

he is an ex-editor of VARSITY, and also because he is a man of whom we all are proud.

Mr. A. Carruthers, B.A., has been appointed to fill the vacancy on the staff caused by Mr. Fairclough's resignation. Mr. Carruthers will not enter upon his duties till after Christmas, and until then his place will be occupied by Mr. G. Laing, '91.

Mr. W. Parks, '92, is fellow in Mineralogy and Geology. "Barkis is ever willin'" to work, and this, plus his ability, means much.

TO A FRIEND.

We two were rear'd in different lands—
I 'neath clear cut, northern skies,
You where Missouri laves her sands
'Neath mellow-clouded canopies.

The breeze that nurs'd your knitting form,
It was mild and sweet and free ;
You left it all for snow and storm,
And came to find and comfort me.

We met by chance ; your figure, ripe
In its proportions, pleas'd my eye.
I spoke and you were mine—my *pipe*,
My corn-cob pipe—without a sigh.

Some love sea-foam or briar wood,
And say you're worthless and all that :
To me a home-spun friend's as good
As one who wears a high silk hat.

Still others hate your whole wide race—
Call you a useless, dirty crew ;
But I can tell them to their face
They grievously do slander you.

I know you better far than they,
And you are sympathetic, kind ;
And bright or gloomy be the day,
You meet my every mood of mind.

Am I elate ? I seek you then,
You breathe no word to cast me down ;
Grieved with myself or fellow-men ?
You gently soothe away the frown.

Yet I detest that servile bend
That kills the joys man's friendships crave ;
And I, howe'er I be your friend,
Would blush to think myself your slave.

This too, I'll say, who've known the taste
Of a fever without balm,
That in a life too full of haste,
You give the greatest blessing—Calm.

Oft as your incense slowly swung,
Fancy's slumb'ring soul awoke ;
And many a thought too sweet for tongue,
Has floated up in clouds of smoke.

Here in my cosy upper room,
By the midnight fire's flare,
Sooth'd by your aromatic fume,
I build me castles in the air.

Long vanish faces I descry,
As the vapours twine and part ;
And sweet mists melt upon the eye,
And flood the fountains of the heart.

And so, let men laugh loud and long—
I, with an affection ripe,
Am not ashamed to make a song
In honor of my corn-cob pipe.

JAS. A. TUCKER, '95.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

The most famous play of Sophocles is the "Antigone," and perhaps the most famous part of that play is the ode which it is attempted to present under the title of this article. This ode occurs in the play just after the burial of the rebel Polynices contrary to the express decree of the Theban monarch, is made known. Heavy penalties had been proclaimed against such an act, when suddenly the tidings is brought that the body has been buried. The chorus of Theban elders who attend on the king, struck with the daring spirit which must have animated the doer of so bold a deed, pass in meditation from the particular case which has engaged their attention, to the various manifestations of that same spirit as a factor in the progress of the human race. Thus the ode is a celebration of the triumphs which the indomitable will of man has won over the realm of nature. It runs as follows:—

"Many wonderful things there are, and nothing more wonderful than man ; e'en o'er the foaming sea he fares driven by the south wind's blast, through the drenching waves he cleaves a path, and the mightiest of the gods, immortal and unwearied Earth, for his gain he wears away, as his plough pursues its course year after year, tilling the field with the offspring of the steed.

"The flock of flighty birds he takes in the snare, and the race of savage beasts and the brood of ocean teeming in the sea in the meshy folds of his net, man with his cunning craft ; he subdues by subtlety the monster fierce that haunts the hills, and his yoke upon its neck shall tame the shaggy-maned steed and the mountain bull of unwearied strength.

"Language and lofty thought and civic ways he hath taught himself, and the clear chill shaft of frost to avoid and the edge of driving rain, with all-resourceful skill ; resourceless in nought he goes to meet the future ; from Deathalone shall he not obtain escape, though for baffling disease a remedy hath been devised.

"Gifted beyond all hope with inventive skill, to evil now and now to good he turns it. Honoring the laws of the land and justice sworn before heaven, he rises to power in the state ; but an outcast from the state is he with whom evil dwells for rashness' sake. Never my guest be he nor of my view who doeth this."

In this ode there is much that is worthy our close attention. We of this year of grace 1893, when the triumphs of steam are past and those of electricity are coming, when improvement and invention are progressing with a rapidity almost surpassing conception, are all too prone to fall into the error of misjudging the progress of mankind in the past and depreciating the achievements which our predecessors of the ages gone have wrought. No doubt we are the people ; yet wisdom will not die with us, neither was it born with us. But when we scan the past from the closer point of view of the ancient Greek a truer conception is obtained. The beginnings of seamanship and of agriculture, the domestication of wild animals, the construction of dwellings to give shelter against the rigors of the climate, the first steps in the art of healing, the genesis and growth of the community with all the new ideas and relations which it introduces, all these are here revealed in their true light as among the greatest of the onward results which the restless spirit of man has ever achieved. Such a view of things in their true perspective may not be so flattering to the vanity which would regard everything worth mentioning as the issue of the modern era, but it is a vastly grander and nobler view, revealing to us the invincible will of man wresting now this province and now that from the realm of nature and subduing it to himself. And let us not forget that in such a conquest the comparative ease and speed with which the later steps are taken is due wholly to the unflinching resolution which won the earlier in the days gone by. XOVTHOS.