

In Harvard university, every student that refuses to take gymnasium work and show whether he has any particular trait that will fit him for a certain sport, is treated with contempt. Would it not be a good plan to do the same thing here? If a man has so little spirit that he refuses to take part in any college affair, should he not be treated with contempt? To be sure, not all of us can make foot ball players, or base ball players. But, perhaps, we can play lawn tennis, or become orators. There is certainly no one that cannot take part in some college interest. The university has become one of the leading educational institutions in the west. There is no reason why we should not be one of the leading colleges, if not the leading college, in athletics. But if we expect to lead, or even to be one of the leaders, we must take more of an interest in these matters. It behooves each and every one of us to do all in our power to put the university where she belongs. If we cannot become athletes, we should turn to something else. There is a vast field open to us to bring glory, not only to the U. of N. but to ourselves as well. Let us improve it.

LITERARY.

The Book of Life.

Could I but look into the future,
 Read o'er a page from the great book of fate,
 How my life might be changed for the better,
 Ere I heard the dread signal "too late."
 Should I read that my name will be noble,
 That 'twill live after flesh has decayed;
 That my life will be held as a model
 Of beauty which years cannot fade.
 Or shall I be lost to all knowledge,
 A drop in the great sea of men?
 Tell me, Time, as you hurl me from college,
 Will my life be happiness then?
 "No, no," answered Time, "be contented,
 Take each day as 'tis given to you,
 Make it sweeter and purer and happier
 Than the last, that's all you need do."
 Make the best of each day that is given:
 What a beautiful life that would be,
 Each leaf better still, 'neath blue heavens
 And the last, for the whole world to see.
 Just a cup of cold water been given;
 There the poor of this world has been fed,
 And here to the great God in heaven
 A poor, wayward soul has been led.
 On, on each page, in rare color
 With tints from the sunny land,
 Would shine deeds that were done for many
 All for love—not because they were grand.
 How much nobler and sweeter and grander
 Than having a name just known to men,
 Or being 'mong earth's fading flowers,
 A favorite, my harvest I'll reap then.
 No more can I sit in brainless mixtures
 To read from the great book of fate,
 If I fill up my life, all with pictures,
 I must work ere the day grow too late.

GRACE R. WADE.

Mrs. H. H. Higgins of Washington, has gone to the island of Ceylon to fill the position of superintendent of the society for the promotion of women's education.

An English Poet.

[We print below the winning oration on Palladian Chase and Wheeler oratorical contest. Miss Minnie DePue, of the class of '92, was the successful contestant.]

We say, "Charity begins at home." Perhaps nowhere in all this broad world has genius suffered so much as in old England. How little does she deserve some of her brightest sons! Think of the trials of Shakespeare, of the sufferings of Milton, of the death of Keats! Truly they were without honor in their own time and in their own country. Men prefer to pull down the greater stature to the lower. The world wants consolation for its own dullness and seeks ever for the dimishes on the lustre of the sun. Not otherwise did it treat the author of "Alastor." No man ever suffered more from the uncharitableness of men than Percy Bysshe Shelley.

He started in life with a theory. With him every impulse, every desire was given free course, restricted only by his sense of honor and of self-respect. He had the courage to carry his convictions of right even against the opinions of men and the laws of conventionality. Many of his tirades against custom were due to influences that surrounded him in youth. He was little understood by his relatives. They prized their position in society, their wealth, and the observance of conventional decencies above all things else. Their laws were not his laws; nor their sight, his sight. No man had a greater sympathy for humanity. No man was more generous; no man more sincere and unselfish in his aims. Shall we busy ourselves tracing the faded lines of his letters that we may misconstrue them, or searching his ashes that we may censure him, when we have him himself before us in his living lines and have eyes to see, ears to hear, and minds to understand?

Above all it must be remembered that Shelley lived in an age when the spirit of the French revolution had taken a stronghold upon the minds of men. Shelley caught that spirit early in life. With a boy's impetuous enthusiasm he carried it without discrimination into all things. Shelley's father was a baronet, a neighbor and friend of the head of the English aristocracy. He was a conservative, bigoted, and obstinate Briton. With him reverence for authority and exercise of it were the ends of life. The influence and example of his father and of his family, as is often the case, predisposed Shelley to a spirit of rebellion. Perhaps the unbending formality in which he was brought up contributed to make him extravagant and persistent in the ardor of his own convictions. He rebelled first against his own family. When the strongest of all ties had been broken, it was easy for him to disregard the less natural bonds imposed by society and public opinion. As he developed, this spirit moderated. He tempered it with that quality of gentleness and sweetness which has given him his greatest charm. He made of it something unique, something peculiarly his own. Yet to this rebellious spirit, the outgrowth of his parentage and of his early surroundings, are to be charged all the imperfections that have turned men's minds against him.

He could not accept the doctrine of deism nor of the *Etre Supreme*. Though he professed himself an atheist, there were elements in his character at variance even with that doctrine. Let it be remembered that the Christianity that Shelley rejected was not the Christianity of to-day. It lacked the characteristics of charity and of love that he considered the highest virtues. Let it be remembered, also, that his most radical views were expressed before he was twenty years of age. With purity of heart and conscientiousness of principle, he followed the truth as he knew it. He never swerved from his convictions of right. Shall we not, therefore draw the mantle of charity over this youth, dazzled by