

Christian by the martyrdom of Felicitas and Perpetua. It was finally destroyed in the seventh century. In recent years, however, a chapel was erected upon the spot where the saintly Louis of France, endeavoring to free the Holy Sepulchre from the insults of the Saracens, breathed

forth his pure spirit. Perhaps, He who holds the world in His hands may, in the furtherance of his designs, raise up a new Carthage far surpassing the old in power and glory, but this is a question that the future alone will answer.

ALBERT NEWMAN, '93.



PROGRESS.

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward:
We climb like corals grave by grave,
But pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow.
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

FROM GERALD MASSEY'S COLLECTED POEMS.