

many whose lives seem so happy are, like the convict ship which Hervey describes:

"All gladness and glory to wondering eyes,
But chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs."

But, looking upon life superficially, two sides appear to us everywhere. The traveller never fails to notice the difference between the magnificent Boulevards of Paris, and the dark filthy Rues. The rich man sits by the fireside enjoying the heat of the coal which some poor labourer has dug from the bowels of the earth. The heroine of the "song of the shirt" works away her life for the comfort of her employers. So unevenly has Fortune dispensed her gifts. Poverty and riches, beauty and ugliness, brilliant talent and starless mediocrity, mingle together in the same world.

Some men are sinking into obscurity, others rising into the light that shines on fame and power. Napoleon, before the fatal Waterloo, stood upon an eminence high among the powerful of the earth. But think of him as he approaches St. Helena, whose rock must have seemed like a cloud hung across his life's sky.

The waves that beat upon that rock washed him no power,—his life's star had set. The fall of Henry's first queen hailed the rise of Anne Boleyn. And so the scene changes, like the waves, some rising, some falling.

Again could we draw the veil that hides man's inner nature, we should discover that "things are not what they seem." What Milton's Satan says, is, to a great extent, true of men. "The mind is its own place and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Lives that seem to us sad, may be full of sunshine; or those who seem to be on the best of terms with fortune may be tortured by dark visions and fears of which the world does not know. The mind gives a colouring to all around it. No doubt my reader has been in the condition of Hamlet, when he said, "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all my custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in

reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals. And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither." The prospect is often full of gloom, when nothing in our circumstances would seem to warrant it. We may endeavor to philosophize away the dark visions that flit through our minds, but we sometimes fail and exclaim with David: "The waters are come into my soul."

The human heart is a harp of many sounds. Discordant strains and saddened music it often produces; but at times it vibrates with the melody of angels.

When sadness comes upon us, let us remember how much we have for enjoyment and comfort, and let us endeavour at all times to keep a peace within our hearts above all earthly dignities. Let us look upon the bright side of all things; make light of our misfortunes and extol our blessings.

Are we toiling for some object which we prize? Let us strive for it faithfully and earnestly, knowing there's a good time coming that will reward our toil. We will prize the object more than if put into our hands by capricious Fortune without our endeavour. What we call the rugged steep of toil are smoother than the walks of idleness. Let us not relax our effort and seek pleasure in broken cisterns, but by resolute endeavour let us do some good in improving ourselves and others.

Our Exchanges.

The *Argosy* comes to us this year in a new and improved dress. The engraving of the College on the cover is very creditable, and the external appearance of the paper is all that could be desired. The contents, etc., are fully up to the standard of such papers.

The *Packer Quarterly* is, as usual, packed with readable matter. The ladies can keep up abreast of the times if they have a chance. Doubtless if they lack in quantity of brains they make up in quality.

The *Tufts Collegian* shows itself to better advantage in its new dress.

The *Neoterian* is one of our best exchanges.