

valley the Russian bear prowls in search of food and the German wolf licks his fangs for some poor lamb. Yonder comes the British lion. The Russian bear and the German wolf attack him. On the top of a cliff sits the American eagle, wisely keeping out of harm's way, while around the ledge of rock, snarls the French wild-cat, scarcely refraining itself from springing on the combatants. The Canadian beaver quietly builds his dam in the pond near by, laying up his winter's store. The Spanish fox and the Austrian blood-hound are silent spectators. What shrieks fill the air! What thunderings that shake the earth! At last the Russian bear crawls away into the hollow trunk of a tree, and the German wolf goes howling to his forest. The British lion stalks off the field, bleeding from his wounds, but a victor.

This does not concern us much where only animals are concerned; but human flesh and blood is sacrificed everytime to satisfy the ambition of a few men in each nation. Must rivers of blood run in torrents and widows' and orphans' tears flow to satiate the earth-born desire of a few? No, the Herald of Progress has sounded his bugle and these dissensions must step out of the way. Nearly nineteen hundred years have rolled by since the angels sang "peace and good will to all men." What the Judean shepherds heard with such joy will be ours yet to hear. It whispers in every breeze; it murmurs in every brook, it gladdens every heart, and runs as a sweet accompaniment to all our acts.

✧ Vacation. ✧

WITH the sound comes a thrill of pleasurable anticipation, mingled with regret at the prospect of parting from class-mates with whom we have shared study hours.

A touch of sadness lingering around our farewells, the light and shadow woven in the thread of human existence. Pausing for a moment in the old Halls, the past year flits before us laden with fragrant reminiscences of those who are

stepping into the arena of life, whose sympathy has cheered the hours of toil, winning for themselves a niche in the memory, and a link in the chain of friendship that will not soon be forgotten.

During that time lessons were learned and knowledge gained that will doubtless prove a powerful incentive to higher attainment. Our experiences of vacation are somewhat varied.

Sunny days by the sea, the Sun rising like a ball of fire over the vast heaving waste of waters, penetrates the recesses of the rock and floods, cliff and beach with light, revealing the treasures of the sea, here lies a mass of sea-weed, a little farther on shells, of pink and white of wondrous beauty of form and coloring, tossed on the shore by Old Neptune in some fit of remorse at the wreck of human life committed to his care, so ruthlessly sacrificed at the shrine of wind and wave, for which he tried to make atonement.

For some of us the pleasures of camp life varied by boating and exploring expeditions, the excitement of tennis and the scientific warfare of croquet. Hours passed with the unwritten music of nature, till the rippling of the waves on the pebbles of the beach, the distant sound of murmuring waterfall, interspersed with the trill of some feathered songster, exerts a spell which we are loath to break.

"The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and
colored wings
Glance quick in the bright Sun, that
moves along
The forest openings.
Inverted in the side,
Stand the grey rocks, and trembling
shadows throw
And the fair trees look over side by
side,
And see themselves below."

Singing under the shadows of sombre pines, through which the wind sighs a mournful requiem over the graves of the departed Indian warriors till our fancy peoples the forest with the stalwart form of the Indian, crouched in ambush or in pursuit of his game.