

he has created; which certainly indicate that they found their belief in a Supreme Being from the existence of the creation. Such a course of reasoning may seem cold and foreign to our conceptions of religion, but truly, it is only in appearance, for why should not the Creator take advantage of such, to make us susceptible to the grand truths which he wishes to impress upon us? Why should he not allow religious beliefs to be developed in this manner?

To us it seems as probable as any, and none the less fruitful in results. Religion is certainly progressing as all things are. Theologians tell us to the contrary, but all the ages of the past show us that our present form of belief is but the outgrowth of the crudest doctrines. Such a solution as the above urges us to do our individual part in developing the highest type of religious belief, believing as we do, that only by so doing, can we approach our Maker in likeness, for only through our religious nature can our character be reached.

ET CÆTERA.

A crowded room; beneath the gaslight's glare,
A maze of drifting forms, swayed light and slow
By strains of music on the scented air;
A sound of voices in a murmur slow.

A wealth of quaint designs in waxen bloom;
A glimpse of curtained dimness, and the play
Of tinkling fountains in the leafy gloom;
A muffled clink of glasses far away.

A youth beside a maiden, tête-à-tête,
She in pale gauzes, he in faultless gear;
He clasps her hand, most blissfully elate;
She droops her happy eyes—and Love is here.

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A sunny sea of grass; an apple tree
Counting the minutes with its drooping fruit;
Somewhere the distant humming of a bee;
Two drowsy crickets in a mild dispute.

A painted pump; a wood pile steep;
A flock of chickens round a broken bowl;
A kitten on the fallen fence asleep;
An empty clothes-line, with its swaying poles.

A youth beside a maiden, at the gate,
She in pink cotton, he in garb as queer;
He clasps her hand, most blissfully elate;
She droops her happy eyes—and Love is here.

EMMA A. OPPER.

LOCALS.

Samuel Grieb Crawford.

Ghost bought a new pipe.

Read the "Communication Column."

Ask "Hilde" to describe "Idiotic Gas."

Rising Freshmen.—Motz and Bob Furst.

They came! They played! We conquered!

How we miss the "young ladies of the village."

A text-book for Seniors and Juniors—P. S. C. reports.

Ask Brew who McGinty is if you want to make him laugh.

A number of students ate Thanksgiving dinner at their homes.

The reward of patience and perseverance—Walton Mitchell's moustache.

Snyder has instituted a "Red Letter Day" for the benefit of the students.

Boxes from home—feasts at night—bad dreams—severe headaches—Flunks!

Oh! my beads! my beads! my beads!
Chicky! Chicky! Chicky!—"Baby."

Mr. McDowell is pronounced by every one to be the future orator of State College.

Griffin to "Col." "Why didn't you put something in the last paper about my whiskers?"

The Vesta boarding club has changed its yell to Poor Raw Rye! Poor Raw Rye! Rye! Rye! Vesta!

Prof.—Mr. Pond, how does pressure act upon gas?

"Swampy."—Why, why, it presses it.