went to spend the holidays with my chum. I can hardly bear to relate the calamity that overtook our pleasures. We started out with our skates one bright December morning. The ground was free from snow, and the ice was said to be in fine condition.

You may guess at the catastrophe. I was lying at full length on a board holding my chum’s head above the water, and fully expecting to get him out of the scrape safe and sound. As I was holding him in that position, the thought of that awful dream came to me with a vividness that baffles all description. There were the same stiff alders, the sullen water, the mossy fence-rails of that prophetic vision. Like a flash the old horror came back. I fainted dead away, and lay on the board, a useless lump of clay. I was told some weeks afterwards that one of the bystanders, at great peril to himself, had rescued me from my dangerous situation. I often wish I, too, had slid down into the icy grave. What untold suffering and agony unspeakable it would have spared me!

Perhaps you may faintly conceive of my present condition. The first part of my dream has been fulfilled to the uttermost; the second yet remains. I am calmer now. I can look forward to the dread future without fear or trembling. And yet the thought is always with me. The surroundings of my death-bed accompany me on my walks, are with me at my country-seat, and press themselves upon me at home. Day by day they utter their ominous prophecy and night by night they creep into my dreams. At times I am fain to rebel against the cruel bondage of my task masters, but I am soon crushed back into abject submission. It is hard indeed to kick against the pricks. Every movement thrusts the iron deeper into my soul.

My struggles avail nothing. The day is fast approaching. I know the hour and minute at which I am to die. I know the room. Every object in the apartment has been arranged so as to be in harmony with the appearance of my dream. My friends have been notified to be present. Most of them regard me insane. Perhaps I am. The knowledge of a death such as mine is enough to break the soul of the strongest.

The clock is ticking. You can hear the rush of Time toward Eternity.

Noticeable Articles.

The Fortnightly for November has a paper by the very able professor of History at English Cambridge, Professor Seeley, addressed to the members of the Midland Institute, and entitled “A Midland University.” The Midland Institute is a very flourishing modern institution of learning at Birmingham, which is fast growing into the proportions of a university, and is proposing to adopt the name; but Professor Seeley warns his hearers against copying the organization of the famous old University from which he comes. “These old universities,” he says, “stand before us majestic as old trees; and they are trees, as I hold, still full of sap and vigor. But a tree is not a model; and you cannot make a tree, however much you may admire it; nor can you reproduce the curious organization which, through special circumstances in a long course of time, has grown up in our old universities. The mere forms, no doubt, you might reproduce; but the fitness of them, their adaptation to the environment, you cannot reproduce. Another Cambridge planted in Birmingham would be, as it seems to me, not really a Cambridge at all. And even if it were a Cambridge, many defects, many abuses, excusable enough in an old institution, which, like other old institutions, has traversed bad times, would be inexcusable when transformed, when deliberately reproduced.” Among these defects and abuses he is especially severe, as indeed are almost all the most eminent scholars and men of science in England, upon the competitive examination system; that degrading struggle for money prizes and honors, so much of which goes on at Oxford and Cambridge, and which is so destructive to the love of knowledge for its own sake. “It happened,” he says, “that both Oxford and Cambridge, in the eighteenth century, had sunk very low, and that many abuses had crept into their organization. These abuses, these perversions, filled the foreground; and accordingly, when the era of reform began, and we began to ask ourselves what a university ought to be, we