

A few days before his exit, this man who took such a healthy view of death, struck off another bit of sublimity requesting it to be inscribed on his slab :

"If life is compared to a feast,
Near four-score years I've been a guest
I've been regaled with the best
And feel quite satisfied.
'Tis time I retire to rest,
Landlord, I thank you,
Friends, good night."

Isn't this a graceful and hopeful "shuffling off the mortal coil? Among other grim things that are not beautiful are the *fac similes* of Marie Stuart's death warrant, her freckled cousin's penmanship is suggestive of creeping things, a squirming little coil-like appendage hangs from each letter, giving the document a most unpleasant look irrespective of the cruel meaning of the hideous words. The warrant for the execution of Charles

the First is also a monument of wanton fierceness, it tells of hard hearts and hard hands. The sight of this document might have gone far towards restoring the mental equilibrium of poor "Mr. Dick" so painfully realistic is its tenor.

To do anything like justice to this interesting collection, one must sit down and leisurely examine each treasure. This rapid survey must be considered as merely an attempt at a condensed though hearty acknowledgment to the owner who kindly permitted us a peep into this portable British Museum. Not the least interesting part of the collection are the copies of old newspapers many of them bearing on topics that now furnish history with its most thrilling pages. Some of these I will endeavor to describe in the next number of THE OWL.

L. P.

FORGIVE THEM.

"When I shall be lifted up I shall draw all things unto me."



FATHER forgive them, they know not what they do,"

These men for whom my life-blood ebbed away,
Remember not the rage, the taunts, the hate
Poured out in torrents on that woful day.
Appeased thy justice, calmed thine ire
Aroused by foul transgressions multiplied ;
Father, forgive, and from abysmal depths
Draw those for whom I fain again had died.

My plight-word this : All hearts to draw
Unto mine, now, when from the heights
This earth-world lov'd and lost, I saw.

F. F.