

It is true that man is part of his surroundings. It is equally true that he imitates those with whom he comes in contact. And to the above may be added that every one, some time or other chooses and sets his model before him to copy and fashion his own career and life in somewhat a similar manner. As each person strives to make his own life the best, it is absolutely necessary for him to have his model pure and as near complete as possible. Just as an artist sits down and reproduces on canvas the distinct and minutest details of a statue. As the two portions of human life are so widely different, it may be considered as a general law, that a man should not set up for his model a woman, neither should a woman a man. It may, however, be considered a slight evasion, when this law is violated in one of our studios, but doubtless with as good results.

It is of course difficult for unsophisticated students to accept Darwin's theory of evolution, but yet we have had such plain and unaccountable illustrations of apeish characteristics displayed recently, that Darwin alone can give satisfactory reasons for them. The illustrations above referred to were lately exhibited by our Freshmen. Suddenly in the midst of a modern nineteenth century lecture on elocution, these singular tendencies were evinced. One little fellow slings himself over the seat in true monkeyish style. Another big fellow strokes his long goatee, and clambers for the open window. Another active little lad, forgetting that the passing ages had worn off the hinder appendage possessed by his progenitors, illustrated the old adage that "Pride must have a fall," and took a tumble for himself out the window. Several more crawl along on all fours for the back entrance. These singular manifestations were at length closed. One, whose legs were longer than the others, was discovered retreating precipitously for the door in a position very suggestive of the traditional Jocko. After some little difficulty these apeish propensities were quelled, and mankind has tided over another dangerous epoch.

The sable wings of night had come,
The twinkling stars shone in the sky,
The shadows gathered on the Hill,
The learned piles in silence lie.

Chip Hall reared up its stately height,
Shadowing deep yon lisp'ing rills,
The last week's wash comes thundering down,
Like bounding rocks in Alpine hills.

But hark! the deep-toned bell is heard,
The Athenæum meets to-night;
Its echoes die in you dark sky,
The windows gleam with rosy light.

A figure issues from the door,
How dark and mystic there he stands;
His back sustains a shapeless mass,
He grasps it tight with quivering hands.

What means this dark suspicious act?
No one lingers near to see him,
A freshman small and vacant too,
Bears his wash to Athenæum.

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