

balancing, trimming and adjusting. But such processes are impossible without large measure of thought; hence our primary statement is again proved.

Strength of expression may be fairly taken as a third element of endurance. A work, though possessing merit in respect of analysis and symmetry, if lacking in force of diction, will soon be thrown aside. Failure in this regard renders it inadequate to the demands of a patronizing public. This is eminently true in every age of advanced criticism. Now it must be admitted that in some instances productions are formed with small degree of previous meditation, which are notable for strength and even grandeur of expression. These are, however, but the exceptions, and of infrequent occurrence. In the main, primary suggestions are lacking in requisite potency, and study alone evolves the form containing the full embodiment of the idea. That is to say, our proposition here also holds good.

The validity of the law is thus seen by reference to analysis, symmetry, and strength. A combination of these elements, when obedient to the dominance of truth, ensures in all cases a permanent existence. Every uniform and essential law of the particulars becomes now a general governing principle. Meditation, study, careful thought, have been shown necessary to the existence of an analytical, symmetrical, and forcible production. But such a production is possessed of the qualities of permanence and will live. Its life must therefore be dependant in great degree on the amount of thought bestowed upon its evolution. This is no idle theory, but a fact which experience will unfold to the mind of the most sceptical. Here is a literary genius, whose free and prolific pen traverses the pages with enviable ease and rapidity. His writings are admired, his name praised. His star is one of primal lustre in the literary firmament. Ere a century has passed he and his works are forgotten. The star was but a comet, and has been forever lost to human vision in the infinitude of space.

By young writers these facts are worthy of attention. The object of ambition is too often a round of transitory plaudits. The elements of an enduring fame, the essentials which will brave all unjust criticism throughout the ages, are neglected, while the influence of a momentary inspiration is largely depended on, by injudicious writers. To-day's literature reveals far too much of surface work. The spirit of

the times is most clearly reflected in the writing of the times. Beyond the fashionable brill' ncy, demanded by existent popular feeling, we may trace the dawning light of an era pure and true, in which the mysteries of thought will be fully explored by the nobler, deeper action of trained and developed judgment.

A. K. D&B.

### TO THE CLASS OF '86.

My class-mates, as to-day we tread  
The threshold of another life,  
I hear the living and the dead  
Loud calling to the great world's strife.  
I see a thousand helpless hands  
Stretched out imploringly for aid,  
A cross for each amidst life's sands,  
A crown that nevermore shall fade.

The bugle-note of duty calls;  
Henceforth our pleasant ways divide.  
Upon my peace it harshly fal's,  
Because it tears you from my side.  
But that which jars upon my ears,  
Is music to the many, who,  
In suffering, solitude, and tears,  
And moral darkness, wait for you.

Go, active feet, and in your haste  
Chase shadows from the mourner's door,  
As from my own in days now past,  
You drove them to return no more.  
Go, merry hearts, and with your mirth  
Raise dooping spirits by the way,  
As often from the dust of earth,  
You've lifted mine and made it gay.

Go, noble, grandly-gifted souls;  
Thoughts of thy mission, I confess,  
My selfish spirit half controls,  
And makes the grief at parting less.  
Four years of kindred toil and aims  
Have made us brothers more than blood;  
But virtue asks that special claims  
Yield to demands of gen'ral good.

Good-bye! the calls are louder still;  
The hands more wildly stretch for aid.  
Above the bustle of the Hill  
I hear and see the signals made.  
As He in Whom we trust has done,  
Likewise your lives for others give;  
Thus may the fadeless crown be won—  
Thus dying may you hope to live.

F. H. B.

June 3rd, 1886.