

its pristine object for a brief period at least, after which new territory could be sought with like prosperity. By making a short visit to every locality once during a generation, the blowing of trumpets would never act adversely, and the shedding of much second-hand blood would be prevented. These suggestions are made to mosquitoes gratuitously.

Shortly after the encounter above mentioned, I started for the sea shore. Stopping one afternoon at a humble inn in the depths of a hard-wood forest, I was so much pleased with the change of scene and the quiet of the place, that I decided to tarry there till the following day. At the time of sunset—and a beautiful sunset it was—I went abroad, according to my custom, for an evening stroll, putting “The Course of Time” in my pocket. The quietness of the place told that I was far from the marts of business. No sound was heard save that of a distant waterfall. Reclining beneath giant trees, I opened my poem at the 5th Book, and expected unusual enjoyment in perusing it within Nature’s own temple. But alas! The *mali culices* find me. “There is society where none intrudes.” *Horresco referrens*. Up my coat sleeves and pant legs, into my ears and nostrils, “Rode the six hundred.” Truly it is for a short time only that genius can bury itself in solitude. Forth from that spot “untouched by hand of art,” I marched with numerous attendants and hosts of flattering followers, at the sound of other “minstrels” than “brooks,” and another “organ choir” besides “the voice of many waters.”

But after all my hatred of these tuneful pests, I am willing to bear with them during each succeeding season in which they are wont to make predatory incursions, if only we can get rid of those venomous bipeds of the genus *homo* (wingless now and “ever shall be”), who have “all seasons for their own.” Yet how vain the hope of ostracizing either! Let us see, then, to what moral use the afflictions can

be appropriated. I propose that we strive to learn from our failure to annihilate tormenting gnats, and from our useless endeavors to escape the sting of unruly tongues, that misery is increased without attendant advantage, by constantly warring with the trifling annoyances of life.

RYE.

#### LOYALTY TO ALMA MATER.

Every student who enjoys the advantages of college instruction, owes to his *Alma Mater* a debt of gratitude which can be paid only by unswerving loyalty. Few young men consider that the college confers favors upon its students, rather than receives favors from them. There are not wanting those who believe that they by their presence, pay the college, whose privileges they enjoy, a compliment and bring it under obligation. This idea is absurd. The money which a student pays into the college funds is only a trifle compared with the value received; and unless a young man considers himself of such consequence that the honor of his patronage is of immeasurable value, he must regard himself a debtor to his *Alma Mater*. For every dollar paid by the student in fees, many dollars are paid by the college to advance his interests. Schools are benevolent institutions in the broadest sense. The good of the rising generation is their aim, and not pecuniary advantage. In one sense every student in a public institution is a beneficiary, and receives far more than he pays for. Surely, then, every individual thus favored should cherish lively feelings of gratitude, and should improve every opportunity of increasing the influence, the resources, and the usefulness of the school. Its reputation should be defended, its excellencies lauded, and its weaknesses treated with charity. Indifference and passiveness are unpardonable; for indifference to the welfare of *Alma Mater* shows indifference to obligation and duty. Much more culpable is the spirit of those