

consider that the greatest good can be derived from a University education if a due consideration to the curriculum of study has added thereto a free intermingling of the students with each other. It is in this way that they are educated to a true manhood—which is the aim of a University education." Thus appears an additional and weighty reason for the support of our great college functions, and it is there, moreover, where enthusiasm is rampant and college yells reverberate in Hall or on Campus, where individualism is smothered for a time by "our love and veneration" for our Alma Mater, I say it is there that the germs of college sentiment are best nourished into a healthy and vigorous life.

In his conclusion Mr. Good agrees with my conclusion, which, he says, "I have curiously reached in spite of a wretchedly false assumption as to the nature of true patriotism;" but he offers no substitute. I take this opportunity to assure him that my definition as quoted above, was not original, but that of an authority; and consequently I am forced to believe that my alleged assumption is exceeded by his presumption in making the above remark, so unwarranted either by the facts of the case or any arguments which he has adduced.

I will conclude as I did before. It has been said that "patriotism is the corner-stone of national life;" and so I think it may be said that college sentiment is the corner-stone of true University life. I am, sir, yours truly,
G. W. Ross, '99.

A LIFE.

The guests at the summer resort down by the lake were beginning to think of their return home, and already their pleasant holidays seemed to them only as memories. Some of the cottages had even now assumed their dull quiet of winter, while others were the scenes of busy preparation. But the homes of a greater number of the visitors were still as inviting as at the height of the season. Now it seemed as if the happy pleasure-seekers were getting their surfeit of enjoyment for the few odd days of rest and quiet in their vacation. Next week they would all be back at their homes, their studies and their work. What wonder was it then that they appreciated the remaining days more than all the rest of their vacation, and crowded a week's enjoyment into a single night!

Perhaps a desire to get away from the noise and mirth of the happy packers in my own home, as well as—must I confess it—to escape the tiresome work of packing up, made me wander down to the lake shore. There I reclined on the sand and gazed listlessly out on the vast expanse of water before me. Although early in the evening, it was almost dark, the only light coming from the golden rays of the sun, which was slowly sinking under the horizon. After a while the silver glare from the light-house shone far out on the waves, and to the watcher appeared to send a countless number of dancing, sparkling ripples over the face of the lake. But as if this were a signal the lanterns and lights in the cottages and villas glimmered in unison, and the village which during the daytime was quiet and peaceful gave itself up to the festivities of the evening.

I lay there musing, listening to the low monotonous swish of the waves coming in on the shore and occasionally awakened from my reveries by the outburst of the merry cottagers. As I looked vacantly at the advancing ripples, unintentionally my mind became

centred on a piece of driftwood, which seemed at every incoming wave to be thrown upon the shore but only to recede to its former place. After lying there some time wondering if ever it would reach the sand, memory carried me back to the time when Bertram and myself were boys. Ah! Those were jolly times. We thought of nothing else but the present, and enjoyed ourselves in the thousand and one ways in which lads can enjoy themselves. No lark was entered upon but what we were implicated in it as deeply as the others; no game engaged in, but what we were there to aid or oppose one another according as we were partners or opponents. Just as with the other lads of our age we received our punishments for the time being and straightway forgot them.

The years passed quickly, and he drifted westward, but on the breaking out of the war, as was to be expected, he went. One brief furlough coincided with my return home, and then he was off again, the same smile and hand-clasp as of old—and now, as I lay there weighing the chances of return, I could not help but feel that the weight against outbalanced the other.

"Does Mr. H— live here?"

"Yes."

"Here is a message for him."

Just then I heard some one enquiring for me, which brought me back to the gaieties of the evening. So absorbed had I been with my thoughts that I had come to pay little or no attention to the music and dancing going on around me.

I called to the messenger, and he came down the path to where I was reclining on the sand.

"Telegram, marked 'rush,' sir."

I tore open the end and unfolding, read it, but for some time I could not grasp the meaning, which after a while slowly came to me.

"Bertram died at three o'clock this afternoon."

"—— Chaplain —— Michigan Volunteers."

"Answer, sir? Any answer, sir?"

"Eh! Any answer, sir?"

"No, lad; no answer."

The driftwood had caught at last.

WILL H. INGRAM.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

I did not intend going to the Lit on Friday, but an "over which I had no control" circumstance occurred which—but as Kipling says, that's another story—so I went. On arriving I found a group of friends to sit with, and passed a very pleasant evening, chatting and laughing, incidentally voting friends into honorary (?) offices and stamping my feet in approval of quondam motions, which I didn't hear. As usual there were motions galore with few amendments, and less discussion, while the Freshmen had plenty of opportunity to exercise their newly acquired suffrage. It was very amusing to see and hear, from my place of vantage, the manner in which the voting was done. "Who're you going to vote for? I don't know any of them," exclaimed one, as he scanned the names on the blackboard, and turned to the kindred spirits around him. "Well, I know a fellow who knows so-and-so, and I guess I'll vote for him." This decided the momentous question, and so-and-so's name was written on a dozen ballots. "Who else?" "Oh, the first name looks all right, so here goes," and again the dozen slips.