

and in everyone keeping his own secret. "The secret is your prisoner but when you tell it you are its prisoner;" or again, "the hearts are vessels, the lips are their padlocks and tongues are their keys; let every man guard the key of his secret." But if told to a noble man all will be well, for "the hearts of the noble are the graves of secrets."

There is a good philosophy of life set forth in some sayings. "Walk in this world as if you were passing along a road and count yourself among the inhabitants of the grave." More emphatic is the warning, "Unbelievers do not escape hell-fire." And finally, by a rather circuitous process one arrives in Paradise—"beauty of character is a nose-rein from the goodness of God—may he be exalted—in the nose of its possessor, and the rein is in the hand of the guardian angel, and the angel draws him to good, and the good draws him to Paradise."

It should be remembered that in the above no attempt is made to give an epitome of Arabic thought. The aim has been to present a few interesting quotations picked at random from the limited acquaintance with the literature which a mere beginner in its study has acquired.

S. J. CASE, '93.



## Etchings.

### The Message of the Snow Flakes.

Late in the afternoon of a dreary January day a Man of The World paused on the steps of his suburban home. Tried with a multitude of cares, he was weary of life and longed for some release from his burden. He turned and looked down the driveway, a frozen stretch of harsh, hard earth. His eyes wandered upward to the trees, whose branches arched the road. The bare branches were ugly and repulsive. Everywhere the prospect was equally dismal. The Man of The World shuddered and opened the door of his home. Even inside, the cheery fire, the kindliness of his wife's smile and the pretty face, framed in golden curls, of his little daughter failed to banish his melancholy feelings. Indéed, his cares seemed to bear on him the heavier, and his very life was hateful to him.

That night there eddied down from the dull grey clouds myriads of soft, fleecy snow flakes that covered the earth and every exposed object with a mantle of purest whiteness. Gently the feathery moisture settled down and rested where it fell. Nature spread the soft garment o'er earth's roughness with a