

THE VARSITY

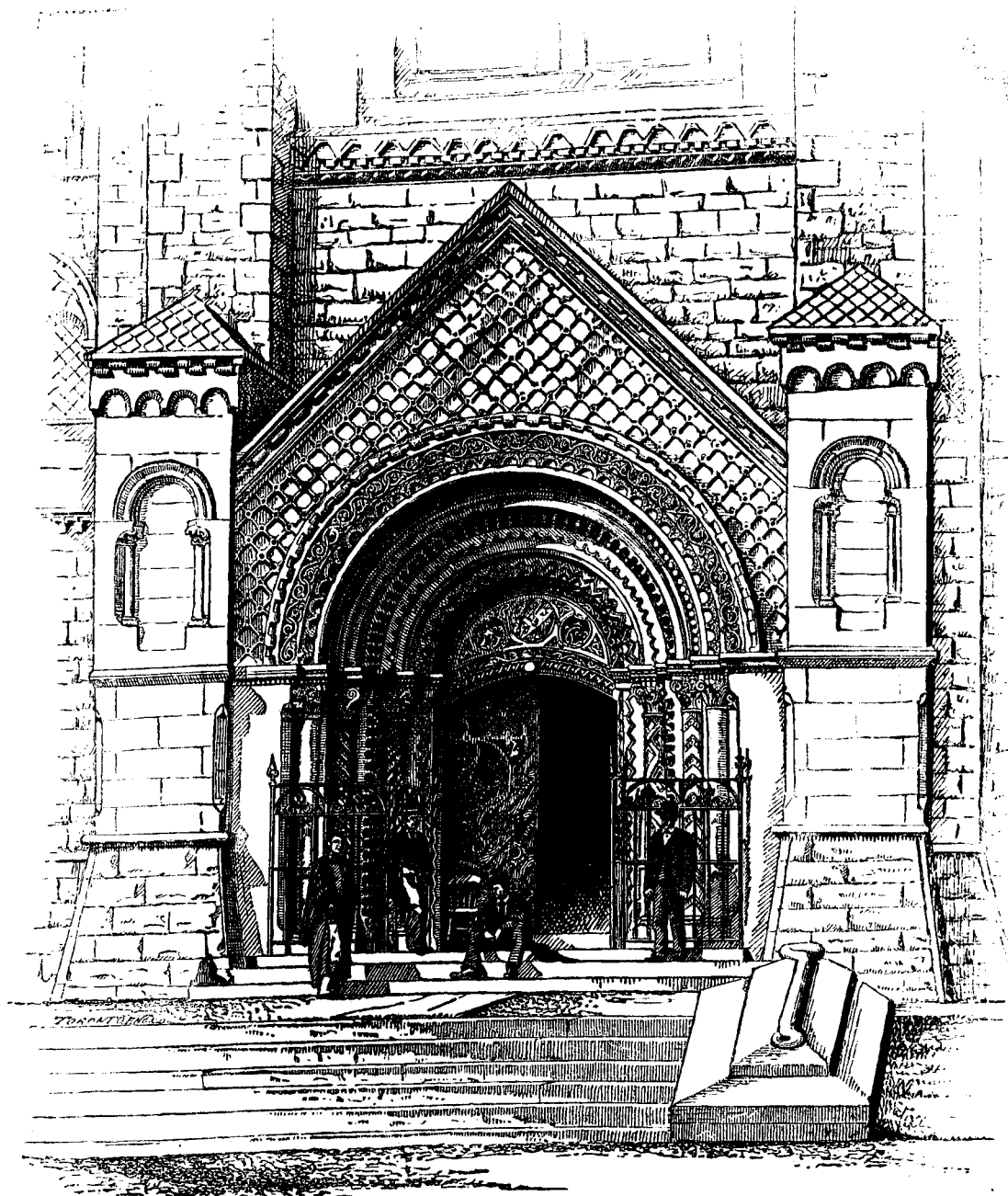
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L'HIVER CANADIEN.

Le bonhomme Hiver a mis ses parures,
Souples mocassins et casque bien clos,
Et, tout habillé de chaudes fourrures,
Au loin fait sonner gaîment ses grolots.

A ses cheveux blancs le givre étincelle ;
Son large manteau fait des plis bouffants ;
Il a des jouets plein son escarcelle
Pour mettre au chevet des petits enfants.

Quand le soleil luit, la neige est coquette ;
Moi et lumineux, son tapis attend
Le groupe rieur qui sur la raquette
Au flanc des coteaux chemine en chantant.

Dans les soirs sereins, l'astre noctambule
Plaque vaguement d'un reflet d'acier
La clochette d'or qui tintinnabule
Au harnais d'argent du fringant coursier.

Au feu du soleil ou des girandoles,
Emportée au vol de son patin clair,
Mainte patineuse, en ses courses folles,
Sylphe gracieux, fuit comme un éclair.

Un rayon, là-bas, aux vitres rougeoie ;
On entend des sons d'orchestre lointain ;
Ce sont ces deux sœurs, la danse et la joie,
Qui vont s'amuser jusques au matin.

Et, dans l'azur vif baigné de lumière,
Spectacle charmant, aspect sans rival,
Aux toits de la ville et sur la chaumière
Flotte le drapeau du gai Carnaval.

Louis Fréchette

ANADYOMENE.

Once have I beheld her, rising from the sea, dazzling and pure, as erst off the delicious isle of Paphos.

It was a bright July day on the English Channel. The sails of all nations thronged the wide expanse of blue water. We could see the land of white cliffs, so long famous in song and story. Our ship was forcing her way along with difficulty ; for the wind was still contrary and a heavy sea running from the gale of yesterday. The great iron thing seemed instinct with life and will, as it drove its ponderous bulk against the double obstacle—wind like a wall and the barrier of hurling wave. Progress, though checked, was never stopped, but the billows heaved the ship up and down like a huge see-saw. On the lofty upper deck, I leaned

over the rail and watched the waves break against the sharp, black bows : but not alone, the beloved lady was at my side ; or if she really was a thousand leagues away, the thought of her seemed almost tangible (the lover's doctrine of a Real Presence). Certain it is that the love she taught me so unsealed my eyes that I saw what I saw.

A smooth, olive-coloured hillock of water would be sheared through by the massive iron in a shattering crash and roar. It parted this way and that with unimaginable hissings and seethings. Tons of water struck the ship's side with heavy sound and the spray flew aloft in showers of finest mist, through which the perfect arch of the rainbow shone. The churned foam, transfigured by the strong sunlight, and flooding in ever-widening layers, overspread the sea with fold upon fold of milkiest whiteness. Beneath, millions of rising bubbles transformed the dull-hued ocean into solid deeps of glassy green, suffused with trembling light : and before the changing wonder had been effaced, lo ! another wave, a second crash of sound and again the miracle of the sunlight on the foam.

The continuous roar and hiss deadened the ear to all else and the eye was willingly enchanted to this apparition of whiteness. What can there be so softly white as this, so even in texture and so fine ? What except woman's breast ? I look till the outside world vanishes, and in my dream, if it were a dream, the sea-born, laughter-loving queen arises. The green sea is a milk-veined step of malachite, worthy the station of her snow-flake foot. Iris, the messenger of the gods, flies before her. But mortal eyes might not bear the sight of her irresistible, naked loveliness : the goddess appears shrouded in gauze of mist and fine-twined veil of orange and purple. Through this partial screen she gleams like lilies, not the colour of marble death, but of living purity. Thus she arises upon my eyes, between sea and sky, white-armed and love-compelling.

But the glistening shape takes on the lips and eyes of the lady whose name lies hid in my heart. She smiles—and in the light flashing from that sweet, kissing mouth and the mystery-coloured eyes, I read why Beauty came with whiteness as of new milk poured in the sun, and Love sprang from the cold purity of the sea.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

RONDEAU.

Far from the worthless world with thee,
Star of my life, I fain would be,
That we in solitude might drain
Love's cup, and dreamless all of pain,
Change, sorrow, parting, death, might see

The charmed hours vanish, and disdain
At Mammon's shrine to bend again,
Ah, then who were more blessed than we !
Far from the worthless world.

But long leagues lie 'tween thee and me,
And the three sisters weird agree
To keep us parted e'er. In vain
Is hope our hearts' desire to gain.
We may not break the bonds and flee
Far from the worthless world.

JUDSON FRANCE.

THE STORY OF NANA-BO-ZHOO AND HIS BROTHER.

We had done a good day's work at paddle and portage, but we had got early into camp, we had supped, nor had the toothsome trout been wanting at our meal, and now we sat or sprawled round the fire in that condition of utter contentment which is only made possible in this world by the combination of tired muscles and hunger appeased. For a while we were satisfied to let the digestive processes proceed undisturbed, but presently the Old Woodsman rose from his seat, filled his pipe from some one else's pouch, for he was too old a hand to carry cut tobacco himself, lit it with a hot coal from the embers and turning to the old Ojibway, our tried companion on many journeyings by lake and river, said, "John, some of us have never heard the story of Nana-bo-zhoo. Let us have it to-night."

John, who was known among his own people by the, to us, less hackneyed name of Ozhahwashkogezhik, was pleased to signify his assent, and seated himself on a log in a convenient posture for narration while the rest of us filled our pipes afresh and having bestowed ourselves in various attitudes which, if not graceful, were at least unconventional, we all kept silence together, and intently held our faces.

The story that follows has often been told, but I have never seen it exactly as he gave it, and I have tried to write it here as nearly as possible as it was spoken. But the tones and gestures of the old savage, for a savage he was again for the time while he repeated the ancient epic of his people, the solemn grandeur of the pine woods, the delicate play of the moonbeams on the rippling water, the sighing of the summer wind among the branches and the musical murmur of the rapid, all these which formed such an exquisitely fitting background to the story—how shall I convey the least shadow of it all! To those who know and love the woods, and to know them is to love them, no words of mine will be needed. Fancy led by Memory can conjure up the scene, and Hope will whisper, "When the summer comes—"

I.

A long time ago there was an old man called Nana-bo-zhoo. He lived with his brother in a big wigwam. His brother was a great hunter, and Nana-bo-zhoo was a great hand to dress skins and furs. They had plenty of fur blankets and coats and the wigwam was hung all round with fur. Nana-bo-zhoo's brother had a bow and arrow and he could hit a bird or a beast almost as far off as he could see him, but he was such a good runner that he often used to run down the animals that he hunted, even the best runners, like deers and foxes, and he would kill them with a club. By and by the beasts got afraid they would all get killed; so they held a big council to try and find some way to stop Nana-bo-zhoo's brother from hunting them all down. At this council they agreed that the white reindeer could run the fastest of all the beasts and so they chose him to decoy Nana-bo-zhoo's brother out on a lake, and the sea lion promised that when he got there he would make a noise like thunder and break the ice and drown Nana-bo-zhoo's brother in the lake.

So one day when the snow was deep Nana-bo-zhoo took a walk along the path that led from the wigwam into the wood. Pretty soon he saw the white reindeer standing near the path. Nana-bo-zhoo thought he had never seen such a fine deer before, and he went back very quietly to the wigwam and said to his brother, "Come out as quick as you can; there is the most beautiful white reindeer you ever saw standing beside the

path. I want you to get him for me, but don't take your bow and arrow, take your club and run him down, so as not to spoil his hide." So Nana-bo-zhoo's brother took his club and went along the path very quietly, and before long he saw the white reindeer feeding beside the path. The white reindeer didn't take any notice of Nana-bo-zhoo's brother but went on feeding while he crept nearer and nearer; but at last when he was quite near he trod on a dry branch that was under the snow, the branch cracked and the white reindeer held up his head, threw up his tail and went off with three big jumps. Nana-bo-zhoo's brother ran after him, but though he could run so fast the white reindeer could run just as fast as he, and all day long he kept just ahead of him. Sometimes Nana-bo-zhoo's brother would gain a little bit on the white reindeer, but always just when he got so near that he thought he could almost hit him with his club, the white reindeer would give a big jump and get as far ahead as ever.

At last, near sundown, they began to see a light through the trees in front of them, and in a few minutes they came to a lake so large that they could not see the other side. The white reindeer bounded through the alders on to the ice and Nana-bo-zhoo's brother followed him. They ran on for a long time over the ice out into the middle of the big lake. At last the white reindeer seemed to be getting tired and Nana-bo-zhoo's brother began to gain on him and by and by he got so close to him that he thought he could strike him with his club. But just as he raised his arm to strike there was a noise like thunder and the ice cracked between them. The white reindeer bounded away over the lake but Nana-bo-zhoo's brother fell into the crack and sank to the bottom of the lake.

II.

When night came on and his brother did not come back Nana-bo-zhoo said, "That white reindeer has led my brother a long chase. It is too far for him to carry the deer back to the wigwam before dark. He has camped somewhere till morning. To-morrow he will come back with the meat and the hide." So he cooked his supper, rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep. But next day his brother did not come back nor the day after, nor the day after that, so Nana-bo-zhoo said, "Something must have happened to my brother, I must go and look for him." So he took his brother's bow and arrow and set out. He followed his brother's tracks as far as the lake, but there a snow storm came on and covered the tracks up. Then the spring came and the ice and snow melted, but Nana-bo-zhoo heard nothing of his brother. At last one day he was walking along the lake shore when he saw the kingfisher sitting on a leaning tree looking into the water. "What are you looking at, kingfisher?" said Nana-bo-zhoo. "Oh, nothing," said the kingfisher; "I am just watching to see if I can catch a fish for my breakfast." "I know better," said Nana-bo-zhoo, "You're looking at something down there in the water. You tell me what you're looking at and I'll paint your feathers for you, and give you pretty colours." Now the kingfisher used to be an ugly bird with ugly gray feathers all one colour, so he said, "All right! I'll tell you what I'm looking at. I'm watching the sea lions playing with Nana-bo-zhoo's brother." So Nana-bo-zhoo painted his feathers and made him pretty colours like you see him now. Then Nana-bo-zhoo asked him how he could get his brother from the sea lions, but the kingfisher said he could not tell him. Now, the kingfisher had no tuft on his head then, so Nana-bo-zhoo said to him, "If you will tell me I will give you a tuft of feathers on your head." "All right!" said the kingfisher. "You go along the lake shore till you

come to a nice sand beach and if it is a calm day you will see the water boiling where the sea lions are playing under the water. On fine days they come out of the water a little before noon to sun themselves on the sand. Wait there and you'll see them." So Nana-bo-zhoo gave the kingfisher a tuft of feathers on his head like you see him now.

III.

After Nana-bo-zhoo left the kingfisher he walked along the lake shore till he came to a nice sand beach. It was a calm hot day and there was no ripple on the lake, but while Nana-bo-zhoo looked at the water it began to boil just as the kingfisher had said, so Nana-bo-zhoo changed himself into an old stump and waited to see what would happen.

Pretty soon the sea lions came ashore. The first two were as white as milk. These were the chiefs. The other sea lions were as red as blood. When they came out of the water they began to play about on the sand, but by and by one of the white sea lions caught sight of the old stump. He stopped playing and called out to the others, "I never saw that stump before, that must be Nana-bo-zhoo; it's just like one of the old fellow's tricks!" But the other white sea lion said, "Oh nonsense; that stump was always here, I remember that stump quite well." Some of the red sea lions thought the stump had been there before and others thought it had not; and there was a great dispute among them about it. At last the white sea lion said, "Let us all take hold of the stump and try to pull it over. If it is Nana-bo-zhoo we shall easily throw him down, but if it is really a stump we shall not be able to move it." "All right," cried the sea lions and they all took hold of the stump and pulled and tugged with all their might to try and pull it over. They pulled so hard that Nana-bo-zhoo could hardly stand against them. But he put out all his magic and made his roots go down deep into the ground so that the sea lions could not stir him. When they found that they could not move the stump they left off pulling and said, "This is not Nana-bo-zhoo, this is only an old stump;" and they lay down on the sand in the sun and because they were tired with pulling so hard they soon all fell fast asleep. Then Nana-bo-zhoo changed himself back into a man, took his bow and shot the biggest white sea lion with one of the arrows. The wounded sea lion made such a noise that the others woke up and they all ran together into the lake and made a great boiling in the water as they dived out of sight.

IV.

After the sea lions had gone, Nana-bo-zhoo walked along the lake shore and pretty soon he met a big toad with a club in his hand and a bag over his shoulder who was walking along the shore singing:

"I am a big medicine man,
I have power over all the world."

"Where are you going, toad?" said Nana-bo-zhoo. "Oh, said the toad, "I'm going under the lake to cure the white sea lion that Nana-bo-zhoo wounded." "What have you got in your bag?" "That's my medicine to cure the sea lion."

Then Nana-bo-zhoo took his other arrow and shot the toad dead, and he put on the toad's skin and made himself a toad, and took the toad's club in his hand and threw his bag over his shoulder and went along singing:

"I am big medicine man,
I have power over all the world."

Then he went into the lake, dived down into the bottom

and walked along until he came to a door. He looked through the door and inside he saw the sea lions playing about on the bottom of the lake. So he went in singing:

"I am big medicine man,
I have power over all the world."

"What do you want?" said the sea lions. "I've come to cure your chief that Nana-bo-zhoo wounded," said Nana-bo-zhoo. "All right," said the sea lions, and they led him to another door into another room where the sick white sea lion was lying. But when they opened the door Nana-bo-zhoo saw his brother hung across the door way. He said nothing to his brother, and his brother said nothing to him, but he went up to the sick sea lion, singing:

"I am big medicine man,
I have power over all the world."

Then all the sea lions crowded into the room; but Nana-bo-zhoo said to them, "If you want me to cure this sick man you must leave me alone with him, for my medicine will not work unless I am alone." So the sea lions all went out and shut the door, and then Nana-bo-zhoo killed the white sea lion with his club and took down his brother from the door and ran with him in his arms for the shore. When the sea lions found out what he had done they all chased him, but Nana-bo-zhoo got out of the water before they caught him, set down his brother on the beach, took him by the hand and they both ran as fast as they could away from the lake. For when the sea lions got to the edge of the lake they made the water rise and follow them as they ran after Nana-bo-zhoo and his brother. So Nana-bo-zhoo and his brother kept running further inland, and the sea lions kept following them and the water followed the sea lions; and all the birds and beasts ran before the water along with Nana-bo-zhoo and his brother. At last they got to the top of the highest mountain and the water followed them there. So Nana-bo-zhoo built a raft and he and his brother and all the animals got on to the raft and the waters rose above the top of the mountain and the raft floated off with them.

After a while Nana-bo-zhoo called for the best divers to come to him. These were the beaver, the otter, the loon, and the mushrat. So Nana-bo-zhoo said to them: "Which of you good divers will go down and find bottom?" The beaver said he would go so he jumped into the water and swam round and round, saying, "Umph, umph, umph," and then dived. He was down so long that when he came up again he was drowned, dead. Poor beaver! Nana-bo-zhoo took him on the raft, blew into his mouth, and made him alive again. Then he said to the otter: "Otter, will you try if you can find bottom?" "All right," said the otter, and jumped into the water and swam round and round, saying, "Wheu, wheu, wheu," and then dived. He was a long time under water, longer than the beaver, but at last he came up again, drowned, dead. Poor otter! Nana-bo-zhoo took him on the raft, blew into his mouth and made him alive again. Then he said to the loon: "Loon, will you try if you can find bottom?" "All right," said the loon, and he jumped into the water and swam round and round, saying, "Ha ha! ha ha ha! ha ha!" and then dived. He was a long time under water, longer than the otter, but at last he came up again, drowned, dead. Poor loon! Nana-bo-zhoo took him on the raft, blew into his mouth and made him alive again. Then he said to the mushrat: "Mushrat, you see how all these good divers have failed, will you try?" And the little mushrat said: "I don't pretend to be a good diver like the beaver or the

otter or the loon, but I will try." So he jumped into the water, swam round and round, saying, "St, st, st, st," and then dived. He was a long time under water, longer than the loon, and when he came up again he was drowned, dead. Poor mushrat! Nana-bo-zhoo took him on the raft and saw that his two forepaws were clasped together. So he unclasped them and found a little mud held between the paws. Nana-bo-zhoo took the mud from his paws and then blew in his mouth and made him alive again. Then he petted the mushrat and praised him, and the little mushrat was so proud that he had got to the bottom when all the good divers had failed, that he wanted to go down again and get some more mud. But Nana-bo-zhoo said there was plenty, and he took it and rubbed it between his hands till it was like fine flour; then he threw it on the water. It was a calm day and the dust spread out all over the water and covered it; and Nana-bo-zhoo drew on it with his finger the lakes and rivers and islands and mountains and hills and valleys and everything just as you see it now. That is the way the world was made.

PE-AH-BE-WASH.

THE VICTOR.

We magnify the victor's fame,
And grave upon his laurel'd hearse
The record of a world's acclaim;
The poems of its laureate verse;

And blazon on the sculptur'd shield
The symbols of his proud renown,
Above the name and date that yield
Proof of a victor overthrown.

Nay! build to Death, who laughs to scorn
The Casars of a world in arms;
To whom, when every laurel's shorn,
Accrue the spoils of war's alarms.

Yet waste it were to carve the block
In repetition of a story
Graven on cliff and bedded rock
With countless records of his glory:

Where rudest quarrier brings to view
Forms with more wondrous strangeness fraught
Than ever painter's pencil drew,
Or sculptor's freest chisel wrought;

And all to tell through countless time
How Death has triumphed in the strife,
And fashioned from its very slime
Memorials of its vanished life.

Yet if, as Science reads the story,
Life follows life in endless change;
With varying form of power and glory
Evolved in ever higher range:

Then death itself confirms the claim
To which humanity aspires:
A higher life with nobler aim
To satisfy the soul's desires.

Wing'd with the light, to range abroad
To farthest reach of truths sublime,
Wide as the universe of God:
Ample in scope as endless time.

DANIEL WILSON.

MANITOU.

Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
Out on the drift and lift of its blue;
Walled by mists from the world asunder,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

Here, where the surfs of the great lake trample,
Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Beating on rock-coasts aged and ample;
Reareth the Manitou's mist-walled temple,
Floored with forest and roofed with blue.

Gray crag-battlements, seared and broken,
Keep these passes for ages to come:
Never a watchword here is spoken,
Never a single sign nor token,
From hands that are motionless, lips that are dumb.

Only the Sun-god rideth over,
Marking the seasons with track of flame;
Only the wild fowl float and hover.
Flocks of clouds whose white wings cover
Spaces on spaces without a name.

Year by year the ages onward
Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
Earthward the mists and the earth-mists sunward,
Starward the days, and the nights blown dawnward,
Whispers the forest, the beaches make moan.

Far from the world and its passions fleeting,
'Neath quiet of noon-day and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting;
Where the only woe is the surf's wild beating
That throbs from the maddened lake afar.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

St. Stephen, N.B.

IN A FLEET STREET TAVERN.

To-night I was reading how Sydney Carton and Charles Darnay left the Old Bailey, after Darnay's trial there, and how Carton, saying that he would show him the nearest tavern to dine well at and drawing his arm through his own, took him down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern.

I know the tavern and of it, although I have been there only twice. The first time was when I went to ask the Head-Waiter when the next Pudding Day would be and the second time was on the day that he had named. Of this second visit I will write.

II.

It was shortly after noon of a day in middle April. Warm rain fell in Fleet Street. It made little mud under foot, nor cast wayfarers into that Slough of Despond which it too often makes in Canada, where skies are sunnier. But, in Fleet street, as in Canada, the rain was wet and I was glad, at a few minutes from Temple Bar, to turn into the covered way, a yard or so wide, which led to Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, the tavern of which I write.

At a short distance from the street, the passage widened into a court of some size and there, although one of the busiest thoroughfares in the world roared in sight, sweet silence

reigned. In this regard Wine Office Court, so called from the fact that in earlier days wine-shop licenses were sold in one of its old buildings, seemed to be a fellow of a hundred other courts in Fleet Street. Near the passage, and to the right, a glass lamp, with red letters, hung over a doorway and, through this doorway, I went into a very bandbox of a little inn.

To my right, as I entered, was a small bar, at which men thronged and from which an over-blown Fairy smiled between the long, dark handles of beer-pumps, polished with much using. Ahead of me, a narrow stairway led to places unseen. To my left was another room. Having gone into it, I sat down near a window at the end of the last table on the right.

Looking about me, I saw a small room, with a low ceiling of time-blackened wood. The quiet light which filtered from the court and between the heavy timbers of the small windows looking on it was thrown back from the bright surface of a copper boiler which simmered on a great old fire-place at the other end of the room. At each table six men were boxed in by high-backed, narrow-seated benches, and these benches I decided, with all the irreverence of my countrymen and after having been seated for five minutes on my own, to be the most ingenious instruments of torture outside the Tower. In the middle of the room there was a stand for umbrellas. Over the fire-place hung a large looking-glass and on the mantelpiece stood a tumblerful of wooden pipe-lights and an old inkstand which had dried up long since. Clean sawdust covered the floor.

The impious hand of the House Furnisher, in the decoration of the room, had had no part with that of gentler Time. There were no gaudy frescoes nor gorgeous hangings, but, of themselves, through many generations of men, the dark old woods in the ceiling and wainscots and settles had blended colours artistically and taken on ever quieter tones.

In the midst of so much to remind me of older days, why should I not remember what I had heard of them; why not have seen, in the seats about me, a company of ghosts of great men who had loved the room in which I sat?

III.

[The ghosts came into the room, their outlines faint and indistinct.]

Nothing that can be deemed authentic is known of the earliest days of the tavern. In the palmiest of the reign of Elizabeth, there is much reason to believe, Shakspeare was one of those who frequented what was, at that time, one of the most fashionable meeting places for men of bright, or great, minds. He was for a long time manager of the Blackfriars Theatre in Playhouse Yard, Ludgate Hill and the tavern must have lain in his way at least twice a day. Then the play was commenced at the hour after noon and, no attempt having been made to rob it of those beauties which make it useless, in its entirety, for presentation on a modern stage, was not finished until five o'clock. That was the hour when the wits met in Fleet street; and who so unapt to shun such meetings as Shakspeare?

Be that as it may, Ben Jonson, a poet whose rarity is become a proverb, was one of a jolly company which passed many a night within the walls of the tavern. There they wrote some of their brightest epigrams and cracked many of their merriest jokes.

But these men of mind, who made this tavern, or other such, their haunt, seem to have become forerunners of the newspaper reporters and editors of later days, in that they heard, said, and printed unkind things about persons and the

Government. To such an extent did this unfortunate tendency upset the composure of His Majesty, King Charles II., that he caused to issue a proclamation to close all coffee houses, as they had come to be called. This proclamation was the more remarkable because the merry monarch, with Mistress Nell Gwynne, had eaten a chop at 'Ye Cheese. The proclamation took effect, but the sovereign people then, as now, was willing to forego no joy that scandal, cleverly gathered and told, could give and the taverns were opened again.

[The outlines of the ghosts coming into the room lost some of their haziness and became more like those of real men.]

Came, in later days, Bolingbroke, Pope, Congreve, even Voltaire.

And, again later, came Dr. Samuel Johnson, mighty man of words, and, from that very seat of mine, flattened all men who were not of one mind with him. At his table sat Oliver Goldsmith, his shiftless young poet friend; Boswell, his faithful biographer; Thomas Chatterton, the wondrous boy whom the world frowned to death; Garrick, the prince of actors; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the first Englishmen to paint men and women as they were and not as the gloomy imaginings of the Middle Age would have made them. This was a company of good livers. None of them refused inspiration from the mighty punch bowl, carried down from the unseen regions above. But theirs was not the noisy merriment of the crowd that Jonson and roystering Robert Herrick, of many trades, had led, two hundred years of nights before.

Sufficient evidence is there of Dr. Johnson's habitual presence of an evening. The older frequenters of Ye Cheese well remember to have spoken with men, of another generation, who recalled the great man most clearly.

The famous Scotchman, "Christopher North," sat here often with Coleridge, DeQuincey and Southey. and would have none of the opium-eater's morbid fancies.

[And now the ghosts took on stronger shapes and at last became real men.]

For, in these latter days, the joys of Ye Cheese have been felt, and its praises sung, by Thackeray and Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Tom Hood, Charles Matthews, Edmund Yates, "Mark Twain," and a score of others whose names I have forgotten; and the great journalist, George Augustus Sala, still has it in his heart of hearts.

In these days, the hard seats at the little tables are filled by the Gentlemen of the Press. Of all sorts and conditions are they. Young journalists who enter on the profession, trade, business, whatever it may be, with lofty views as to the reconstruction of Society for the rectification of all existing evils, but who become, in proportion to their ever-growing discouragement, consecutively newspaper men and reporters; thunderous editors, whose lengthy columns in bulky sheets are feared and read by the personally interested few; penny-a-liners, whose real occupation at the speculative observation and manufacture of prospective news items is not known to many who name them so, in scorn; learned writers for respectable periodical reviews; editors and reporters for sporting dailies; and contributors to religious weeklies, all dine, or sup, at Ye Cheese. Like their fellows, the world over, they all have views on matters which they may, or may not, know anything about and, all expressing those views, often is there discussion, in the old rooms, and strife, without malice.

IV.

Like other old taverns in Fleet Street, Ye Cheese has a landlord and servants who are, as landlords and servants are said to have been in earlier days, the friends, and not the sworn foes, of the guests. Accordingly, much is done for the comfort of the guests and, in an eating-house, not the least that could be done to that end would seem to be the provision of good things to eat. The great restaurants in the Strand have costly furnishings and decorations which are a caution to Taste, Italian waiters, menu cards as long as an arm, but though Ye Cheese has none of these things, its frequenters have not been turned away from the simpler and more wholesome joys that come from well grilled steaks and chops, well toasted cheese, and liquors which are said to be the best.

V.

As I have said, it was Pudding Day at Ye Cheese, and I waked from my dreaming to notice a hungry expectancy in the faces of the men sitting near me. In the air was a feeling of breathless waiting and the men spoke in whispers.

The Head Waiter stood at the foot of the little stairway outside and, ever and anon, sounded an incoherent and unintelligible call. Immediately following one of these calls, there came a footfall on the stairway, and in another moment, the Head Waiter entered the room, carrying the Pudding, with the assistance of two other stalwarts.

They set the Pudding down on the stout little table which had been made ready for it in the middle of the room and flanked it with mammoth bowls of steaming, floury potatoes. Then the Landlord entered with a great knife, and plunged the gleaming blade through the thick, rich crust and into the savoury vitals. There was a moment of careful dissection, the while the released odour gladdened the nostrils of the hungry men on the hard benches, and then the waiters were running about the room with heaped plates of Pudding for the guests.

Thus has the Pudding been served twice a week since before the memory of living man and the dwellers in Fleet Street love it as only an Englishman can love what he eats, without gluttony. Thus may it be served unto their children unto the third and fourth generations.

In it is rumpsteak, kidneys and oysters, and other good things which no man but the Landlord and the Cook knows, but the frequenters of Ye Cheese will swear, and I will swear, that there is no other pudding in the world like it.

J. A. G.

NOT MY OWN.

My own, my own, for evermore my own—
 Mere words, and yet what words on earth so sweet?
 Mere words, and yet how often I repeat
 Their honeyed syllables. Sometimes alone,
 With bowed head and wet lashes, like a moan
 They fall; but when I sudden rise to greet
 One who draws nigh with glad eyes and swift feet,
 They leave me in a blessed undertone.

And yet—and yet—Ah, Love, I feel your breath!
 I feel your clinging kisses, and the thrill
 That comes of clasping arms that will not sever!
 And yet—and yet—in the pale halls of death,
 Waits one to whom heav'n is not heav'n until
 My love, who loves her, is *her own* for ever.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

MARSYAS.

A little, grey hill-glade, close-turfed, withdrawn
 Beyond resort or heed of trafficking feet,
 Ringed round with slim trunks of the mountain ash.
 Through the slim trunks and scarlet bunches flash—
 Beneath the clear, chill glitterings of the dawn—
 Far off, the crests, where down the rosy shore
 The Pontic surges beat.
 The plains lie dim below. The thin airs wash
 The circuit of the autumn-coloured hills,
 And this high glade, whereon
 The Satyr pipes, that soon shall pipe no more.
 He sits against the beech-tree's mighty bole,—
 He leans, and with persuasive breathing fills
 The happy shadows of the slant-set lawn.
 The goat-feet fold beneath a gnarled root;
 And sweet, and sweet the note that steals and thrills
 From slender stops of that shy flute.
 Then to the goat-feet comes the wide-eyed fawn
 Harkening; the rabbits fringe the glade, and lay
 Their long ears to the sound;
 In the pale boughs the partridge gather round,
 And quaint hern from the sea-green river-reeds;
 The wild ram halts upon a rocky horn
 O'erhanging; and unmindful of his prey
 The leopard lays his length upon the ground.
 The thin airs wash; the thin clouds wander by;
 And those hushed listeners move not. All the morn
 He pipes, light-swaying, and with soft-shut eye,
 In rapt content of utterance,—nor heeds
 The young god standing in his branchy place,
 The languor on his lips, and in his face,
 Divinely inaccessible, the scorn.

Charles G. D. Roberts

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.*

(AFTER LANG.)

“*C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux.*”

SIR,—A man's books, you once said, speak his mind in spite of himself. These letters show how truly your books spoke your mind. One might even have guessed from the frequent appeals in your novels to the fair reader's sympathy that you were just such a faithful lady's correspondent. And here we lay our thanks at the feet of that dear lady who has permitted us to read these letters and so strengthened our impressions of your noble and generous character. Like you we would fain say something neat and pretty to this dear lady, but it is enough for her to know that the gratitude of your devoted admirers will henceforth join your name and hers as inseparably as the names of Sévigné and De Grignan. Should she

* A Collection of Letters of Thackeray. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

complete her kindness by completing the series of letters, our joy would be *au comble*.

For we, too, have always felt a great interest about the author's private life—about his family, lodgings, earnings and general history. And what delightful glimpses of your character these letters disclose. Kinder you are as a father than Colonel Newcome himself, forasmuch as your boys are girls, as your friend Major O'Dowd would say. (Or was it *Captain O'Dowd*?) How touching is that scene in the inn at Baden! And that little detail of the next day's travel, "how Minnie laid out the table of the first-class carriage with all the contents of the travelling bag, books, o de Cologne, ink, etc.," whereby we are reminded of Mr. Patmore's pathetic little poem.

Too true it is that we are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. But you at least were not ashamed of owning the strong regard you had for your friends. Wherever you are, be sure there are some left in the world who love you. Nor was this kindness confined to the inner circle of your friends. There was something of this spirit in the *mot* which captured the heart of the old French Vicomte and romance writer. "He said, *J'ai vu l'Ecosse; mais Valter Scott n'y était plus, hélas!* I said, *Vous y'étiez, Vicomte, c'était bien assez d'un*—on which the old boy said I possessed French admirably and knew how to speak the prettiest things in the prettiest manner." And the old boy was right. Even for those poor little painted Jezebels whom you neither knew nor recognized there is a pitying word.

This genial disposition is very different from the sourness of another great author mentioned once in your letters as "glowering in at Lady —'s." He wasn't very genial. How sweet and wholesome are these letters compared with his atrabilious outpourings, of which we have read so many volumes! For though you had as many private griefs as the Chelsea philosopher you had what he had not—an excellent digestion. You could fall asleep upon an easy chair after dinner and not awake till dawn. Can it be that a whole heart is not so essential to happiness as a wholesome stomach?

No doubt you were right in supposing you had a great faculty of enjoyment. Men of such large frame and large heart are apt to have Rabelaisian appetites. You were able to enjoy a good dinner whether at the club or in the Jewry, and always made a point of mentioning the mock-turtle soup when it was uncommonly good. Not even sickness could depress your spirits. Indeed, we are inclined to envy you in bed with your brandy and water and a novel. That is, we should be tempted to envy you, but even that mild drink of which we find mention in the Letters (and which we believe goes by the odd name of shandy gaff) would be too strong for the president of a temperance league.

Then what delight you took in pretty faces and how fond you were of drawing them! By that token how often you drew Mrs. J. O. B. (*On les aime jolies, Madame.*) Your own features seem to have borne some traces of that early school encounter of which your Saturday friend used to boast. No, we do him an injustice (which you never did even when he was harsh enough to attack you after paying 2/6 for a single number of his *Review*.*) His boast was strength of memory, it was his friends who, in pure wantonness, reported his boyish strength of fist after you both had met beyond the Styx. In a drawing which Clive Newcome might have penned we see how the little printer's devil kept you from an appointment.

* We see the Saturday man, with his usual "tartarity," would like to have Vernon Harcourt account for the extra 2 bob.

We are pleased to recognize in that genial countenance a likeness to a certain Great Statesman, who, though he may not have your power of painting character, seems to possess an equally clear insight into human nature and has not been without the opportunity of turning his gift to good account.

To the would-be novelist there is much food for reflection in these letters. Here he may see how keen was your scent for characters—how now you discover a chapter of Pendennis in certain of the company; again, it is a new character—a snobbish grisette, a French Fotheringay, or a foreign parson. More than once we get welcome bits of gossip about the novels which you found such an uncommonly pleasant subject after dinner. Concerning the much maligned Amelia Sedley, you tell us—"You know you (Mrs. J. O. B.) are only a piece of her, my mother is another half, my poor little wife *y est pour beaucoup*." It increases our interest in Castlewood to know that its original belonged to the grandfather of Arthur Hallam, who is buried in the parish church hard by. And there is something fitting in this link between the greatest novel and the greatest poem of our time.

Did you not live in your books as much as in the world? We are not surprised when you tell us about your interest in the Inn where Becky used to live and your desire to pass by Captain Osborne's lodging. Long ago we knew that you believed perfectly in all those people. For are they not to be met with in all manner of unexpected places in that shadow-land which has so much reality for some of us still? Nay, does it not become more real with time, and is it not we who are fading and getting dim-eyed and needing a sight of old Jos. Osborn or young Clive Newcome or that amiable profligate, Foker, to restore us to our youth?

We have always had a suspicion that you were yourself the hero of your books, that as Fielding is wild Tom Jones and wild Captain Booth so you were wild Arthur Pendennis and wild Clive Newcome. But when we are told that your vanity would be to go through life as a Major Pendennis and that *he* is your model gentleman, the words cannot be taken seriously. However you may speak of yourself you were too large-hearted to be a snob. Is it significant that the letter written on Shakespeare's birthday shows you in a truer light, as though on that day the nobler instinct predominated?

For there are times when our trust is shaken—our idol totters. "One doesn't think the worse of a man of honour for cheating in affairs of the heart." Surely Major Pendennis wrote that sentence and his nephew (who was an honest young fellow enough, as that episode with Fanny shows) failed to blot it out. What a contrast between the reflections on the love-sick poetess and those of Washington Irving in a similar connection. Yet you appreciated Irving highly. Perhaps it was with unconscious self-pity that you wrote of him: "He had loved once in his life; the lady he loved died and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story?" We think of the pathos of another little known story and are silent.

Dating from 1847 these letters sometimes bring back the life of the last century. When we read of you in the Belgian coach we are reminded of Peregrine Pickle in a similar scene; and when you refer to the probable outcome of a controversy with priestly fellow-passengers, we recall the famous trip to Harwich of Mr. Boswell and Dr. Johnson when the doctor astonished a coach load of people by defending the Inquisition. You must have had quite a fellow-feeling for the old Doctor. Did he not on that same journey rebuke his ardent young friend

for giving the coachman a shilling when he only expected sixpence?

On one subject, at least, the matter of style, you differed from dear Sam Johnson as far as the east is from the west. Your style is almost inimitable in its simplicity. "Almost," we say, for at least one writer has caught the true Roundabout flavour, that most delicate and indescribable essence. Occupying an Easy Chair in the magazine which is driving *Cornhill* itself from the English bookstalls, he has for years charmed his readers on both sides of the Atlantic. May he long continue his grateful task, and should he find any thorns in the cushion, may they prove soft and harmless as the young thorns of the southern locust! And you who watched with interest the influence of your writings upon brave Dickens would be well pleased to find traces of that influence upon the style of another writer.* Something there is, at least in his "Portraits," that brings back the memory of your playful descriptions, but his style has not always that artlessness which proves the master's highest art. Finished with the clear and delicate beauty of a cameo, it has yet a marvellous rhythm all its own—ringing in one's ears for months after, full of hidden musical suggestions.

While we think upon all these things and gaze fondly on thy volumes, memories of those long past Christmastides when they came to us as gifts from loving friends dim our eyes. How much happiness we have to thank thee for, what widening of sympathy, what lessons of brotherly love! And so at this Christmas season we would say of thee as thou didst of another: "Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness."

DAVID REID KEYS.

MONTCALM.

In a dream we came to the grave
Of Montcalm, silent and old.
Through the calm convent a bell
Sounded, tremulous, sweet,
A tall nun smiled at the door,
Softly we went down the aisle
To a tablet where letters of black
Retain the name of the brave.

Ah, gallant son of Provence,
Lonely thy rest doth appear,
Far from the land of thy birth,
Far from the friends thou didst love,
They sleep in a beautiful land
Where walled roads wind 'neath tall cliffs,
Silvered with murmurous streams,
Aglow with the sun of the South, —
Wrapt in the incense of fruit
And flowers, fretted with foam
From a magical sea;
Where white sails speed to the sands
Of some sinuous bay where sport
Children, sun-bronzed, 'neath the cliffs
While their mothers wash at the fount
Under the figures of saints;
And, under the arches, the mules

Climb o'er stone steps to the heights
And the doors of cathedrals old
Lead to a region divine,
Of painting and sculpture, paved
With the tombs of multitudes vast.

Land of the lover and lute,
Land of the cloister and monk,
Of the castle, the steed and the chase,
Of flower-strewn armour and lance!
Land of fair lady and knight!
Greater knight thou hadst none
Than he who lies slumbering here:
For he, at the voice of his king,
Girded his sword to his side,
To fight for the country he loved
On the desolate crags of Quebec.
There a colony frail struggled
With hunger and fear and despair.
Through thee victories they won
Dauntless and faithful and brave,
While France was faithless, untrue,
And Bigot a traitor accursed.
The fleet of Old England appeared,
Blooming with flag and with sail,
Anchored slowly and sure;
For the ships were full of such men
As follow their leaders to death,
They blench not nor fail in the storm,
Their graves are scattered over the world
Their country is queen of the seas.
Over the flats of Beauport,
Over the crags of Quebec,
The cannon thundered and flamed
Till the gallant Wolfe and his men
Scaled the steep heights to the plains
Of Abraham, and stood in the morn
In long true lines of defiant red.
To death and defeat thou didst ride,
Leading thy ranks on the foe;
But they as waves on the rocks
Were dashed backward in flight.
Thy charger bore thee again
To a grave inside the walls
Of Quebec, dug by a shell,
And the noble cross of St. George
Floated over Quebec.

Ah, soldier, long hast thou slept
In this little Ursuline church,
Where pale nuns gather to prayer
Under sad paintings of Christ,
And incense sweetens the air,
And the Sabbath music of bells.
The storm that wrecked thee is past,
Sunk like a ship in the sea,
The sword and the cannon lie dumb.
A city of silver is set
On green crags like a beautiful dream,
Uplands golden and green
Stretch to the blue Laurentian range,
Orleans like a gem lies
In the mystic winding of wave.
If, gallant son of the South,
Thou couldst suffer thus for this land,
Shall we, who are born of the soil,

* See Walter Pater, *Imaginary Portraits*, iv.

Know not the patriot flame?
 My country! shall we not feel
 In our youth the strength of thy hills,
 The mighty pulse of thy streams,
 The breath of thy forests and lakes?
 Ah, here in the silence and gloom,
 Humbler, less noble than thou,
 Born in a happier age,
 Find we not some of thy love,
 Thy courage, endurance sublime?
 In higher moods we aspire
 To save, out of Time's jaws,
 Something that still may survive,
 Stirring the pulse of the world.

PHILLIPS STEWART.

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

THE INTRODUCTION.

I have not selected my text from any of the canonical books of Scripture, but from the writings of one of the inspired singers of modern times. I have no claim, either, to call this essay a Sermon, for I am not a Clerk in Holy Orders. Perhaps for that reason I should describe it as a Lay Sermon. At any rate my readers will be able to distinguish it from most of that class of literature which is homiletic in kind, by reason of its brevity. And, in any event, I must claim for myself and my Sermon some share of that Christian charity and tolerance which are characteristic of the season of peace and good will. But, having boldly rushed in where indeed angels might fear to tread, and having committed myself to the writing, and my indulgent hearers to the reading of a Sermon, I must, as in duty bound, carry out my design in strict conformity with established rule and venerable precedent. And thus I would begin:

THE TEXT.

*Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster.*

THE EXPLANATION.

The words of the text are to be found in the 7th and 8th verses of that beautiful introduction to the Poet Laureate's masterpiece, *In Memoriam*. The text naturally divides itself into two parts and an application: the first, concerning the diffusion of knowledge; the second, the need for the cultivation of a spirit of reverence; and the application, a reason for these two pleas.

FIRSTLY:

And here let us consider briefly the first part of our text: *Let knowledge grow from more to more*. The reproduction, through the medium of photographer and engraver, of the Entrance Door of our beloved *Alma Mater*—that unique product of the skill of brain and hand—will furnish us with an object-lesson which we may with advantage look at more than once. The original picture was produced some twelve years ago. It represents the entrance of the University as it appeared then. The careless beholder will say that it looked just the same then as it does now. But the entrance to the University is the same and yet not the same; though it sounds paradoxical to say so. You will notice, if you look closely at the

picture, that but one of the massive doors is open, the other is closed; and that the only ones who cluster around the portal are those of the stronger sex. Such was the state of things as late even as 1876.

But now, all is changed. Now, both doors have been swung back upon their ponderous hinges—the second not without some resistance, it is true—and at the portal *Minerva* stands to welcome, without distinction of sex, all who come to her. Then, the one open door fitly indicated that but one order of human beings, one sex alone, had the right to enter. Now, the two open doors signify that prejudice is done away, and that all who will may enter and drink of the waters of knowledge and inspiration to be found within. And, indeed, why not? Why should *Minerva* stretch out her hands in welcome to all but her own sex? And indeed I cannot answer.

Thus we see how our *Alma Mater* has been allowed to be instrumental in the widening of the scope and in the diffusion of the influence of knowledge and education in our midst. She is now, in the most liberal, but still the fullest and truest sense of the words, *Alma Mater*. It is not hard to see the connection of all this with the first part of our text. Diffusion of knowledge is not now confined to one sex alone. Each now enjoys rights and privileges which Nature never intended should be given to one and denied the other, on account of sex. Each is for the other, and the most complete development of each should be encouraged and should be one of the highest aims of human life. Knowledge is for all, therefore let it "grow from more to more."

SECONDLY:

And now we come to the second part of our subject: *But more of reverence in us dwell*. The interpretation of the word reverence to which I shall confine myself here is somewhat difficult to express in precise terms. It is a state of mind, an habitual mental attitude—the result of intellectual discipline, of education, of culture. In the dark and rude ages of the past, one precious trait redeemed much that was evil and graceless. It was the spirit of Chivalry. Alas, it has almost disappeared. Burke's immortal words are indeed true, and sad it is that the spirit of our age should add such an emphatic confirmation to them! King Arthur, Sir Launcelot, and Sir Galahad are fables to the present generation, and always will be. They are turned into Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas! And why is all this so? Because of false ideas of education and culture.

THE APPLICATION:

And what is the true idea of education and culture? Surely it is, as Bishop Wilson, quoted by Matthew Arnold, says: "To make reason and the will of God prevail." And here, pardon me, if I seem to grow somewhat dogmatic. Reason, that is, human reason, when unrestricted, is apt to reach out into pure rationalism. Human reason leads men into different paths, and to diverse conclusions in the pursuit of truth. Truth is one, but interpretations are many. There must be one infinite truth after which finite minds are seeking. And what else can this be than "the will of God?" Bishop Wilson says: "Reason and the will of God;" he couples the two; they should go together naturally, but as a matter of fact they seldom do. It, is then, the supreme end of culture and education, rightly understood, to make them go together, to make them prevail. Reason is the divine endowment of human nature; it is the great spiritual principle in man which distinguishes him from the other creations. It is an expression of the divine, the infinite, though sadly estranged and perverted. When Reason and the Will of God are brought into harmony,

when human reason becomes the complete expression of the Will of God, then will come the millenium. Then will begin in earnest that never-ending reign of peace and good will on earth which each yearly commemoration of Christmas Day should remind us of, should find us further on the way towards its realization, and more truly sincere and active in our endeavours for its promotion and advancement among the nations of the world.

THE CONCLUSION :

A conclusion should be practical. How can we take practical lessons from what has just been said? Might not they reasonably be deduced thus? Education and culture are to be diffused more and more among men and women alike, so that each may emulate and stimulate the other in the search after truth, that each may be helpful to the other, that one may be the equal and complement of the other. This mutual understanding, help, and equality among men and women must and will affect them for the better in the increased respect and reverence in which the one will hold the other. And this action and reaction in the search for truth, in the struggle for the realization of the Will of God in the Reason of man,—that striving after those things which are true and pure and holy—will surely result in the complete re-union of Reason and the Will of God, and the inauguration of the reign upon earth of Him who came eighteen hundred years ago to proclaim the gospel of Peace and Good Will among men.

THE PARSON.

THE SEA NYMPHS.

“Come unto these yellow sands.”

Three moon-lit maidens
Upon the beach,
Treading a measure
Just out of reach
Of the waves that greet
With a kiss the strand
Where they fain would meet
On the golden sand
The silver feet
Of the maiden-band.

The moon-lit maidens
Whose silver feet
On the golden sand
So airily beat
Are clad alone
With the wealth of hair
Around them strown
By the love-sick air
Which laughs at the moan
Of the waves' despair.

The moon-lit maidens,
Whose wealth of hair
Is wet with the wave
That moaneth there,
A figure form
Of a triple mould
And dance to warm
Their white limbs cold,
Which the waves by storm
To their breast would fold.

SUN AND SHADE.

There was no timid shrinking, but a while
Of thoughtful musing, then her hand she laid
Within my own. “Given with all my heart.”
The touch, the voice, thrilled through me,—what an end
To the hard distance which my feet had trod
Through all the years till now. How sweet must be
A moment's happiness in heaven, when earth
Can sometimes give us such quick light of joy
As compensates for many darkened years.
Yet seemed it sober ending to the time,
Seven years ago, when first I saw her face,
Heard her clear voice, and felt that I had seen
And heard a soul responsive to my own.
But who can tell us whether is the best,
The spring's sweet freshness of unfolding bud
Or glorious summer's majesty serene.
We stood on other levels, but the fount
Of joy flowed none less full, all things seemed glad
In our rejoicing, quietness of bliss
Possessed our senses with a perfect peace.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis well: the morning sun
Shines on that graveyard with as bright a glow
As day by day, gladdens the hearts of men.
Here come the evening sunsets, when the sweet
Cool summer breezes carry from her grave
The scent of roses and of mignonette.
And there is pleasure in the thought that earth
Is loving to the child who here becomes
Part of herself again. Yet now I think
But seldom of her death or of her grave:
No, when my soul would muse
Upon its fellow who is absent now,
I think of brightness and exceeding peace,
Where all the discords and harsh tunes of earth
Are modulated into chords of joy.
How did I feel at first? Dear friend,
The ending of the happiest dreams of life
Must come to all of us. When I awoke
I prayed in utter agony that I
Might fall asleep for ever. Now I wait.

H. A. DWYER.

DEATH OF THE YEAR.

I sat alone by my red hearth fire on the last night of the year. The lurid flames curled and coiled, creeping and leaping, now climbing in rage far up the wide chimney, now sinking with an audible muttering almost to the level of the logs, which cracked dully like the bones of a living prey in the jaws of a wild beast. In the room there was no other light. Long had I sat in my deep arm-chair, sunk in thought, and gazing steadily at the lambent tongues of the fire darting to and fro, up and down, in scarlet coruscations, until something of the restlessness of the element was imparted to my brain, and an eerie feeling of expectation stole over my senses, and in the glow before me began to pass a panorama of dream-fancies, draped in imagery of former bright scenes evoked from the deeps of the past by

the quiet and the night. In my reverie I saw dear dim faces of the Long Ago rise before my half-shut eyes, and the veiled outlines of forgotten hours of delight, and all the high hopes brought low, and all the dismantled dreams of youth passed in mockery of my age and loneliness.

The Year lay dying in the lap of Winter. Outside, the North Wind blew with a sound like the shriek of steel in battle, but sometimes sinking to a hoarse sigh, and again uttering a thin shuddering wail of despair that seemed to come from far aerial regions, attenuated by long distance, or to rise through a sundering veil like muffled moaning of lost souls in hell. The North Wind chanted the requiem of the Year. And the pallid, wandering Moon, hearkening to the wailing threne, for very grief hid her face in the drifting clouds. She would have wept if she could. But she was old, and her heart was dry. But the winds wept, and shrilly sighed through the leafless trees, and their lament grew louder, for the Year's life was almost spent.

High and ever higher rose the flames on the hearth, burning out their own desire. As I stared upon them, to my excited imagination they assumed the semblance of a funeral pyre. On all things in the chamber the gloom lay like the dust of ages. Only a little circle of firelight, in which I sat, resisted its encroachments, and ever and anon, as the flame momentarily fell, the darkness crawled threateningly nearer. Suddenly, out of the gloom the clock struck twelve. Swiftly the fire went down, and its last red spark flickered and died. One long unearthly wail trembled through the outer air; then silence sank.

But now, up the dark stairway, and through the long black corridor, came the tread of ghostly feet and the trail of garments of the grave. In the gruesome midnight the portal of the room slowly opened, and there entered a strange procession. Thirteen shrouded spirits bore the dead Old Year in funeral train, and Death himself strode at their head, rejoicing in his latest triumph over Time. Over the stark corpse was spread a pall, but his grey locks, that in his youth had been golden, streamed over his sheeted shoulder. Thrice the grim crew marched slowly round the chamber, and the gloom was now lighted by the spectral glare of their deathly eyes, and all the while that dangling frame of ancient bones strode at their head, and my body grew stiff with fear. Then the bier upon which was stretched the death-tranced form they laid upon the floor, and, laughing hellish laughter, danced around it. And what Protean shapes they did assume! Fantastic, devilish forms glided thither and hither in the shadows of the corners, writhed in and out among the curtains of the bed and casement, and climbed with mocking, leering, hideous faces upon my chair, till I dared not call my soul my own. Faster and thicker they thronged, from every nook of shadow, nay, on wings in the very air, gibing and gibbering; and at length—O God!—Death himself, with bony hand outstretched, advanced to seize me. Closer and closer he comes, he has me in his clammy grasp, I cannot escape!—I yelled horribly in my mad terror and my senses fled.

When I awoke from my nightmare-haunted slumbers, the cloud-wrack in the sky had drifted from off the face of the moon, which now shone with unveiled and silvery beauty. The stars, too, lemed with unusual brilliance, and the winds were voicing soft sounds, half mournful for the death of the Old Year, half joyous for the advent of the New.

GWYN ARAUN.

AURORÆ.

December hung her glittering roof
Of frosty sunshine o'er the earth,
The streamers danced across the night
Like angels in a troop of mirth.
I stood in the deserted street,
A child that never saw a flower,
Till, looking upward, God unveiled
The face of beauty in that hour.

Around, the city, dark and dumb,
Above, the gleaming mystery,—
I stood like one who views afar
The flashing of an awful sea.
Like the bright fingers of a god,
That sweep creation's mystic bars,
They seemed on night's wind-harp to wake
The song of all the eternal stars.

Their thrillant glory filled my trance,
With eyes turned upward, wonder-wide,
Till every wave of pulsing joy
Rose towering in a swell of pride.
I blessed the night, I blessed the stars,
I blessed the chance that found me there,
But chief, the floods of streaming light,
Like young Aurora's golden hair.

And still their shifting glow shall warm
The winters of my life again,
Their phantom-banners wave sublime
Across the night's star-flowery plain.
My heart with wild delight to fill,
And bid my yearning soul aspire
To Nature's altar, crowned with song,
And bright with beauty's golden fire.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

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