

should forego the pomp and glory of the procession up the middle aisle of the Hall and should come upon the platform by the stairway leading directly to it. The seats may then be arranged so that the sitting capacity of the building may be utilized to its fullest extent. Thirdly, that the public be admitted by some system of tickets, and that they be distinctly given to understand that admission can be granted in no other way. This we think would put an end to all crushing at the doors. Of course it is understood that no more tickets are to be issued than we have sittings. We think the best means for the distribution of these invitations would be through the Senate and students, so many by the Senate, and the remainder by the boys, of the latter the Senior Class being allowed the greatest number, and the other years in proportion. It might be well, perhaps, to form a small committee to look after the matter, that when invited guests express their inability to attend (and an answer pro or con to this question should be required from all), other invitations may be issued, and to see to it that if some of the students do not use all the tickets allowed them, others who wish to may do so, &c. We of course don't pretend to claim any perfection for this plan. It is a mere suggestion given by us because we feel that something ought to be done in the matter. We would like to hear the opinion of others.

A Boston paper tells us that once in the course of an argument for a man tried for manslaughter, based on the assumption of self-defence, General Butler informed the jury that "we have it on the highest authority that all that a man hath he will give for his life." Judge Hoar, counsel on the other side, rose and retorted by quickly saying that he had "long wondered what General Butler considered the highest authority, and was very glad to have the question settled," and proceeded to read to the court from the Book of Job, "And Satan answered the Lord and said, All that a man hath will be given for his life."

POETRY.

SUCH IS LIFE.

RICHES we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still ;
We would have health, and yet
Still use bodies ill ;
Bafflers of our own prayers from youth to life's last
scenes.

We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within ;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin ;
We want all pleasant end, but will use no harsh means.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not we do,
And we lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through ;
But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

But next, we would reverse
The scheme ourselves have spun,
And what we made to curse,
We now would lean upon,
And feign kind gods, who perfect what man vainly tries.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HOME.

OH! what is home? That sweet companionship
Of life the better part ;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip,
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee ;
The presence of our dearest and our best,
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live,
Though palace walls are nigh ;
And, having it, a desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Wide-spread as ocean's foam,
One thought is in the breast of man,
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destinies above
For there the home of his immortal mind
Is in God's wider love.