

soning is found in Huxley's definition when he says, "Follow your reason as far as it will take you without regard to any other consideration." By this we understand him to mean cold scientific reasoning, simply that which man can deduce from nature, which throws out any consideration of the Bible. How can we reason in a justifiable manner? How can we arrive at the right conclusion? unless we take everything into consideration which affects our subject. Again, "Do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable," in other words do not believe what you cannot prove. How can we hope to prove a proposition after rejecting the axiom upon which its solution depends? This we virtually try to do when we reject the Bible and then send Reason forth to find us a God and religion. It is simply an effort upon our part—if we look at it as a scientific problem—to give a finite demonstration to a proposition infinite in itself. If the agnostic would search scripture as thoroughly as he is supposed to investigate science, agnosticism would soon become a creed of the past and the agnostic either a Christian or non-believer according to the amount of faith exercised. By faith we do not mean something inseparable from religion, for faith is as much a function of man as reason and the perfect development of both are necessary to make a perfect man, and the sooner we come to look on it as such the better for mankind. Hence an agnostic or a non-believer is not the highest type of man and as we are progressing continually, time itself will remove agnosticism together with the more pronounced beliefs of the faithless.

Miss V. C. Fries, of Harrisburg, has been appointed instructor of music. Miss Fries entered upon her duties on the first of May. She has previously been in Shippensburg, and has a wide reputation both in instrumental and vocal music.

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

A drift of perfume
Up from the meadows
Thither finds its way.
O, rare, pale blossoms
Breathing incense,
Tinged with the sunset's ray!

As pink as the heart
Of a whispering seashell
Down by the sounding sea,
As sweet as the breath
Of the dainty maiden,
Who sends these flowers to me.

What do you here,
O, tiny blossoms,
Here, 'mid the city's din?
You have strayed away,
From your native sunshine,
And the woods you blossomed in.

You bring to me
A whiff of the breezes
Soft as the air of June,
That kissed your cheek
'Mid yon native grasses
Laden with perfume.

O, rare, sweet blossoms,
You're as fair, not fairer
Than the little winsome maid,
Who sent you out
On your errand of mercy,
Out from your woodland shade.

ALICE McILROY.

MORAL TONE OF UNDERGRADUATES.

JUDGING from what we often hear and read, we are led to believe that the masses look upon the college world as composed chiefly of young men giving four years to a good time, with little attention to study; a set of fellows who are chiefly interested in spending their father's money. These people, however, are invariably persons who have never attended college and know nothing of the existing state of affairs. They claim their belief substantiated by certain reports which occasionally appear in our daily papers. In other words they take the action of a few as indicative of the whole. True the collegian