

change, in the right direction, in last year's drill compared with former years. During the coming spring we anticipate more earnestness on the part of the cadets, judging from the manner in which the new cadets performed last fall. We all feel grateful to our worthy Commandant (Lieutenant S. S. Pague) for his interesting work in our behalf.

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We notice in one of the prominent college papers of Penna. "A letter" from "Pandemonium, Shady Side." The author must have been affected by delirancy, or imagined himself writing for a "yellow backed" novel. The piece, to say the best of it, is unfit for publication in a paper to the public in general, and less fit for publication in a college paper. The following remarks we quote verbatim. "A person's business here is decided by his life on earth. For instance, the man who coined the word "chestnut" has to haul Rider Haggard's imagination up an inclined skating rink by means of a Keely motor engine, using only a spoonful of ice water, while some of the boodle aldermen drink hot punches, recite the Presbyterian longer catechism and are waited on by a demon in an intoxicated dress suit."

"Take my advice, old boy, and before you come down embezzle about a million from the L— tobacco-store. Satan's mother in-law will think more of you."

We do not think a college paper should be entirely filled with "solid matter," but anything that even smells of profanity should be excluded.

"Old Henry VIII., of England, is here and has married an E— girl."

A young man, H. J. Furber, jr., not yet twenty years old, is planning to found a great university at Chicago, on the Heidelberg plan. He proposes to devote \$1,000,000 as an inducement for other citizens to join in the movement.

German universities are just beginning to play foot-ball.

THE CHILDREN'S ANGELS.

The Master told us about them,
Or else we should not have known
Of the great, glad children's angels
Who stand for them near the throne.
The face of the Heavenly Father,
Their angels always behold;
They live in unbroken vision,
Afur in the City of gold.

Their beautiful brows are lifted,
Evermore in dazzling sight
Of the Father's unseen glory,
His unapproachable light.
Yet His ineffable brightness
Does not blind, but fills them still
With higher raptures of service,
Sweeter worship of His will.

These strong, glad, worshipping angels
Who dwell in excess of light,
Loves, each, some dear little earth child,
And cares for him day and night.
We cannot know how they help him,
Nor what the mysterious tie,
That binds pure and deathless angels
To frail little ones that die.

The Lord of that country sends them
On errands sweet but unknown,
To little "heirs of salvation,"
The jewels who are His own.
Sometimes in dingiest alleys,
To the little one he guardeth,
The starry bright angel comes.

And, then, though the little one sees not,
Nor knows the angel is there,
His dear little heart is lightened,
His form is suddenly fair.
For the glistening angel garments
Throw a brightness into the place;
And glory as from the Father,
Falls on the childish face.

So the strong and tender helpers
Cheer the glad, or the sad and lone.
But I think they oftenest visit
The fatherless, motherless one.
No little heart is unfriended,
His angel is near him still.
The little ones cannot perish!
It is not the Father's will!

—Christian at Work.