

and love, even to the verge of madness. It is inevitable that he could not come through unscathed. But the scars are healed with time, and now he views life through the spectacles of mature age, which dim the vision, it is true, but soften the glare. And so, if the characters in "Coriolanus" are not so great as many others he has given us, they are, perhaps, for that very reason, more true to life. They are more real because none of them are perfect. Critics may display their knowledge, they may compare and contrast, they may praise or censure, but the reader who loves literature for the enjoyment and good he can get out of it, will have no cause for complaint for the time he spends in the study of "Coriolanus."

WATERFORD BEACH AT NIGHT

High, towering cliffs, dark sentinels of the night;
Imposing stand against the starry sky.
Far out to sea is heard the loon's long cry,
Weird, shrill. Around the bend, and out of sight,
Its loud chug-chug re-echoing from the height,
A motor boat belated, steers its way
To the safe harbourage of a neighbouring bay.
The rising moon floods the dark sea with light.
The sea is calm; come, launch our shell, and row
Straight out, to where the phosphorescent glow
Of wavelets breaking on the reef shine clear;
Bright gems that quickly form, and disappear,
And shine again, like unsubstantial gold,
Which, though we seek to grasp, eludes our hold.

—R. G. E., '27.