

'Mid all the storm. The ship can scarcely ride,
 Afar, and tossing 'gainst the tightened chain
 Strained by the frenzy of the wind and tide.
 And wild ducks, sheltered in the calmer lee,
 Betray to passing flock their still domain,
 Which, circling downward, turn their spiral way,
 Soon break the surface with each storm-beat breast,
 And lave their feathers gracefully,
 And fold their tired wings in grateful rest.
 At sunset still the battle thunders strong,
 Where heav'n touches earth the west along;
 The falling gloom, lit by a bloody line,
 Hangs close and threatening o'er the hills below.
 And flashes, 'mid the breaking vapour, shine
 With crowning glory of the vesper glow.
 Of all the moods which nature shows to man,
 None catch his eye like this, nor prove her might.
 She makes earth to writhe 'neath heavy ban,
 And airs to lash, and clouds in agony
 To roll; with new pulsations life inspires,
 And expectation springing with delight
 Looks from its sleep to listen and obey
 And soul all mindful of the outward sign
 Feels the same power swaying it within,
 And lightens with the bursting fires;
 And while the universe doth thrill, it joins
 Its trembling self to nature kin.

J. F. HERRIN.

A SKETCH.

If any bosom has been secretly cherishing the belief that in the student's life there are no opportunities for cultivating the domestic qualities of his nature as well as the economic, we feel it a duty and a privilege to put such an opinion to flight, and in its place to plant another, having for its authority the pure light of experience and the testimony of the entire brotherhood.

It is an interesting piece of work, to all observers, which the seeker after the truth has frequently at first to do. Putting down a carpet is mere fun, at least that has always been his opinion; to change which

Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain

could have in the least way prevailed. He knows that he has seen the "women folks" at home put them down, and that they did it in a very short time and made no complaint over it. Now "women folks" always complain of anything like work; so therefore to anybody who "knows logic" (and he fancies that he knows something of that study) the conclusion is irresistible. Putting down a carpet is not work, and what isn't work is fun.

Such is his belief, and he is about to corroborate it by actual experiment. The strips of carpeting must of course be sewed together. Whether it is the psychological result of the operation, or whether some new innate principle becomes suddenly active; authorities are divided upon; but it is certain that there is almost immediately developed within him a strange and savage tendency, as evinced by his eager desire and great relish for blood, constantly sucking that article from the ends of his fingers in such quantities as can neither receive a warrant from Christian custom nor Pagan usage.

The body cannot be preyed upon without injury to the mind, and consequent upon such a destruction of the one there must be a corresponding change in the nature of the other. The first manifestations of this altered state of affairs is seen when the stitching necessary for putting together the first two pieces is about half completed. The youth of his mother's praises (none of your flattering words of exaltation, the currency of the counterfeiter, but praises unalloyed, the coin pure as the pure love which gave them birth) grows so exceedingly reflective, that if he were exposed to the view of the most acute observers, it would be a point of debate whether he was sick with love or sad with religion. In this case should they decide upon either they would be equally wrong, for neither of those subjects is likely just then to prove itself in any way attractive to him, being, as he is, closely engaged in examining the arguments for finishing his "piece of fun" in this way, or that way, or considering the advisability of not finishing it at all. Happy are his thoughts when he concludes not to stitch another stitch, but nail it down with ten-penny nails before he'll do it. The rest of the story is soon told. A blister or two may add to the already spotted appearance of his hands, and some pains may attend his locomotion for a day or so afterwards; but the feat is accomplished, the carpet is down, nailed down, and down well; and out of the whole field of his nature the little plot devoted to domestic purposes has had the gardener within its bounds and the coarsest weeds plucked from its breast.

Then comes the fitting up the room; the putting up the blinds, the hanging up the pictures, the arranging the books on the shelves, the unpacking the trunk and setting out the wardrobe; in all of which