

## A RIME OF LIFE.

## FAILURE.

High in the sunlit vale where field-flowers nod  
 My castle builded fair. Lo ! down there trod  
 The crushing foot of Fate. My triumph ruined,  
 I cursed the laws of everlasting God.

## DESPAIR.

Dark the dragging day may be or fair ;  
 On crumbling ruins brambles gather where  
 My castle builded. Fate in life is all,  
 To Fate I, weakling, bow in dull despair.

## HOPE.

Green the grasses are where meltsthe snow,  
 Out from the brambles budding roses grow  
 Where stood my castle. Death breathes life again.  
 Perhaps my castle—ah ! but who may know ?

## REGENERATION.

Fair in the vale the field-flowers bloom again :  
 High in the sun, my castle grows as then,  
 Turrets gleam and spreading roses blow ;—  
 What good God gives we do not know, nor when.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

"A NON-Enthusiast's View of Athletics" in the "*Owl*" for November, is an article well worth reading.

THAT University students now-a-days die of starvation is hard to believe. And yet President Harper, of the great Chicago University, says that such things have happened in late years. He said that of five deaths at the University in the last years, three were directly traceable to starvation, due to the poor food supplied in the neighbourhood to students.—*Ex.*

TWO GREAT POETS WHO WERE BLIND.—In the roll of the great poets of the past, two who hold the very highest places, were for an important period of their lives unpossessed of the power of vision—Homer and Milton. Happily these renowned followers of the muses made good use of their eyes in youth ; otherwise it is scarcely possibly that they could have left to us the finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found among their compositions. Homer had reached manhood and had written a considerable portion of the "*Iliad*" before he was attacked by that disease of the eyes which robbed them of their wonted powers. But the whole of the "*Odyssey*" was composed after the occurrence of this great mishap. Milton is stated by most biographers to have permanently lost his sight in 1654 after a progressive and warning decay of several years' duration. "*Paradise Lost*" was not published till 1667, and it was composed when the poet was perfectly blind.—*New York Ledger.*