

and, with that touch, hororr snatched all strength from me, and I sank faltering against the window frame—though not till I had seen a sight that will remain forever imprinted on my eyes.

Under the swift impulse of the wheel, the steamer swung to port, steering straight for the quarter of the other vessel that now rose right before our bows.

One moment she soared high above us, poised with level deck on the glittering height of a wave, her black yards square and sharp against the white moonlight of the clouds—the red reflection of her port light glowing along the wet slope of our bow deck and flashing upon the polished metal of the fore-castle bell.

Then down she sank, crushing with level deck into a thundering surge of foam, far down into the breathless black hollow of the wave, and we swept on—on with one great impulse of our engine's gathered strength—rising as she fell—soaring with the strong lift of the upward swell, on and on, our bows outstretching from the wave's crest—overshadowing her decks with deadly imminence. Then—down!—down with the impulse of an avalanche—crushing with the iron irresistible descent of our ponderous hull into her helpless bulk. Clean through her deck sheered the keen blade of our forefoot—and on we swept, hurling her, with her wilderness of shuddering rigging—with the crushing, shattering decks where men sprang up to shout and die—down into the great under-horror of the sea.

For a time I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes, I saw the captain standing stolid and erect at the wheel that turned unresisting in his grasp—guiding the ship through the waves that now rose sharp and strong before the growing anger of the east wind.

HERBERT BATES.

GOOD NIGHT.

It has been long since we have watched the stars;  
You see those two that glitter in the sky?  
One east, one west, that burn like two white souls  
Rising to meet their immortality?

Those two have loved since Time was young, and still

The myriad miles of blue space stretch between,  
And still they gaze across the widening gulf  
And each sees each, as they so long have seen.

And thus, each happy in the other's face,  
Though yearning for the perfect love to be,  
Light throbs on light across the endless dark,  
And so they dream out God's eternity.

He placed them so, the God whom we call good,  
Eternities ago, my own, yet they  
Endure for all these endless centuries  
What we think bitter, bearing for a day.

It may not be, still, they despair them not,  
Life in a love time is a little thing,  
New angels soon will chant about the throne,  
New worlds about new suns tomorrow swing.

All things may be, dear, there is much of time,  
More than we often think for. Lo, some day,  
After the universe fulfills its law,  
After the old creations cleared away.

After the pulse has beat another stroke.  
After the new creation has begun,  
Through the new cycles those two bodies may  
United wheel about the circling sun.

New laws, new forces, new conditions, they  
May never hurry nature, and they might  
As well rest there in silence while they wait,  
For time is very long, my dear. Good night.

On Friday evening, Nov. 25, the Union society held its annual Thanksgiving social at the home of Mr. Town. About twenty couples were present. After a merry period of games, singing songs, telling yarns, etc., all adjourned sine die to the dining rooms where a magnificent "spread" was awaiting destruction. The tables were under the charge of Misses Morgan, Berkey, Rolofson and Stevens, and a very creditable showing they were for these young ladies. After the ravenous hunger had been somewhat appeased, games were again resumed it was not until nearly 1 o'clock that the gathering began to "disperse into the dark." After the last good night had been said and the last couple had departed the happy occasion was crowned by forty voices joining in the new Union yell: Univer-sity, U. N. I. O. N., Union.

"Le cercle Francais" held its last meeting at Miss Pound's on Tuesday the 6th. La Fontaine was the author discussed. Miss Covell read a paper upon his works and Mr. Guilmette gave a selection from "Les Fables." After quotations had been rendered from the author a general conversation took place. Needless to say "on parlait Francais tout le temps." On Tuesday, the 20th, the cercle will be entertained by Prof. Wightman at the residence of Prof. Barbour. Moliere will be the author for discussion and a scene from "Les Femmes savants" will be represented by the students.