

lessly in his ear and accelerates his already too rapid speed. Horace spoke thoughtfully when he said "*festiva lente*." There is pith and force in the old adage "The longest way round is the shortest way home." The elevated brightly gleaming goal stands far off, but the bosom swells as the eye ever and anon catches the radiance streaming back into the present, and sadly comes the thought "we have not wings, we cannot fly." Yet in comfort memory whispers "but we have feet to scale and climb the lofty summits of our time."

WE see from the long list of donations in another column, that the friends of the College do not forget that interesting department of it, the Museum. We hope that many will be inspired by the example of those whose names are recorded, to go and do likewise. The Natural History Department, which has been lately started, and is making good progress, needs a good deal to make it in any way complete, and donations to some of the other departments would not be amiss. We must here add that through the unwearied efforts of Prof. Kennedy, the Museum has taken a place far superior in all respects to that which it held a few years ago. Prof. Kennedy found it in a general state of demoralization; at present, it is quite a treat to go in and spend an hour or so over the well-filled and well-arranged shelves and cases. In some instances the collections are remarkably fine. The display of corals, for example, is superior, and the collection in mineralogy is not only of great interest to the visitor, but may and should be of great profit to the student of science. Prof. Kennedy has gained the thanks of all concerned by the manner in which he has sacrificed time and labor to bring the Museum to its present condition. All our friends who pass this way will find it well worth their while to step in, and pass an hour among the collections.

"Criticism of Graduates" was received too late for this issue. It will appear in our next.

We are thankful for useful suggestions in regard to the improvement of our paper; but find it very difficult to get, always, just such articles as we would wish ourselves.

Madame Roland.

(CONCLUDED.)

IN a dark, damp cell of the Conciergie she sits alone—next to the vault in which the hapless Marie Antoinette had been immured the night before her death. She bends at midnight over her memoirs—a loose white robe thrown around her—long hair, glossy and black as the raven's plume falling over her shoulders, streaming in rich profusion to her waist—eyes of matchless power gleaming in dark splendor above a mouth of rare sweetness, patience, resignation; a lofty purpose depicted on every feature, and the inspiration of a dauntless martyr burning in her soul. She has passed through the examination of her brutal judges—ruffianly bullying persecutors; she has shamed the tribunal of blood and lies—superior to life and death, unconquered, triumphant: "I thank you that you have thought me worthy to share the fate of the great and good men you have murdered! I will try to show on the scaffold as much courage as they." Here is a loftier courage than was vouchsafed to Epictetus or any of his school of stoics: lower in one sense than that divine superiority which draws its strength from Eternity, yet commanding admiration greater from the sympathetic human soul, for it was strength self-sufficient, self-sustained; a grandeur innate; the assertion of Free-will over Fate in which the soul sank not amid the lurid flames and choking vapors of death; a realization of the mighty conception of Eschylus in which a Promethean soul is re-embodied and asserts supremacy over chains and wild Caucasian storms, and smiles while vultures peck the heart, superior to the accumulated wrath of Time and Eternity.

In the dim morning light of the 18th of Feb., 1586, Mary, Queen of Scots, went to her doom in the gloomy castle of her confinement, queenlike, serene, reposing in the faith of her fathers. The woman was there. A few years earlier the cultured and beautiful Jane Grey passed on her way to death, the bleeding remains of her loved husband—then sustained by the invisible arms of the Eternal power meekly and dauntlessly gave away her breath. On the morning of Nov. 10th, 1793, a tumbril rolls to the Place de la Revolution. The populace, drunk with royal blood are