

Saxon pride could never be so bent. Then what remains? We answer, education and justice will prove the only solution. Neither of these have been generally and thoroughly tried but to the extent that they have been employed they have lessened the friction between the two races and the black man has called forth respect and has shown himself an honorable and a desirable citizen. We must remember that he is a representative of a race down trodden and reared within the pale of superstition for ages. We must remember that he is even now treated as an lower form of creation, simply because the sun of his ancestral land has darkened his skin and that his white brother has aided in darkening his mind, we certainly as believers in eternal justice should strive to relieve the wrongs which we have done this people and the love for our nations but welfare and the future of our kin should be an incentive in the same direction. We must as a people change our attitude and let education and justice to bring about their heavenly changes in this hitherto unfortunate race.

J. F. SHIELD.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

A very interesting child of Prof. Pond's met with a sad accident on March 20. The baby was seated on a rug in the middle of the basement floor. A number of the students were snow-balling in front of the college, when a badly aimed snow-ball struck the basement window, scattering fragments of glass in every direction; unfortunately several small pieces struck the child in the eye. Medical aid was immediately summoned and at first it was feared its eye would be lost. An oculist was summoned from Bellefonte, who, upon a close examination pronounced it a very severe case, but that there was still some hopes. The next morning the child was taken to Philadelphia where it will receive the best of treatment. Professor and wife

have the sympathy of all in their bereavement, and it is only hoped the child's sight will be restored. This ought to be a warning to all snow-ballers, twice within the past week, has this very same accident happened. When a sport becomes so disastrous it should be prohibited.

"MA COUNTRYMAN BURNS."

'Twas over the border,
In fair Montreal,
One ev'ning in winter
A banqueting hall
Resounded with laughter,
Loud, mirthful and long,
With jests and with speeches
And jubilant song.

At foot of the table
Sat Sandy McPhail
Diluting his "haggis"
With floods of Scotch ale;—
Till, filled to o'erflowing,
He modestly rose,
And said, "If ye please,
I've ae toast to propose:

"Ma COUNTRYMAN BURNS,
Whase name is weel known
As nature's ain poet
In ilka wide zone—
Of Burns, Bobby Burns
To be prood it is well—
But, mayhap ye ken na
I'm a Scotchman mysel'.

"The world is indebted
For music and sang
To Scotland and Italy
All the year lang—
But *maistly* to Scotland,
So, whiles the earth turns,
Here's: the 'Singer o' singers—
Ma countryman Burns!'

"Freends, go where ye will
On the land or the deep,
Ye'll aye find the Scot
At the tap o' the heap—
At the head of affairs—
But this let me tell—
For mayhap ye'll forget—
I'm a Scotchman mysel'.