

## RENUNCIATION.

Do you remember, Sweet, when earth was bright with flowers,  
Together how we walked amid the laughing bow'rs,  
Hand clasped in hand, nor dreamed of parting days to come,  
Or eyes grown dark with tears and lips with sorrow dumb?

Sweet, does it wound you still, the mem'ry of that time,  
Or have you ceased to fret over life's broken rhyme?  
Ah love, once mine, the paths of your eyes, sweet eyes  
And true, without the need of words the hope denies.

Can love die with the years? Do you remember how,  
Defying fate, we said with kites and plights (I vow),  
Till sudden, sharp, as when on some fair starlit night  
One hears the fire bell the restful silence smite.

Rude, jangling, into all our lives' sweet harmonies  
Came duty's despot call and fiery sacrifice!  
What could we but obey? Not mine or thine the choice,  
Cravens might falter, we would suffer and rejoice.

'Twas well, ah Sweet, 'twas well. Surrender is not loss;  
And surely what we gave, as gold refined from dross,  
Out of the crucible divine will yet be giv'n  
Back to our hearts on earth, or in God's far off Heav'n.

EROL GERVASE.

## Contributions.

## A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY Nihil V. ERUIS.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Quick, Bolton," said Mr. Tilton, "there's Mr. Simon; go and tie up his horse in the stable."

Bolton got up and went out, muttering to himself—

"D—his airs; why can't he tie up his own horse? One would think he was a king from the way he orders us about."

A few moments later, and a tall figure entered by the kitchen door and shook himself free of the snow that encumbered him, for it was now snowing. He looked around the room a moment, and, entering, gravely approached Mrs. Tilton, saying—

"How do you do, madam?"

Mrs. Tilton was not a woman to get into a flurry over anything, but with the rest of her neighbors she shared in an awe at Mr. Simon that annoyed her when he was absent. She rose and bustled about the room to find him a seat, while he turned and greeted Mr. Tilton with the same grave courtesy with which he had treated Mrs. Tilton. To the others he bowed, not haughtily, but distantly, and then turning to his son, extended his hand to him, saying—

"Ah! Peter, I did not expect you, my boy. Your mother will be glad to see you, when you go home."

There was just a slight tone of reproach in Mr. Simon's voice, but he was too self-controlled to utter a word to hint that Peter lacked in filial duty in passing his father's house to seek another's. He sat down in the corner, and began gently stroking the sleeping dog, which soon rose and put its head upon his knee, the better to enjoy the process.

"How is your lake getting on, Tom?" he asked. "Have you told Peter about it yet?"

"Oh! ay," said Tom, with a short laugh. "We're going out to see it soon."

"Indeed! Then I hope Peter will bring me back a deer's head. And you, Mr. Tilton," he continued, addressing Hal, "how is your patent water-supply drill getting on?"

"Famously, sir, famously. We have formed a company with a capital of half a million, and expect to have the drill all over the country in three weeks. It is a most wonderful thing, sir; and such a necessity that I expect to sell one to every farmer in America. I will show you a model to-morrow. It only wants a few touches to make it marketable. Brother, here, is going to take some shares in the company."

"I don't know about that, Hal; you have had so many inventions, that I doubt if this one will amount to anything. What about your patent milker now?" said Mr. Tilton.

"Oh! that; well, I haven't had time to touch it since I showed it to you. But it worked."

"Worked! yes, and made Daisy kick the back out of the shed."

"But the milker wasn't perfect, you know," broke in Hal.

"No, that's what is wrong with most of your fads, Hal. That self-opening gate kept me half-an-hour trying to open it once."

"But it did open of itself."

"Yes, and let the cattle into the garden. But we'll see, we'll see."

Mr. Simon, in the meantime, turned to Mr. Forbes and said—

"Forbes, have you heard of this new theory of evolution, or whatever it is? I have the fellow's book at home."

"Darwin, you mean," responded Mr. Forbes. "No, I have only seen a review of the book. He tries to prove that we all come from the inferior animals, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"What," said Mrs. Tilton, sharply, "me come from an ape or a frog, or something like that! The man's a fool."

"What do you think I come from, Peter?" whispered Lizzie behind the stove.

"A lily," was Peter's reply.

"Well," said Mr. Simon, "the chief objection I have to the theory is that it does away with the divine hand."

"Not at all," said Mr. Forbes, "it indicates a greatness in power and mind far beyond what we are giving to God. Give even a child the power of working miracles, and he could keep the world moving by correcting all his errors by fiat. But to plan out a creation so vast as this, and which will continue on its course, when once started, without the necessity for a miracle—that needs a *mind* far beyond that of man. I see nothing objectionable to the theory from a theological standpoint."

"But," said Mr. Simon, "does it not do away with life? Do we not become automatic? We cannot claim to have a soul."

Mr. Forbes put his hand down and drew forth his fiddle.