

derived great benefits from the inscriptions on ancient coins and we can see no reason why we should not pay to posterity the debt we thus owe to antiquity. There is moreover an advantage to the present generation; those men whose likenesses are used on the more common of the postage stamps are more easily remembered than others, and though in this case it may be more of a cause than an effect, if we add the date and see the two always together as would be the case in our coinage it would be a great help to the memory. It would fix one fact relating to each four years to serve as a nucleus for our knowledge concerning U. S. history. And to crown all, such a change would break the monotony of seeing the same cross looking female on each dollar as it passes through our hands, always seeming to throw it in our faces that she can only help us by leaving us, and give in her stead a regular picture gallery of former "dark horses" and fathers of their country.

### *The Students' Scrap Book,*

#### *TIME.*

The clock strikes twelve recording Time's unceasing flight,  
And singing in our listening ears the great Creator's might.  
Unnumbered years have passed away and countless ages fled  
Unmarked, unnoticed and unknown except by those who tread  
The golden streets of New Jerusalem, where whispering angels  
wait

To chime the hours of man's destruction, and the universal fate,  
Of planetary dwellers in worlds beside our own,  
Where God's eternal light has for endless ages shown.  
Six thousand years have moved in quick succession through  
Eternity's ever open gates, and still our earth is new,  
Although proud man has grown apace, and seemed inclined  
To jostle these immortal watchmen from their time-worn towers,  
And mark with instruments of human make the swiftly flying  
hours.

'Tis night and darkness hangs in solemn grandeur o'er the earth  
Where but a few brief moments since, the lively signs of mirth  
And revelry were heard; and the busy tramp of many feet,  
And the hum of labor, which echoed through the crowded street,  
Are hushed, and peaceful slumber closes many an eye,  
Of erring, sinful mortals, still unprepared to die.  
The lovely maiden sleeps and dreams of him who gave  
Such fond assurances of love and pledged himself to brave  
All earthly danger and submit with joy to torturing pain  
If he could thus her straying, fickle love regain.  
In changeful dreams the noble youth beholds  
All he holds dear on earth and rapturously folds  
Her fair form in his arms and whispers in her ear  
Those oft repeated vows, and seals them with a sacred tear.  
The miser sees his golden heaps miraculously grow  
And all his native streams with golden waters flow.  
The pensman dreams of want, of misery gone past,  
And prays each breath he draws may be his last.

Thus in the visions of the night Time's rapid flight is known,  
And immortal spirits bow in holy awe before the lordly throne  
Of Morpheus, and speed with hasty step through every scene,  
Abjuring their allegiance to midday's transcendent queen.  
Those evanescent shades, which flit so quickly through the brain,  
Are counterpart of things enacted; and the shadowy train  
Of thoughts, that gush spontaneously from the abundant store  
Of sweet ideas in the soul, have all been thought before.

Time flies regardless of proud man's estate,  
And guides him safely to the eternal gates,

Where countless thousands kneel and stubborn heads incline  
In humble reverence, before the universal God, divine.  
When each has trod his pilgrim way along the "Vale of Tears,"  
And in the silent grave, has laid the burden of his years,  
While the mortal clay lies sleeping 'neath the sod,  
The everlasting spirit takes its homeward flight to God.

#### *FAUST.*

There have been many attempts by modern writers to materialize the spirit of the "Dark Age,"—to typify its underlying principle, generally with little success. Among the German people however, has gradually grown up and from Germany spread abroad over Christendom a true conception of the soul at that time inhabiting the body of civilized humanity—a conception in which we see most truly the blind gropings, the fumbings, the failures, of the unguided intellect of the time; a strong intellect, but with strength misdirected, ever striving to enfold the universe from its own inner consciousness instead of seeing in itself only an infinitesimal part of a divine and infinite whole.

Seeing the profound darkness surrounding even the wisest of the time we find it hard to realize that it was a part of men themselves and had naught to do with the outward forms of nature; that, while isolated facts unconnected by a principle of unity were—as will-o-the-wisps leading into quagmires of error, that principle of unity—the one increasing purpose—dwelt in all things then as now and beyond the clouds and darkness produced alone by the magician, the great sun was shining where nature held open her Bible in the sunlight. Travelers in the Alps looking down into its valleys when daylight first finds entrance to their depths, see the fogs that have lain there through the night writhing and tossing as if in pain while slowly disappearing. Thus also the clouds overhanging the mind of past centuries rolled in terrible contortions as they dissolved in the clear thought which brought about the Reformation. As a shadow dies in seeing the light which makes possible its existence so the errors of that time in vanishing become a part of the general illumination.

The legend of Doctor Faustus, who sold his soul to the devil for twenty-four years of unhesitating service, originated in Germany some time in the sixteenth century. Thence it spread to the literatures of France, England and Italy, Marlowe writing his play of that name from a prose translation. Under his hand it became a drama of considerable power though his treatment shows that he did not see the great possibilities of the theme. His Faustus is no more than a conjuring, inquisitive libertine and a coward at that,—frightened alternately at the devil he has raised and the compact he has made with him. His is not the fearless soul which makes of evil a servant not a master; and in conscious strength sees that "he only earns his freedom and existence who daily conquers them anew." Marlowe's Mephistopheles too, can hardly be identified with the proud and confident picture of Lucifer drawn by Milton; he is too weak spirited, too mindful of his own misfortunes to drag down such a man as Faustus should be. It has been well said that he is much the better Christian of the two.

It was reserved for Goethe in the first part of his great life work to give to the world its true representation. We see this time no slight of hand trickster in the gray bearded old man who sits "hemmed in by cursed gloomy