

last word debar all but exceptional students—and while some of the best men we have are of our own western type—for this department, we as a state have few encouraging features for the development of such a special knowledge, and few have the thousands to acquire it elsewhere. We do not mean to be unjust to any one, but we wish to say to the Board, look around for some time, go slow, get the best tutor possible, and if he shows himself to be of the right metal encourage him by promotion and advanced salary, and by harmonious working with the present professor of chemistry and physics you will soon build us up a scientific department second only to those most famous of the east. Recommendations are easily had and usually mean little, see your man and know him before you act.

The Students' Scrap Book.

MODERN MAGIC.

In the twilight of what is known as the Dark Age lived, as now, men who longed for more light than there was given to their generation and therefore, lacking facts built observatories on foundations of fancy. Seeing a solid wall of conclusions rise about them they forgot the frailty of the base, proceeding on the theory that whatever was assumed some hundreds of years back gained some degree of truth at least from the credulity of its believers. Experiment, exploration and thought are vital conditions of our race and that mental activity which in our day would have led to great discoveries and scientific advancement turned to the occult arts of magic and, what is always the result of false thought, raised a stumbling block to the progress of truth.

In the theories of those brave men who dared so much for knowledge and power there is often a strange and distorted likeness to modern science such as we see through imperfect glass or in misshaped mirrors. Those who called down and subjected to themselves the spirits of the sun, moon and planets find a counterpart in the inventors of to day who make a slave of the sunlight, causing it to carry our packages and heat our houses; as the magicians of old bound the demon of the storm to their service, so our magicians shackle the lightning and send it on our errands.

But the greatest triumph of modern magic is the forcing of the powers of nature to yield the secrets of their nativity and of nature. Instead of consulting the spirits of the rocks and groves, in order to discover the hidden mysteries our enquirers go to the ray of light, they dissect and analyze it, they concentrate and diffuse it until all its message is made known. Coming perhaps, from the great central luminary of our system it tells how eight minutes since it trembled in a sheet of fire vapor whose folds could hide many an earth like ours, or it speaks of mighty whirlwinds throwing aside the flames and rending gaps in which a world could lie like a marble in a well.

From this sunbeam we find also what elements gave it birth and what materials composed the vaporous clouds

through which it passed on its journey. Unlike many travelers however it does not consider its work done when its story is told but falls to work, and appears again in a loaf of bread on a poor man's table or in a fresh bright thought from some fertile brain.

Other and similar visitants have tales to tell of the past and predictions for the future which, unlike those of terrestrial prophets, never fail of fulfillment. A ray of light after traveling for a thousand years passes into the telescope—imaginations eyeball—and minds like Herschel and Laplace see the past history of our solar system. They are carried back to a time when an inconceivably vast space—stretching far beyond the orbit of the most distant planet,—was filled with elemental mists. They see how gravitation—the force which moves our pendulums and swings our earth through its orbit—began to concentrate this cloud of matter in a common centre how this motion caused an ever increasing revolution giving rise to a new and opposing force; then followed between these two forces the generation of planets and of satellites one after another until the present great system found a place in the universe. Not content with the history of the past our instructor now shows us other systems in various stages of completion illustrating each phase of our own earth's development. Concluding the lesson with a hint of the future it points to our satellite. In its airless and silent wastes, its extinct volcanoes, speaking only of departed life, we behold an earnest of our own future condition,—we see in fancy the great glaciers of the north and south reaching out to clasp hands until all the world is held within their embrace.

Shortening now the gauge of our time telescope we see new races of animals appear and decay—generations of men spend their moment of eternity on this spinning globe and disappear—we know not whither. We think of great labors completed, great discoveries made—a continual approximation to the millenium. But beyond all these things is a horror of great darkness; a time when thinking beings in some far distant globe, peering through a greater instrument than any of ours, will see a faint light disappear, as one beholding a city from an elevation sees the lamps go out one by one; or will note that a star of the fourth magnitude suddenly attains, the first and after increasing some days gradually returns to its former lustre,—and this will mean that the child of the sun has rejoined its parent; that the world once burdened with our hopes and sorrows has become an atom in our great central star.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The so called "Realistic School" in modern fiction is suicidal in its tendency. In accepting it we are precipitated from Shelley's height of "Awful loveliness" to a depth of awful ugliness. We are urged to contemplate the dark, shallow, hopeless side of life, and then call it "realism." Is this "realism" real? Is all the world a sham? Are there no manly men—men capable of heroic daring and sacrifice—sublime courage and patriotism? Are there no womanly women—women who can be true and strong; and not false and frivolous; who can be kind and sympathetic and not heartless? The world presents two opposite currents of experience, youth and age, life and death, joy and sorrow, success and failure. These