

never forsaken an enterprise in time of need, but we are sorry to recall the fact that the Alumni and old students have not been as loyal as they should have been to the institution and its enterprises. We refer to the sound basis of the FREE LANCE to show what can be accomplished when proper aid is given. The *Annual* will be neatly bound. Mr. H. W. Mitchell has been elected business manager, and he requests that subscriptions be forwarded to him as soon as possible. We entreat you in the name of your *Alma Mater* to aid the class in this work.

Every student should have one.

Every student's girl should have one.

Every friend of the institution should have one.

Every professor and professor's wife should have one.

Every Alumnus should have one.

Now drop a dollar in the slot and see the *Annual* come forth.

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INSTEAD of saying, in January LANCE, that the Electrotechnic Course will give way to a course in Electrical Engineering, we should have said that the former *name* will probably give way to the latter. The Course is at present a course in Electrical Engineering, as comparison with those so named in other institutions shows. Like other courses in this and other colleges, greater facilities are needed. In one respect, that of suitable rooms, these will be provided for this Course in a few months. The apparatus of the Department of Physics, with some obtained especially for Electrotechnics, makes a considerable beginning of the other necessary facilities. Additions will soon be made to these, furnishing means for the demonstration of all important principles, and opportunities for a full course of laboratory work in Electrical Engineering.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

JOHN SMITH.

The night is still, and all around
The air is filled with darkness drear,
I listen for the faintest sound,
And nothing but my heart I hear.
Now Morpheus reigns o'er all mankind,
O'er beasts, o'er birds, and creeping things.
I pause,—within my heart to find
Response to feelings silence brings.
How vast the space in which we move!
How many orbs around us fly!
How narrow is the little groove
In which we live so soon to die!
How wisely chosen is the course
Pursued by planet, sun and star!
How often do we meet remorse
When from God's path we stray afar!
In darkness, such as this, was found
The world in chaos,—God with power.
His hand directed all around
To move in order from that hour.
And to the words; "Let there be light,"
There came response to what was said.
How glorious must have been the sight
When first from earth the darkness fled!

Hark! calm and silence reigns profound!
All day the winds in sportive glee
Were chasing flakes of snow around;
The air seemed like a moving sea.
Now, all is in a slumber deep,
And leafless trees as lifeless stand;
While through my mind these words would creep,—
"I'm viewing death's cold border land."
No light to guide the weary feet;
No voice to cheer the sinking heart;
No hand the sinful soul to meet,
And bear its burden home in part.
A fear my heart now occupies;
A chill my body penetrates.
The night is cold, and in my eyes
Are tears that hang o'er vision's gates.
Am I alone this winter's night?
I feel a presence while I speak.
My eyes in darkness have no sight,
But light divine my soul would seek.
"God moves in a mysterious way,"
I surely cannot be alone,
Just now I heard a spirit say
Those words. I turn, but he is gone.

"I am the light"—He must be near,
God slumbers not, and Him to know
I need not touch, or see, or fear,