

tection of his Alma Mater. There the tempestuous waters of the world are calmed into a lagoon of crystalline fairness whose placid surface reflects only the good, the beautiful, the true of a much soiled and sullied existence. There the winds are soothed and the zephyrs play in the dusky corners and the long summer of youth is redolent with fragrance. Happy days those when the thoughts of the Morrow are like the southing swallows and the Future the vague horizon afar off in the morning mist.

Form in Literature

THE problem of the relation of form to matter is as old as the early Greek philosophies, some of them going so far as to say, that form is essential to the existence of matter; later thinking, however, recognizing both the subjective and objective, leads to the belief that all matter to be intelligible to sense must be embodied in some form.

Now, form is not restricted to any particular manifestation of matter; on the other hand, everything revealed to sense is simply an external manifestation of something which is mystic, an outward sign of an inward substance. Form itself is not revealed to sense and yet nothing is manifest without form.

The genius of man is seen in the utilizing and directing of the material already existent in the world, the giving of deeper and more beautiful form as an embodiment of the significance and scope of the material. Thus, in dealing with all things there must be matter and the means of expressing it. In sculpture the artist has the rough marble or clay as the material, but the means of showing forth his thoughts is the form into which that rough material is moulded. So in literature, the crude material of thought, emotion and experience is no more literature than the unformed clay is sculpture, but it is the form in both, which completes the work.

It must not be supposed, however, that a work of art can be given this twofold division, but that both may be the better comprehended such a division is made. To suppose that they can be separated or that one is subordinate to the other is a great error, for form is that which gives expression to substance and they can no more be separated than can the parts of a flower be taken by themselves and still remain a beautiful flower.