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"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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SEA FOG.

[LAKE MAG.]

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea,
Now airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
And wreathed waters grey with mystery !
The ship glides like a phantom silently,
As screams the white-winged gull before the mast ;
Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay.

The vapor lifts ! Again the sea gleams bright ;
The heavens have hid within their chambers far
Cloud-stuffs of gossamer, from which are spun
To-morrow's skiey pomps, inwove with light,
The belted splendors for the rising sun,
And rosy curtains for the evening star.

T. H. RAND.

VOX POPULI—VOX DEI.

THE question to be discussed is: "How far is it *true* in Roman History that the Vox Populi is the Vox Dei ?"
"To no degree whatever," at once responds the *irreverent* soul. For, be it known, as in the realm of science men are found so enamoured of their "nature and her inflexible laws," as to have no heart for the Supreme First Cause and *God* of nature ; so, in the domain of history persons will be met with so completely occupied with the secondary causes that contribute to bring about the events which they chronicle as to forget the upholder and disposer of all things ; or, if they think of Him at all, it is only as a spectator of the awful concerns of human destiny. In the estimation of these, one dwells on the confines of the land of super-