

that the mother herself should be healthy. As a general rule we find that women who advocate the measure and are foremost in all questions of Woman's Rights, are greatly adverse to maternity, and the results will in course of time become very serious if woman is made a competitor of man instead of a partner, as nature has obviously designed her to be.

OBIT.

It was with deep sorrow that we learned last Monday morning of Mr. Hugh McArthur's death. We would, if we could, record the grief which grew in every heart as the fatal rumor ran from lip to lip. Men refused to believe that McArthur was dead. He was only in the twenty-first year of his age. He was healthy, he was happy, his present was full of prosperity and his future full of hope. It was impossible that he could die.

In a photograph which lies on the table before us he is represented standing, with folded arms, beside a shore, while between him and the distant horizon lies a ship with sails unfurled. He knew not when he took that manly attitude that Death's dark ripples were rolling at his feet. We knew not when he gave us the photograph that Death's dark ship was waiting for him. Last Monday morning a sobbing sister, a weeping brother, and a broken-hearted mother, watched the boat that bore him from the shore to the ship till they could no longer see the gleaming of the oar.

Deeply, deeply, do we sympathize with his friends in their bereavement. No sharper sorrow can assail a human heart than the sorrow which a mother feels when a promising son is snatched from her arms. His fellow-students passed a resolution of condolence to his friends. But no resolution of condolence can remove a mother's pain, can mitigate a sister's mute anguish, or cure a brother's grief. It is, however, a balm which, though it cannot cure the wound, may perhaps assuage the pain.

But farewell now to every hope, except the hope of heaven; farewell to the nimble finger; farewell to the noble soul; farewell to the cordial grasp; farewell to the eye that reflected the movements of a generous mind. Only a few weeks ago he was walking and talking among us, and he is walking and talking among us still. Memory has taken him into her land. Her gloom lies about him, but he lives in her land. Many a loving thought will linger round McArthur's grave.

HARVARD VS. PRINCETON.

The semi-annual foot-ball match between Harvard and Princeton took place on Saturday, 2nd inst., on the Elysian fields, near New York. Although a cold and high wind was blowing, and the ground was wet and muddy from recent rains, there were nearly 1,000 persons present to witness the match. Of these, the fair sex predominated. In all directions the bright orange of Princeton was visible, while only here and there was the more modest scarlet to be seen. Two heats of three-quarters of an hour each were played, and Rugby rules followed. The game was played from beginning to end in a most active style, the ball flying from one end of the field to the other in rapid succession. During the first half only one touch-down was obtained by Harvard, but they failed to score a goal.

In the second half for sometime no apparent advantage was obtained by either side, till at length Cutts by a brilliant run obtained a touch-down, and by an easy kick won the first goal and the game for Princeton.

The Princeton players were Dodge, Cap., Bradford, Ballard, Stevenson, Clark, Devereaux, Loney, Lee, Ewes, Wiley, Irving, McNair, Van Dyke, Cutts and Miner.

The Harvard men were L. Cushing, Cap., Thayer, Littner, Perry, Holmes, Swift, H. W. Cushing, Austin, Blanchard, Houston, Holden, Lombard, Bacon and Wetherbee.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

A really good day for the athletic sports has of late years been a rarity, and this 24th Oct. was by no means an exception. Many were the "Cassandras" who prophesied bad weather for that day, and while others hoped the day would turn out fine they had their doubts about it. The night preceding the 24th did much to dispel the hope of having a good day on the morrow, and those of the prophets who awakened and heard the rain-drops pattering on the roof, overhead, as we did, mentally ejaculated, "I told you so," before becoming again "*somno gravatum*." A few, no doubt, consoled themselves with the thought that they had a holiday anyway, a thing not to be despised, and if the sports did not come off in the morning the Faculty would have to give another when they did. However, when the morning broke the rain stopped, and although the sky was somewhat overcast with