

different character—a picture taken from life of a company of drunkards.

"Yes, yes," whispered the sick man, turning his head away: "that's what did it! From my wine-poisoned breath her love flew away. Then I sought more and more frequently that jovial company, and tried through the goblet to drown the pure voice that secretly seemed ever to be calling to me. But—I may tell thee, O moon!

They looked through their jests,
And saw but my smile;
The gloom in my heart,
They saw not the while!"

Now the soft light of the moon rested upon another picture on the wall;—a miserable man, his face buried in his hands, stands before a blighted rose-bush.

And again he whispers with feverish breath: "I ought so tenderly to have guarded my little rose. I left it alone in the rude autumn wind, and in its unloved solitude it knew not how to face the winter storm."

"Had I no eye to see her pale cheeks; no feeling for the dumb reproach of her tear-bedewed countenance! I did not protect my little rose: the storm swept it out of my sight. That is the picture of my penitence, O Moon! Thou knowest it, thou,—the only one to whom I have ever told the meaning of my pictures. This one I call:—'I have lost thee; for I was not worthy of thee!'"

A black cloud passed over the queen of the stars.

"And, since then, it has always been night about me!" continued the sick man, "the night which I brought down upon myself, as I wickedly shut myself off from the star of my life. I was to proud to confess my fault; too proud to beg for love! And yet, how I thirsted for love! How I yearned for peace! Night, long night of my troubled soul,—is it not possible for you to grant me one ray of joy, before I sink in the everlasting sleep!"

The silvery moon emerged from the black web of cloud, as if an angel stepped out of paradise to point the way to the golden gate.

Over the countenance of the penitent the peaceful light of heaven fell, while his eyes fixed themselves upon the last of his sketches.

"Thank thee, O moon," he continued, "for the consolation thou hast given me! Thou hast heard the dumb cry of my heart. Thou hast been the witness of my bitter penitence, and upon the silvery path of thy pure ray, my blessing has passed over to her. Too proud to show the deep sorrow of my heart to any child of earth—my being has been laid bare to thee!"

The last picture was that of a coffin in which lay a man whose eyes had closed for ever. Over him bends an angelic form whose right hand is stretched over his head in blessing, while the left is laying upon his breast a wreath of Immortelles bearing the inscription:—"Pardon."

The eyes of the dying man are fixed upon this picture as if with painful longing. Once more his lips, now growing cold, move as if in earnest prayer:—"Thank thee, O Moon! Thou hast seen how my hand trembled with every stroke as I drew that last picture. From yonder heavenly height thou bringest me down

comfort. Upon thy soft ray an answer is sent to my penitent soul. Pardon, 'Pardon.'"

Every Fortnight.

I promised in my first fortnight to keep at the dining hall question hammer and tongs during the course of the year. I must now say that I have not the heart to do it. I give in. And yet, you may exclaim with surprise, the Secretary has not gone. That cavernous compromise between a restaurant and a rat-hole has been too much for me. The idea truly was a good one. The conception was statesmanlike, but the execution was rather confined. Let them kill their appetites in the open air and in broad daylight. But I must refrain—for who can conquer circumstances at a stroke! I mean, then, to alter the burden of my cry. Let the Secretary stay.

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Let me express a sincere hope that nothing that I have said in past "Fortnights" has been the means of giving pain to anyone, even the smallest child. I try to avoid being personal as much as possible, but a Critic, you know, must criticize somebody or something. Anyone who knows me knows that there is no one in the world more pained at the mere idea of giving pain to another. And yet I think it is a kind of luxury sometimes to hurt the feelings of a person one admires and loves; the reconciliation is so sweet. I am not talking altogether now of lover's quarrels. But to indulge this luxury perhaps is wrong. A friend once said to me, "The evil cannot take away from me the memory of the good; the good cannot altogether banish the memory of the evil." But unintentionally I may have hurt, or in the future may hurt, the feelings of some reader. Accept my apology now. That is all I can offer you. But for goodness sake do not take me too seriously—my friends never do. Only when I put on a serious face then know that I am in earnest.

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I often think with the philosophers that we would be so much happier if we were not bothered with susceptibilities and emotions and all that kind of thing. For instance, some remarks in the GAZETTE about him last year would not have rankled so long in that gentleman's breast who referred so contemptuously at the late dinner to the College Journal as a sheet. I am afraid it has been rather a wet blanket to him; but I hope, Mr. Editor, that your special reporter will do him justice this time, because he did not do so very badly after all.

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I am constrained to admit, to use an elegant expression never before employed, that I have been mightily disappointed in not having received a single communication from the lady undergraduates. I had hoped that some crumb of comfort, some little soothing and encouraging note, would have been addressed to Critic. But no! not even a sanguinary malediction has reached me, borne on the wings of a scented dove. I do not wish to divulge my personality, because too much