

or with credit. But they have taught other colleges some lessons if they are willing to learn them. For example, they have taught the necessity of mutual confidence between rulers and ruled, and, in order to do this, the necessity for perfect straightforwardness on both sides. Students should be dealt with as gentlemen, they should be told plainly what they may do, and that they may not do; and every allowance should be made for possible misunderstandings. Beyond this, there should be no shilly-shallying. When authority has spoken clearly, there must be obedience or expulsion. No institution can exist on any other terms. *Il faut se soumettre ou se demettre.* X.

THE STORM MOON.

(Founded on an Indian Superstition.)

I.

UPON the golden antlers of the moon's
uncertain light,
The Indian's silver powder-horn nor sways
nor hangs to-night.

II.

O'er the pine-tipped eastern hilltops floats
the mellow-crescent bow,
Sailing softly over silent pools where
murm'rous reeds bend low.

III.

Whisp'ring am'rous salutations to the
dreamy-lapping waves
As they tread the golden pathway which
the molten moonlight paves.

IV.

On the faintly-trembling margin, and afar
pale astral gleams
From the heaven's vestal altars dimly
glint in ambered beams.

V.

Slowly stealing over shadows and the opal
mists that rise
Floating like a weird wraith-maiden
silently toward the skies.

VI.

O'er the meadow-threading courses of the
liquid-purling stream,
Where at noon-tide swallows circle and the
iris-blossoms dream.

VII.

Tapered edges upward curling through the
rifted cloudlets drift,
And o'er the deserted tepe ruddy-tinged
the moonbeams sift.

—H. Cameron Nelles Wilson.

AS TIME GLIDES ON.

For over half a century it had stood on the landing of the great wide staircase, ticking away the hours and days of time's horologue.

The mahogany case had grown black with the passing of the years. The rich carvings had deepened their tone of colouring, and assumed a richness that naught, save time itself, could impart. Similarly tinted were the panels that formed a background for the old timepiece.

Through the painted oriel the sunbeams fell upon the dial, resting upon the whiteness in mingled rays of crimson and gold and scintillating amber; then, shifting silently, they gleamed upon the wainscoting and polished floors in hues softly opalescent.

Many years before had the clock been placed in the old manor—it was the new manor then—and ever since it had been slowly ticking away the months that were covering the gables of the house with moss, and hiding the crumbling stones beneath a mass of verdure, where, in the spring-time, the birds mated and built their nests, twittering under the eaves.

It had witnessed the coming of the young squire as he entered the door, his bride leaning upon his arm, while through the open doorway the perfume of the apple blossoms floated into the new house, filling the rooms with waftings of subtle fragrance.

It had watched the young wife, in her quaint lilac gown and hat of waving plumes, rest her head upon her husband's shoulder, as she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his, too happy for speech; had seen the love-light that illumined his features as he bent and lightly kissed her white brow and trembling lips. And then like a saintly benison the sun-rays glinted through the windows resting tenderly upon their bowed heads. Hand in hand they ascended the wide, oaken staircase, and together they paused before the clock.

"It is starting life, as we are," he said, "and God grant that the passing hours bring us lasting love and peace."

"With thee at my side it could be naught else," she replied.

The sun sank behind the hills, leaving a bank of rosy-hued clouds, flecked with gold and tinged with emerald and deep sea-purple. Lights glowed in Rushleigh Manor.

The warm spring breeze swept through the large hall with its polished floors and glimmering candles, leaving an odour of hawthorn blossoms and opening buds. One by one the guests were coming, for was it not to be the merriest house-warming of the year! With blushing cheeks the young bride glided among her friends, giving a shy glance to one and to another—a look of happy consciousness. Her dress glistened in the candle-light, and the soft rustling of satin was heard when she moved. And then like a far-away dream, the music of the harp trembled softly on the air, rising gradually until it filled with tumultuous harmony the rooms that were now echoing the sound of dancing feet and merry laughter. The bride and groom led the stately minuet, passing with joined hands down the wide hallway, threading their way through a maze of sparkling eyes, glistening gems and flowered gowns. Too quickly sped the hours, but not until the dawn-angels had stolen from between the golden bars of the east and awakened the sleeping world, did the manor sink into slumber.

A twelve-month and more ticked away. Spring with its blossoms and singing birds ebbed slowly out on the year's tide, and like the soft-rushing waves that sweep along the shore, Summer came. The manor garden, surrounded by its high stone walls, glowed with myriad flowers—roses of every hue, pink hollyhocks, and great fragrant white lilies, that seemed to burn in the noon-tide glare. But sweetest among them all was the squire's wife. Day after day, she walked among the beds of bloom, a damask rose held carelessly in her belt, or a perfumed lily resting above her heart, a sweet content in her eyes and her lips parted in a dreamy smile.

The flowers faded, the lilies drooped upon their stems, and through the leafless trees the setting sun could be seen far beyond the hills, illumining the grove and flooding the valley in golden light—Autumn had come.

The days passed by. Silently out of the gray sky a few flakes fluttered, until, falling more quickly, they buried the leaves that lay upon the ground in a wondrous cloak of red and yellow and brown. It was the first snowfall.

The shadows deepened; lights glinted through the manor