

regulating dress in this democratic land of ours and a hat, whether it be the plug of the professional man, the cap of the German laborer or even, yes even, the Oxford hat of the students, has the right to appear on the streets without all the hullabulloo which is being raised against it. We do not wear them to render ourselves obnoxious or over-conspicuous, but merely as an outward sign of membership of one common University. Please let us, Mr. Editors.

The Students' Scrap Book.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

What's the use of always fretting
Over ill that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?
Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?
Better use our time than fill it
Full of sighs and vain regrets
Over some imagined blunder—
As does he who always frets.
We cannot expect life's pathway
To be always strewn with flowers,
Nor the time that God has given
To be all made of happy hours.
Storms will follow every sunshine.
Grief be mixed with every joy;
And 'tis best that it should be so—
Gold's to soft without alloy,
"Half our trouble's our invention;"
We'er to blame for half our strife;
Then, if life is what we make it,
Why not make the best of life?

—Selected.

'Tis a good thing sometimes to be alone,
Sit calmly down and look self in the face,
Ransack the heart, search every secret place;
Prayerfully uproot the baneful seeds there
sown.

Pluck out the weeds ere the full crop is grown,
Gird up the loins afresh to run the race,
Foster all noble thoughts, cast out the base,
Thrust forth the bad and make the good thine
own.

Who has this courage thus to look within!
Keep faithful watch and ward with inner eyes,
The foe may harass, but can ne'er surprise
Or over him ignoble conquest win,
O! doubt it not, if thou wouldst wear a crown,
Self, baser self, must first be trampled down.

—John Ashkam.

CARLYLE.

The appearance of Carlyle has marked a new era in literature,—an era the influence of which has permeated and leavened the thought of the century. For not as a mere literary artist, is consummate master of style, does he appear to us, but claims our attention on account of the weight of his message. To illustrate, he does not attach so much importance to the vehicle of his thought, the mode of expression but intent on the importance of his errand seizes the first conveyance that chances along. Viewed purely on

the aesthetic side, he has many faults, but to us whom the message alone concerns it makes little difference. And here the question might be raised, is literature to be criticized entirely on the ground of artistic culture, on a quality which the masses know or care nothing about, or according to the momentum it carries, what it moves or impels in us? Is it something to be hung upon our walls to challenge admiration, or to be brought into the daily life, as a source of inspiration, as an inspiration to call us upward to a higher and broader plane? For what is literature but an expression of the thoughts and feelings that are in the minds and hearts of us all, only elaborated and finished by a more skilful touch. Addison is regarded as a model of style, but who to-day cares to spend time upon his nerveless, unvaried pages, what influence does he wield now? The world is outgrowing its love of show, and is beginning to put to all things this question what do they teach?

It is on this ground that we shall attempt to criticize, Carlyle. He has now been before the public long enough to make us familiar with his mode of thought. Whatever sensation was created at his first advent has now died away, and we see him as he was. The blaze of criticism has been turned upon him, a light terrible to those in false positions, but adding new lustre to the justly deserving.

Carlyle appears before us in three departments of letters, as historian biographer and critic but it is in the last two that we see him at his best. He had too vivid an imagination, too idealistic a temperament for the recital of cold facts in mechanical order. His fire bursts through frequently in his histories, and his paintings glow with colors more startling than real. As Mr. Lowell says, "his French Revolution is a series of lurid pictures, unmatched for vehement power, in which the figures, of such sons of earth as Mirabeau and Danton loom gigantic and terrible as in the glare of a volcano, their shadows swaying far and wide grotesquely awful. But all is painted volcanic flashes, in violent light and shade." This criticism undoubtedly has much truth in it. But before proceeding farther let us notice a few of the general characteristics of Carlyle. The turn of his mind is distinctively toward ethical philosophy, other things are subordinated to this. He is an ardent worshipper of truth. She is his supreme goddess. Whatever is must have a meaning to him, he is not satisfied with appearances, but pierces to the reality. He would know to what end all things tend. Thus he appears as a philosopher of transcendentalism. Fixing his gaze on the ethical import of events, he looks beyond the conventional and narrow into the universal. "For the lesson of life," says Emerson, "is practically to generalize, to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours, to resist the usurpation of particulars, to penetrate to their catholic sense." This is what distinguishes between the great and the little man, the latter sees only special laws, the former general, the one reasons by arithmetical rules, the other by algebraic formulae. To Carlyle everything seems to have a dual signification, an ethical or universal, as well as physical and ephemeral, and it is the former that he seeks. The meaning that lie at the heart of things he searches for as is illustrated in his own language. "I say this is yet the only true morality known, a man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road toward sure conquest, precisely