

tion of conscience to utter some obscene jest, to crack a smutty joke, to tell some story that savors of anything but purity of mind. Too often then we show ourselves to be vassals instead of peers. Purity of mind may be likened to the beautiful soft fuzz upon the peach, which when once touched is gone forever. Our minds having once cherished the impure thought, the smutty joke, or obscene story, is, to some extent, poisoned. 'Tis there as firm as the bloody spot upon the head of Lady Macbeth.

Again, our college life may illustrate this text. How many students prove themselves to be vassals! Never willing to work a hard problem, never willing to puzzle over a difficult construction, never willing to solve a troublesome solution, always dependent upon others. Too many prove themselves only slaves where they should be men. Too many are only servants where they should be masters.

N. M. E.

[For the STUDENT.]

**FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.**

The elements, Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 Combine to form the mind,  
 And without the plurality,  
 They are neither symbol nor sign.

They form a chain of friendship,  
 To every temple true,  
 And without their relationship,  
 They are void to me and you.

Come, let us honor them,  
 With lives that are serene:  
 Then can we e'er command,  
 Of all the world esteem.

May we meet upon a level,  
 Though from every nation come,  
 The rich man from his palace,  
 The poor man from his home.

For the rich must leave his wealth  
 And state outside the Temple door;  
 And the poor man finds his best respects,  
 Upon our Lodge room floor.

We must part at present,  
 For the world must have its due,  
 We mingle with the world,  
 A faithful band, and true.

But the influence of our meetings,  
 In memory is green,  
 May we in the future,  
 Renew the happy scene.

The links, Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 Form a birght fraternal chain;  
 If a link be broken here on earth,  
 'Twill be linked in heaven again.

D. C. V.

**BIND THE EDGES.**

If the world's edges were all bound we should be waiting for the millenium. There would be no work for the reformers, whether social political or moral. The press of the country would not ring as it does now with denunciations of public institutions and public and private individuals. Herbert Spencer would not need to spend his energy and talents to secure reforms in our poor-houses and jails and prisons, ethics would be unnecessary. Turkey would treat the christians within her borders with justice and humanity, and Russia would not burn with an ambition to increase her boundaries upon the south and east. The red man would no longer follow the war path and the terrible death-whoop would echo no more among the plains of the west.

Labor and capital would cease to conflict, while railroad wars and election battles would be unheard of. But the millenium is not at hand, these edges are not bound, and there is an imperative call for active earnest men and women. The duty of the hour is of the greatest importance, and the need of true workers is hourly felt as in the darkest days of the Revolution, or when the first gun was fired upon Fort Sumter. Every field needs renovating, every call is loudly for reform and true reformers. Our own land, our foreign sisters, politics, morals, all need rebinding. The old bindings are ravelling out, and the edges have become rough and uneven. None can sit down in these days and say that there is nothing for them to do. On every hand are the