

of all the rest, and it aggravates the positive injustice which is often done to the best men, as the result of the fallacious test of ordinary examinations.

Our students wish to be generous and helpful to each other; they desire to pursue truth, single-eyed, for the truth's sake alone, and they would preserve their manhood and independence in its fullest measure.

They simply ask, then, that the College Council will not expose them to a temptation which would tend to prevent them from making a fair approximation to this ideal. It is to be hoped that a request so reasonable will no longer be refused.

Poetry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.*

Once on a time—it matters little when—
In English ground—it matters little where—
A fight was fought upon a summer day
When skies were blue, and waving grass was green,
The wild flower, fashioned by the Almighty Hand
To be a perfumed goblet for the dew,
Felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood,
And, shrinking from the horror, drooped and died.
Many an insect that derives its hue
From harmless leaves and tender bladed herbs,
Was stained atreth that day by vesting men,
And marked its wanderings with unnatural track.
The painted butterfly that soared from earth
Bore blood upon the edges of its wings,
The stream ran red. The trampled soil became
A quagmire, whence, from sullen pools that formed
In prints of human feet and horses' hoofs,
The one prevailing hue of stagnant blood
Still looked and glimmered, and the cloudless sun-
The lonely moon upon the battle-ground,
Shone brightly off, while stars kept mournful watch,
And winds from every quarter of the earth
Blow o'er it, ere the traces of the fight
Were worn away. They lurked and lingered long,
In trivial signs surviving Nature's far
Above the evil passions of mankind,
Her old serenity recovered soon,
And smiled upon the guilty battle-ground,
As she had done when it was innocent.
The lark sang high above it; swallows skimmed,
And dipped, and fitted gaily to and fro;
The shadows of the flying clouds pursued
Each other swiftly over grass and corn,
And field and woodland, over roof and spire
Of peasant towns embosomed among trees,
Into the glowing distance, far away
Upon the borders of the earth and sky,
Where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown,
And reaped and harvested; the restless stream,
That once was red with orange, turned a mill;
Men whistled at the plough, or tossed the hay,
And bands of gleaners gathered up the grain:
In sunny pastures sheep and oxen browsed;
Boys whooped and called; near the pilfering birds;
Smoke rose from cottage chimneys; Sabbath bells
Rang with sweet chimings; old people lived and died;
The timid creatures of the field and grove,
The simple blossoms of the garden-plot
Grew up and perished in their destined terms—
And all amid the blood-stained battle-ground,
Where thousands upon thousands had been slain,
But, there were deep green patches in the corn,
That peasants gazed upon, at first, with awe.
Year after year those patches reappeared,
And children knew that men and horses lay
In mouldering heaps beneath each fertile spot.
The village hind, who ploughed that teeming soil,
Shrank from the large worms that abounded there;
The bounteous sheaves it never failed to yield
Were called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart,
And no one knew a Battle Sheaf to be
Borne in the last load at a Harvest Home.
For many a year each furrow that was turned

* These lines are printed as a "Curiosity of Literature." The reader who refers to the first chapter of "The Battle of Life" by Charles Dickens will find that, by the mere addition or omission of a few words, the most graphic description of the scene where once a great battle had been fought is here turned into unrhymed metre. The late K. H. Horns pointed out in "A New Spirit of the Age," that the account of the famous Little Bighorn falls, with slight alteration, into blank verse of irregular rhythm, such as Southey, Shelley, and other poets have occasionally adopted.

Revealed some crumbling record of the fight,
And by the roadside there were wounded trees,
And serape of bucked and broken fence and wall
Where deadly struggles erst had taken place,
And trampled spots, where not a blade would grow.
For many a year, no smiling village girl
Would dress her bosom or adorn her hair
With fragrant blossoms from that field of death;
And, when the seasons oft had come and gone,
The crimson berries growing there were thought
To leave too deep a stain upon the hands
Of those that plucked them.

GEORGE MURRAY.

Contributions.

TIT FOR TAT.

(Translated from the German by GOWAN LEA.)

"You are surely not going out again to-night, Henry!"

"I am, my dear!"

"And where? if I may be allowed to ask."

"Oh, to sup with some friends. I am taking the pass-key with me, so there is no need for you to sit up."

Mrs. Schmelzer sighed.

"This is the fifth evening of this week that you have left me alone. I really begin to wonder why you married! It is hard—yes, it is hard, Henry."

"But, Emma, you astonish me," said Henry, with affected dignity.

"It would be better if you could be astonished at yourself. How can such thoughtless conduct appear to yourself?"

"Were I a married woman," answered Schmelzer, "I should find it quite natural that my husband should go out whenever he pleased and wherever he pleased, and should do always just what he liked; and if it happened now and then that I did not feel entirely satisfied, I should speak in a very different tone from that in which you have spoken. Yours is not the way to attach a man to his house!"

"O, is there a way?"

"Why, certainly there is. Make your house attractive. Moreover, have I ever hindered you from going out when and where you chose?"

"I never stay out till three o'clock in the morning."

"If you had good reasons for being away I should not object. I might go out at the same time."

"But I have nowhere to go, Henry. Ah, if you could know how dreary it is always to be left to sit alone!"

"Why not subscribe to a lending library? That would provide diversion and amusement for you. You might also mend my clothes; it would help to pass the time. My mother used to be always sewing for my father. But I must away, child. Farewell; don't be angry."

"Good-night," said Mrs. Schmelzer, proudly. "I shall remember this; the day of reckoning shall come."

After that evening Henry heard no more reproaches. He went and came as usual, leaving his wife to her solitary meditations. One day he sprained his foot, and was brought home in a carriage. At least fourteen days was he a prisoner to the house.