

lost, while industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and the Arkwrights are worthless, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labors on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporal vigor. Never will I believe that what makes a population stronger, and healthier, and wiser, and better, can ultimately make it poorer."

The dreadful evils which arise from Sunday labor demand redress, and it is justly contended that the State should interfere, and erase forever one of the darkest blots upon our modern civilization. Thus, it is evident that political economy has a vast deal of wrongs against society

to shoulder, a vast deal of human misery to answer for. But still we have the consolation of knowing that through its agency, the humble laborer, has been raised to such a position, that he may not only make his voice heard, but even his influence felt.

He is not dictated to as of old, but rather takes a share himself in the dictating. It is not exaggerating in the least to say that political economy has accomplished far more good, than it has caused evil. No one will contend, that a science which has proved a boom to society should be abolished on account of its abuse. It would seem therefore that there is sufficient reason for political economy holding a place in our University curricula. For it has fulfilled its mission at least in part, directing as it has done, all its resources to the one great end, the conservation and development of humanity.

WALTER W. WALSH. '96.

God neither progresses nor changes, dear, as
I once heard you rashly say :
Man's schools and philosophies come and
go, but His Word doth not pass away.
We worship Him where we did of old, with
simple and reverent rite :
In the morning we pray Him to bless our work,
to forgive our transgressions at night.
To keep His commandments to fear His name,
and what should be done to do—
That's the beginning of wisdom still ; I
suspect 'tis the end of it too.

ALFRED AUSTIN.