

great fire in Boston consumed some of the buildings belonging to Harvard, that city—that had just lost so much—contributed eighty-five thousand dollars in a single week toward supplying the loss. On the principle that “to him that hath shall more be given,” \$2,703,167.61 of this ten millions—more than a quarter of the whole sum—was given to the educational institutions of Massachusetts. New York comes next with over two million two hundred thousand dollars; so that these two States, already so thickly sprinkled with colleges, absorb five out of the ten millions contributed by the whole country. It is sad to notice that so little of this educational fund has been given to the poorer Western and Southern States; the great bulk of it was contributed by communities where a good common school and academical system feeds the colleges with students, and where such institutions prove their right to be by the number and the quality of their graduates. And it is not uninteresting to observe that more than four-fifths of these sums were donations, not bequests. They were not the contributions of those who merely indicated the direction in which this money should flow, when they could no longer control it, but were the living gifts of men and women who took this amount from their own pockets, and, and thus despoiled themselves as well as their heirs. They desired to see the result of these benefactions in their own lifetime, and to avoid those sad quarrels that too often defeat the benevolent intentions of the testator. The largest amount from a single source is the bequest of the late Isaac Rich, of Boston, of a million and a half of dollars to found Boston University. Dr. James Rush leaves a million dollars for a library in Philadelphia; Syracuse University gets six hundred and fifty thousand; Princeton, four hundred and seventy thousand; Cornell, three hundred and fifty thousand; and Harvard, two hundred and thirty-one thousand. There were in that year thirty-seven gifts, of which the lowest was fifty thousand dollars, the largest a million and a half, while the amounts ranging from ten to fifty thousand dollars were so many that we cannot enumerate them. But they all unite to prove how freely and how generously the wealth of the country is poured out for these educational institutions. Our latest visitor, Professor Tyndall, who left thirteen thousand dollars as the avails of his lectures, to found scholarships for students devoting themselves to original research, says: “I have seen in America a willingness on the part of individuals to devote their fortunes, in the matter of education, to the service of the commonwealth, for which I cannot find a parallel elsewhere.”

Let it not be supposed that 1872 was an exceptional year for educational gifts. In the present year Cornelius Vanderbilt has given half a million dollars to establish the University of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and another half million for a young ladies' seminary at New Dorp, on Staten Island; Henry F. Durant, of Boston, is erecting at his country-seat, Wellesly, a female college, modelled after Mount Holyoke, that will cost from half a million to a million; John Hopkins, of Baltimore, has founded an institution for the education of four hundred colored orphans; Mr. John Anderson, of New-York, has added fifty thousand dollars to his gift of Penikese Island; and Mrs. Quincy Shaw, of Boston, has given one hundred thousand to the institution at Cambridge over which her father, Professor Agassiz, presides.

—The first volume of “*Inscriptions de la France du Cinquième Siècle au Dix-huitième*,” is exclusively devoted to inscriptions collected in the old churches, abbeys, convents, collegiate schools, hospitals, and churchyards of Paris and its neighbourhood. The subsequent volumes will successively extend to the remaining parts of France.

### An Ode.

(ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.)

We are the music-makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams;  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;  
World-losers and world-forsakers  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties  
We build up the world's great cities.  
And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory;  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three, with a new song's measure,  
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth.  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself in our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying\*  
To the old of the new world's worth:  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming.  
Unearthly, impossible seeming—  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant.  
Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing  
Of the goodly house they are raising.  
They had no divine foreshowing  
Of the land to which they are going;  
But on one man's soul it hath broken.  
A light that doth not depart,  
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,  
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And, therefore, to-day is thrilling  
With a past day's late fulfilling;  
And the multitudes are enlisted;  
In the faith that their fathers resisted;  
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,  
Are bringing to pass as they may  
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,  
That dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,  
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!  
The glory about us clinging  
Of the glorious futures we see,  
Our souls with high music ringing—  
O men, it must ever be—  
That we dwell in our dreaming and singing  
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,  
And the suns that are not yet high;  
And out of the infinite morning,  
Intrepid, you hear us cry—  
How, spite of your human scorning,  
Once more God's future draws nigh,  
And already goes forth the warning  
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers  
From the dazzling, unknown shore,  
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,  
And renew our world as of yore;  
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,  
And things that we dreamed not before:  
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers  
And a singer who sings no more.

—London Athenæum.