

THE New York Evening Post tried to run with three co-ordinate editors but did not succeed. The HESPERIAN STUDENT has been trying to run with six or seven co-ordinate editors and is failing in the attempt to have things move harmoniously. We judge that our past experience has been much like that of other college journals. At first it was thought that the paper would be mainly filled by articles contributed by the students, but as it was found to take more time to tease the students to prepare copy than for the editor to write it himself it came to pass that nearly all the writing was done by members of the board and so the number of editors had to be increased, and each was given as his part of work a certain amount of space to fill. The result of this division of labor is that there is no one responsible for the general appearance of the paper. The different departments argue back and forth about any matters in which the several editors may happen to be interested; the locals admit matter that creates hard feelings and is at times absolutely indecent; the medical man puts in a lot of stuff that is as interesting to the average reader as a Sanskrit work on theology written backwards; the proof is often carelessly read and the whole paper bears the marks of negligence. What we want is a managing editor, and the easiest way to get one seems to be to have the President of the Association fill the place ex-officio. This shall be done if there is no preventing providence, or majority.

The Students' Scrap Book,

RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy border.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seen your course quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and brath,
And life itself is rapid,
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange,—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportional to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

The true way, perhaps, to criticize or eulogize a literary man is to read carefully his works, taking into consideration the circumstances under which they were written and the motives or underlying principles that caused them. This mode very often necessitates long and tedious labor.

Green, though almost unheard of until within the last few years, has come to be acknowledged one of the leading historians of our day. Born at Oxford, and also educated there, one would suppose that he would be ever ready to uphold Oxford and its ancient institutions; but on the contrary he seldom speaks of them and then not always with praise. Nothing seems to affect him in any way that would tend to keep him from a thorough investigation of his subject. In England he was an Englishman, in Italy an Italian, and in France a Frenchman; always adapting himself to his situation. He possessed that faculty of standing, as it were, in the footprints of the men of whom he was writing and of seeing things as they saw them. But Freeman says his greatest faculty, and that in which he was superior to all other historians, was his keen perception of the topography of a country and the relation it bore to the events that had transpired in it. He took one of the principal steps to prove that history is a science.

He could go upon the old battle fields, or trace the settlements of his country, the invasion of it by the Danes and Normans, and could point out accurately the reasons—where there were any—for every movement. His History of the English people is not a simple recital of the facts as they occur, although he has few superiors in making a fact interesting and attractive to the careless reader as well as the careful student, of history, but he associates cause and effect so carefully that after a thorough study of his history the student can understand the reasons for the once blind appearing acts of some of its subjects of his history. Yet his work is not without defects. We can hardly see in the history of England the time of which he speaks when the people became so powerful and prosperous that the lowest of them had to be degraded to participate in the follies and vices of Kings. He portrays beautifully the change of English rule from west to east which followed the independence of the American colonies, and shows that England is so jealous of her eastern subjects, because her treasure is there, and where the treasure is there will the heart be found also.

While yet an undergraduate he wrote his "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," which has attracted considerable attention in other countries as well as his own. His papers on Dunstan and Steven were received as the best productions regarding these men ever written.

Green had a power of creating an interest in his pupils that few men possess, and many look back to him, not only as the most charming of friends, but also the most earnest and inspiring counsellor. Not contented with the noble work he was doing with his pen, he turned his attention to the ministry, and in eighteen-hundred sixty began preaching; yet never for a moment thinking of abandoning his historical work.

The greatest fault with which he has been charged, is his style. In this respect Green has shared the fate of Macauley, who, it is admitted, as a great political historian