

indeed, be vicious to consider only the more virtuous and, pointing to them, tell us that there is no pressing need for a reform. There is need for it. The waifs of the larger cities is an eloquent argument in favour of the contention. A healthy public spirit must be created, and this can be done only by healthy public morality. Let not the charge be made that those who would like to take the initiative "are few, and that the few are timid." The country needs converting. Will the apostles be found?

This is not a "learned disquisition." It is the mere jotting down of thoughts, as they crossed the writer's mind. It was not intended as a warning, its insignificance and lack of merit forbid the hope that it could be considered as such; but it may, however, among college students, open up the subject for discussion. If it do this, it will have a salutary effect, for the reason that the hope in the future of the United States rests, to a very great extent, with the college-bred men. They will be the leaders of public thought, and

the teachers of public virtue. If they but live up to the sacred obligations that their position imposes upon them, the world will be better for their having lived. Their success or failure will be measured by the good they have done. They may acquire riches and have pleasure for the mere bidding, but, this being done, the task of life is not complete. Success is something more than this. It is living and acting conformably to God's will. It is the fulfilment of the desire to aid and elevate our fellow men. Taking success to mean this, it is devoutly to be wished that our college students may be successful. If they be, then, may we expect to see a brighter era dawn upon our sister Republic, when duty, morality and religion shall be the watchwords of American citizens, when honour, sobriety and unselfishness shall flourish into noble deeds, and when brighter thoughts shall live in the minds, and holier affections beat in the hearts of American public men.

W. F. КЕНОЕ, '89.



THE RED TSAR.

TSAR once had a son, an only child,
 With winning mien and brow serenely mild,
 Above which blazed, like dawn, glowing and fair,
 The lucid halo of his fiery hair.
 "Dear sire," in querulous mood, the stripling said,
 "Oh, would my locks were any tinge but red!"
 The thoughtful answer came, measured and slow:
 "Dear child, through life, shape speech and conduct so
 That, lost in praise, the men who hear or see
 Will heed not of what hue your hair may be."

November 12th, 1890.

C.