

ness, excelled by few modern poets. "The Last Leaf" is a fine blending of humor and pathos, the "Wonderful One Hoss Shay" is humorous; "Sun and Shadow" and "The Chambered Nautilus" show that there was room in the genial autocrat's soul for most elevated, religious sentiment. Here is the concluding stanza of the last named poem:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

He had the rare gift of writing verse to order, and every annual class meeting found him with his sparkling gem prepared. I am only restrained from quoting through respect for the copyright.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was not a giant intellect, and *the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* may not—to apply a stereotype—live as long as the language in which it is written, but it is certainly a very companionable book to have on one's shelf and will furnish many an hour of good mental recreation.

TIMOTHY P. HOLLAND, '96.

PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give
Money to colleges while you live.
Don't be silly and think you'll try
To bother the colleges, when you die,
With codicil this, and codicil that,
That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat?
For there never was a pitcher that wouldn't spill,
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's will.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.