

resolution to allow seniors a certain amount of electives in the law course was as if it had never been.

An antiquarian, groping among the archives, by some accident recently found certain memoranda by means of which the facts above mentioned may be inferred. Inquiry from a member of the faculty who happened to remember that the resolution had been referred to a committee of which he was a member, elicits the further information that the resolution was not even deemed worthy of a post mortem report; also, that any report would probably have been unfavorable to the passage of the resolution. The reason for the hostility to such a resolution is that the college of law, while theoretically under the control and supervision of the University authorities, is practically free and independent; and that law students and students in the other departments are in reality two distinct bodies, having little or nothing in common. The impression was conveyed that if the law school were more directly under the supervision of the University authorities, and the students of the law school and those of the University proper were more closely connected, there would be no objection to the proposed measure; the theory upon which he proceeded who kept his boy from the water until after he had learned to swim. If it is proposed to bring the law school more directly under the supervision of the University authorities, if the law students are to be brought into closer touch with the great body of students, certainly there is no better way to do it than to allow seniors to take part of their electives in the law school; in fact, this is the only way by which it can be easily and practically done.

The class of '94, in their meeting of the 17th, decided, all things considered, not to issue an annual this year. The majority of the class were in favor of this move. They recognized the difficulty attending the work, even if only a large minority were opposed to it, and decided that, in view of the increased expenditures required of students in

many departments this year, it would be inadvisable to publish the annual. While it is true that the annual might be made a very entertaining book, if work enough were put upon it, it is also true that time for this work is lacking. Especially is this true this year. The change to the new courses has involved the majority of students in increased study and harder mental work, and they do not feel that, in addition to their other labors, a new and not necessary task should be added. If the annual was a permanent publication, its discontinuance would be different; but, since no tradition is broken, its issuance is immaterial. The matter was not hastily decided nor discussed from a mere financial standpoint. The experience of '93 and the advice of the chancellor and of a considerable number of the faculty influenced the class in its decision.

*SEA DREAMS.*

COPIED FROM THE HARVARD MONTHLY.

Beneath the steep, sea-shapen wall  
Terraced with tidal interval,  
I lie, where drift of many things  
Find rest from wide sea wanderings,—  
White spars of ships, that never eye  
Again shall note 'twixt sea and sky,  
Strange wealth of dusk, sea-blossoming flowers  
Slow purpling under noontide hours;  
Quaint, carven tokens of fair climes  
Heaped heedless as a singer's rhymes  
From lips that note not what they sing  
To faltering chords at evening.  
Here all they lie at peace: enough  
Have they of windy ways and rough,  
Swept hither now, as I, to be  
At rest beside the ancient sea.  
Enough of land, enough of strife,  
Of futile struggle, loveless life,  
Of hope that wanders vain as these  
Vain wrecks of immemorial seas.  
Far off across the gleaming sands  
White waters wander, touching hands  
In measures of a dance whose ways  
Are old with timeless yesterdays.  
For many a league and lingering mile  
The restless waters shine and smile,  
Fair climes unconquered, where the hum  
Of anxious life can never come.  
But I, where drift of many things  
Find rest from wide sea-wanderings,  
As these from storm, from land set free,  
Lie dreaming by the ancient sea.

HERBERT BATES.