

covers of the books on our shelves, and which are to be known only by the curious and loving reader.

Let a student, then, make the right use of the library as much a part of his college work as is the class room drill in mathematics or science, and you may confidently expect him to go forth at graduation far more fully equipped and symmetrically developed than could be possible without an earnest and persistent cultivation of those opportunities for literary improvement which the library affords.

So much in general, now a point or two in particular.

1. In using a library, obtain an immediate and thorough acquaintance with its rules and requirements. Remember the library is not for one, but for many. The rules are made to protect the rights of all concerned.

2. Find out at once what facilities the library possesses for locating books and ascertaining what material the library contains on any given subject.

3. In using the books, remember that they are not yours, and hence you have no right to disfigure them by marks or notes. These in themselves may be excellent and possibly may mean a great deal to you, but to others they are either offensive or else provocative of still further disfigurement.

4. In any reading done outside of class requirements, seek definiteness of aim and concentration of work. Strive to make your reading tell. Avoid desultory habits of reading.

5. Remember that everything found in books is not trustworthy. Learn to weigh carefully the value of your information, and never forget that there are two sides to every subject, and to some a good many more than two.

Our library is here for use, then by all means let the students make the utmost possible use of it.

E. W. S. '80.

Mutability.

From low to high doth dissolution climb
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not ; but the outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more ; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
(Or the imaginable touch of Time.

—Wordsworth.