

to the interests of the university should be strong enough to make the present generation of students anxious to bequeath her to their successors, greater and more glorious than she was when they received her.

On the arrival of the apparatus for the gymnasium, which is shortly expected, the sum of seventeen hundred dollars will require to be forthcoming from the students. Of this sum six hundred dollars has already been subscribed and paid in, leaving as yet a balance of eleven hundred dollars to be collected. This amount must be raised by the students. It is to them and to them alone that the committee look for it; and if it is to be raised it must be done within the next week or ten days. It is unfair and unmanly of us to elect men for the performance of such arduous duties and the undertaking of such heavy responsibilities, and then to leave them, after they have spent time and labor on the work, to face financial embarrassment and difficulty as well. Our honor as men and as students of this university demands that we do our duty in this regard.

Again therefore we would appeal to the men not to think this a slight or unimportant object; and, when they have got their conceptions worked up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm, not to suffer them to evaporate in empty "gush," but to crystallize them into contributions. By their fruits ye shall know them, and students who are genuinely and earnestly interested in this most important work will make some palpable manifestation of that interest.

As an encouragement to the committee we would remind them of the words of the father of poets in describing a great athletic exhibition of the old heroic age, words which while they may perhaps exaggerate the truth yet do serve to convey a most important and encouraging truth alike to the committee and to all men else interested in the consummation of this work:—

Man hath no greater glory in this life
Than what by hand or foot he hath achieved.

A LETTER FROM HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,—You may perhaps think Vergil and I have a rather monotonous time down here in Hades, but in reality it is unusually interesting. When we are not sleeping and drinking we often pass away the hours watching Æschines and Demosthenes slugging each other or hearing Cæsar relate how he joined Catiline's conspiracy and managed to hoodwink Cicero, while that old fool is always willing to talk to us about *himself*, usually, ending his tale with the melodious words:

Fortunatam natam me consule Romam!

Aristophanes keeps up a vein of most refined wit and satire, and Juvenal, who, by the way, is rather a sham, just rails night and day against our fallen morals. When these enjoyments fail, we telephone to Leipsic or Berlin and ask for the latest theories about the meanings of our poems or whether the Homeric controversy (which, I may say, greatly amuses our old blind comrade, Melesigenes, who is now interweaving Wolfe's Prolegomena with his own original manuscript edition of his Iliad and Odyssey) has yet come to bloodshed. Tacitus and I often give Cerberus the slip and whisper conjectured readings in the ears of these old German plugs while they are asleep. We get somewhat conceited when we see these subtle pedants devote their lifetime to attempted explanations of what we wrote in about five minutes, and I remember what a laugh we had when that young coxcomb Boyle and that old

tyrant Bentley were tussling about Phalaris. Of late, however, we have been feeling rather bad. Sophocles has been too stuck up for anything since Jebb began to edit him. He makes life miserable for us, to say nothing of Sappho who is continually reading aloud Frederick Tennyson's epic. (Just let me tell you here that she isn't pretty a bit, and not any too honest either, though she often comes and entrances Alcaeus and me with her wonderful songs). The other day, moreover, I was nearly prostrated by reading a libel on me in the VARSITY. I used to have intermittent fever while Giles' interlinear keys were appearing, but I nearly had a paralytic stroke this time. I wish now I had wholly died. "Glycera" herself didn't make me feel so bad as "W.O." What business has he to fool with my odes? I tell you I won't have any fifteenth class poetical tailor trying to put such ugly ungainly clothes on my beautiful form. Besides, the law's against him. I gave a copyright of that poem to Dryden long ago. I'll just enclose his translation to make "W.O." die of shame or even get starved next May. I'm surprised that my admirer Fairclough permitted such an outrage. I leave the case in your hands now, for I must attend the court where Thucydides is being tried for lying when he wrote the Funeral Speech. Yours truly.

Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

Poets' Corner, Hades, February 28th.

HORACE, LIB. I., CARM. IX.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new heights of snow:
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the labouring woods below;
And streams with icy fetters bound
Benumbed and cramped to solid ground.

With well-heaped logs dissolve the cold
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and love inspires;
For what hereafter shall betide
God (if 'tis worth his care) provide.

Let Him alone with what He made,
To toss and turn the world below;
At His command the storms invade,
The winds by His commission blow,
Till with a nod he bids them cease,
And then the calm returns and all is peace.

To-morrow and its works defy;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by
To put them out of Fortune's power;
Nor love nor love's delights disdain—
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Secure those golden early joys
That youth, unsoured with sorrow, hears
Ere with'ring time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years:
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possess;
The best is but in season best.

Th' appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign
And hides but to be found again—
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

—Dryden.