

AS Commencement approaches, we are again confronted by the question, "What degrees do graduates obtain at your college?" And we are sorry to say the question is remarkably easy to answer. We can merely say, B. S. Although we firmly believe degrees should be conferred with care, yet we cannot fail to see the influence which the prospect of a degree in his coveted profession will have on the young student when he is about to enter college. Our college at present has excellent courses in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, and why not complete the matter by designating the graduates of the several courses in the usual way? That is by a degree in the course they have pursued.

Degrees do not signify to the world what they should do, owing to the promiscuous way in which some institutions have granted them, but this should not hinder worthy institutions from announcing to the public what their graduates have studied.

PEACE.

O peace, my foolish heart, be still
Till God inwork His perfect will;
His thoughts are higher thoughts than thine,
Above the sun His ways do shine.

Amid this world's tumultuous joys,
In depth of gloom, in tempest's noise,
Hear thou the calm, the mighty voice
That speaks "Be still," and aye rejoice. I. T. O.

—A mild March.—"This spring."

LITERARY.

THE KISS.

I.
Among the fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?
I shall resolve you what it is.

II.
It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed,
And makes more soft the bridal bed.

III.
It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies,
And stills the bride, too, when she cries.

IV.
Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,
And here and there and everywhere.

V.
Has it a speaking virtue? Yes.
How speaks it, say? Do you but this:
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss
And this, love's sweetest language is.

VI.
Has it a body? Yes, and wings
With thousand rare encolorings,
And as it flies it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCUSSION.

When a lad I frequently attended "Debating School." This was many years ago. The debate of that day was as shrewd and deceptive as the contest between Truthful James and the "heathen Chinee." It was a fight for triumph under any circumstances rather than an orderly contest for truth. Thus it was attractive to boys because of the game that was in it or the lottery that was thought to be a part of it. The old school house where during the day we sang geography to the measured clang of a pair of shears, mating states to proper Capitals, was illuminated on debate nights by tallow dips inserted in turn-