

Having traveled with me through this imaginary land, and, having noticed, in but a very imperfect way, the cheerless life of the little one, in its home, the monotony and colorlessness of their school life, the dull weight of their literature, and their God, who is but a logical conception, can we not understand in a very slight degree, the vast influence imagination exerts upon our lives? Let us not belittle its office, for in doing this we may be casting reproach upon that factor which gives the rosy tint and joy to life!

JENNIE COBB '97.

The Light of Nature

Tell me not that Nature's lifeless !
 That man is born but to decay !
 That things of sense are but a phantom,
 A flower to-day to-morrow clay !
 That while with lavish hand she strews
 Her varied tints o'er wood and lea,
 Her beauty's but concomitant
 Of earth, or air, or sea !
 That while from grove or cloister pours
 A flood of song most rare,
 Their harmonies are but effects
 Of oscillated air !
 That all things happened thus by chance !
 That through their course no purpose runs !
 That time and space are only terms
 To mark the bounds of worlds and suns !
 That we who know our bodies are
 But garments of our soul,
 Should find therein the only mind
 In this great nature's whole !
 Vain vaunting man, when thus you see
 Reason in countless shapes,—
 Can you deny that wisdom vast
 And infinite creates ?
 He does ! He does ! and ever is
 Creating, doing good,
 Renewing now where yesterday
 Decaying systems stood.
 Lighting the boundless night of space
 With flashing showers of suns;
 Clothing in pristine verdure new
 Their trains of lesser ones.
 But whether seen in whirling space
 Or microscopic germ,
 An ever working hand appears
 Willed by a purpose firm.

J. E. F