the speedy prospect of holy orders—his salary was already enough to justify him in asking her to become a poor gentleman's wife. He also told her that he had acquainted Major Ellis with his wishes, and that his brother had made no actual objection. He did not, it is true, add that the interview had been a very stormy one. Though Major Ellis, when he heard the circumstances of the case, did not blame Edith, nay, praised her for refusing to hear Cyril's offer without his consent, he took Cyril severely to task for endeavouring to win the affections of a girl so situated—he was also very sore about what he called Cyril's Quixotic conduct in refusing a good position at Ottawa; and Cyril had still further angered him by saying that "he saw what influence had been brought to bear on his brother's mind." To this, Major Ellis had retorted by asking him if he referred to Mrs. Ellis's friends, Mrs. Cadgett and her daughter. Whereon Cyril had replied that the Cadgetts were the cause of all the unhappiness in that house, and that he would stay no longer to give his sanction to the persecution which they made a practice of carrying on against a defenceless girl, his brother's near kinswoman. Now it had happened just as he said this, Julia Cadgett entered the room. Both mother and daughter had a knack of coming in at awkward points in conversation; indeed there was more than one myth among the boys of Julia's having been observed in suspicious proximity to Mrs. Ellis's key hole. Julia was looking her very best, and most brilliant; she wore full evening dress, her splendid arms bare almost to the shoulder, and her hair, which streamed loosely down gleaming like gold threads in the lamp light. She was waiting to accompany a gentleman who was to call for her and her mother, to a party, about which, and about his departure to Montreal, she talked to Cyril with that stealthy and cat-like politeness which women show to their enemies. Cyril felt that she knew what he had just

been saying about her mother, and she knew that he knew of her knowledge of it. And still more it seemed to be "borne in" (as the Methodists say) upon Cyril's mind that she suspected his wish to see Edith, and was hovering about like a malign influence to prevent it. Having left his brother with at least the semblance of a friendly parting, he found the drawing-room held by Julia, who contrived from thence to "occupy" all approaches to other parts of the house, by carrying on a running conversation with her mother, whose room one commanded one staircase, and with Mrs. Ellis, similarly situated at the foot of the other. So that Cyril had retreated to the garden resolving to walk up and down there till the Cadgetts should have gone to their party. It was one of those inexpressibly beautiful Canadian nights when the sky is as clear-blue as in an Italian summer. And Cyril paced the crisp snow with the "certain step" of a young man rejoiced at length to be independent, and hoping at least that he has something to hope for. As he walked, he was startled by the sound of a window lattice opening above his head; before he could look up, it was closed, but something had fallen fluttering at his feet. It was a delicate little pink envelope, how eagerly picked up, and opened,—it contents were his note to Edith; not a word of comment, not a line of consolation or sympathy. Nothing but a silent and therefore final rejection. Tearing up what he considered the evidence of his own folly, he walked hastily away to the Railway Station.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### WAGER OF BATTLE.

When Edward walked over to the College, at the first sound of the bell he found most of the boys already assembled in the great school room, where the roll was being called by one of the masters, previous to morning chapel. He entered the room with a feeling of defiance, which made him inclined to anticipate that the verdict of public opinion would be given against him. "Now," he thought "is the time to see whose friendship is worth having." He knew that the loss of the bracelet would be the great topic with all the boys; most of them had subscribed to the raffle, and as Mrs. Cadgett had announced with profuse expressions of regret that she had unhappily sent the entire sum subscribed to Ireland, on the morning of the day of the theft, the money was lost beyond recovery. Major Ellis had, it is true, told Ned of his intention of refunding the entire sum (which amounted to £50), and Ned was happy to have this announcement in reserve, still this was not as yet known, and he fancied that there would be at least a strong prejudice against him. Most of us, when we have in any degree contributed to render ourselves liable to misconstruction or false accusation, are apt to imagine every body is "down" on us, and to get into very much the temper of the Irishman, who, being "blue moulded for want of a bating," wished for nothing so much as that some one would step on the tail of his coat. Much

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in this frame of mind, Ned took his seat in the fourth form. Now there was as usual, when the roll was being called, a certain amount of whispering, and, amid many confused sounds, Ned fancied that he several times caught his own name. This might be fancy, but it nevertheless made him feel uncomfortable. Then Herbert, who sat next him at the same desk, did not, as usual, say good morning to him, or take any notice of his arrival. This too might be caused by the interest Herbert took in a contraband novel, entitled "Nick of the Woods," which we regret to state that he (Herbert) was then engaged in clandestinely reading. Presently roll was over, and the boys hastened to their places in chapel. Ned felt glad of that little interval of respite. A short office was said by the warden, the lessons for the day were read by two of the upper school, and then the *Te Deum* was chanted by the choir. It was at least a relief that during prayers one was in the chapel with other and better associations than the ink blurred desks, books, black boards, and maps of the school room. However, unpleasant thoughts and suggestions of evil will come, "even in the church's holiest aisle." It happened that the lesson for the day was the description of Achan's theft. One thing after another had ruffled Edward that morning, and now it seemed as if this chapter came on purpose to expose him to every one's comments and insults. Tremaine, who was the reader, unfortunately read very badly—would that reading were more carefully taught and "eloquence" less—he had a way of hurrying on in a quick unconcerned manner over several verses, and then of bringing himself up, and reading for a verse or so, steadily, and with much emphasis, occasionally stammering as if the force of the meaning was altogether too much for him. In Edward's nervous state of mind he felt as if one passage—that where Joshua was about to take measures to discover the guilty person—was drawing the attention of some of the boys on the opposite side of the chapel to himself; he felt his colour rising, he felt sure that one at least was looking at him, in a manner intended to annoy him. Chapel over, there were a few moments before the school bell again rang; the masters were with the warden in the schoolroom, arranging some particulars about the day's work—the boys were mostly standing about in groups in the play ground. In one of these groups stood Thorne, the boy who Edward thought had looked at him so insultingly—he was the son of a rich planter in Bermuda, where he had been over-indulged and neglected till the age of sixteen, when, in a panic at its being suddenly discovered that he could neither write nor read intelligibly, he was sent to S. Basil's school. He was a splendidly dressed youth, abounding in gold pins and rings, and greatly looked up to in the second form in which he was the oldest and by far the strongest boy. He had been one of those foremost in sneering against and opposing the "Knights," and now seeing a chance of tormenting a boy, whom, though he did not know why, he disliked, he came up to Edward.

"Well, Speaker! so you are to be tried at next Matchbrooke assizes, eh?" "I don't want to speak to you, Thorne; keep your stupid talk to yourself." "Oh, the speaker is determined to be silent for once. Well, I suppose he is husband-

ing his eloquence for the *defence*." With boys as with men, there is a certain attraction in seeing one "down on his back," baited and persecuted, more especially, if, as Edward now did, he shows his irritation. A knot of boys, chiefly second form boys, admirers and followers of Harry Thorne, gathered round them. Elated at his success, Thorne made a signal to his friends that some fun was to be expected, and proceeded still further to draw out the irate "Speaker." "What a charming complexion you have got this morning, Speaker; let me see if any of it will wash off." So saying, he took up a small piece of wet snow and threw it at Edward; it struck him on the face, which became as pale with indignation as if the colour had been indeed washed away. In another moment Edward had gathered a large ball of muddy snow and clay, and dashed it in Thorne's face, hitting him flat on the mouth with some force, and dashing the snow all over his elaborate neck tie, and shirt front. For a moment Thorne stood discomfited and rather foolish-looking; what further he might have done was interrupted by the school bell. "Dont think you'll get off so easily, you little beggar. I'll give you a thrashing to-day that you'll remember."

"Pray try your best. I shall be at the far bridge quarter of an hour after the afternoon school." So saying, Ned turned away and went to his class room.

He felt in a manner calmed and comforted by what had taken place. Boys have one advantage, that they can usually meet annoyances of this kind by very direct and straightforward means. Older people cannot deal so with many far meaner and more venomous detractors. Worthy Mrs. Cadgett, your gossiping tongue may range unchallenged. Beloved Mr. Loafer, live on a prosperous gentleman!

Ned was unusually successful in class that morning. It happened to be the day for his favourite study, Horace—he surprised the master by the bold and clear style of his translation, and in that part of the lesson which he liked best, the analysis of the philological import of the words, he shewed an insight which gained him marked approval. It had been the custom at S. Basil's to teach Latin and Greek not merely as dead languages, but as they interpenetrate and illustrate each other—and this, the present writer believes is the only way in which they can be taught, as distinguished from being learnt by rote. Teach a boy that equus means a horse, and that aqua means water—he may remember these facts—he may forget one or both of them. But tell him that "equus" and "aqua" both meant originally the same, namely (from a root ec.) "the running thing," and he connects the two words in a way never to be forgotten. Latin should be taught as a living part of French and German. Were this done more than it is, we should hear no more of schoolboys hating Latin. The dead vocables and the dry inflections contain within them the beauty and order of a science, the poetry of a fairy tale!

During the mid-day recess, Ned kept away from the other boys; he had to do his "wager of battle," and till that were decided he would accept neither sympathy nor counsel. The report of the fight spread rapidly through the school.

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Thorne was not much liked among the elder boys; though he and Edward were sufficiently near each other in age, to make the fight one that could not be objected to as unfair, it was felt that the odds were heavily against Edward. His friends among the "Knights" were divided as to whether they should not on this ground prevent the fight, but Tremaine overruled all objections, considering that it was best for Ned in his present position to shew fight on the very first opportunity given to him.

"You may be beaten," he said to Ned, as they walked over to the bridge, "if you are, it is no disgrace to you, provided you make a good fight for it. But mind me, I don't think you will. Thorne always goes in hotly enough at first, but he has no wind, and soon loses temper—don't attempt to parry his blow so as to get the full weight of it on your guard; spring back well; throw your head back, and when he has struck out, duck down under his guard, and then up to his face with your one, two."

"Well hast thou advised, oh smoker of the pipe of peace and speaker of the words of wisdom. I shall do my best of course."

A large number of the boys had gathered under the covered bridge—those of the upper school securing the best places, and the smaller boys crowding around wherever space afforded. Thorne was there already, in excellent spirits, surrounded by a select group of his followers, and

"To those that sought him sweet as summer."

The ring was formed, and Tremaine took charge of Ned as his second. "Keep cool, my boy, and remember my advice," he whispered, as Ned, having taken his place, stood ready to begin. In the first round, Thorne had the advantage, he beat down Ned's guard, and struck him with some force on the forehead. Elated with this success, he dealt a blow with his right at Ned's face, which, however, Ned avoided by springing back. Seeing that from the length of his opponent's arms it would be hard to get a direct hit at him, Ned in the next round waited till Thorne had struck out, then suddenly stooping, he brought both hands to play on his face, pounding his nose, and causing the "claret" to flow over his vest and shirt, many dollar priced, new, a labour of shirt makers. Whereon Thorne recovered himself and smote Ned on the chest, so that he fell against the wooden ridge in the centre of the bridge road. But Thorne had been more hurt by his punishment, and began to strike out less carefully, and once Ned, getting a good opening hit him full between the eyes with his left, and next brought his right heavily upon his mouth, whereon the teeth of Thorne rattled as rattled the arrows of Apollo in the first book of Homer. And with his eyes he beheld stars and constellations unknown to astronomers. On his recovery he made a rush at Ned, which was met by a blow aimed by that champion, with a force he could not have believed himself to possess, full in the face. Just at this crisis of the battle alarm was given that one of the masters was approaching; and though Ned offered to go

elsewhere and finish the fight, Thorne sulkily admitted that he "did not want any more." A cheer was raised, which the near approach of the master did not check. When he came up, Thorne had disappeared. "Oh, I see what has been going on," was the master's remark, as he took Ned by the arm; he had been a boy once at an English public school, and never had been able to sympathize with that horror of a fair fight which some prigs or puritans feel or affect to feel. By the principles of the latter class of male and female old women, long may the boys who are the hope of this great kingdom of Canada continue unquacked and unperturbed!

(To be continued.)

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### AGATHA.

#### I.

A space of summer sun,  
A happy year, you say,  
Since you parted, Gerald,  
And you, that sainted Day,  
Ere he went to traffic and win  
In the world's wide way.

#### II.

And the pied roses bloom  
Still as fair in your face,  
And your fairy feet flit  
With the same girlish grace,—  
And the soft lapse of Time has left  
About you no trace.

#### III.

Yet Time bringeth changes  
Wondrous and manifold,  
And dimmeth, and hideth

Beneath the Church-yard mould,  
The rarest and fairest of forms,—  
The dearest we hold.

#### IV.

And you sitting saint-like there,  
In the twilight dim,  
May fashion sweet shreds of songs  
In your heart for him,—  
But the goldenest meeds are marr'd  
And mulet for a whim.

#### V.

And aching hearts will sleep  
From their sorrow and strife,  
And weary eyes will weep  
And memory dreary be,  
While the world holds its beaten way,  
And men their follies keep.

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## SIEGELINDE.

## A BALLAD FROM UHLAND.

## I.

The Lady Siegelinde  
 She hath a proud array,  
 As to the Virgin's Chapelle  
 They go in state to pray.  
 Her silken robes entwining  
 With blossoms fair to see ;  
 Her gems and gold a shining ;  
 To evil doom went she.

## II.

There be three ancient lindes,  
 Hard by the Church they grow,  
 Where sat the noble Heime,  
 He spake a word full low ;  
 "O! what of gold and jewels,  
 For none of these I pine ;  
 But for one flower, thou fairest  
 From out that wreath of thine."

## III.

Just then the wind, as Heime  
 Spoke thus in gentle tone,  
 From out the Lady's garland  
 The fairest rose has blown.  
 The young man saw where, haply,  
 The rose had fallen apart,  
 He kissed it, and in fondness  
 He held it to his heart.

## IV.

Another knight was standing  
 In Siegelinde's train,  
 His heart was stern and cruel,  
 He spake in high disdain,

"In chivalry and honour  
 Thou shalt be taught by me ;  
 And learn that beauty's chaplet  
 Has not one leaf for thee."

## V.

Woe fall the garden ever  
 Where thus the roses bloom ;  
 May flower the lindens never  
 That grow with such a doom,  
 For now in mortal combat  
 Their clashing swords are red ;  
 And, in a moment stricken,  
 The youth has fallen dead.

## VI.

The Lady Siegelinde,  
 She laid the rose once more  
 Amid her wreath, and entered  
 Within the Church's door.  
 Her silken robes entwining  
 With blossoms fair to see ;  
 Her gold and gems a shining,  
 In bitter grief was she.

## VII.

Before our Lady's picture  
 She laid the garland down :  
 "Thou pure of heart and holy,  
 To Thee belongs the crown.  
 And now the world forsaking,  
 Like Thee, to fast and pray,  
 I take the veil, and shroud me  
 To weep the dead alwaie."

C. P. M.

## CATULLUS.

A LECTURE delivered at Bishop's College by C. PELHAM MULVANY, M.A., Sch., T.C.D., Lecturer and Tutor in Classics in the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

Of all the great names in Latin poetry which have come down to us, from the latter republic and the early empire, that of Catullus alone belongs peculiarly to Rome. Ennius, and the first adopters of Greek rhythm were aliens of Greek extraction. Plautus was an Umbrian of low birth, Terence, a Carthaginian slave. It is true that equestrian rank at Rome rewarded the genius of Lucretius, or, rather perhaps, his advocacy of the pantheistic scepticism, then as now, so fashionable. Virgil, like Catullus, was a "Transpadanus;" unlike him, was not a Roman citizen by birth. Ovid's father was a Pelignian of Sulmo; Horace sprang from among the servile class of freedmen. But Catullus was a cadet of the noble patrician house of the Valerii. None among the great families of the Roman aristocracy dated farther back, and none, the Julian not excepted, continued longer to furnish Rome with legislators and conquerors. The first Valerius settled at Rome in the days of Romulus. A Valerius was consul in the first year of the republic. Long after the suicide of the last descendant of Anchises and Aphrodite, an emperor bearing the name of Valerius raised the cross of Jesus of Nazareth into the vacant place of the old gods and Penates.

And contrasted with the writings of the other great poets referred to above, the lyrics of Catullus bear no indistinct traces of the pure Roman blood of their author. They have, so to speak, a character rather Roman than Latin, they have an idiomatic terseness, and lack much ornament and many forms of expression which the Hellenizing Augustan writers soon afterwards made a permanent part of Latin as a language. The latter result was mainly brought about by the practice of Horace, whose odes abound in Greek constructions, and such syntax as the use of infinitives in place of the more elaborate Latin subjunctive mood or gerundive. The style of Horace has been happily eulogized by Petronius as having a "curiosa felicitas." Now with Catullus the felicitas is never "curiosa," never elaborate or highly polished; his lyrics are the utterances of a mind full of rough Roman vigor and originality; they all read as if they were the carelessly thrown off effusions of a poet capable of much higher things: those of Horace, on the other hand, were the natural results of long polishing and re-touching. In Ode 50 Catullus describes his method of composition—seated with his friend Licinius at a wine party, they take out their tablets and write verses much as Garrick and Goldsmith may have done at their club. That Catullus describes a real scene is evident from the tone in which he rallies Licinius on the quality of his compositions. And indeed, about most of the poems of Catullus there is a spontaneity which shows them to be unstudied truthful pictures of the life amid

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which they were written. The society depicted, is what, in the slang of our day, we call "Bohemian;" the young men, the "comites Catulli," are members of aristocratic houses with whose names we are still familiar. Many of them vicious, idle and needy, as were the young aristocracy of the days of Nero, but still retaining some features of the free Roman type that became lost under the late Cæsarism. The women are not shadowy ideals with Greek names, but unmistakable Roman flesh and blood, from the "putida mæcha," to the noble bride of Manlius, from the "puella non minino naso" to the often forgiven, ever frail and fickle, but ever beloved and beautiful Lesbia. We feel as we read that we have before us no mere transcript of Simonides or Sappho—the life described may be a sensuous and carnal one, but it is at least a real, and not merely a conventional sensuousness and carnality, like that of the Nææras and Pyrrhas of Horace, or the shepherdesses of Watteau, or the heroines of modern music hall ballads.

What charm of real feeling there is about the poems of Horace, is that of middle life rather than youth, and this accounts for the fact that Horace above all other classical writers continues a favourite with men of the world long after they have ceased to care about cultivating Latin merely as a language. The women in Horace's odes are either the mistresses of the two or three men of high rank who patronize the poet, or conventional Greek nymphs who sit on roses in caves, or sing adaptations of Greek verses which had been *felt* long years before in Lesbos or Teos. Not a single Roman lady appears to have been on intimate terms with Horace, and we may suspect that in the consulship of Plancus he had very few acquaintances above the ranks of the ancillæ. And the tone of feeling is equally artificial—sensuality there is in abundance, (for Horace sins in that respect quite as much as Catullus,) but we look in vain for a trace of the affection whose pure gold shines through all its alloy in every lyric where Catullus ventures the name of Lesbia.

The poetry of Horace looks at life from the point of view of a middle aged man, rather than of a youth—it derives its charm, not like that of Catullus from the spontaneity and freshness of first impressions from the pathos which belongs to the season of decay—"Linguenda tellus et domus et placens uxor," is its burden: The Horatian poems are mostly addressed to men advanced in life, personages of high rank, the objects indeed of a friendship maintained in all dignity and worthiness by the poet whom they admitted to their circle. Still we always feel that they are not addressed as equals, that Horace is at it were on his good behaviour with them, and we miss the easy familiarity with which the young Valerius sketches the foibles and freaks of the young Aurelii "Farii" and "Manlii." The reason is plain, Horace never belonged to what would have been considered good society in the same sense as Catullus. What good society he did enjoy was that of a few valetudinarian statesmen, to whom the dyspeptic poet discussed somewhat after the manner of a pagan and

rather immoral Wordsworth, on the fleetingness of the years and the degeneracy of younger men.

Both as a poet, therefore, and as a representative at the close of its most splendid period of the *jeunesse dorée* of Roman aristocracy, we consider Catullus worth far more attention than has yet been accorded to him. In Oxford the study of Catullus is hampered by his being unequally yoked, as a "subject" for examination with Tibullus, and far worse with Propertius. It is as if the study of Tennyson were to be compulsorily united to that of Martin Tupper and Coventry Patmore. And yet so eminent a judge as Niebuhr has pronounced Catullus the greatest genius in Roman literature! The notices of this poet in books on the latter subject are so meagre, that we have endeavoured to bring together into something like a chronological sequence the lyrics which have come down under the name of Catullus, as well as to furnish a more complete sketch than has hitherto been attempted of the poet's life and genius.

Caius Valerius Catullus was born at his father's villa on the beautiful peninsula of Sermio, on the lake Benacus (now the Lago di Guardo) in the territory of Verona. That his father was a man of considerable wealth appears from the fact that Catullus inherited from him not only the estate in Verona, but a farm in Latium on the river Anio, as well as a town house in Rome. It is also known that he was the entertainer of Julius Caesar, and this may account for the levity with which the young poet's very outspoken lampoon was treated by the dictator.

Of the family of Catullus mention is only made of one younger brother, the "*frater vita amabilior*" whose death is recorded in one of the most pathetic elegies that has come down to us from antiquity.

The poems which we possess point to four distinct epochs in the life of Catullus; the first of which is that of his early life as a young man at Rome; in the second we find him attached to the train of the prætor Mennius in Bythina; in the third he has returned to Rome and resumed his former mode of life, though with somewhat less impetuosity and extravagance. In the last he has engaged in the composition of a more ambitious class of poems, such as the *Atys*, the *Epithalamium* of Manlius, and the epic fragment on the marriage of Peleus. While thus engaged he is summoned to the Troad by news of his brother's death. To this period belong also his elegiac poems and epigrams.

The poems which we refer to in the first period, are lyrics, mostly in iambic and trochaic metres, (of which the greater number by far are in the famous hendecasyllables,) with which may probably be placed the 11th and 51st, which are the earliest known Sapphics in the Latin language.

The hendecasyllabic metre was one of the first of the Greek rhythms adapted to Latin lyrical use, for which perhaps its great resemblance to the Saturnian verse rendered it suitable, and it continued popular long after the time of Martial; Virgil has employed it in his *Catalecta*, and in it is written the fragment "*Ni te visceribus meis Horati*," addressed by Mæcenas to his friend. In structure it

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resembles the Sapphic line, consisting of an initial spondee, followed by a dactyl, but ending as in the Saturnian with three trochees. It has been introduced by Coleridge in the poem beginning

"Hear beloved, an old Milesian story,"

And by Tennyson among his lately published experiments in metre.

At this period Catullus was living at Rome the life of a young man about town, with not over much money, and expensive tastes and friends. Among the latter were a *Furius*, an *Aurelius*, a young Patrician named *Veranius*, who was soon afterwards attached to a provincial government in Spain, and *Asinius*, brother to *Pollio*. As *Lesbia* is mentioned in some of the verses written during his absence in *Bythia* (Ode *lxiii*, line 7), it appears that his acquaintance with her took place during his first experience of Roman life. To *Lesbia* (the name a complimentary one, equivalent in meaning to his phrase "*Sapphica Puella*," represents a real name of equal number of syllables, some say *Clodia* or *Claudia*), the purest and most charming of his poems are addressed. The first of these are the often imitated odes (2 and 3) on *Lesbia's* pet sparrow and on its death. She was at this time unmarried (Ode 3, 17) and from her liberality in the "basinones" of Ode *viii*, seems to have returned the poet's tenderness in no undemonstrative manner. That *Catullus* was not incapable of appreciating the value of a pure affection appears not only from such poems as the marriage song of his friend *Manlius*, but from the following little picture of Roman domestic life. We endeavour to give our readers a word for word version in the original hendecasyllabic metre.\*

#### ACME.

As *Septimius Acme* held close clasping  
 To his bosom, he said to her "My *Acme*,  
 If I love you not fondly, and will love you  
 All my years with a love that shall not waver  
 As who most is a passionate adorer—  
 May I meet in my path a fierce gray lion,  
 Lone in *Lybia* or in thirsty *India*."  
 So he spake and there came a sign from *Cupid*  
 Even a sneeze to the right, a happy omen!  
 Whereon *Acme*, her fair face bending towards him,  
 And with kisses that came from lips so rosy

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\*The beauty of this poem has aroused the attention even of a German Professor, Herr *Doering* (whose edition of *Catullus* as of *Horace* is by far the best we have seen). "En *Mellitissimum carmen et dulcissimum!*" exclaims the excellent Professor, startled quite out of his wonted critical propriety, and the contemplation of the "*Variae lectiones*" of which he ordinarily discourses.

Touching the ebriate eyes of the youth, her lover—  
 "So," she said, "oh my life, my own Septimius,  
 To but one as my lord will I be faithful,  
 Even to thee, as a love more true and tender,  
 Passing thine is the love within my bosom."  
 So she spake and there came a sign from Cupid,  
 Even a sneeze to the right, a happy omen!  
 So with happiest auspice living onwards  
 Fond and true were the lives of these two lovers.  
 And Septimius values more his Acmé  
 Than the riches of Syria or Britain—  
 For Septimius only, faithful Acme  
 Cares to dally in love or any pleasure,  
 Who has ever beheld a pair more happy?  
 Who in kindlier mood has met with Venus!

But the "amantium iræ" appears as early as Ode viii, and appears to have continued until after the poet's return from the Troad. In several of the elegies, which are the latest of the poems of Catullus, Lesbia appears again on the terms of friendship with him—in one she promises unalterable constancy—although as Catullus says in an epigram, doubtless suggested by sad experience:

"What is the worth of the promise a woman makes to her lover?  
 What is it like? a vow written in water or air."

The only two Sapphic odes written by Catullus are addressed to Lesbia: both have a nearer resemblance to the Greek Sapphic line than we find in the Horatian odes, the cæsura is more often in proportion on the thesis of the dactyl, and the double trochee in the beginning of the line occurs several times. The first of these odes is addressed to Furius and Aurelius, who are represented as being, like Septimius in the Horatian imitation of this poem, willing to go with Catullus whether,

"Over the Alpine steep he takes his journey  
 Scenes of the famous victories of Cæsar  
 Gaul or the Rhine, or squalid and remotest  
 Realms of the Briton."

To them he complains of the fickleness of Lesbia, because

"Loving no one she breaks the hearts of many,"

an old complaint, and one for which it was, no doubt, difficult to find consolation.

To the miseries of love were soon added those of impecuniosity; writing to a friend with the candidly expressed intention of inviting himself to an unusually good dinner at that friend's expense, he explains

"For of your Catullus  
 Now the 'sacculus' contains but cobwebs."

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Extravagance had brought Furius to a similar condition. The Poet was aided by his friend Manlius, whose name it is pleasant to find never occurs in the coarser poems, in which his associates in debauchery are mentioned. None of the latter seem to have aided Catullus when the need of a real friend became felt. Indeed, he repeatedly and bitterly complains of their ingratitude.

As a further means of replenishing the "succulus" Catullus, through some "nobiles amici" got himself appointed to the suite of Memmius, the prætor in Bythinia, on his way visiting his brother in the Troad. The experiment was not successful, the prætor's avarice engrossing whatever was to be wrung from the provincials. During this expedition were written several complaints of the closeness of Memmius, and the following criticism on a provincial beauty, whom some of his friends seem to have compared to Lesbia.

"Hail, young lady, whose nose is not the smallest,  
Whose black eyes are so small, so large whose ancles,  
Whose lips are not ruddy, or fingers taper,  
Nor whose language is too refined entirely—  
Of a Formian rake the happy mistress—  
Can the province be talking of your beauty?  
Is my Lesbia matched with you together?  
Oh, the age of stupid and worthless people!"

Another poem, which certainly dates from this second period, is the 46th, in which Catullus congratulates himself on his approaching return from the East to Italy. He speaks with affectionate regret of the young companions whom he was leaving in Bythinia.

Still more pleasing is the 31st, which speaks of his delight at finding himself among the old home scenes on his return. Herein he greets Sirmio as the most precious of all Peninsulas, and he concludes by invoking the joys of home life in a line of untranslatable grace and self-completeness.

"Ridete quid quid est domi cachinnorum!"

The poems which belong to the third period are the most numerous, and the most highly-polished of the shorter lyrics. Many of these have their dates fixed by their referring to the unfortunate Bythnian undertaking; others by being evidently written at a time when Catullus had overcome his early money difficulties. He now invites his friend Cæcilius to his estate at Verona. There is no longer any lack of wherewithal to procure the old Falernian from which he tells us water is henceforth to be banished, as being "vini pernicies."

It may be not unfairly concluded that all the poems which show greater content with his position belong to this era. There were, it is true, some drawbacks. Among these, disagreeable people—Arrius dropped his "H's," and jarred the poet's patrician nerves by talking of the "Hionians" instead of Ionians. (See Ode 84). Cæsar too had returned from his victories in the North, and had

exalted all manner of uncouth military people into positions of importance, especially (Ode 45) one Otho, quite a vulgar person of no refinement whatever. It was so strange that the great general should set such store by men like those, mere rough centurions from his Gallic wars! Again a few but pithy and graceful lines addressed to Cicero—the great orator had befriended Catullus—how we know not, and the young man affectionately hails “the most eloquent of the descendants of Romulus,” as patron of himself, the least of Roman poets.

Of Lesbia, we hear little at this time. She seems to have given herself up to the frivolity and extravagance then common even among Roman ladies of good family. In one charming little poem, full of tenderness and regret for the happy love that can return no more, he tells of her degradation :

Coelius! Lesbia once mine and mine only,  
She the Lesbia whom Catullus ever  
Held more dear than himself and all his kindred.  
Now, in squalor of slums and wretched alleys,  
Takes the spoils of the gallant sons of Remus. (\*)

It is the *de profundis* of mere sensual passion.

Our space will hardly allow us to enumerate the poems belonging to the fourth period. Best known of these, perhaps is the elegy addressed to his only brother's memory after visiting his tomb in the Troad :

“Woe for the pleasant light which thou hast left and for ever  
All is buried with thee—hope and the gladness of home!”

—his sorrow is literally that of one who has no hope, whose only consolation is

Frater! ave atque vale!

The most remarkable of all the poems of Catullus is the “Atys.” Perhaps it is not too much to say that this strange lyric is the most powerful as it is surely the most original poem which any Latin writer has left us. What a wild outburst of passionate despair is that of Atys when he awakes from his madness— as he contrasts his former life with his future as an outcast among men.

“Oh my country lost for evermore, oh my dearest motherland,  
Whom I wretched have left and fled from as a slave from his owner's hand—  
To these wild woods of mount Ida—to these desolate fields of snow—  
Among beasts to be an outcast—ever a wanderer to and fro :  
Country, parents, friends, companions, these I shall not again behold—  
Former racecourse or palastra once my familiar haunts of old;  
I a boy, a youth, a stripling—I in manhood and strength elate,  
I, the flower of the gymnasium, I the palastra's boast so late,  
Am I blighted, maimed, a manad, wretched vassal of Cyblee.”

(\*) Nos versus aliter intelligit Doering, minus casta interpretatione, et ut existimo, musarum furcillis jure ejiciendâ.

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It is remarkable that the *Atys* is the only Latin poem in the Galliambic metre. In selecting so peculiar a rhythm for such an exceptional subject, Catullus seems to us to anticipate the spirit of some of Robert Browning's lyrical freaks. This poem has been translated into the sober English measure known to the admirers of Tate and Brady as *L. M. or Long Measure*, by Mr. Martin, a writer who has also published the *Odes of Horace "done into English"* after the manner of Moore's drinking songs. He has beaten the old Horatian gold into much pot-house pewter, and has treated the poetry and wild grace of the above poem of Catullus in a manner but too suggestive of its plot.

The *Thetis and Peleus* is an epic fragment. As a specimen of a kind of lyrico-epic rhythm—peculiar as far as we know to Catullus, we subjoin the song of the fates at the marriage of the future mother of Achilles.

No woof was woven for men of such desire,  
Nor such a loving pact for plighted loves  
As now for Thetis as for Peleus now.  
Speed on the threads that lead the woof, speed on ;

Dauntless Achilles shall be born of you—  
His fearless front well known to hostile men,  
Who oft a victor in the rapid race,  
Shall pass the lightning foot-steps of the roe.  
Speed on the threads that lead the woof, speed on ;

Of him the virtues and the famous deeds  
Shall mothers mourning for the slain confess  
When their white hair is strewn with mournful dust,  
And with weak hands they beat their breasts in vain.  
Speed on the threads that lead the woof, speed on :

For as the sickle sweeps the standing corn  
In the fierce sunshine mid the yellow fields,  
He with the sword shall smite the men of Troy—  
Speed on the threads that lead the woof, speed on.

Of the longer poems the two marriage odes now remain to be noticed. Doering considers that they both refer to the marriage of Manlius and Julia. We have seen how Manlius had befriended Catullus at the worst period of his money difficulties and mental suffering, and when deserted by the other young men of his circle, Catullus shews his gratitude by the warmth with which he celebrates his friend's happiness. The first of these poems is written in the Glyconic metre, in which we venture to write a few stanzas.

Julia comes to her Manlius,  
As in beauty from Ida came  
Venus, radiant in victory  
Judged by Paris ; and so the fair  
Weds with fairest of omens.

To her mansion the mistress now  
 Welcome, eager for happiness,  
 Clinging close to her lover's side,  
 As close clasping its arms of strength  
 Clings to the oak the ivy.

Lo! the valves of the doors unfold!  
 Lo! the bride! Let the torches blaze;  
 Toss their tresses of flame afar!  
 Why delay ye? the hour is come—  
 Quick with the bride's unveiling.

From the second and still more beautiful bridal poem, space will allow us but to give a few lines. In conclusion we would express a hope that the very inadequate account we have given of the greatest of Latin lyrists, may induce some among our friends in this University, who take interest in classical literature, to avail themselves of this pure well of Latinity undefiled.

## CHORUS OF BOYS.

Hesper is coming, arise, O youths, for Hesper in Heaven  
 Feebly at last has lit the wished for flame of his torches;  
 Now is it time to rise to leave the banquet's abundance,  
 Soon will the bride be here, and soon the chaunt Hymenæal.

## CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Even as a flower that grows in a secret place of the garden,  
 Hid from the herd as they graze, and never hurt by the ploughshare,  
 Soothed by the breeze it waxeth fair in the shower and the sunshine.  
 This as its beauty unfolds shall the youths desire, and the maidens,  
 But when its blossom is lopped, deflowered by the gatherer's finger,  
 Never a youth again desires it more or a maiden.

## CHORUS OF BOYS.

Even as a vine which is born in the naked ground in the vineyard,  
 Never can clamber on high, or bend with the wealth of its bunches,  
 But it is prone on the ground, a forlorn and impotent burden;  
 Not for it shall toil the cares of men and of oxen;  
 But were it wedded and claspt in the stalwart arms of an elm tree,  
 Well for it are the cares of men and the toils of the oxen.

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## SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

DORA.

I dreamed that youth returned, the unre-  
turning  
I saw the cottage on the high hill stand ;  
And by broad waters in the sunset burning  
I walked once more with Dora hand in hand.

What subtle charm is in the tiny figure,  
Her keen grey eyes how fairy-like they  
shine,  
She stands, each light limb full of grace  
and vigour  
A shape where strength and beauty most  
combine.

Once more the south wind fresh from heath  
and aloe  
Of that fair land I left so long ago,  
Once more the sunshine, crowning like a  
halo  
The golden ringlets with a saint like glow.

It is not love upon my senses stealing  
But something reason, thought, could not  
command ;  
No passion blends with the intenser feeling  
As tremblingly I kneel and kiss her hand.

Enchantment streamed once more on hill  
and heather,  
And then I spoke, my thoughts flowed wild  
and free ;  
This day is ours and let us go together,  
That I once more may pure and happy be.

She answered free, as one my love par-  
taking,  
She gave me from her hair the flower she  
wore,  
But o'er Canadian snows the dawn came  
breaking,  
And what she said I could recall no more.

P. M.

## WHICH OF THE TWO ?

## CHAPTER I.

## A STRANGE LADY.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the wall of the old town of Cordova.

That light, misty atmosphere, so peculiar to the province of Andalusia, and, in fact, all Southern Spain, was veiling the distant Sierra Morenas—stretching far away to the northward like one continuous mass of gray and purple clouds—now lighted up by the final rays of the dying sunlight.

A solitary horseman was riding leisurely toward the bridge, which spans the Guadalquivir, occasionally seen, sparkling like a silvery sheen in the distance. He seemed a man of medium height. The white collar that clasped his throat was slightly soiled and presented an agreeable contrast to the dark green jacket over which it hung, almost entirely hidden by the long Andalusian cloak which in its turn concealed his white breeches and the tops of his Castilian riding boots.

The cloak was of a coarse material and worn in that careless manner which only a Spaniard can assume.

The rider was looking eagerly toward the gate of the town, which appeared far away to the south, across the river, at least a league distant.

An expression of anxiety was depicted on every feature, showing plainly that he awaited some one.

"Desperate" he said, in a low sonorous voice, shrugging his shoulders as he spoke. "If the gypsy were to play me false?"

As he strained his eyes, scrutinizing every horseman and footman in the distance, the unmistakable clattering of a horse's hoofs was borne to his ears by the cool evening breeze. His own powerful animal pricked up his ears, as the neighing of the horse showed the animal to be advancing swiftly toward him.

The young man gave his horse the rein, and in an instant they were in a clump of brambles, bordering a small forest of cork trees, completely shutting out the road.

He cast an eager glance toward the town, but saw not the person he awaited, it was evident, from the impatient expression which still overshadowed his face.

"Vallandano has met some opposition, I am sure; for ten years has he followed me, and never yet has the gypsy been absent from duty."

His horse neighed loudly and reared, causing his master no little difficulty in quieting him as the horseman—whoever he was—approached at a desperate gallop.

"*O Señor Caballero, por amor de Dios—*"

The startling sentence was unfinished.

It was uttered in a wild though sweet voice, full of terror and affright. In an instant the clump of bushes was spanned, and the youth was confronting a less powerful beast than his own. The horse of the new comer floundered for an instant as he saw the charger clear the copse and block up the pathway, but only for a moment.

On his back was a young lady—her delicate hands clinging tenaciously to the infuriated animal.

Only for a moment did the youth gaze at her. Before he could seize the bridle, the strange horse reared high in the air, and veering suddenly to one side of the narrow way, leaped a mass of brambles on the opposite side and was gone, the cavalier following in almost the same breathless manner.

As the strange animal arose on his hind feet before making the daring leap, he shook himself as though determined to be free from his burden. The cavalier saw the young lady, still firmly in her seat, bear strongly upon the reins; he saw her cling to her saddle as the horse plunged over the copse, her long ringlets streaming on the air, black as the raven's wing. A faint "*Por amor de—*" arose over the clump where they had disappeared and nothing more was heard, save the sharp clattering of hoofs upon the stones of the heath, and soon even these died away in the distance.

The shades of evening were drawing their almost visible veils over the land, as the last sounds of the flight and the pursuit fell upon the ear, and silence again reigned over the place.

Silence succeeded, but only for a time. A strange-looking horse stopped beside an olive tree which grew by the road side. A tall figure leaped lightly from its back and looked around him, surveying as much of the narrow road as he was able in the misty light; for the sunlight had died away and the evening star

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was shining faintly in the heavens. But the man was alone—save his horse, he saw no living object.

“Maria Santissima!” he cried suddenly, as he saw the deep impression of the horses’ hoofs in the soft clay. “Viva le moderado! what is this?”

He examined the marks carefully, then listening for an instant, he knelt down and applied his ear to the ground, first one, then the other.

“Romi de Calli! I hear some one coming. I see Don Gomez hath been here; he hath fought the accursed Busn ; they have fought my brother. They have fled on the heath, they fly to the mountain homes of the Calor —Calor  spoken in the mountains, spoken by the fair daughters of Errate to her *ro*; but not in Cordova, not in Seville—Toledo. Egypt—business of Egypt calls me away this night—but no, Calor  leaves his brother, not even when the children of the sun shall call,—no, no! Where is my brother?”

He leaped quickly upon his horse, and by the next moment his long-legged animal had cleared the brambles, not more slowly than the two which preceded.

He was scarcely out of sight when two other horsemen drew their animals to a halt.

One of the men alighted, and, throwing aside his cloak, took a small lantern from his pocket and held it quite close to the ground.

“Diabolo, Don Nunez, I tell you, the truant is now safe in Cordova. Here are footmarks.”

He returned the lantern to its place, and remounting his horse they rode away at a brisk trot. As the light fell upon the two last individuals, it disclosed a far-different stamp of humanity from the two preceding men.

Their closely wrapped forms and sharp features showed them to be men of the world, men whom we must know before we can trust. They did not ride far, for, on lowering the lantern to the ground a second time, an exclamation of surprise burst from them both.

“What can have become of the mark, San Puebla; the road is too narrow, she could not ride in the brambles?”

“Toma, que se io? how should I know?” returned his companion, whereupon they dismounted, and went slowly backward, holding the lantern very closely to the ground, and leading their horses.

“O ciel! here are other marks—ah, *grand*—, *quel l’est*?”

“Well may you say ‘*quel l’est*.’ Here are signs of a horse jumping into the pathway, then leading out! See, the earth thrown about! Here are marks of three horses; still it is deception, it can be but one, leaping, struggling. Santa Christa, would Antonia prefer the heath to me! Well, she cannot surely survive long, if indeed she has taken to the thicket. But can we follow her? Why risk our valuable horses for a worthless piece of furniture? Well, I am glad she left us. It is well she feared us. Ola, ola, let us to Cordova, without further delay. To-morrow we will send some one to find her, but come!”

They again mounted their horses, and rode swiftly away, conversing on the events of the day.

They had just left the bend in the road by the olive tree, their conversation coming back in unintelligible murmurs, when two clusters of vines which grew by the way were parted, and the dark-visaged man sprang into the road with a stealthy, cat-like tread, as doubling his fist and shaking it after the retreating horsemen, he danced about chanting a Caloré song of vengeance.

The moon had arisen, and her indistinct rays fell upon the strange character, lighting up his face, particularly his eyes, with a sort of indescribable, supernatural fierceness, which once seen is never forgotten.

For an instant he became motionless, then looking quickly about him, he parted again the vines, and sprang into the gloomy recesses of the thicket.

(To be continued.)

### CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

It is now finally decided that there shall be held immediately a Synod of the Bishops, Clergy, and probably laity, of the whole Anglican Communion throughout the world. The meeting is to be called The Pan-Anglican Synod, and is to assemble at London probably next September. The Bishops of the American and the Scottish Episcopal Churches are to be invited to attend, and, it is understood, will cordially accept the invitation. The form of invitation has not yet reached us, so that we are unable to say whether each Bishop will be requested to bring with him one layman as well as one clergyman learned in Ecclesiastical Law and Theology. The Bishops of the Anglican Communion, not including those who have resigned their sees, are now *one hundred and forty-four* in number—viz., in England and Ireland, 40; in Scotland, 8; in the Colonies (including 6 Missionary Bishops in regions beyond the British Dominions), 51; in the United States (including Missionary Bishops), 45; total, 144. When we consider the intelligence and advanced civilization of the age we live in, and the learning and ability of the Anglican clergy as a body, and remember that the Bishops are the crown and flower of the clergy, and that with them will assemble as assessors an equal number of the most learned divines, and of the most devout and influential laymen in Christendom, it will be felt that it is no exaggeration to say that this Pan-Anglican Council will be one of the most august bodies of men that ever met together.

A brief history of the events which led to the calling of the Council will form the best answer to the question—what is the object of this meeting, and what good may be expected to result from it?

The government of the Christian Church, for a long period, from the earliest times, was by Synods, the Bishop and his clergy meeting in Diocesan Synod to make rules for the government of the Diocese, and the Bishops of the Province (the whole of Christendom being divided into Provinces for this purpose) in Provincial Synod for the government of the Province. Synods of larger po-

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tions were called when necessary, and in great emergencies Synods of the Bishops of the whole Church.

This excellent system, however, was gradually encroached upon, and finally extinguished by the growing usurpations of the Bishops of Rome. With the Reformation in England, Diocesan Synods, unhappily, were not revived; and though the Provincial Synods continued, and exercised a great and healthy influence for a considerable period, through the growing Erastianism of later days, their influence dwindled down until they were finally suppressed by the government of the day in the year 1717. With the wonderful revival of primitive Church principles and primitive zeal in the English Church during the last thirty years, there came naturally a longing for the restoration of the primitive system of Church government by Synods.

These had been revived by the American Church, and were working in her efficiently. From that Church they spread into the Colonies of England, and, by a healthy reaction, the mother Church revived her own Provincial Synods of Canterbury and York. From the first, however, the more thoughtful and farseeing felt that something more was necessary if the English Church was to pass safely through the dangers to which she would certainly be exposed, and to effect all the good in the world that was within her power—some means of binding the whole body of Anglican believers into one, some means by which the whole body would bear the strength, resulting in joint consultation and joint action. This conviction became more widely diffused, and the idea, in a manner, popularized by the various alarming decisions of the Privy Council in the Long, Essays and Reviews, and Colenso cases. It now became painfully evident that the Faith was seriously endangered, not from the freedom of the Colonial Churches, but from union of the Church at home with the State. Decisions were given in which articles and points of faith were one by one denied, or doubt thrown upon them, as well as other decisions, in which all the legal and external bonds which bound the Colonial Churches to their mother seemed to be severed; and it came to be more and more felt that the relations of the mother to the daughter Churches was extremely unsatisfactory. Accordingly, when, in 1865, the two Houses of the Provincial Synod of Canada unanimously voted addresses to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Convocations of Canterbury and York, requesting the Archbishop of Canterbury would summon a Council of the whole English Church, this action was received with universal applause. The Archbishop at once responded, with that wisdom and catholicity of spirit which seems to characterize all his utterances, that "the meeting of such a Synod as the Canadian Church proposed was not foreign to his own feelings, and that he thought it might tend to prevent those inconveniences the possibility of which was apprehended, but that he could not take so grave a step without consulting the rest of the English and Colonial Bishops." The address to the Convocation of Canterbury was last year referred to a committee, who reported to the convocation, which has just closed its session. That report very strongly recommended that

the Synod which the Canadian Church asked for should be called, and further suggested that it should be composed of the Bishops not only of the English, Irish, and Colonial Churches, but also of the American and Scottish Episcopal Churches. When the report came before the Lower House of Convocation in February last for consideration, the whole subject was viewed in all its bearings in a long and earnest and most able debate. The adoption of the report was opposed by the very few of the advanced liberal school who found a place in that assembly, headed by Dean Stanley, but it was carried by a large majority. The sceptical school may well oppose it, for a general council of the English Church will be certain to deal them a deadly blow. The extreme Ritualists also have everything to fear from it. They have been pronounced against by everybody in authority almost everywhere without effect. It is hard to see how they will be able to hold up their heads if they are condemned, as they certainly will be, by the whole Anglican Communion in Synod assembled. The Bishop of Montreal, now in England, gave a considerable impetus to the movement in favour of the Pan-Anglican Synod by printing a sermon which his Lordship preached at Oxford on this subject, with an appendix, containing a number of documents, forming a history of the events which led to it. His Lordship suggests the following as the subjects to be considered by the Synod:—1. A general declaration of common principles; 2. Terms of intercommunion with other branches of the Church to be settled; 3. Some plan of joint action in Missionary work to be agreed upon; 4. The present authorized version of the Bible to be maintained without alteration; 5. The Ritual relations of the Church at home and the Churches in the Colonies to be readjusted. To these we cannot doubt there must be added some measures for the defence of the Faith where it is assailed.

A most important announcement has been made by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Lords, that the Bishops have made up their minds to introduce a bill into Parliament on the subject of Ritualism. Until it is known what the measures to be proposed are, the anxiety of the Church will be intense. The probability is, that it will seek to enforce, by some simple legal process, the judgment given unanimously by both Houses of Convocation, a few weeks ago, that no changes in Ritual should be made in any Church without the consent of the Bishop. It is but fair that the Church should be in a position to enforce her decisions on her own members; and it is probable that if such a measure is proposed, it will pass into law.

The Report of the Church Society of Quebec for 1866 is out, and is full of interest. Judging from the reports of the clergy, the Church must be in a very prosperous condition. They are all cheerful and thankful. Besides the town Churches, eleven rural Missions have endowment funds established, and growing rapidly. These endowments become available as soon as the income of each reaches \$200 a year.

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## CURRENT LITERATURE.

\* A novel which professes to describe student life in Trinity College, Dublin, is one calculated to attract the attention of many of our readers, who, no doubt, feel interest in the great University which has sent so many of her alumni to teach and minister among us. One would expect to find in "Old Trinity," as Mr. Mason Jones familiarly calls a University whose degree he does not happen to hold, some such description of College life in Dublin as we have read of that in Oxford, in "Tom Brown," or, at least and lowest, in "Verdant Green." Trinity College is a field comparatively little worked. Since Lever's early novels, no attempt has been made to describe it. And apart from the fact that the doings of Charley O'Malley and his friend Power refer to a period before the Union, to the palmy days of Jacky Barrett, the last survivor of whom died a few years ago in good old Vice Provost Wall—apart from this, Lever wrote *his* description of "Old Trinity" some thirty years ago; and good and graphic as it is, coming from the hand of a gentleman and an alumnus of whom "Old Trinity" may well be, and *is*, proud, it is not the work of one acquainted with Trinity College of the present day. New schools of teaching have grown up; the study of classics, and, in connection with that of comparative philology, has emerged from the "cold shade," to meet with encouragement and recognition long denied—nay, more, the zeal and the genius of the late Professor of Sanscrit has given the philological school of T. C. D. no mean rank in Europe. With methods of study, the class of students has changed; a far greater number now come from England, with a view to prepare for the various competitive examinations in the public service. And the very position of the College, in the midst of a crowded city, affords, one would suppose, material for romance not to be found in Oxford or Cambridge. In the latter the students take little part in town life, which is very limited, and entirely subordinate to that of the University. Even when a certain amount of love-making has, of necessity, to be introduced, as in "Tom Brown at Oxford," the young ladies have to be brought up from the country to attend convocations, and flirt there in a manner obviously impossible to the native Oxford people.

Whereas in Dublin, the city world is far greater than the little College world in the midst of it. The noble façade of the College gateway fronts one of the most crowded streets. Once past its portal, there seems no limit, within reasonable bounds, to the number of interesting adventures into which the novelist might induct his undergraduate hero—who might, besides, return at regular intervals, during the plot, to the ordinary College novel routine of lectures, examinations, and supper-parties. But, judging from what we have been able to bring ourselves to read of "Old Trinity," Mr.

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\* "Old Trinity," a Novel. By T. Mason Jones. London: Bentley & Co.

Jones' acquaintance with such mysteries as College examinations and lecture-rooms is as slight as his knowledge certainly is of the habits and conversation of ladies without and gentlemen within the gates of Trinity College. But, indeed, the plot has little connection with even a pretence at describing College life. It consists mainly of the misdeeds of a wicked baronet, who evicts a number of the "finest peasantry," merely because the ypersist in occupying his property "without paying him rent"—of the murder of the said baronet by the hero, who is tried and acquitted at the critical moment, "more majorum," the oppressor of the "peasantry," turning out, by some process intelligible to Irish juries, to have been not murdered, but justifiably "kilt." In fact, "Old Trinity," we cannot help concluding, from its subject matter, might nearly as well have been named "Old Bailey."

A pleasanter specimen of the novel *a la mode* is "Joyce Dormer's Story," now published in a separate form, and nearly completed in "Once a Week." The interest in this story is divided between the heroine's affection for her lover—a somewhat faintly outlined copy of the "Landscape painter which did win my heart from me," and her hatred for her uncle; a precise and intensely respectable elderly gentleman who tyrannizes over her and her "dearest friend," the "second young lady" of the plot.

We do not know how it may be in real life, but in novels, the feminine hatreds are ever so much more amusing than the loves and friendships. Sensation novels continue to multiply, the changes being rung on murder and bigamy to such an extent that Lord Macaulay's New Zealander, sitting amid the ruins of Mudie's Library, and lighting upon a box of last month's novels, might not unaturally conclude them to have been written for a generation of Thugs and Mormons. The worst of this kind of literature is, that it exhausts itself. Mrs. Wood, for instance, has never surpassed her early performance in "East Lynne." We allude to the scene where the heroine having, in a moment of excusable weakness, ran away from her husband to seek the society of another gentleman, is obliged to disguise herself in the garb of a middle aged and plain-looking governess, in order to obtain re-admission to her husband's house. Here culminates the interest and pathos of the book. The heroine, who, of course, is nice-looking, is actually obliged to put on an unbecoming dress! She dons a wig that makes her look at least twice her age. The sleeves and skirts are contrived so as to render her a perfect fright. She puts on goggles through which to survey her children and former domestic felicity. But who can calmly contemplate so painful a picture—suffice it that she pines away behind the goggles and under the malign influence of the sleeves and skirts. What a thrilling situation is this! No feminine mind can refuse sympathy! And the best of it is that poetical justice is actually done, and the milliner is on the side of virtue. The divorcee is obliged to dress shabbily. Whereas the virtuous wife is in all probability "got up," regardless of expense.

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\* Madagascar,

Next to Mr. Ellis's well-known work on Madagascar, Lieutenant Oliver's\* Brochure is the most readable account we have seen of that anomalous island. It is far less extensive than Mr. Ellis's work, as might be expected: Mr. Ellis having spent many years of his life in Antanarivo, the Hova capital of Madagascar, while Mr. Oliver merely paid a flying visit, and that on an occasion when every effort was made to set forth the semi-civilized institutions of the Hovas at their best. Among the pleasantest features of Mr. Oliver's book are the sketches of Madagascar scenery, some of which are of rare boldness and beauty; one or two of them appeared a year or two ago in the "Illustrated London News." Lieutenant Oliver visited the island of Madagascar in the interval between two revolutions. The Hovas, or dominant military and aristocratic caste, who rule the island by right of conquest over the Negro Aborigines, are a fine race of men, mentally and physically superior to the tribes of African origin. They seem to have reached a considerable advance in civilization, which is especially seen in their complex system of aristocratic government: The entire race forms a military caste organized under the command of the chiefs, the office of General being hereditary in the family of the leading noble. The king is at the head only of the civil power—the late queen Ranevolana represented a very old dynasty, and seems to have been a woman of very great energy and talent, reminding one by times of Queen Elizabeth, Catharine II, Lucrezia Borgia, and bloody Mary. She governed with a strong hand, encouraged the introduction of European Arts, and persecuted Christianity as being hostile to the destinies of her race.

Her son, educated by the Christian Missionaries, was represented by Mr. Ellis as a hopeful convert. On his accession, an embassy was sent from Mauritius, to which Lieutenant Oliver was attached to attend the king's coronation. A Bible, a field marshal's uniform, a complete set of brass band instruments were accompanied by an autograph letter from the Queen of England. The embassy reached the capital, and were received with every honour, including unlimited champagne, and the decorations of the new order of Knighthood, the white ribbon and gold star of Radama II. They were presented to the king's wife Rabodo, a pagan, and to his concubine Marie, who favoured the Christians. Mr. Ellis and the Presbyterian Mission were omnipotent, and all was *couleur de rose*.

Now, it had happened that the old Queen Ranevolana had foreseen that her son would fall into the hands of the Presbyterian Mission, and that the old customs and the old religion would fall into neglect. Before her death, she bound Radama by a solemn promise that the place of her burial should at least be sacred to the religion of the "twelve gods," her ancestors, and that none of Mr. Ellis' mission should be allowed to set foot there. She was buried in the sacred city of Amboimango: the holiest place in the island. But after the coronation, such was Mr. Ellis's influence with Marie, that he was able to insist

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\* Madagascar, by Lieut. Oliver, R.A., London, Longman, 1867.

on being allowed to preach within the sacred limits of Amboimango. He went thither, and was refused admission by the nobles who had charge of the Queen mother's tomb. Again by Marie's influence, he returned with a regiment of the king's guards, aided by whose bayonets he was able to preach in safety. The result was a reaction against Christianity, among all the leading Hovas—the guards were massacred and Radama strangled with a scarlet lamba (or scarf) in his palace at Antanarivo. The story of this revolution is worth telling more circumstantially. Perhaps we may attempt it in a future number.

"Ferrier's Remains" \* contain much valuable literary matter besides the purely metaphysical portion. In the latter, though Ferrier has not the learning of Sir W. Hamilton, he surpasses him in originality and clearness. Ferrier was the first to give an intelligible version in English speech of the marvellous dialectic of Hegel. To any one wishing to comprehend the fascination which the Hegelian system has exercised over some of the greatest intellects of our day, it may be worth while to read the view taken thereon in Ferrier's theory of Knowing and Being.

The illustrated magazines continue to improve. What a contrast to the "elegant engraving" of the century old magazine, is the last "Cornhill;" or "Once a Week." In literary matter the improvement is not so marked. Much in both the above modern serials is by no means too good for the "Person of quality" who wrote in the days of good Queen Anne. Notwithstanding the lamented loss of that genial and skilful artist, Mr. Paul Gray, "Fun" continues as good as ever. The conclusion of "Sandford and Merton" was admirable. Worthy Mr. Nicholas continues to prophesy and to descant of the virtues of "Sherry Wine." By no means least among illustrated serials is our Canadian "Saturday Reader"; a work which does credit to the spirited publishers. The engravings are excellent, and selected with much taste. The printed matter is of a far higher class than that of the cheap papers in England.

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\* Professor Ferrier's Remains, 2 vols.—Blackwood, London, 1867.

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She said me na  
She bade me go  
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# The Medley.

## EPIGRAMS.

I.

Brief while the rose doth bloom, gather it  
straight,  
No rose, but thorns, remain for them that wait.

II.

She said me nay :—I deemed her wrong—  
She bade me go :—I tarried long ;  
And on a mellow summer day  
I bore a precious prize away.

III.

The lofty arch his high ambition shows ;  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

IV.

Croesus, living in his wealth and pride,  
Found no lack of servants at his side :—  
That from their eyes unfeigned tears might fall,  
Croesus dying, left the poor his all.

DAVID DORAN.

## LOGOGRAM.

Soft pillows spread beneath my head ;  
My first, I woo ;  
From pastry cook my next I took,  
A wafer too,  
Thy fragrant—my fourth were I—  
I'd tell fair land,  
Whose name's my third. My next they heard,  
(A harp skill'd hand).  
In David's days ; His songs of praise  
To all were known.  
When'er you muse, my next you use,  
Or into fall,

My last, with dust mingled, we must  
Come to it all,  
A foaming stream, where mist and steam  
In eddies roll,  
Affords a name of world wide fame,  
To show my whole  
Its product tell ; you like them well—  
Fruit of renown !—  
The cheek that's fair, we oft compare  
To their soft down.

## CHARADES.

I.

His wearied soldiers do my first,  
My second, cries their chief,  
My whole will surely slack their thirst,  
And bring them straight relief.  
He waves my first in air aloft,  
My second that they may,  
My whole—if freely drained too oft,  
These soldiers will delay.

II.

Whenever greatly you admire,  
My first will speak your thought,

My next a title of respect,  
To King or father brought.  
My whole is surely rightly reckoned,  
To be my second of my second.

III.

The listless pace of languid life  
My first may well pourtray ;  
With blooms and sunshine rife.  
My second smiles in genial May ;  
My whole with aimless motion rides  
On restless seas untiring tides.

C.

## SQUARE WORDS.

- I.
- Used to make bread.
  - Diminutive of Alice.
  - A tree.
  - An attack.
  - A doctrine.

- II.
- fur.
  - A notion.
  - Clean.
  - A name.

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III.

- The root of a tulip.
- A town of Sweden.
- A king mentioned by Shakspeare.
- A farm outbuilding.

R. N. ROBINS.

IV.

- A fragrant flower.
- Compose an English forest.
- A light leap or bound.
- Signifies to discover.

JACOB BENEDICT.

## ENIGMAS.

- I am composed of eleven letters.  
My 5, 2, 3, 7, has no place in a drawing room.  
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 is that of which criminals always get the benefit.  
My 8, 11, 6, 5 was the only vulnerable part of a hero.  
My 9, 3, 1, 6, is what little boys are apt to be.  
My 4, 11, 10, 6 is now an important article from which sugar is made.  
My 7, 2, 3, 9, is a trip for pleasure.  
My 7, 9, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 is what Macbeth's witches increased twofold.  
And my whole is a common figure among skaters.  
Box and Cox.
- I am composed of ten letters.  
My 10, 5, 4, 3, implies security.  
My 2, 8, 6, is a personal pronoun.  
My 1, 9, 3, 8, are found in the forest.  
My 7, 3, 5, 1, is an article of food.  
My whole keep the world from starvation.

A. C.

- To become my whole one must be well—2, 3, 10, 5, 6, 14, 12, 11.
  - The reward of his labors is sometimes a—1, 2, 3, 6, 7.
  - An abomination from his creditors is a—11, 10, 13.
  - He is rather fond of—8, 9, 4, 1, 10, 7, 6, 13, 9, 8.
  - An unpleasant part of his labors is to—3, 4, 8, 8, 12, 5, 14.
  - A pleasant part of his labors is to—8, 12, 7, 7 his companions.
  - His object is to obtain a thorough knowledge of—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 13, 12.
- My whole is proverbially known as fond of practical jokes.

J. G. K.

## ANSWERS TO DOUBLE ACROSTICS, CHARADES, &amp;c., IN NO. 3 OF "STUDENTS' MONTHLY."

- Double Acrostic:—Canada; Beaver. (Answered correctly by A. C. and Sapiens.)
  - Charades:—(1) Wantage.  
(2) Padlock;  
(3) Cartail;  
(4) Gold dust;  
(5) Paacca.
- (Correct answers received from Kate, A. C., and Sapiens.)
- Enigma:—"Skating Carnivals." Solved by A. C., K. D., and Sapiens.)
  - Square words:—  
B E A S T.  
E L D E R  
A D I E U  
S E E D S  
T R U S T
- (Correct solution received from Hal. and Dick)

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## QUINTILIAN SOCIETY.

The election of officers of the Quintilian Society for the current half-year resulted in the choice of Mr. Ernest A. King, B. A., President, Mr. B. B. Smith, B. A., Vice-President, and Mr. H. Kittson, Secretary. The meetings have been regular and well attended. The reading of an essay precedes the debate. At a recent meeting was discussed the question: "Is a university more advantageously situated in town or in the country?" Mr. Burges and Mr. Hepburn were the leaders. Some of the arguments brought forward pro and con were briefly such as follow.

*Affirmative.*—A university is more advantageously situated in town. It is better appreciated and being surrounded by more influence derives greater favor and support. Public lectures and literary entertainments of various kinds, so beneficial to a student, take place far more frequently in a city than in a country place; besides, there is more opportunity of inviting to the halls of the college itself occasional lecturers or eminent literary strangers, whose presence and talent would be welcomed. Without these attendant advantages a university is not apt to be so well organized. As to the objection, 'There is more temptation': the age at which one goes to college should give him sufficient self-control. The temptation to be rakish and to spend time and money foolishly dies away after a short time, and probably less is squandered than by casual visitants. Having more contact with mind and with the world, and acquiring a larger circle of acquaintances the student is better able to study human nature and to find his own level in society. Some touching allusions were made to the more refining—because in town more extensive—influences of the gentler sex. One can more readily fall in with such as match his own temperament; and the recreation derivable from compa-

nionship is not to be got by exercise alone. There is less monotony and greater facility for the distraction—necessary in due proportion—from books. In town, students in theology, medicine and law can acquire an amount of good not generally to be equalled in the country, from contact with model preachers, model practitioners and model pleaders.

*Negative.*—A university is more advantageously situated in the country. It does not follow that because situated in a country-place it possesses less influence in its favour. Lectures enough will be received if the staff of professors is as large as it ought to be; and intercommunication is now-a-days so easy that 'literary strangers' can be got in from the towns they visit. *Too much* attendance is apt to be given to lectures, which do not bear upon the main objects to be pursued at college. It is undeniable, that one is open to 'more temptation' in town, and therefore is in greater danger. Living is more expensive, to which fact no 'tender allusion' has been made; and as to his 'larger circle of friends,' a man seldom has more than a few real friends, and he can't expect to derive much from mere street acquaintances. The 'circle of friends' and pleasure's many allurements are sure to 'distract' one *too much* from his 'books.' People generally go to the country because they find the town 'monotonous.' As for 'refinement,' the beauties of nature abounding in the country afford more ample scope for refining study. For the same reason the natural sciences, as botany, mineralogy, &c., can be pursued with greater facility. Recourse can be had to the works of eminent divines, doctors and lawyers from whom more may be learnt than from any living 'models' likely to come before one's notice. The weightiest consideration, inasmuch as life and happiness depend upon it, is *health*. The purer air of the country

and the number of invigorating out-door amusements promote better health and also induce clearer ideas on all subjects. These very circumstances furnish reasons why in the majority of cases colleges and schools have primarily been situated in the country.

The President, after summing up the arguments used on either side, said: Universities are established to afford training. To become a useful and honorable member of society a man should attend not to his intellectual only, but as much also to his moral and physical education, and should strive to possess "a well-cultivated mind in a well-organized body." The university which offers greater facilities for the development of these indispensable branches of a proper education must be the one better situated. Even if two universities be equally well organized, he thought it must be admitted that more advantages for intellectual culture do from circumstances surround that situated in a city; but moral and physical culture cannot thrive so well in the atmosphere of a town as in that of a country place. The arguments brought forward coupled with these considerations compelled him to change his own opinion, and for this reason to think it fair to give decision in favour of the negative.

In connection with this society, and under the guidance of the same official members, has been formed a "Reading Club," having for its object the cultivation of a knowledge of and taste for the works of the best classical English authors both in prose and verse.

THE PRESIDENT.

#### BUDDHIST PRAYERS.

From a private letter from Dalgeeling in Bengal—a favourite retreat for the gentry of Calcutta, and a beautiful spot in the Himalaya, where the steadiness of the thermometer varying at the most 5 degrees

(night and day together) and the dampness of the atmosphere combined impart the ruddy glow for which English beauty is so celebrated—the following curious extract has been forwarded to us.

"Everybody gets a colour in their cheeks, even the natives. The cows and pigs are more like English than elsewhere. The bearing of the people—a strong broad shouldered race—also reminds one of England. They are Buddhists, and have a way of *doing prayers*, which is quite worthy of this age of haste and irreverence in which we live, although the practice is of no modern date. They get a long bamboo, then a length of calico or similar cloth, as long as will fit the pole. This is fastened to the pole by the side and makes a sort of flag, as deep as the bamboo is long, and as long as the calico is wide (say half a yard). A stamp is made containing some short prayer or invocation, and the calico is stamped all over with this. The bamboo is then stuck in the ground. Every flap that the flag makes is deemed a repetition of the number of prayers written upon it. What an easy way of saying an immense number of prayers!"

#### ANSWER TO QUESTION 2, IN No. 1.

In 1 Cor. iv, 4, the word "by" must mean "against," for it is quite impossible that our Translators could have missed the sense of the passage, which is, "I am not conscious to myself of any failure." Dean Alford could not find an instance of the word used in any one writer in this sense, but I was fortunate enough to do so a few years ago in a document quoted in Froude's History of England. In a letter to the king respecting Anna Boleyn, Cranmer says, "I am exceedingly sorry that such faults can be proved *by the Queen*, as I heard of their relation."—Froude, vol. ii, p. 462, Am. Ed.