

The Ocean.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

THE ocean wide before me lay,
I watched its moods for many a day,
Till at last I knew its wayward grace
As a lover knows his lady's face.
When darkening clouds o'erhung the sky,
Sullen, grey, with many a sigh,
The waters moaned and restless cried
Like a creature in pain, whose hope has died.

But when the Storm King held his sway,
And peace, and order fled away,
The darkness fell o'er the soul of the sea
And the voices died that whispered to me;
And in their place, fierce demons came,
Who strove in their might, and died at their game.

The billows, tossed, the waters rose,
The storm-fiends shrieked at unseen foes,
The fierce blast smote the Ocean's face,
And the wild waves left their appointed place,

And did upwards fly, till mountain-high
They broke, and fell with baffled cry,
And dark as Hell the waters shone,
Save where the flecks of yellow foam
Showed like the teeth of a lion caged,
When the thirst for freedom within him raged.

But the storm died out with a fitful moan,
When the morrow came the mood was gone.
The dimpling waters smiled at the sun,
And asked sweet pardon for the wrong they had done.

And the ocean now, did softly move
And showed in its depths, the Spirit of Love.

Then silent it lay, like the quiet land,
Calmed by the touch of its Maker's hand;
And peace did rest, like a brooding dove,
On the waters that mirrored the blue above;
And only a murmur, soft and low
As the tale the winds to the pine trees blow,
Told how the heart of the sea was at rest,
And its troubled waters, by soft hands caressed.

The sunlight lay, a glorious way,
Like the footsteps of Christ Himself, on the wave.

Then up towards Heaven, did seem to leave,
Like the ladder Jacob saw in his dream.
Methought how, like the restless sea,
Swelling and surging, angry, unfree,
The soul of man must ever be
Save when it mirrors the Heaven above.
And holds in its depths, the Spirit of Love.

Father (who has been helping his son in his school work)—What did the teacher remark when you showed him the translation? John—He said I was getting more stupid every day.

The Student's Dilemma

BY BESSIE H. NICHOLS.

THE student, like most other people I know, is between the horns of a dilemma. The lives of the whole human race always have been, still are, and ever will be the products of a perpetual balancing of motives, as the universe is the result of a perpetual balancing of forces. In the Battle of Life, man does not fight against man, but man is the field wherein duty strives against inclination, love against hate, wherein the noble wrestles to overthrow the ignoble, and the practical lays violent hands on the domain of the ideal.

"Oh!" you say in disdainful tones, "are we back on the old treadmill again? The Practical versus the Ideal, forsooth! We thought their restless ghosts were securely laid by our lectures a month ago!" Well, I suppose they were, in a theoretical way, yet every single student of us has to make a definite, particular problem of it for himself, and solve it as well.

All of us, as students, have taken, as a recent writer on Oxford puts it, "a dose of idealism which will last us all through life." For those of us who have lived four years in a University surrounded by "a world of studied simplicity and beauty, a hand-made universe," breathing in all that was best and highest in the thought of past ages, the dose has been somewhat larger. But our time for gathering the sweets of knowledge is now past; we tread the threshold of the actual. We are henceforth to spend a great portion of our days in the routine work of the school-room, in practical bread and butter gaining, downright hard work.

The prospect is probably not distasteful. Shut in, as we have been, from the storm and stress of the outside world, from the "actual struggle with actual things which so tempers, and toughens, and strengthens the