

my pillow the grateful coolness to my heated brow augured well for a speedy drowsiness and a quick passage to the happy land of dreams. But soon the events of the day, the vexations and annoyances, the mistakes, the thoughts of duty undone, of promise unfulfilled came trooping through my brain. Life seemed a failure, an unequal and a hopeless contest. In vain I strove to close my eyes and picture peaceful scenes of restfulness, the gentle flow of some far-off mighty river moving in majesty to the sea, the rippling mountain stream swerving into some cool quiet eddy, and the sighing monotone of the pines in the still moonlight. It was to no purpose. Again and again the same line of thought returned, accusing, harrowing, regrets for the past, forebodings for the future.

Two hours had passed; 'twas getting worse. Suddenly I rose, dressed hastily, and was soon in the open air. The change was grateful. If there were no rest within there was without. The clouded moon shed but a feeble light, and the balmy air but gently moved the fast withering leaves. Mechanically I wandered away, and my feet fell into familiar paths. The quiet and repose of inanimate things, the curious light effects, and the hushed silence all about engaged my attention, turned the current of my thought, and "a chord of my memory woke." As I strolled across the campus one spot after another recalled some long-forgotten scene. Here is the tree that '87 planted on Arbor Day of their Freshman year. It is growing well: May its shadow increase. Here was the old "ellipse," the pride of "Lord Carvill." Only a faint band in the sod shows where it lay, for it and its master have long since passed away. But, involuntarily, I pause. Before me looms up the cold gray limestone wall of the "big ship on the hill," as the speaker at the dinner once said. Its windows are dark, save here and there where a faint light shows that *perhaps* some student is still grinding away at tomorrow's work. I pass in at the open door. How strange it seems! Memory quickens. Instinctively I feel for the sanded wall and look for the old stairways. They have been gone—these how many years, but I put out my hand, cautiously, the cherry balusters may be greased. Yes! 'twas that little—slippery eel, you know. They say he's a judge now, and a "tall sycamore" in the party. He'll be Governor some day, probably; maybe President. Who'd a thought it? "But tall oaks from little" * * * Ah this—yes, this is third. I thought it was fifth, my legs were so tired. It didn't used to be so. Why,