

Hamlet's treatment of Polonius and his daughter deserves some study. He probably understood both well, and knowing that Polonius was open to the king, very successfully played upon the old man's credulity, but having unwittingly killed him he felt deep sorrow for he knew that although foolish Polonius so far as his own intentions were concerned was quite harmless.

There is no doubt but that Hamlet loved Ophelia. After the ghost's visitation he was convinced that everything must be sacrificed to his revenge. The strife between love and duty was great, but duty triumphed. Although he cannot think him mad, yet the intensity of his mental feelings would make him thoughtless of circumstances external to his mental attitude, and hence his disorderly appearance. By causing Ophelia to consider him mad, she would blame him less and not experience so much pain, as if he had willingly deserted her for a reason which he must not explain. His strange actions and his treatment of her may have been used as a blind to conceal the deep influences working within him, and to cause those around to misread his motives. He was aware that she might repeat to her father what he said, and for that reason did not speak plainly, but mentioned his proud, revengeful, ambitious nature as a fact which should reconcile her to his loss. Yet he found it difficult to restrain his love and at her grave openly expressed its intensity. He was the cause of the death of both Ophelia and her father, but could not be responsible for either.

Although Hamlet thirsted for revenge, he could not from his contemplative and mild nature commit murder in cold blood, and deferred the execution of his vengeance until such time as circumstances should be favorable. Horatio speaks truly when he says,

"Now cracks a noble heart."

R. '91.

PROMISE.

What fairer lands and sky than these
Promote a subject's weal?
What clime more blessed of liberal earth
May others days reveal?
What riper age, what fitter time,
To make a nation grow,
Can years present to willing men,
On favoring chance bestow.

The day is come, the men are born
Whose kingdom hath begun;
A nation enters on the field
Of labors yet undone—
A nation set on earth so vast
Its day must linger long;
And the bright sun that makes it fair
Must make the people strong.
Along the country's hills and plains,
The cities yet to rise,
I see like shadows broad and dense
Beneath the lower skies,
Beyond the pole where verdureless
The whaler scans the shore.
Bound by the oceans east and west
Whence favoring currents pour,
This age-protected land awakes
On every mount and plain;
The thrill of purpose high and good
Bestirs the hearts of men.
No weakling bends to servitude,
Or, heedless of his toil,
Looks for a rank spontaneous growth
On this ambitious soil.
Yet youthful, under strifeless skies,
To blessed colors bound,
No foe has fallen on our dust
To mark a battle-ground.
A restless spirit stirs them, yet
Untried in battle-fields,
What motto Valor dare emblaze
Upon their dintless shields.

J. F. HERBIN,

A PLEA FOR MODERN LANGUAGES,

LONG have the dead relics of a dim past held despotic sway in our higher institutions of learning, and in the strength of rule have pushed to the wall the live representatives of a modern civilization. These, not obtaining a footing, were compelled to recede and became thus relegated to schools and seminaries; as though the study of French or German were too effeminate an exercise for men to bother their brains with. This, to say the least, is unfair, and surely all lovers of literature and polite learning will welcome a change which places the Modern Languages upon a plane, where, in the asser-