

impossible to study it alone; yet my work was chiefly on Political Economy, its growth in history, and its relation to the wider social science of which it forms a part, and less on its legal and legislative aspect. The 'plan' I follow here is to take a text-book (the worse the better in many respects), and spend six months at four hours a week going over it, questioning, discussing, arguing, in half-recitation, half-lecture fashion. The students have now grasped the general principles and learned to apply them, and this they do in original essays that are criticised by the class and summed up by myself. Next year they can profitably take up Mill's 'Principles' and Cairne's 'Leading Principles,' with reference to other works on certain topics. The third semester, and the last provided for in my plan so far, I intend reading with the class such works as George's 'Progress and Poverty,' Spencer's 'Sociology,' anything indeed to test previous training and compel independent thought. Original essays are read from time to time all the way through, and in informal lectures, whatever the text, I add a great deal of historical matter, *a la* Roscher, showing the growth and transformation of theory and practice. History and Political Economy go hand in hand here, for, before entering a class in Political Economy, pupils must have taken History at least two and a half hours a week for four years in the preparatory school, and will probably have done advanced work in the College. Other features are still wanting to make this a complete course in Social Science, but I think it fair for its age, and it seems popular even among the gentler sex."

There is a striking contrast between this feature of the young University of Colorado and the treatment which Political Science receives in our comparatively venerable institution. Nothing like an adequate curriculum has ever been prescribed by the Senate, and when the latter recommended the creation of a lectureship in Political Economy the College Council objected because the teaching of that science might be the means of introducing party politics into the institution.

Literature.

NOVEMBER.

SUMMER is fled, its fervid joys are over,
The winter days draw on;
No more we hear the bees among the clover,
The birds are gone.
The blue and golden autumn flowers are dying,
Dead leaves are falling fast;
Through the bare limbs the dreary winds are sighing
A requiem for the past.
Oh, gladsome past, thy joys we all remember,
Thy smiles and happy fears;
But now, alas, has come life's sad November,
A time for tears.
For spring shall soon restore the birds and flowers,
Green fields and sunny streams.
What power can bring again those vanished hours,
And youth's fond dreams!

A. STEVENSON.

A CHILD'S WORDS.

I remember once walking in the afternoon of a hot dusty day along one of the streets of a large city. It was a poor quarter; the street was narrow, and the reflected heat of its high bare walls came down without obstruction. As I passed a shabby house, I heard words and saw a sight I shall never forget. A ragged little girl of eight or more was sitting on the door step; and near her was playing a little boy of about the same age. The little girl as I passed, was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, her head thrown dreamily back, and her eyes looking up with childlike longing into the sky above, while over all her face shone the light of a vague hope. Half conscious of the boy at her side she breathed out the longing within her in words, simple baby words, which have branded themselves on my soul. "What if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!" The little face still looked upward, the boy romped on, and a stranger passed, soul-saddened for ever by these simple words. God bless thee, child. Unawares thou'st

done a man good to his very soul, cleansing him of much petty meanness, and kindling in his heart the fire of thine own holy ambition. Thou'st made a better man of him. Oh, may thine own lot be a fairer one than I foresee; may thy pure upward longing ne'er be beaten down, rudely trampled in the mire; may it survive fair and pure that foul atmosphere in the midst of which thou livest—fair and pure as lilies of heaven. I thought it would be an awful thing if that flash of dear illusion were thine all, and advantaged only me. That thought, and the memory of those pure uplifted child-eyes, makes the brain almost tremble in madness.

We cannot fill those simple words fuller with meaning than the child did. To her they were the spontaneous expression of her longing after the high, the pure, the perfectly noble—that same blind longing that stretches out arms to heaven the world over—simple, undeniable fact that gives the lie to all systems of cold, selfish calculation—and yet, after all, inscrutable, thought-paralyzing mystery. Do we not all feel at times this longing after some absolutely pure and beautiful? Oh, "what if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!"

But the blasting misery of it is its hopeless futility to so many. The small compass of this world is full, heaped with ruined ideals, eyes that no longer see, hearts that no longer feel, lives whose ruin was extinguished before the dawn. What can it all mean?—or is it meaningless?—and the night of blackest despair closes in about the soul—until once more shines out like a star this inborn longing, and I hear as the watchword of highest duty that child's simple words: "What if you was as high as the sky — and all of us!"

R. BALMER.

IN AUGUST.

Wearied with chasing the butterflies,
And gathering wild flowers in her play,
The tired child rests by the lily pond;
Breathless, her hair tossed over her eyes,
She hears them with a pleased surprise—
Her playmates in the woods to-day,
Calling to her from far beyond
The brook, that murmurs its dreamy rune
Through the drowsy afternoon.
And resting on the grassy marge,
She views with well-pleased eye,
In a small harbor, anchored nigh,
The water-fairies' lily barge,
Which the little helmsman dragon-fly,
Perched on the stern, hath in charge;
And holding by the tufted grass,
And by the wild vine's trailing strand,
She stretches out her eager hand,
Wishing to take the shining bowl
On which the longing of her soul
Hath settled like the dragon fly,
Whose slender, azure body's rest
Shows, against the lilywhite,
As might a blue vein wandering by,
Upon the child's own soft white breast.
She woos it nearer still to glide,
And just her finger-tips
Can touch its silvery side,
But on the touch adown it dips,
And over the little waves doth slide,
As riding at their anchors ships,
Upon the drifting of the tide,
Swing slowly 'round in circlings wide...
With smiling lips she looks and sighs,
The light of longing in her eyes,
And reaching forth again she tries.
It circles out, the fairy boat,
'Mid the large leaves that round it float,—
Just sailing on so lazily,
That not the drowsy dragon-fly
Moves at his perch, nor stirs a wing
Into a moment's quivering.

W. J. HEALY.