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MESSENGER

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Aristotle has laid the blocks at the foundation, each one of them clear-cut in outline and beautiful in symmetry, chiselled by the great syllogistic "Organum," his keen edged tool.

When a man pursues the study of a single art such as music or painting, or engages his entire attention to a single branch of knowledge, as astronomy or chemistry, if he does his work patiently and well, the world justly distinguishes him as great or excellent; but when a man contemplates the entire field of science, even ascending into the difficult realm of ontology or pure philosophy, binding together all the sciences by a system of reasoning almost as flawless as the very law of Nature itself, the world must bow to him as sitting upon a throne of speculation—a veritable king within the realm of *knowing*.

Many say with some truth that it is a vain thing to spend so much energy to acquire knowledge, for man's knowledge at best is very uncertain; indeed, it may be said, all his knowledge is based upon very flimsy suppositions, liable at any moment to be brushed away and to leave him floundering in a pit of ignorance and doubt. On the other hand, the knowledge of Aristotle in all the sciences is the knowledge of facts about phenomena, to know the laws and development of which, is not only useful to men in their daily lives, but is also a duty resting upon them, that they more perfectly may work out the highest end of their existence.

His knowledge in philosophy, what is termed *Metaphysics* by an editor, is based upon the same grand system of reasoning, and is so far-reaching that it must be conceded to be the most perfect attempt in all history to cognize God through the agency of pure reasoning faculties.

Just as it is easy and edifying to follow Aristotle through his investigation of the sciences, logic, rhetoric, physics, and politics, which are possible of human cognition, so is it most difficult, nay even well nigh impossible to follow such a deep-probing mind into the dark and mystic region of First Cause. As the intellect was to Aristotle, in a great sense, the

most excellent part of him, he conceived it to be his duty to use it, armed with the great instrument—his "Organum,"—to pierce the hidden region of that Circle, beyond which the ken of man must hesitate and fear to go.

Aristotle showed how great the mind of man can be, and how high he can ascend. That he failed to cognize God is not a cause for wonder. We must mark, though, with admiration and interest, that Aristotle's idea of God is quite the most perfect thus far evolved in Greek thought in this one respect, namely: that all law and all reason must harmoniously testify in chorus that God is One and that He is the Beginning and the End—the Great Final Cause.

One point of his doctrine appears quite indefinite and has afforded the subject of endless controversy, as Weber says "his commentators exhausted their wits" to discover the meaning of Aristotle. I refer to his teaching of the immortality of the *νοῦς ποιητικός*. This *active intellect* had the properties of the Supreme Being, and had *οὐσία* in itself, being united to man only in a mechanical manner. We have to confess ourselves quite at loss to discover the philosopher's meaning here. If we assert broadly that he did not teach the immortality of the individual soul, we are making a qualitative statement, since he conceived man to be united in some manner with God, as the *νοῦς ποιητικός* was of the same character as God, and still in some manner a part of man. His scheme of organic development, in which are found the beginnings of a later system of evolution, places *man* at the apex of the purpose of nature as the highest product of her instinctive tendency to evolve the higher from the lower.

The writings of Aristotle cover nearly the entire field of science, including even the domain of art and poetry. We can attempt to give only the barest outline of his doctrine, emphasising the deep central significance of the Aristotelian system.

The work of Aristotle showed that faculty peculiar to a scientific mind, of focusing the light of his inspection upon every particular division, then tracing

Entering in the "Fairbairn days" he was one of the men who carried the spirit of those Times through adversity, through change of administration, change of students,—change of the College into a new day and generation.

All through his studies he had an enviable record for application and thoroughness, and the personal goodwill of professors and instructors. But hard work did not hinder him from being an all-round college man. The foot-ball team remembers many occasions when his great form was a wall of defense in hard-fought games; College Germans and dances have often owed much of their success to his efforts; his popularity gained for him the post of Commencement Marshal in his Junior Year.

In speaking of O'Hanlon's personal character, we should say this one thing, that supreme in his characteristics was the loyalty of his nature. To his friends he was always true; to his duty he was always devoted, hardships or discouragements never kept him from it. In these days of careless, happy-go-lucky students, who are counting on future years in which to settle down and stick to business, it is a rare thing to see such loyalty, such self-sacrifice, and unselfish devotion, as we all noticed in Duncan O'Hanlon.

O'Hanlon was studying for the ministry. After graduation from college he entered the general Theological Seminary in New York. Had his life been spared, he would have been a most devoted priest in the Church; we feel sure that his ministry would have been as honest, as sincere, as useful as it gave promise of being.

TO CUPID,

Thou little elf by whose enthralling wiles,
I wish to win the loving words and smiles
Of her, whose love I fain would own—
Although her heart be cold as stone—
Straight sent thy dart O thou of Venus born,
And wound that heart which leads me on in scorn,
On! Speed thy errand thou bewitching sprite,
That she forever may my love requite.

J. W. R., '07.

EDITORIAL.

It seems the peculiar duty of the editorial pen to point out from time to time those things wherein S. Stephen's is somewhat weak and is not doing what we have every reason to believe she could do. We feel that we are not exceeding our province, therefore, when we say that one of those weak points is to be found in our neglect of oratory and debate, both "within and outside of the College." We are not connected with any other college in this respect and it is a fault which can in no wise be excused, for many of our men have unmistakable talent in that line, if we could only make for them an opportunity to use it. Our Senior Class boasts several good forcible speakers and debaters who we feel confident could grapple very successfully with the speakers and debaters of some of our neighboring colleges like Trinity and Hobart and in doing so reflect honor upon S. Stephen's. Even though we should not obtain first honors in such a contest, still there are many ways in which it would redound to the permanent good of the College, notably in making us more widely known among the other colleges and among the people of the country, and in breaking up that narrow and self-centering spirit which always comes when a college voluntarily isolates itself from others of its kind, as we must admit S. Stephen's has done. The natural tendency of a small college is to narrow the minds of its men unless the proper reactionary influence is brought to bear upon the students and this broadening influence can only be attained by reaching out and forming connections with other colleges of our kind thereby reaping the advantage of a common interchange of opinion and thought.

Let us hope that before long the men of S. Stephen's will realize the splendid opportunity they have for giving scope to their oratorical powers rather than letting their talents go to waste upon the "desert air."

That college students, in this country at any rate, do not do the amount of outside reading that they should, both for their own better culture and enlight-

enment and for more properly preparing themselves in their individual courses of instruction, is a complaint heard very frequently of late, nor are we able to deny that the complaint is well founded. Our college men do not read as they should. Dr. Canfield has compiled some interesting data showing the amount of collateral and required reading done among the students of our colleges is far below what it should be. As to the amount of reading done through the mere joy of it, he is able to reach no definite conclusions. But this point is taken up by a Professor in Princeton who much deplores the passing of the days of Lowell, Philipps and Summer, when college students thought more of broadening their minds by a systematic course of outside reading.

A contributing cause for this decadence of reading among college men is to found in the increased importance and time given to athletics, while a great deal of the blame for students not doing the collateral reading required of them may be laid to the lax and negligent methods of many college Professors who do not exact as much from students in this regard as they should.

Of course there is some excuse to be offered for those students who are members of the lower college classes in not doing much outside reading. Here we find very few electives and the student is obliged to spend a very considerable portion of his time "plugging" out translations of the Ancient and Modern Languages. A freshman or sophomore in S. Stephen's for example would treat it as a rare joke if you mention to him anything about outside reading. And the same holds true in many other colleges where the elective system does not extend to the lower classes.

But even when the upper classes are reached and the burdensome and confining task of so much language juggling is over, we fail to see any increase in the amount of outside reading. It is not to be disputed that the student who neglects his reading while in college is losing the best part of his college course; furthermore, he is losing an opportunity which will never be his again: that of acquiring a taste for

reading, for it is then that his mind is in that susceptible and plastic state so necessary for the formation not only of his tastes but of his ideals as well.

It is not merely enough to read, however. There must go along with it that system which is necessary for the efficiency of any intellectual pursuit. A good course of reading in history along systematic lines would be invaluable to any student. An hour each day devoted to this end would equip a student at the completion of his college course with an intelligent and comprehensive idea of the leading facts and events of nearly all the countries of the old and new worlds.

Let us see to it, before it is too late, that we adopt a good course of reading and pursue it, with the ultimate end in view of acquiring a greater breadth of mind and an increase in our stock of information about countries and things. X.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'60. Entered into rest at Saratoga, N. Y., on February 16, 1904, in the 56th year of her age, Catherine North Carey, wife of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, S. Stephen's oldest alumnus.

—'76. Mr. Charles G. Coffin of Catskill was a recent visitor at the college.

—'86. Rev. Charles M. Niles, D.D., rector of St. Paul's Church, Ossining, N. Y., has received and accepted the call extended to him by the vestry of Trinity Church, Columbia, South Carolina, recently left vacant by the death of Rev. Churchill Satterlee. Dr. Niles is widely known throughout the country as a missionary of great force and earnestness.

—Ex., '87. On Ash Wednesday morning, while the Rev. John Chanler White, rector of St. Paul's Church, East St. Louis, was at church for the early celebration, the house in which he lived took fire from a defective furnace and was burned down. Fortunately his family

were away and no one was injured, but the house and all it contained were destroyed. A large and valuable library and many important documents of the diocese, of which he is secretary and historiographer, and all his household and personal effects were destroyed. He had a very small insurance. It is for him a heavy blow.

—Ex., '01. On Wednesday, Feb. 10, Mr. A. H. W. Anderson was ordained deacon by Bishop Griswold of Salina. The Rev. Mr. Anderson has been lay reader at Great Bend and Larned, Kan., and now becomes minister in charge.

—Ex., '01. The Rev. John Henry Heady was ordained to the Priesthood in St. John's Church, Lafayette, Indiana, on Feb. 28th by the Bishop of the Diocese.

The Alumni Association of the College has made arrangements for a dinner to be given at the Hotel Manhattan in New York City on April 18, and every alumnus within 300 miles has been invited to attend. The guests of honor are Bishop Potter, Bishop Greer and the Warden.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—Again the college, which for so long a time has seemingly been asleep, has waked up. When we come up from Evensong and hurry along over to the refectory, we pause before going up the stone steps and enjoy a brief glance at the Warden's house, all alight. Yes, the warden and his family have now moved in "for good"—in more senses than one.

—William T. Weston spent a few days during the latter part of February, with friends in Stottville.

—On Thursday evening, February 25th, the first of a series of Lenten sermons was preached in Holy Innocent's chapel, by the Rev. A. L. Longley, of Asbury Park.

—The second of the series was preached by Rev. Frederick W. Norris, '88, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, on March 3rd and on March 10th Rev. Lawrence T. Cole, Ph.D., our former warden, was the preacher of the evening.

—It is feared that the spring rains will cause considerable trouble on the river and in the stream which runs down past the liveryman's place. Already a force of men have been at work cutting the ice on the pond above the dam.

—Protheroe, '07, entertained some friends from Kingston on Sunday, Feb. 21st.

—At a meeting of the Athletic association held recently, Edward M. Frear was chosen president for the ensuing year. As usual there is some talk of a track team for this spring. Hope it will result in more than talk.

—We have a new piano, a Steinway & Son square. It is a very good instrument and has been bought by the students and faculty of the college, with the aid of one or two of our alumni. It is not wholly paid for as yet, and any one who wishes to contribute to this new useful ornament to Preston Hall may do so, and receive our thanks.

—Mr. Gerald Lewis is assisting the Rev. F. B. Whitcome, Rector of St. Paul's church Poughkeepsie during the lenten season.

—The Rev. Percival Pyle was in college for a couple of days, in the early part of this month. I wish more alumni would come around once in a while. It's like the light in the Warden's—it puts life into the place.

—Edward M. Frear, '05, recently was initiated into the mystery of Masonry, taking the three degrees in Monumental Lodge, 374, Tivoli, N. Y. He and Wells and Hinkel keep making funny motions at one another all the time now. The professors do not seem to know whether to speak to them or not. Every once in a while one of them starts to remove his hat to a professor and finishes by placing his right wrist back of his left ear, or something like that.

—Prof. Anthony has a new dog. He looks, so some one says, like a woolly rhinoceros and his full name is Psycho Civitas Experimentum. Professor says he got him for the fellows to play with.

—Mr. Elting a short time ago received one of the most beautiful valentines any of the students have seen in a long time. (See Jimmy.)

—What a good time we all had last month. Yes, yes, lots of good times and two birthdays, Lincoln's and Washington's. Lincoln, you know, wasn't a slave holder until after he died. Then somebody provided a *free* holiday, and left us all to have 24 hours in which to enslave ourselves to anything we liked. The particular form of slavery which held forth here on that day, was of two kinds, inhibitive and fixative. The first kind affected only those people who were asleep, while as the latter is, from all appearances, holding some men bound yet. You must know of course, that on the eve of Lincoln's birthday the Freshmen gave their ball, and naturally everybody got all worked up about it and

"A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

The Freshmen did well, the decorations were a credit to the class, the dance orders were original and neat, the refreshments were appetizing, the music was-er-er-er Schofield's, and the women were the finest, the fairest, the most beautititi fulllllest in-in-in-in-in the land. My! but how I do get stuttering when I try to talk or write about this sort of thing. There were thirty dances in all, and we danced them all over again at least 400 times. I'm dancing mine yet. It was an enjoyable occasion, as a man once said, but slavery, in any form, is bound to be binding. Speaking of slaves, I saw Cupid the other night. He's getting old, too. His shoulders were all bent over—poor little fellow! He must be all tired out. He's been working awful hard lately.

—Hurrah for the Juniors! They promise us a class play at Commencement. They have talent for such an undertaking and let us hope that their efforts will at least equal those of the Junior Class of last year which put up an admirable production of "The Merchant of Venice." We could hardly hope for them to eclipse the class of '04 in that respect.

2 POTTER HALL.



EXCHANGES.

Ladies first. That's right, ladies first. Seems to me that every time the end of the month comes around and the rest of the staff jumps on me to "do suthin'"—every time, I say, that I read these college papers—a score of them—and think over them long and seriously, the same old conclusion comes to me that for despatch, attractiveness and literary merit the girls beat us out every time.

Now for the reason of this. Yes, the Reason. I'm not one of your sort who having found a fact thinks that's all there is to it. No, no. In my small way I try always to be a philosopher; one actuated by the impulses of say—well—say, Jacob Grimm, who after having tabulated long avenues of cousin words was not satisfied to walk up and down among them and enjoy himself but sat down and deliberated, and examined and cogitated, and then produced his wonderful and awful reason for all that maze of verbal relationships! Yes, the Reason. No one can lay it to my native fondness for the class in question—for I am very jealous of women, when it comes to journalism,—nor am I trying to curry favor—for I am already quite as favored as I can be, and permanently; no, the reason lies right in the difference between college women and college men.

To the average college man, writing, and especially for publication, is a bore. He has a pretty good share of humor, sentiment, experience and observative and

creative ability, but he rarely feels like seeing any outcome of it in his college paper. He'll write long and humorous accounts of doings for some old Alumnus friend, and he'll go around and act clown by the hour in the bed room of a sick classmate; but when you tackle him for something for the Squib Column he is all frowns and protest. Many an hour every week, and the choicest of his powers are spent in adding a few more pages to the sealed literature of love letters—ah, if the whole world were in sympathy, what treasures an unsealing would disclose!—but if you approach him for a verse or two erotic, he wards you off with a gruff: "Don't b'lieve in p'rade o' sent'ment. Fellows that write love verse for the paper don't know what love is, they're just guessin'!" When the frat is rushing new men he'll impersonate more "old guys" than you can hold your sides for, and he has good yarns galore, with experience enough to furnish plenty of the coveted "local color"; but when you suggest that he put that into the form of a character sketch or a storiette, he pityingly dismisses the hopeful thought with a: "Man, dear, that wouldn't go in print. All right to get it off in front of a lot o' kids, but in cold black an' white, no, sir!" No. He'll write to *her*, and to the sister he owes *her* to, and home; he'll write themes and competitive essays and orations, but he won't write for you, "you" meaning his friend on the staff.

And the staff? Well it isn't much better. One day the Chief will come down to dinner with a grim look on his otherwise pleasant countenance and you know he is about to remind his Assistants that it is "Copy Day." "Ding the dang-donged ole sheet," growl the Assistants, and the dinner goes down as if the eaters had a grudge against it. The editorial meeting comes to order. What is the result of last month's stirring appeal? A slim handful of various sized note paper, bearing a slimmer quality of literature, which the Chief reads aloud. The assistants look humble and mortified. One says, "Pretty cheesy," another, "Rotten," another, "What'll those other people think of us?" and so on. There is no

competition in the articles. All of them won't fill an ordinary issue. It is a few hours from mail time—a day at most. The Chief gets good and mad. "Here, Jay," he commands, "tinker the feet of this verse and reduce the signature to initials." "Say, Rash, this Greek yarn isn't bad if you'll give it a good title and fix up the spelling, paragraphing and punctuation—these freshies are mighty flip with the history and geography they've just crammed, anyway. And look here, Edwards, you'd better turn in that last polycon theme for a filler. Gad, Ally, write up those locals right off, will you? and I'll say a few words to the Alumni and do up the exchanges. Come on now, fellows, get a hustle on and we'll get it off to-night."

And so the paper is edited; by a series of forlorn hopes, sudden sallies. And when it comes out, the Staff looks ashamed, the Faculty get off a few sarcastic references and the exchanges score the articles in clever, pointed paragraphs.

But the average college woman—our fair exchange? She is what Mr. Weller called "Wickey Warsaw," which means quite the opposite. Literachoor! Happy word, sweet to her, almost, as Lowney's or Huyler's. Write something for the paper? No one asks her to do that. Hasn't she been dreaming for she-doesn't-know-how-long of seeing her name,—full name and class year—at the end of some article? Hasn't she planned for it and read for it and written and re—re-written for that happy end? Hasn't she already *submitted*—sweet girl-word, that *submitted*—several articles in the hope of having one accepted?—sweeter word still that accepted.

When she does get into print isn't she by that means a stage or two higher in college circles? Doesn't she take the precious pamphlet away to the sanctity of her own room, as if it were a love letter, and gloat over it? Of course the girls papers are tip-top! Don't they put their love, jealousy, ambition, hard work, spare time and brains into it? Literachoor! The dozen pretty names that fill the directory are the stars of the literachoor department. They're just aching to have board meetings and they

have them every little while. Look at the contributions—like a Composition prof's table! Everything, from "critiques" to "quatrains." Fancy having to turn down four-fifths of that tableful, and all of it above average! Think of writing exchange notes backed up by such "contributions!" Oh, it is too much. I have been an editor myself. I must quit here. Fair Exchange is no name. It is robbery to ask the girls to swap with us. But they are always kind. That's because they are girls. Ladies first? Yes, indeed, as long as men are so indifferent. First, anyway. I ought to know!

To begin with, here is the *White and Gold* of Mills College, California. Everything is of good quality from cover to cover—and the cover is a beauty. Ever since we have known it it has been a well-balanced, carefully-written model, college magazine. Take this number for February. It opens with an article of dignity by one of the associate editors on the "Motive Forces in Celtic Literature," a fresh, interesting essay upon the racial traits which blended with others in the first real Englishman made him more of a poet, humorist, idealist than else he could have become; and gave in the making that touch to English literature which exalts it where else it would have failed. The verse all through breathes tender, subdued sentiment. We do not look for poetry; but we prefer to find verses where good taste, at least, is expressed, and not inanity jingling along in fair metre. "The Hill-side" by A. M. R., '06, shows what we mean. *The White and Gold* is intensely interested in Hawaii, the Philippines and the Celestial Land. There is a whole section of the paper given over to Hawaiian stories and love songs. "When the Sacred Narcissus Bloomed" is a charming little sketch of the California Chinese which makes up for its literary slips by being sweetly human. The editorials on sentimentalism and the faults of exchange writers are just, and incisively stated. We hope the exchange editress will make good her severe demands. *The White and Gold* in the hands of discriminating fathers ought to be a powerful agent for Mills.

Next comes the *Vassar Miscellany* with good matter enough to fill a whole exchange department if one gave it the justice that *The White and Gold* claims. In the article on Shelley by Miss Worthington is something we like to see: the critical examination of an author's work to come at his special gifts. Here we have a new light on a great man. The article is worth keeping. "The Lady and the Lock" is a clever little story, but we don't like it—and for this reason: it takes the critical love moment in two young lives and treats it flippantly. That's not natural and, besides, it's wrong. Let's not lower our ideals of the greatest thing in the world. We don't have to get our ideas of love from the *Smart Set* and Christy pictures. It will pay anyone interested in mankind, depraved mankind especially, to read the article on "Juvenile Reformatories." If I were an English prof.—don't start. I'm not going to be, you know—I'd take Miss Jarnagin's story, "The Loss of Heart's Desire" to show my class what I mean by a story. One thing about the *Miscellany*: it devotes a page or two to little grinds and clever jingles. That's one thing the dear girls seem to be short of—in their papers—humor.

Next, the *Mount Holyoke*. We are very respectful in her presence, like the page to the princess in that charming little allegory, "Children for a Day." This issue is a sort of memorial to departed patrons—old Mr. John Dwight, to whom Holyoke owes so much and Miss Mary Lyon—the Minerva of that place—to whom she owes even more—one gave money and interest, the other gave a great beautiful life. The portrait of Mr. Dwight is one of the finest bits of engraving we have seen—a worthy bit of art to be prized by all who receive it. The articles on Mary Lyon make up a little piece of American History which educated men ought to know. "Fool's Gold," an essay-tale after the style of Hawthorne, carries through it a grim tone of New England poverty and the mind gone astray. The editorials are clear sighted and sensible; plenty of college and alumnae notes. If the poem, "An Answer," by Miss Bell, '04,

represents at all principles held at Holyoke, art and literature ought to flourish up there.

And so we come to our last feminine visitor—the nice girl who cogitates among fallen leaves—the *Sibyl* of Elmira College. We always get *two* copies of this good paper. Why, is more than we can say—but we're glad to get them. Like the *White and Gold*, the *Sibyl* breathes out an unmistakable college spirit. It is personal, individual, shows plenty of signs of life. It is a treat to find something in a college paper touching on German. Out of all the students of German in our best schools why don't we get more written results? This essay on "Weimar—the Athens of Germany" is worthy the attention of all who are interested in the development of Goethe's character. We can hardly agree with the writer however, that with the death of Schiller (1805) "Goethe lost his former vitality and enthusiasm"; that "depressed and dispirited, his stimulus to work gone, he watched his friends pass away." That would lead the novitiate into a wrong concept of the ripest years of Goethe's life. If the printer had pushed the paragraph articles on pages 197–8–9 down the page further a better effect would have been reached—but then, editors can rarely order the exact "make up" of their paper. Keep the "Ginger Jar" going; it's worth while.

Good night, Ladies.

The *Trinity Tablet* is doing a good thing for its college with stirring editorials, excellent stories, a little bit of humor now and then, and good, full local and alumni notes. "A Notable Race" in the last number is a clever bit of Muenchausen work.

The *Hobart Herald* is a journal of the same stripe. The department of "Daily Themes" is a first-rate idea. It ought to be generally adopted. Don't slip down into a rut though and make them all alike. The more academic and local they are, the better. "The Mermaid" is a weird sonnet which appears to be suffering from mixed tense-sequences.

The *Bowdoin Quill* is disappointing, this time. The "Gray Goose Tracks" are pretty faint. And it would

pay "Ye Postman" to read *The White and Gold* exchange remarks. There are three stories that will will "do," and that's about all. They are "smart," conventional, skin deep. Are college men ashamed of nature and real sentiment that they must be all the time dressing up puppets after the fashion of modern illustrations? The *Hamilton Lit* and the *Williams Lit.* haven't come yet, but so far the girls put us to shame. *The Quill* can generally give us good verse. Here is some for instance:

TU NE QUAESIERIS.

Ah! seek you not to know, my dear,
 What end the gods to your career
 Have given—nor yet to augurs go
 In search of future joy or woe.
 But think how better far 'twill be
 To suffer what, to you or me,
 Our father Jove has long decreed.
 Whether for many years we lead,
 Our life, or whether lurking death
 Shall break us soon with chilling breath
 As winter breaks the dreary waves,
 While icy foam the sea cliff laves.
 Let us be wise, strain out our wine,
 Well knowing life cannot confine
 Much joy—for see, dear heart, while yet
 I speak, stern Time does not forget
 But hastens on—Come, catch the day,
 And dream not after endless May!

J. W. S., '06.

WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE.

Good night! The candle lower burns,
 And in the darkened room
 Its wavering light can hardly pierce
 The subtle gloom.
 Slowly I lay my book away,
 And close my weary eyes,
 While on the hearth, in smoke and spark,
 The firelight dies.
 Good night! The candle lower burns,
 Fast sinks the light,
 Slow fall the embers on the hearth,
 Good night! Good night!

JAMES NEWELL EMERY, '05.