

humor. Let your stories be free from vulgarity; your wit from satire, and your humor from coarseness. Make it a point too to encourage all attempts of beginners. Many a wit has been lost to the world by chilling rebuffs received at the start.

Finally my brethren, attend to all these things without allowing them to interfere with your sterner duties, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are fitting yourselves more surely for usefulness and encouraging those who, if left to themselves will drift away on the tide of indolence and follow to the sea of oblivion and perhaps of degradation, but who, through your efforts may become bright and shining lights in the great world of letters.

Yours truly,
GRADUATE.

A Couple of Sober Ideas.

As we wander through the mighty galleries of history we cannot fail to notice the numberless portraits of human character that meet our gaze. There is no event, but has caught a tinge from the mental life in which it received its birth and began its mission. From the midnight sky shine out upon us stars of every hue and brilliancy, from the faint twinkle of far off orbs to the steady beam of nearer planets: fit illustrations of the names that peer through the great space that stretches behind us into years, sunless and lifeless. We see through long vistas gigantic forms striding on in invincible strength, beating down the bulwarks of established order; demolishing hoary institutions, tearing up and scattering to the winds social frameworks, hurling back with one brawny arm avalanche-like oppositions, and with the other, lifting high a banner with strange unknown device. We watch with the closest attention and deepest interest towering spirits as they bend the numberless subtle elements that work among nations to the accomplishment of some comprehensive scheme of conquest or legislation, and we seem to hear prolonged acclamations rolling from nation to nation, and from continent to continent. The question arises, are these the unfoldings of the highest success. Do they indicate success at

all. All that glitters is not gold. Shadows pass for substance. Still waters are not always deep.

108 B. C. saw C. Marius consul at Rome. Though neither rich nor honored by birth he cut his way up from obscurity and poverty to a post of honor in the army. His name was synonymous with dauntless valor and warlike skill. When the populace gathered in the forum to elect a consul, who so deserving of the lofty title as Marius? What though he was a native of Arpinum and had worked for wages as a common peasant! Had he not performed prodigious deeds of prowess for the Republic! Had he not dared to humiliate the haughty tyrannical nobles! Yes, and mighty thunders of assent rolled up the Capitoline and Palatine, and swept through the temples of the Gods.

"O Fortunatus Marius" doubtless passed from lip to lip and from crowd to crowd like watchfire from height to height. The low-bred but heroic soldier mounted the gorgeous car—the highest honor in the gift of his countrymen. A few years afterwards a lonely fugitive might have been seen, wandering amid the swamps that mark the course of the sluggish Liris. He has been the object of many a search, and ere long he sees the forms of malignant foes closing about him. We follow him as covered with mud and with a rope about his neck he is led before the authorities of Minturnæ where he is condemned to a disgraceful death. But Atropos refused to cut the thread, and the life of the wretch was his own a little longer. Ere long we hear from the lips of the outcast. "Tell the prætor that you have seen Caius Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage." How startling are the vicissitudes of history. How foolish to pronounce a career successful or not till we witness its close, and view it in its entirety. Napoleon humbled a mighty continent and played with crowns like footballs, and with kings like puppets, but his dazzling and desolating track ended in defeat, ruin and exile. Thwarted ambition with grim visage haunted the closing years of the lonely despot. Could this be the culmination of true success? rather of raging all consuming lust for power. But there is always sunshine somewhere. Our night is to our friends the other side the globe the effulgence