

would owe them something. After all is that not real success—to know that the world is your debtor?

Where are they now, these college chums? Some in civil, some in commercial life; some lawyers, some doctors and some priests of God. Some of them too are dead, for youth and strength and hope and ambition are no barrier to the grim reaper. But I have them all with me in my room and one glance at their counterfeits on the wall can summon back the days when we were together—days in the class room, the study, the recreation, or on the Oval, where so often they fought the good fight for the Garnet and Grey, and so often won.

Well, it is good that in memory we can travel back along the road to yesterday, for our feet can never tread it again.

The interval grows greater; much may sink into the deadly level of things seen distantly, but always and ever as a golden hue in the haze of memories shall be a picture of the old college buildings peopled with the ghosts of those who dwelt within them. And the memories I have, like the friendships I made shall grow dearer with the lapse of time.

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DUTY.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
 Whose deeds both great and small,
 Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
 Whose love ennobles all.
 The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
 The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
 After its own life-working. A child's kiss
 Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

—*Robert Browning.*