

at the expense of the government, receive land, and live under the burden of the feudal system, which holds down all ambition; while emigrants who have any means and a spirit of enterprise prefer to settle in the United States, where nothing oppresses them, and where everything, on the contrary, contributes to their rise." On the way up the St. Lawrence again some drunken artillerymen boarded the steamer at Sorel, making fast to its side a skiff containing several kegs. The consternation on board was great when it was discovered that the kegs were filled with gunpowder, and that the sparks from the steamer's smoke-stack were constantly falling upon them. At the earnest entreaty of Prince Bernhard the captain sent the boat and three of the more sober artillerymen adrift.

But here we must part company with the observant traveller, and leave him to finish his journey of eleven months in America, which led him next to New York and later as far south as New Orleans. His diary evidently preceded him to Europe in sections. Goethe, then an old man of seventy-seven, read it in manuscript before Prince Bernhard's return; when it came to be printed he and his son, August, together subscribed for one copy on common paper.

G. H. Needler.



The Guardian Angel

Oftentimes, when, in the twilight,
Peace comes to my troubled soul,
Strains of most consummate sweetness,
Through the balmy silence roll.

In ecstatic trance I listen
To those heav'n-inspired notes,
And I marvel whence that music
To my raptured being floats.

Once, amid the falling darkness
Of the night, a voice divine,
Softly winged a heavenly secret,
From an angel's lips to mine:

"Every mortal has a guardian,
Watching o'er his nether life,
Ever near to guide his footsteps,
Through the stormy world of strife.

"I am your protecting spirit,
And I always hover nigh,
When your lids in sleep are closing,
When they greet the morning sky.

"Mine is that entrancing music,
That you hear far, far away,
It has come through heaven's portal,
From the golden realm of day.

"What you hear is but an echo,
Of the stately paean of praise,
That a million, million angels
To the King of Heaven raise."

Then the spirit ceased her music,
And I felt as one forlorn,
Who along the lonely vastness
Of a hundred seas is borne.

—Thorleif Larsen, '06.

Charon Redivivus

Time: The present.

Place: Top of Tower, University College.

Dramatis Personae: Charon, the ferryman of Hades, and Hermes, the Messenger of the Gods.

(This is a continuation of a conversation begun about 2000 B. C.)

Charon: "By Zeus, O Hermes, I owe you many thanks in that you have consented once again to be my informant concerning the things of this upper world. For I remember that when once before I visited the world of men I learned many things from you which it would be impossible to learn in the realms of the dead. And I wished to know whether the life of man had in any way improved since then. Indeed those whom I ferry over the Styx in my little boat will tell me nothing, and I do not wish to be four thousand years behind the news of this world any longer. Therefore, I pray you, O Hermes, to answer all my questions freely."

Hermes: "I cannot promise this, O Charon, for we are now in a place where many questions are asked which even the gods upon Olympus could not answer. But I will do my best. For you must know, O Charon, that this is a great modern university, where young men and women acquire the highest education and become cultured, and what is now called "polished"; and some of them are polished off altogether. I pray you pardon me. This joking is a habit I have obtained from spending too much time here. But now look around you, for I will give your eyes the power to see inside all these great buildings and what the various people are doing inside them."

Charon: "Tell me, then, what is that small, grey building next to this one toward the south?"

Hermes: "That is the library, O Charon, wherein are accumulated many books. And a few of these books are useful and much sought after by many, and a great many are useless ones which nobody ever sees. But no one may see or handle all these books at will, but must take only such as they can get with much trouble and for a little while only. And this building is ruled over by a grim and insatiate ruler whose delight it is to punish many students without a trial, so that many evil things are said by them."

Charon: "But why may the students not have free access to all the books?"

Hermes: "That, O Charon, is one of the questions which neither God nor man can answer."

Charon: "What, then, are those two great buildings beyond that, toward the south?"

Hermes: "That one with the strange towers like unto two mushrooms is where the disciples of Aesculapius pursue their labors, and that beautiful big red one close to it across the road is where the followers of Archimedes toil with sweat and tears through long years of painful effort. Now, the followers of the great doctor and of the great scientist are at deadly war, and terrible deeds are done on either side, for truly both parties are wholly savage and barbarian."

Charon: "What is this building close by and towards the north?"

Hermes: "That is the Gymnasium, and in that place are trained many athletes who could have overcome Croton or Milo or even Hercules himself. But truly the gods were unpropitious this