

## SO LIVE.

I do not know what heavenly joys  
 Beyond the skies, may some day meet  
 My wondering gaze ;  
 The nature of that awful blaze  
 I do not know nor care.

I only know that I must live  
 Where God in his eternal plan  
 My fate has spun ;  
 So live, that He shall say, " well done,"  
 When I lie down to rest.

—Brunonian.

THIRTY students of Cambridge, England, have taken oath not to take their degrees at Commencement, if women are permitted to do so.

THE SIBYL for February is an especially interesting number. "Where Strength Is" is a subject of a very suggestive and well written poem. The "Sibyl" is one of our most welcome exchanges.

PROFESSOR Alexander Agassiz has arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu after having spent several months in the Southern Pacific studying coral formation. It is the opinion of Professor Agassiz, as a result of his studies, that coral is a comparatively thin crust formed upon a mountain that has been submerged, or upon a volcanic pile, instead of being formed at the surface and continually subsiding, as held by Darwin and Dana. In nearly every instance were borings were made by Professor Agassiz the coral was found to be shallow.—*New York Evening Post*.

CARDINAL MANNING had a strong sense of humor, and delighted in telling Irish stories. One related to an Irish laborer, who was thus addressed by a passing Englishman :

"What's that you're building, Paddy?" "Shure an it's a church, yer honner." "Is it a Protestant church?" "No, yer honner." "A Catholic church, then?" "Indade an' it is that same, yer honner." "I'm very sorry to hear it, Pat." "So's the devil, yer honner."—*Westminster Gazette*.

AFRAID HE COULDN'T PASS. — Cases of nightmare doubtless would be alarmingly frequent were all of us compelled to "pass" on that in which we are supposed to be competent to "pass" others. There were great rings under the eyes of the president of the university. His cheek was pallid and his lips were dry and cracked. His expression was haggard, and every now and then his whole body twitched nervously as he turned and glanced furtively back of him. "You look ill," said his wife. "Is anything wrong, dear?" "No," replied the president of the university. "Nothing much, my dear. But—I—I had a fearful dream last night, and I feel this morning as if I—as if I—." Here his mind wandered off. It was evident his nervous system was shattered. "What was the dream?" asked his wife, soothingly. "I—I dreamt the trustees required that—that I should—that I should pass the Freshman examination for—admission," sighed the president.—*Golden Rule*.