

But simply in his love to grow.  
 While thus I stand and contemplate  
 The wondrous nature of the God  
 Whose word all beauty did create  
 And put in man the mind to laud,—  
 A light breaks through the western sky.  
 Where parting clouds are moving fast,  
 And blinking stars attract my eye,  
 Instilling thoughts of regions vast,  
 I now discern th' horizon's form,  
 Where clouds concealed the setting sun  
 Whose beauty is a changeful morn  
 Of splendors from the heavens won.  
 The sky is half relieved of clouds,  
 And Nature's frown is soon dispelled.  
 Of myriad stars, the dim light crowds  
 Around me while in awe I'm held.  
 Forgetful of the night's cold air,  
 I linger 'neath this heav'nly smile;  
 Forgetful of the world's despair,  
 I love this hour that's free from guile.

The entire arch is now a dome  
 Beset with brilliants large and small.  
 What untold wealth in Nature's home!  
 What pictures deck its azure wall!  
 There ancient sage, with fancy wild,  
 Outlined most strange and curious things:  
 Reflecting him as a mere child  
 Whose fancy raised him on its wings.  
 High in the southern sky I see  
 Three stars that shine with equal light,  
 In one straight row. They seem to be  
 The most attractive stars to-night.  
 Orion's belt is marked by these;  
 Three others fix his hanging sword.  
 The first three,—spanning two degrees,—  
 A yard-stick for the heav'ns afford.  
 A little to the south and east,  
 An azure field of great extent,  
 I see,—in all this astral feast,—  
 The brightest of the firmament.  
 All beauty brightens by a name,  
 And Sirius is this brilliant star.  
 I seek for others known to fame  
 And find them ere I wander far.

Beyond Orion, slightly west,  
 In constellation Taurus, can  
 I see amid a starry nest  
 A bright called *Aldebaran*.  
 And ere I move my eyes from these,—  
 The Hyads of an ancient day,—  
 I spy the group of Pleiades;  
 And turn upon my homeward way.

"PITY 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE."

FROM all appearances it is evident that the world does'nt wag to suit Mr. Bob Porter. Of all men, a Junior in college ought to be the happiest, but such is not Bobby's present condition. His burden bears his head down upon his breast, and as he walks slowly toward the college building, he looks neither to the right nor left, but walks carefully in the passage-way cleft by his proboscis.

It may be that he is thinking of the Kinetic Theory of Gases, and it "more may be" that he isn't. Whatever his thoughts be, his self-absorption is immense, for as he passes a companion, his only reply to a cheery "Hello, Bob," is a short snort.

Kind fate leads him up the winding stairway and to the door of his study.

He opens the door wide and makes a bee-line for a lounge at the far end of his study, and throws himself down on it with a loud snort of mingled disgust and despair.

At this somewhat eccentric manifestation on the part of the usual cheery and smiling Robert, his room-mate Chester Berg, looks up from his Political Economy long enough to imagine the cause of the trouble.

To his quiet and considerate question, the only answer is a deep-toned growl, so he applies himself again to his book.

Silence reigns for a few moments, and Berg is startled by a series of muttered imprecations verging closely on profanity.

With a laudable determination to learn the cause of the trouble, he lays down his book and opens fire.

"What's the matter, old boy," he says, gently.

"Nawthing," is the encouraging answer.

"Come off. Yes there is. Sick?"

"Naw, dry up," with tremendous vehemence, followed by a long incoherent speech, the only intelligible words being "she" and "why in thunder." This is enough for Berg however, and he tumbles to the fact that his room mate's