

The list continues with names of varying degrees of merit, but as we climb slowly down we are drawn sadly to lament with Mrs. Browning,—

“ Young men
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,
Before they sit down under their own vine
And live for use. Alas! near all the birds
Will sing at dawn,—and yet, we do not take
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.”

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.

THE BENEFACTOR.

The leaves are faded now. Our wistful ken
 Swells full with sad surmise as Autumn lingers
 Them with a sheen of gold and red; and harvest hymns
Sound strangely in the lips of other men.
Proudly they seem to don a martyr-red:
 And every tree, though brief the leaves remain,
 Bears witness that they did not come in vain;
And plaintive winds complain: “The leaves are dead.”
O, Nature, what a lesson hast thou taught!
 ’Tis in the Autumn of this life our deeds
 Pass leaf-like. Still, our summer time is fraught
With golden opportunities the needs
 Of others to supply. Of these *he* thought;
And noble thinking nobler action brought.

HENRY PROCTER.