

rally round the flag of your country and stand together against the enemies of the republic, so rally around the banner of light which floats over these strongholds of human science and learning and say to all who would injure them, within or without, "Hands off." These great homes of learning are our heritage from the sainted dead and the heroic past. We mean to hand them down uninjured to the coming generations. Organize for this work. Let all men know, students as well as others, that you will not be parties, even by silence, to the miserable fun and folly which would trifle with the vested rights of humanity.

Give to us older children of the colleges, as we turn for a last glimpse of the scenes we are quitting—give to us the great satisfaction of knowing that we are leaving our Alma Maters, the mothers that cherished us, in the charge of other beloved disciples who love them in their youth and will shelter them in their age and enrich them with their wealth, and finally hand them on to other ages unsullied in character, undiminished in power.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A HUMORIST.

A celebrated specialist in the treatment of brain and nerve diseases once said to a patient, "What you need is to forget yourself and thus shake off your melancholy. Mr. ———, the comedian, plays to-night. He is the funniest man alive. Go and hear him."

"Alas," said the patient hopelessly, "I am Mr. ———."

The story enforces the truth that mirth and melancholy are only opposite sides of the same thing. Pathos and humor are found side by side or indistinguishably intertwined because they spring from a common root—sympathy. A shallow man, perhaps, can babble farce; but there is no true humorist who has not had "feelings too deep for tears."

A well-known English humorist, though primarily not a metrical writer, has left us a little blank-verse poem consisting of eight three line stanzas. It might well have the caption at the head of this column; its author entitled it

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?

I had a mother, but she died, and left me,

Died prematurely in a day of horrors—

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.