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The Voice.

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Editors.
Mr. Cole.
Miss Marchant

Contents of the Voice.
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The Journal editors of The Voice have always been impressed with the extreme modesty of the members of Phi Sigma. All readily assume any literary duty encumbent in the ordinary way. But in formal directions we have been conscious of unusual literary genius which has either remained altogether dormant or, heretofore, lain hid in the shadows. We conceived a somewhat bold design. We addressed each member of the class, in substance, as follows:

Dear ——:

The current editors of The Voice believe that Phi Sigma's richest literary treasures have not yet seen the light. They believe that this is due not so much to an inability on the part of the members

to estimate themselves at their true value as to a natural unwillingness to wear great jewels openly and to subject themselves to the gaze which such brilliancy dimpls. We therefore ask you and some others of the class to favor us with the choicest product of your mind whether poetry, humor, fiction or fact. We wish simply what you consider your finest effort and assure you that that will be the only criticism to which it will be subjected. Papers will be read anonymously or otherwise as may be decided, but we urge you to allow us to use your full name or initials. Your cordial cooperation is confidently counted upon.

The response to these requests was generous. Yet curiously enough modesty was triumphant and we are reluctantly forced to read all papers with initials only. We are able, however, to present a most varied number. Whether we have ~~modern~~ overestimated the ability of our

contributors or how pursued the wrong method to secure the best results in how our readers to decide.

Our introductory article came to us from E. N. B.

Gladstone, Fifty Years Ago.

There are few living men, who resting in the secure triumphs of a grand old age, were of sufficient importance half a century ago, to arrest the attention of one of the great essayists of the 19th century.

When one has been before the public for fifty years, as Gladstone has been, anything connected with the beginning of his career is full of interest.

This is true even when written by one who sees his life as a whole, and who views each event with its bearing on subsequent action, but it is doubly interesting when a learned and distinguished man criticises a career of which he sees but the promise and of which we see the glorious fulfilment.

In the Edinburgh Review of 1839 appeared an article by Thomas Macaulay entitled "Gladstone of Church and State."

This essay is the review of a book of which the name and author are given in a footnote, namely "The State in its Relations with the Church by W. E. Gladstone, Esq, Student of Christ Church and M. P. for Newark."

The lives of great men which we read are too apt to be eulogies instead of biographies, and youthful exploits, which coming from a humbler source would attract no notice, are highly exalted.

For this reason, a review like this under discussion, written fifty years ago, is of great interest.

At that time, Gladstone was just thirty years old, and in Macaulay's words, was "a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of his party." The theories in Gladstone's treatise find no favor in Macaulay's criticism, but he is just enough to appreciate the merits of the work.

Fifty years ago there was no danger, and there is none to-day, that politicians would give too much time to thought and writing, and Macaulay hailed with pleasure a work of such a character written in the intervals of parliamentary work.

At eighty the true nobility of the man is known to all the world, but at thirty it was recognized by the keen critic, and in all this book he finds "no expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or Christian." Macaulay lived for twenty years after writing this, long enough to see Gladstone taking his place as a leader, and to know that his hopes of his future were not unfounded.

He dissented from his opinions, but admired his talents, and expressed the hope that he would not "suffer political avocations so entirely to engross him, as to leave no leisure for literature and phi-

losophy." These are the closing words of the review, which coming from such a source and meeting him at the very beginning of public life, must, we think have been of intense interest to the young Member of Parliament.

In the half century since, hundreds of reviewers, good, bad and indifferent, have praised and condemned Gladstone, but Macaulays hope has proved a prophecy, and this man, one of the greatest statesmen of the century has never forgotten that he was "a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian."

The following letter from A. L. T. of Chicago will explain itself.

The article referred to, we regret to say, has not yet appeared. The editors therefore deemed it best to insert the letter without further comment.

Editors of the Voice,

Your letter asking for a contribution to the October Voice is before me, and my production will soon be in your hands. It is with great pleasure that I comply with your request, because I am always glad to have an opportunity to do literary work, and also because on this occasion I have much to say. I think more space should be given in the columns of the Voice to the practical affairs of life. Hitherto our attention has been chiefly occupied by abstract subjects. As long as we were college youths and maidens that was well, but now with many of us things are different. In my contribution, I have endeavored to speak from my larger experience, and I trust that my suggestions will be of much value to those who need advice. If you will kindly give place in your paper to the accompanying article, I am sure others will follow, and a column which will have a wide field of usefulness, and will thus be established. I am, very truly yours

From M.P.N we have.

The Angelus.

"They have just sold a picture in there for $110,000, which was painted by a man who died penniless."

This was the remark made by a newspaper reporter, as he left the hall in Paris where a large collection of pictures had just been dispersed.

The picture referred to was The Angelus, which has been the subject of so many newspaper paragraphs the last few months. By photographs and etchings this picture, which Millet himself esteemed above all his others, has become familiar to everyone, but until recently little has been heard of the original painting. A short time ago it was hard to find a person who even knew whether it was still in France or had been taken to some other country. For nearly twenty years it had been in the private gallery of M. Secretan, and it was considered the pearl of what was one of the finest collections of ancient and modern paintings belonging to any individual. The reason for the sale of these pictures was concisely stated a few days ago by a gentleman familiar with the subject. "M. Secretan belonged to a copper syndicate, he bought pictures; the syndicate bust, he sold pictures."

A descriptive catalogue of the collection was issued some months before the sale, with a preface written by Albert Wolff.

"These pictures," he says, "some of which I have loved for years like dear friends, are all to be scattered. Two thirds of Millet's works are already in America and to her belongs the honor of having first discovered his genius. France still has the Angelus, but where will it be to-morrow"?

The sale was announced for Monday, July 1 - 1889 and the following days, at two o'clock precisely. The competition was exciting for the Angelus. The French made a hard struggle to keep the picture, but American capital was too strong, and a company by the name of the American Art Association, finally bought it for the large price.

It left Paris in a blaze of glory. It was laid in a box lined with satin, and bound with rose; this in turn was enclosed in another. In deep silence the picture was then handed over to the representative of the American Art Association, by whom it will be unpacked and exhibited at some of the European capitals. That being accomplished it will be escorted to New York. It has been bought simply as a money making affair, and it will probably be taken all over the U. S. Mr. French of

the Art Institute, says we may soon expect to see it in Chicago.

This is quite in accordance with this enterprising age, and for those of us who cannot go to the pictures, perhaps it is better that the pictures should come to us. But, nevertheless the idea of The Angelus traveling over the country to be exhibited at a quarter of a dollar per head is something of a shock.

Yet perhaps it is more appropriate so, for there was nothing of an exclusive nature about J. F. Millet, either in his character or his circumstances.

The whole story of his life and work is as strange as fiction and as interesting. It was no uncommon thing for the poverty stricken artist to exchange his drawings for shoes for his children, and be glad to do it.

Alfred Sensier, his constant friend and admirer, who encouraged him, when all others gave only abuse, has ~~written~~ ~~has written~~ given us in his book, entitled Peasant and Painter, the story Millet's life. He writes as though as though his mind was so full of his subject that he can scarcely restrain himself. In the preface he says "Our hands are full of letters and our minds of memories. For more than thirty years we have lived Millet's life, knowing his inmost thoughts. We loved

him and he withheld no confidence from us". We see Millet as a child working in the fields, but within him is the poet and the artist. He had one friend and confidante, a gentle old priest of his town and to him the boy told his thoughts about the sky and the ocean; his wonder at the clouds and their movements, and all his innocent love of nature. The old man said "Oh my child, you have a heart that will give you trouble one of these days!"

He was eighteen before he was released from his hard toil in the fields and took his first lesson. His whole life was a constant struggle with poverty because he resolutely refused to cater to the low public taste of the time. "I must paint what I feel to be the truth." He was faithful to his religion and his art, and to them he sacrificed pleasure and repose.

The Angelus we usually think of as a large and imposing canvas but it measures only 21 by 25 inches.

It is such a scene as might have been seen almost any evening near his native town. In this picture he wished to give an impression of music, he wanted the noises of the country and even the church bells to be heard. As

day dies, two peasants at work in the fields, hear the Angelus, the bell for evening prayer. They rise, stop work, and standing bareheaded, pray silently. The horizon is low and level, broken only by the faintly outlined spire of the village church.

Sensier says, "When I saw it for the first time, Millet said to me, 'What do you think of it?' It is the Angelus, I cried!

It is indeed, and he added "I am contented, you understand it." Then he said, "you must try to sell this picture".

At this time Millet was in a most pitiable condition. He begged his friend to collect a little money that was due him, for he had no wood, and "the children must have a fire".

It was months before the Angelus was sold, and then it brought less than $350. Think of that for a picture which thirty years later brought $110,000

We were very glad to receive these "Leaves from the Note-Book of A. M. F. Shannon Indian

the Grand L. M. & L. F. T. Co's

July 10 – 1859

Last evening as the Shannon left the dock I took up my position on the rear deck. As I sat leisurely enjoying a cigar a short, stumpy, one-eyed man with a hare-lip and a pronounced Irish accent shuffled into a chair at my left and quite accurately told me the state of the market. Not noticing the interruption of my music I assumed him curtly & two or-ders and lapsed into silence. But his unique eye and gen-eral dwarf-like appearance aroused my curiosity - and I allowed myself to encourage his advances. But before we had ex-changed half a dozen sentences another oddity - in the shape of a long, angular man, a Hibernian in appearance and

a Jamaican also in Rogue, plumped into a seat at our right. Without the formality of even a question he bluntly told us his destination and business and my cyclops-eyed companion responded similarly. With this few brief sentences each discovered the other's nationality - and a single question disclosed the fact that both were natives of the same Jamaican province. My nose was in danger as they impulsively grasped hands before my face. English was lost and gutturals and consonants rolled forth in profusion. I listened with interest to recitals of thirty-day atlantic voyages, six-day journeys inland a score of years ago, and tales of domestic woes and joys. But I marveled most at the mystic tie of nativity which caused instantly to transform utter strangers into friends. A quarter of a century's exile had not deadened the memory and repulsive frailties seemed trifling when linked with recollections of native land. Far into the night

I left my two strange companions rolling in recollections of the Rhine and reminiscences of boyhood. And when, in the early morning I saw his grotesque figure reluctantly parting at Milwaukee I observed that he of the single eye would need no prophet to tell him that the mist before his vision would trail in showers.

July 11, 1859

I observed today that in form, of misfortune, at least, seems always to seek seclusion. There has been no sea running but towards noon I ~~observed~~ noticed that the number of passengers aboard seemed less than when we started and yet we had made no stops. As night came on first one and then another came out like stars in the twilight and our whole establishment seemed to drop aboard.

Taking advantage of the informality which life on board ship allows I soon discovered that all these new comers had in reality won the early victories of the gentle but persistent working of the waves. Each had so silently slipped away as to be unnoticed. Any other pain would have caused at least an audible protest and a show of defiance before surrender. But these miserants suffered as if in disgrace. Ordinarily only the super-sensitive or ethical hide their pain while the perfectly normal speak of it as of any other sensation. I have in vain sought an explanation of the peculiar and uniform silence in this case.

July 13,

I began the day by planning
complete rest. I indolently watched
the play of the sunshine on the
waves, flexed my toes to the
tuck of the barge and drowsily
listened to the monotonous puff of
the engines. Between naps
I took up a copy of the Story
of Colette which lay in my lap
and felt my blood run momenta-
rily quicker as I caught a glimpse
of her marvelous naivete. Yet despite
of my resolve, my book and my
surroundings my attention has
often been drawn to what passed
in the saloon. We have on board
a square piano bearing date
Boston, 1807, and intended, doubtless,
by the boat management to serve
much the same purpose as a
spring gun placed in a grapery.
But the plan is evidently a
failure. From the moment the
boat left York four days ago

our piano has borne unwilling testimony to its antiquity. Young ladies of all ages, those in the classics as well as those in the more natural ballerfly stage, have formed a continuous procession towards it and around me it. I have commonly observed that, in the privacy of their own parlors, young ladies display infinite reluctance to ~~display~~ their skill and play most all entreaties to favor their friends. But how bashfulness is banished. Crowded cabin and exultant face have no terrors. Performers bud and bloom without forcing. So, during the day I have been regaled from a vast repertory. "When the Leaves Begin to Fall", "First Bye and Bye." and many other masterpieces of the same or previous ~~bar~~ epochs have forced their way to my ear. Once I caught a strain of a recent melody - "John Brown's Body". Once a German damsel rendered "Heim die Schwalben heimwärts ziehen" which the

kindly informed their standing rule was sometimes sung in English under the title, "When the swallows homeward fly."

All this continuous and spontaneous performing before strangers has slightly modified my ideas on bashfulness. I see that it is evidently more a physical than a mental characteristic and as little under the control of the will as the color of one's hair or eyes. When it is minded we are no more entitled to make sport of it than of a woman's impulse to scream at sight of a mouse — an impulse so characteristically feminine that its absence is a blunder of nature. But when bashfulness is not actually inborn it is largely due to environment much as disease is induced or warded by change of climate. To these grimy ladies have really been guilty of no improprieties but have simply unconsciously obeyed a law of their natures — a law which will still operate, but with

different results, when they have
again reached land.

The following verse come from A.B.H. one who is sorely guilty of cynicism. He feel sure that in this case it is merely assumed.

An Outline Comedy, from Real Life.

Act I. (Douglas Park, in June)

A maid, some shade;
A swain, love-fain.
They meet and chat with due formality.

Act II.

One sat, hands met,
Hearts flutter, lips utter
Softly words of royal quality.

Act III.

Same maid, same shade;
Arms bind, entwined,
With bliss supreme intoxicating.

Act IV.

Vows given, chains riven;
Hearts cool, heads rule,
Fancy flies to fact approximating.

The following article which comes to us from F. M. H. is as ingenious as it is curious. In spite of our pledge not to criticise, we cannot forbear remarking that the author of "The Evolution of the Idea of Deity" is plainly "wild" on moral points especially when he asserts the identity of love and hate. Such heresy challenges belief.

Evolution obtains in the spiritual as in the physical world. Thinkers have long since ceased to oppose it — in the latter and are free to admit it possible in the former. Law rules alike in both realms. Both are the product of the same mind and in both is the same law of progress evident.

In the physical world the idea is no recent one. The old conception of a multitude of independent star-worlds each self-sufficient gave place at first to the idea of our solar system and that, in turn, has been supplemented by the still grander idea of a still more distant sun of our sun whose one ruler of attraction is still further in the distance — this again the satellite of a larger

system rotates, in imagination only, fixing one vast center of the universe about which all else revolves.

In a similar way we can trace the growth of the conviction that heat, light, electricity and magnetism are but different manifestations of one force. The belief halled long with the demonstration that heat and light were but modes of motion - differing mainly in wave length. When the connection between electricity and magnetism was shown and resulted in the production of our marvelous modern dynamos. And now the most recent researches almost demonstrate that all four — heat, light, electricity and magnetism, are manifestations of one energy transformed in one universal medium — the so-called luminiferous ether.

In chemistry investigations have caused dazzling steps advance to the discovery of new elements

and an searching for evidence that the sixty or more elements we now recognize are but different states of the one universal element. So that our definition of an element must be wholly provisional and might read: the farthest point reached in a given direction towards the identification of the one universal element.

In physiology and its applied science, medicine, the progress of the idea of unity is scarcely evident. But this is due to the fact that little advance has been made in these sciences themselves. Physicians stand appalled and powerless before the same diseases that baffled them two thousand years ago. The same mysteries — life, mind, disease — appear themselves and demand, or defy, solution. Yet ultimately we may hope there will be the same tendency evident here as elsewhere.

In the spiritual world the ~~soul~~ diff. minds this idea of oneness, if less demonstrable, is no less present. Ages have passed since man saw a separate god in every phenomenon and in every human passion. Polytheism is a matter of ancient history and monotheism will rich ~~minimal~~ world-wide. The minimality of one language has long been hoped for and now shows signs of approach. The recent craze, in every civilized country, for volapük is but a single evidence that the craving of ~~a single~~ one tongue among all peoples is but a question of time.

Following this line of facts we find some strange paradoxes. We observe, for instance, that excessive pain ceases to be felt as pain and the sufferer, as he is called, smiles or laughs with joy. Excessive joy, on the other hand, becomes painful

and the victim weeps or becomes convulsive. So that, in fact, pleasure is pain and pain pleasure. We cannot tell when one begins and the other ends. Both are manifestations of the same sensation, just as we now know that heat and cold are but relative terms, differing only in degree.

In a similar way we discover that love and hate are identical. Intense hate would destroy its object while exaggerated love "feeds upon" its victim. Excessive hate usurps sole authority even to the extent of taking life from its possessor. Extreme love broods no rival and assumes to destroy its object rather than share with another.

Thoreau, certainly, must have had a glimpse of this identity of the passions when he wrote to his friend:

> Let such pure hate still underprop
> Our love, that we may be

Friends, Romans, Countrymen

Each others conscience,
And bear our sympathy
Mainly from thence.
And again he wrote:
Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell
Though I ponder on it well,
Which was easier to shake,
All my love, or all my hate.
Lewis p. 77 Surely, surely thou dost trust me
When I say thou dost disgust me.
Oh, I hate thee with a hate
That would fain annihilate.
Yet, sometimes, against my will,
My dear friend, I love thee still.
It was reason to our love
And a sin to God above,
One idiot to abate
Of a pure, impartial hate.
But Thoreau had the true idea only so far as he perceived that it is impossible to distinguish between pure love and pure hate. Both can not exist at the same time in the same person any more than the same body can have two temperatures simultaneously. From a scientific standpoint,

them, love and hate are synonymous and, except for eminence, either term might be discarded. I am aware, of course, that this might create confusion in some circles but much ought to be sacrificed to scientific ~~exa~~ accuracy.

To sum up, all evidences point to universal unity — one ~~universal~~ material universe all of whose ultimate parts are identical; one universal force whose manifestations differ in intensity and character but not in essence; one universal passion infinite in variation yet a unit in substance, and one supreme, creative and sustaining universal mind.

ble rule was well known. I never send a contribution to any paper unless the check in payment thereof is enclosed with the request

Respectfully
G. F. F.

Dear Editors

In answer to your request that I contribute an article to the next Voice, I would say that much as I would like to oblige you personally, I cannot find it consistent with my principles to do what you wish. I consider that you are appointed to occupy this evening, and for others to assist in what is plainly your duty would be an encouragment of shirking. Holding these sentiments you will see that it would be impossible to accomodate you.

Sincerely your friend
W. R. H.

Editors Voice,

Your communication requesting a contribution to the Voice is received. I should be most happy to comply with your request, were it not for the fact that when I became a member of this society, I understood that no one should be asked to write without being given due notice thereof. Feeling that I could not do justice to myself and to the reputation of the society in the short time allotted me, I must therefore decline.

I hope this rule of the society will not again be broken, and I cannot imagine what good reason can be given for it in this case.

Yours very truly F. L.

Editors of the Voice,

The long communication which you will receive from my husband, will, I think, represent us sufficiently. I will therefore ask to be excused.

Sincerely

J. C. F.

Editors of the Voice.

It had been my intention to send you a poem on "the pleasures of solitude" but the duties of my position prevented its completion.

Sometime the society may be favored with it entire.

In haste,

M. R.

The following note has been handed the editor since coming to the meeting. It is evidently written hastily as no name is signed.

"I regret to say that my long and carefully prepared article, on the subject of early engagements among the ancient Hindoos, cannot be presented to-night. In the hurry of preparing for this meeting I (naturally) changed my coat and (as naturally) have been as unfortunate as ministers usually are, and have left my M.S. in the other coat pocket.

Inter musicum

W. M. T. sends us what proves to be the most lengthy article in this issue. The task that its production has not seriously interfered with other duties.

A Vacation Idyl

The ruffled melody of the little river Mona suggested rest and subdued merriment. Nature had played at dam-building and at intervals had thrown across the river's path giant handfuls of primitive boulders, these, charmed with the defiant yet unmusical laughter of the waters, had rebuked and left boulders and waters — a legacy of perpetual music. Long rows of bluffs clothed here with rich-hued maple and birch and there with fields of grain waving their exultant banners in response to the touch of the breeze, pressed close up to the river's course. Here, too, as with her other river children, nature left us in no doubt as to her conception of the law of beauty.

In haste and in repose the river ever swept along by the same graceful curves, beauty first and destination afterward. Occasionally it seemed to hold the bluffs at arms length as if to make them feel the sacredness of her presence and yet elsewhere she bathed the very feet of the hills and spread her face a mirror for their loveliness. Then, too, at unexpected turns in the river the hills parted and little cascades came down with great laughter only to be lost in the waves of their own spray and laugh no more except in her own watery fashion. Thus thy thou was mirrored in the quiet portions of the Mona nature only makes. If a purple haze seemed at times to veil the summits of the more distant hills, it simply drew the outlines of those nearby more distinct by contrast and left the imagination free to form further outlines of its own.

On the banks of this stream

Fred Bonar had chosen to spend a fortnights vacation. A dozen years before he had hopefully and yet reluctantly left the little city of Robbinsville which lay clustered about three of its fruitful hills. He had spent four years of college life there and had then begun the struggle for money and place in the great metropolis of the country.

Every one knows Robbinsville — & But the charm of its people is peculiar — a community modestly and uniformly wealthy; a social culture refined yet without undue formality; rhyme from over without austerity. Such a community is planted on the picturesque hills of the Ohio where the grand and the beautiful in nature can find response in frustrations. Then life within its borders assumes rare pleasures.

Fred. Bonar had tasted these pleasures instinctively and now that an opportunity offered to

visit Rotorua all remembrance of any unpleasant incidents in his life there had disappeared. He thought only of the quiet enjoyment he was to meet in rest and sport. So, without further delay on his arrival than the making of a hasty toilet at the Rotorua House he set out on a familiar path leading to one of the most romantic portions of the river. The people of Rotorua entertained that unusual affection for natural scenery which led them to regard primitive rocks, cascades and forest not as in any sense inferior to the work of man. Their vows of early trimmed hair, acres of closely cropped lawn and rocks arranged in geometrical order compared to the infinite variety of nature!

Thus Bonar soon found himself as far from the conventionalities of the landscape gardener as if he had been in the wilds

of the Adirondacks. He wound down a ravine carpeted with velvety red-top and studded along the sides, irregularly, with pine oaks, jaunty hackees and here and there a timorous poplar, with its exquisite leaves timulous at the slightest touch of the breeze. The course of the ravine changed without warning and at intervals smaller ravines opened into it from either side.

To me sensitive to the gentlest hints from nature, responsive to every delicate change in her features, this sudden transfer from a barren grim plunge in the distractions of money-getting scenes filled with pleasant associations was, indeed, no common pleasure. Turf, sky and trees, each brought keen enjoyment and he passed down the ~~ravine~~ glen completely abandoned to its surrounding pleasures.

At a somewhat abrupt turning in his course at the foot of one of the smaller ravines he

suddenly found himself in the presence of such attractiveness as the most of us can contrive to see simply in ideals. Yet positive reality would have produced a pleasurable effect upon him at this moment than was shown by the cloud which quickly shot across his face. After a moments embarrassment, however, he so far regained his composure as to allow half aloud an almost involuntary "Alvina"! Neither had yet moved since the first recognition and now Alvina, as he called her, with a half deprecatory movement seemed about to retrace her steps. Still looking directly at him she replied slowly and with a tinge of bitterness! "Can fickleness be forgiven?"

"If real, then not by mortal. But it is often imaginary only."

His manner and her natural instinct for self-justification left her opportunity to give up her-

intuition of flight.

When Bonar had been at Robsons he had met Miss Elroy as he had met many other young ladies and had been impelled to regard her with more than usual admiration. Her physical characteristics were striking — neat in bearing, plain but regular in features, her movements seemed to grow upon one. One was scarcely conscious of her beginning to move or of the moment of her stopping. Every act was a part of the general harmony — music in motion. Yet she was left an impression of indecision or lack of energy. But the peculiarity of her features lay (if such an expression may be used) in her reflective eyes. They caught one's attention instantly and no one who had once seen them ever arrived at the point of an analysis of her other features. One might have fancied such

eyes fathomless and yet the soul-
outlines seemed to peep from their
very galleways. She had such
social and intellectual culture,
so, as might be expected at
Rotorua and a young man
like Fred Bonar, confident,
passionate and, in the legiti-
mate sense of the term, susceptible,
rapidly became an ardent admirer.
Both found delight in music;
each was fond of poetry and
opportunities for indulging and
developing their taste in these
directions came freely. Mutual
regard ripened into mutual
admiration and the close of
Bonar's stay at Rotorua found
them pledged to each other by
such vows as the little god
reserves only for the use of his
special favorites.

Without giving unnecessary
details it may be said, simply,
that true to his nature, after
leaving college Bonar had
thrown himself so wholly into

his business and had so rudely found such social diversion as his impulses demanded that he had resumed nature to his own except that he still remained moved

This sudden appearance of Alvina at a moment when old associations had taken complete possession of him fanned his passion and placed in the clearest light her peculiar beauty and unswerving fidelity. He turned gruffly as if to continue his stroll and she mechanically fell in at his side, partly, perhaps, from the assertion of a former habit and partly because such opposite natures are almost irresistably drawn towards each other. They were silent but an instant.

"You misjudge me entirely," he continued, "and yet not altogether without reason. Circumstances may"—

Have you not seen your own

matter?" she interrupted.

"One may pledge himself to a certain course of action," he continued, "but by so doing he does not determine what contingencies may arise or who may cross his path."

They walked on for some distance in silence. The ravine broadened before them and as they came out into view of the river the path led toward the left and they emerged upon a natural terrace with the subdued murmur of the waters in the distance for below them. Here and there the sun shot between the hills and lit up the surface of the stream as if in frial fatinal evening caress. The shadows at the foot of the hills ahead stood out in dark outline against their eastern slopes and where the river seemed to rise from beneath thick overhanging foliage faint hints of mist drew up. The scene was

indeed pacific and Bonar must on with his argument.

"Do not judge me by what I may be supposed to have done or said but by what I am now."

"But," she said, "is it possible to be coming hither and thither by changing currents, to be alternately find by passions within and the subject of assaults from without and yet remain the same?"

"Natures differ," he replied somewhat shortly.

"But the natures are alike in one respect," she explained. "The object of their worship may itself change but their worship may never be given to another." She as she said this she gave him the first look into their meeting in the glance a look of sad regret and kind reproof but mingled with complaint. The wonderful fascination of her eyes kindled the passion in his own and the dozen years of life which had

intervening was bridged in an instant. He felt her former power over him. They turned and, as if still under the impulse of habit, leaving the terrace a few steps found themselves standing on a large rock jutting out over the stream and yet hidden from the view of anyone on the terrace itself. The college boys had facetiously named this rock "the differential rock" because in the differential calculus the "differential" is the place where the distance between two infinitesimal!

Serenely valuing what he was and observing only an apparent softening in her manner towards him Bonar went on with all the warmth of his nature.

"Can not love warm or be transformed to others and yet return again stronger than before?"

"As will the of that giant oak taking a trip across the continent and returning to town & in its former health and vigor. Sand hills on the prey

of my mind."

"But," he urged again, now speaking in the first person, "my nature is no childish one. For me not to love would be death. I have felt towards you as no man ever felt towards woman. When we parted how new scenes and new faces intervened. In the exuberance of my nature my love fed on what was present."

"Is not exuberance another name for fickleness?" she queried.

"You misunderstand me. My love for you grew stronger as love for others came up within me. The more one loves the stronger his power to love becomes. My passion for you fed on every other passion until now, octopus-like, it has all within its grasp."

"Yes, Mr. Brax," she assented, retreating slightly, still not quite enough to allow him to assume the role of octopus with her. "I may seem cold and unforgiving but your persistent silence pained

to end all for me, and yet" — she hesitated, not realizing, perhaps, that hesitancy is the first sign of surrender.

"O, Alvina, I have no other love. Every admiration for another has been but a worship of one of the attributes of my goddess. Believe what your heart tells you. I know it still responds to mine. Is there not" —

But his impetuosity and the growing dusk made him lose his footing and rolling for an instant he fell over the edge of the crag. She swiftly seized his clothing and with marvelous strength held him in the air, the rocky waves murmuring fifty feet below. "Alvina! Alvina!" he cried appealingly, "why do you hold me in suspense?"

We will next give the contents of letter which came to us, bearing a foreign post mark. The poem is signed A. L. T. It bears the title.

"A Sad but Wiser Man".

Two quires of foolscap paper, went
on board the ship with me,
On which I thought to chronicle, that
Phi Sigma might see
The poetic fantasies that I supposed
would come to me.
When I gazed upon the ripples of the
blue and gentle sea.

Two reams of foolscap paper I
now know are far too few,
On which to write of how the ripples
into billows grew,
And to tell you of the change, that then
came o'er my spirits too,
But my dear Phi Sigma friends, I
have nought to send to you.

A. L. T.

From one of our members who is evidently inclined to weak poetic sentimentalisation and who signs herself J. C. F. we have received the following effusion. By its author it has been termed

An Allegory

There were trees in this old garden, tall fir trees with the cones upon them and pine trees which do not moan and sigh except when some sorrow or sin is near them. These were the groves of singing pine trees, like those among which the child Hiawatha wandered, and when the wind swayed them to and fro, so that their sweet spicy needles were close together, they whispered the secrets of which the air was full.

There were high strong oaks, whose glossy leaves were so dark and smooth, that it seemed as though wind and rain must have been polishing them for years, instead of a few short months. This lovely spot sloped gently up from all the country around, and down at one side flakes opened their blue eyes, reflecting heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land when they beheld the earth so beautiful. Broad pasture lands were seen, and in some places these would rise, forming a high green mound, which shut all else from view, its summit crowned by some solitary figure which was all unconscious of making itself a picture, for

which earth and air and sky were but the background. Yellow cornfields could be seen, for this lovely spot was not isolated from all the world, only a little removed and above, and the sun shone there with a more gentle light, and the birds sang sweeter, and the secrets that the pine trees knew filled all the air with music.

Just a little way off, at one side, was the old forest where dwelt the band of working squirrels, we saw so long ago. Do you remember the piles of nuts they gathered into hollow tree trunks, and the long years they worked together?

Perhaps you remember, that one day two of these silently left the busy throng, but did you ever catch a glimpse of the enchanted land to which they went?

It was one of the loveliest days of June; "a day so calm, so fair, so bright, sweet, the bridal" (not of the earth and sky,) but of the first for whom this place had been prepared. It was the leader of the band who came, bringing with him one of the loveliest of them all.

Everything was ready with roses carpeting the ground, and orioles warbling all around. The birds had built their nests and greeted them; from the tiny thrushes with their whispers, the true lovers' birds, to the blue jays in the tops of the tallest pines. The clover

beds, pink with blossoms, sent their messages of love by golden butterflies. Humming birds passed for an instant, as "A bird on a bough
The broad blue heavens above
The earth is below, and well I know
That both are ruled by love".
So the summer passed, and when autumn came, and the beautiful brown acorns, the fairies' cups and saucers, were heaped beneath the oaks, the priceless treasures were gathered, and "a home, that best thing this side the gates of heaven" was begun by the happy pair.

Then came the winter, but under the snow and ice, all was making ready for those who back in the woods were preparing for their entrance.

St. Valentine's day came, when as the legends say, each birdling chooses his mate. Then the west wind whispered through the snow, and the arbutus blossoms, which had been "like children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber" awoke. These are the flowers you know, that John Alden gathered for Priscilla, for they seemed to him "so modest and simple and sweet" as to be the "very type of Priscilla, the type of the Puritan maidens".

While their strange sweetness still filled the air, the peace harbinger came.

Did you know that the Bluebird was

made to propitiate both earth and sky, and that he wears the color of one on his breast and the other on his back, in order to show that when he comes all strife is ended". When he had put in his "little heavenly word" all strife was ended. Easter bells were ringing, and easter birds were singing, and all the earth was glad and gay with holy joy for Easter Day.—It was just after this, before the hush and gladness of that day had gone while "every wild flower still chanted the dear Lord's praises", that into this land came the next happy pair, and for them "the blue-bird,

"Blended all in a silver strain,
The sound of the laughing rains,
The patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the wind, the sunshine,
And fragrance of blossoming things.
Ah! He was their poem of April,
That God had endowed with wings."

And the summer passed again, and to those in this old garden all the beauties of the long, happy days seemed

"Gushes and hints of the sweetness
From the unseen deeps afar,
The foam edge of heaven's completeness
Swept outward through flower & star".

Back in the busy forest a strange thing happened, for another of the band departed, but he went all alone. Long

miles he journeyed.

"Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
At each stride a mile he measured
Yet the way seemed long before him".

"Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill and hollow.
All the birds sang loud and sweetly,
Sang of happiness and heartsease".

The two came back to the beautiful garden. It was September now, and the sun shone through the branches where the leaves had fallen, saying to them "Oh my children,

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow
Life is checkered shade & sunshine,
Rule by loving, oh my children".

Again the acorns are falling from the oak trees, and the leaves from the old forest are blowing over into the garden. They bring rumors of others that are to come, but the leaves are old and dry, and we cannot tell what they say. The birds flutter back and forth with messages, but they will not reveal their secrets and we must wait. The glorious winter days will come next, when everything will seem transfigured by the beauties of snow and ice. The pines, with outstretched

arms, clad in garments of white, will seem like ministering priests, ready for the beautiful household ceremony which occurs in the old Norse legends. It is said, that on one of the pure white winter days, these devout people of the olden time, with bowed heads and open doors, with offerings and prayers, awaited the coming of their Christ - their "Christ of the Snows"; and never does the world seem more worthy of his coming.