

in the highest sense you are raising the dark world of ours appreciably nearer the throne of God.

Let us turn now to what is perhaps a little more practical view of the case. In our student life the truism holds no less than elsewhere that the mean is safest and best. The one extreme is the recluse, living entirely unto himself, brooding upon the empty eggs of thought. The other is the hedonist, likewise living unto himself, feeding upon the husks of pleasure. If we could introduce a third it would be the man who, avoiding the first extreme as well as the second, devotes himself exclusively to activity with a view to obtaining strength of character. All three must be shunned. But more good than could be done by pages from our feeble pen will be accomplished if you will pause but for a moment and listening to the song, wonderfully pregnant with truth and meaning, of the dark-eyed Nautch girl and echo back her immortal words:—

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;  
The string o'erslack is dumb, and the music dies.

Tune us the sitâr neither high nor low.

### THE RECONCILIATION.

HORACE CARM. III. 9.

*Horace:*

While as yet I pleased thy heart,  
While no rival plied his art,  
No youth, endowed with stronger charms,  
Round thy fair neck to twine his arms,  
Happier than the Persian King,  
I flourished in thy love's warm spring.

*Lydia:*

While thy heart's most sacred shrine  
Owned no holier fire than mine,—  
Why to Chloe didst thou turn?  
Why far-famed Lydia coldly spurn?—  
Lived I under brighter stars  
Than Roman Ildia, loved of Mars.

*Horace:*

Now I'm thrilled with music sweet,  
Now I kneel at Chloe's feet,  
Accomplished Chloe, born in Thrace,  
Rich in arch Euterpe's grace.  
For her sake my life I'd give,  
If, by dying, she could live.

*Lydia:*

Ornytus' son with answering kiss  
Claims me, Thurian Calais.  
For his sake I'd gladly die,  
If grim Death would pass him by.

*Horace:*

What if Venus, known of old,  
Renewed on us her yoke of gold!  
And Chloe with her sunny hair  
Another victim must ensnare!  
What if there's welcome at the door  
That frowned on thee in days of yore!

*Lydia:*

Though his beauty beams more bright  
Than any planet's radiant light,  
Though inconstant is thy mind,  
The sport of every fickle wind;  
While even Hadria's angry sea  
Is gentle in his wrath to thee,  
Oh! I long upon thy breast  
To live and die! I love thee best.

W. P. REEVE.

### AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

As well the force as ornament of verse  
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,  
And knowing when a muse may be indulg'd  
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

He that would have spectators share his grief  
Must write not only well, but movingly.

Some things admit of mediocrity;  
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar  
May want Messala's powerful eloquence,  
Or be less read than deep Cascellius;  
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;  
But no authority of gods nor men  
Allow of any mean in poesy.

—Roscommon: Horace's "Art of Poetry."

This paraphrase of Horace's "Art of Poetry," published in England in the seventeenth century, contains much that some of us might profitably learn. We have all felt this very keenly and very frequently when glancing over dailies and periodicals (which contained no attempts of our own). There are certain times and events which seem to rouse to effort both the inspired and the *uninspired*, and the latter are as eager to express themselves as the former are worthy to be heard. Of all events there is none more stimulating to the energies of these latter than the death of a master poet. If we can judge by the date of their verses, some of them resound their requiems ere death has claimed his victim, others begin soon after, and few refrain from loud lament. One writer pens, on Oct. 6th, in fourteen or fifteen stanzas, his farewell to the great English poet, concluding with these lines:—

Peace to the knight who kept his vow  
While others slept like sand;  
But who shall sing to mortals now  
Of that lost fairyland?

Another sings:—

Immortal bard! Alfred the Great  
Greater than he of kingly birth—  
Thine empire covers all the earth  
And higher far thy regal state.

Thou king of poets! Thine alone  
The mastery of great harmony!  
To sound a pæan worthy thee  
Requires a genius like thine own.

It will be observed, however, that the unworthy pæan is sounded.

A third poet cries:—

Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy work is done!  
Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy nation weeps—  
Rest, Laureate, rest! The lion keeps  
Eternal watch about the throne!  
That which God wills is surely best;  
Rest, Laureate, rest!

Thank God another English son  
The nobler race of life has run  
The throne of fame through faith has won  
Our Alfred Tennyson!

Now, how much better it would have been for these and other kindred spirits to give us their sentiments or opinions in simple, proper prose. We would have entertained more respect for them had they done so than we are able to feel now as we watch them following the poet with their poems, like skyrockets seeking the stars and falling back as empty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes makes us laugh at "Gifted Hopkins," but it is a question whether we should not fear him—fear him enough, at least, to make us desire to suppress him. He is an unsightly, if not a dangerous growth, and the sharp knife of criticism should uproot him. Were the instrument *self-criticism* it would be much pleasanter for every one, but unfortunately *self-criticism* is one of those higher faculties which are always lacking in "Gifted Hopkins." He has a robust constitution, he can live in any