

(For the Hesperian Student.)

In Memoriam.

A tribute to the memory of our lamented fellow student, Leander R. Eckhart.

In the morning of life,
Just commencing the strife;
His manhood unfolding,
And character molding.

As a plant wilts at noon,
He went only too soon;
And the burdens he bore,
He will bear never more.

Faithful in great and small,
Careful alike of all,
A goodly path he trod,
That he might meet his God.

From the first to the last,
He had borne the rough blast;
And from this world of woe,
He was ready to go.

And now the goal is won,
The stormy voyage done,
O do not for him mourn,
Since he has reached the bourn.

For he has nothing lost,
While we are trouble-tossed,
But only passed away
Into an endless day.

C. V. M.

Three.

THEIR SAYINGS, BOTH WISE AND FOOLISH.

Told by our Beautiful Friend.

Euprosyne came in bringing with her a rush of cold air through the door.

Now I do not like to be disturbed. I was curled up in my usual place on the crimson rug by the open fire. It is a cold, gloomy twilight of Autumn. The mournful rain drips slowly from the window ledge and a north wind sweeps across the brown prairies. The very sound is desolate. My flowers are all dead; and the vines I trained so carefully over the veranda, swing fitfully to and fro as the wind dashes them against the house. Listen, how sad the sound is. It comes and goes, a sad rhythm to my thoughts. I do not like Autumn. It is too weird and sorrowful. I am too gay, too glad, too joyous to chord with its melancholy. It suits Euprosyne. I heard her quote the other day,

"Love Autumn wins you best by all its mute appeal to sympathy for its decay," and there were actually tears in her eyes. But then Euprosyne is morbid and tears and laughter mingle easily. I really believe she enjoys such fancies. I don't. I want light, color and warmth. Your real golden blondes, such as I, always do. We freeze in the atmosphere that suits dark women and your flaxen-haired beauties. A light and heat that withers them like flowers drooping upon their stalks, only makes us bloom in the wildest luxuriance of joy. How I long to be South! The very sight of these prairies chills me. I am never warm. Even as I sit by the cheerful fire I shiver.

After all it is pleasant in our little room. We will, at any odds, have our open grate and the dancing flame brightens everything, for it is not yet dark enough for lamps. In the farther corner my open piano glistens as the light waves up and down. Euprosyne's books fill another corner, and half concealed in the shadow yonder stands an old fashioned clock, our only heirloom. Its slow ticking is the only sound in the room and I have

been listening to it a long time, apparently unconscious that Israel is watching me intently. Of course I know I make a beautiful picture as I sit with the fire-light shining upon my yellow hair. I can't help it if you do think I am vain. I am beautiful and I know it. Israel knows it too. His eyes would tell me of it if I had no glass.

Sometimes I am thankful that I am beautiful and sometimes I am not.

Euprosyne has come from a walk. If she takes it into her head to walk, rain does not prevent her. She likes such days as this has been, she says. The Autumn rain-drops glisten on her wavy hair, her brown eyes fairly dance and her cheeks are scarlet with the glow of rapid exercise. She is happy now and for a little while will be wild with gaiety only to fall soon into her old languor and quietude. Israel rouses as she comes in. He watches me but he talks to her. I cannot quite understand it. He turns from one to the other, hardly realizing it himself. My beauty satisfies his senses, soothes him to repose, rests him. In her, he finds that which rouses him to action, incites him to nobler aspirations, forces him to work—for mentally Euprosyne is his equal, compelling him to be constantly on his guard, while morally, to her there is no compromise between right and wrong possible. He does not know the struggle is going on, but I do—and I think I know the result. But with that knowledge is mingled a sense of shame to me. For every woman values herself according to the manner of man who loves her. If he comes to me, as he will, drawn by the spell of my beauty against the unconscious impulses of his better nature is he worth the winning and is it any triumph for me? Are we not both weak? Mimi does not care for him. She is too strong, too self-reliant. She has one purpose constantly in view and will not allow such a weakness to turn her aside for an instant. I too, do not know what passion is. I am too calm and indolent to feel that; but I have no aim in life. I do not live for a noble purpose as she does. I am only a beautiful object to satisfy men's sensuous nature, to minister to it as the Venus of Milo or a harmony of Rossini's. Ah me! it is all perplexing, all humiliating—this bitter knowledge of one's self. Something of this floats idly through my mind as I sit half unconsciously listening to Israel and Euprosyne while they talk. A sudden remembrance brings me to myself. Did you never feel it? That sudden recollection of some foolish act or word that brings to you such a terrible loathing and contempt for yourself and makes you start instinctively with a half-suppressed exclamation?

I hear Mimi dreamily repeating,
"The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they.
The common air has generous wings;
Songs make their way."

ISRAEL. Whose words are those, Euprosyne?

EUPROSYNE.—I do not know, but think they are Helen Hunt's. I found them in a corner of some stray magazine and have kept them along with other fugitive gems. I have been repeating them over and over all day long.

ISRAEL. What a vast amount of trash there is going the rounds of the newspapers. Yet here and there one finds a genuine little poem like a bit of heliotrope,

by chance sprung up among a crowd of flaunting tulips.

EUPROSYNE. I think you will like the second verse. It tells how a song should be sung.

"No messenger to run before
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near."

And that is just as true of a bit of poetry. It must be the spontaneous inspiration of the moment, to reach the heart of the reader. Your true poet sings because he must give utterance to the thoughts, the sympathies which crowd into his heart. He slugs because he cannot help it. He may not always be good and wise, or true to himself, but he has a sympathy with life that urges him irresistibly to song and to songs that bring him into close kinship with every one of us. He touches by his spontaneous sympathy every chord of our nobler nature till we are forced to recognize our brotherhood with every thing good and true.

ISRAEL. Yet how few such genuine poets we have at the present day. It seems to me, the peculiar characteristic of our poetry is both gaudiness in sentiment and of color in description. There is nothing pure and simple, chaste and elegant. Then through it all there is a general vagueness, a gorgeous dimness, a profound nothingness which makes you feel either the author or yourself is an unmitigated blockhead. You can't, for the life of you, understand what he means and have a suspicion he did not either.

Now here is a scrap I found the other day and I will bore you with it as an illustration of the style I mean. Here it is.

A day in the Dark is dying.
"Hearst thou not, O Day
"The wind of the West
"A dirge in the grass, low-sighing?
"It tells, tells thee, O Day,
"Of thy lonely rest."
A night for her death is waiting.
"Hearst thou not, O Day,
"Thy votaries call
"To thy rival, their hopes relating?
"They leave thee, leave thee, O Day,
"Thy votaries all."
"O Day, 'tis the last bitterness
"Of death!
"Of death,
" 'Tis the most sorrowful pang
That the funeral Hymn they sang
"For our saddest parting,
A tearful lamenting,
"Is changed to a triumphal greeting,
"The praise of our rivals repeating."

Now if the author of that found any sense there it is more than I can do.

I glanced at Mimi. I have a faint suspicion she has heard them before, though the tortures of the rack could not force her to confess she ever writes poetry. But she is perfectly unmoved.

EUPROSYNE. I agree with you that those verses are execrable and have the fault you have criticized; but I do not agree with you in your strictures on newspaper poetry in general. Our modern poetry, and by that I mean only the fugitive pieces that spring up day by day, is simply a revival of old and odd conceits in style, only they are clothed in an entirely different kind of language. And that language has no equal for vividness of fancy and picturesqueness. Our poems are,

"Songs, which like the summer,
Love alone the sunny time;
Mue of rose and violet's odor
Emulating in sweet rhyme."

ISRAEL. Yes, they are generally that

and nothing more. The old poets when they had anything to say, said it and said it boldly, freely and above all clearly. There is no obscurity about it. What they mean, they say. Now here is something in the old ballad style.

"I've heard the liting at our ewe-milking
Lasses a liting before the break o' day
But now they are moaning on lila green loaming
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' weede away,
We hear nae mair liting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and was
Sighing and moaning on lila green loaming,
The Flowers o' the Forest are a' weede away."
Contrast that with the sickly sentimentality of such trash as this:

—"and wearily
From her sad-tear-stained troubled face
She swept her hair back:

"O the days,
Thy weary days, love! Dream not then
Of named lands, and abodes of men!
Alas, alas, the loveliest
Of all such were a land of rest—
When set against the land where I
Unhelped must note the hours go by!"

EUPROSYNE. The contrast is certainly not favorable to my side of the question. But it is hardly fair to make my partiality for our old ballad literature to plead against me. It is for its resemblance to that very style, I like our later poetry.

ISRAEL. I cannot see the resemblance. It certainly is not in metre. The songs and poems of the present school are a jumble of imperfect metres, and impossible rhymes, just as is the one I read you. Then, too, look at the absurd titles that are given them. They give no clue to the style of the poem. That one was entitled "Le Roi est mort, Vive Le Roi," which for a title is certainly as nonsensical as need be.

Kathie came in with the lamps just then and I went to the piano. I did not like Mimi's flushed face. It told too much. Israel, good soul that he is, hasn't a bit of penetration. What possessed me to sing as I did,

Home, home, O home fair would I be
Home, home to my ain countrie;
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face
Will be fat,
As I pass through Anan water, wif my bonny bands again.

I did not finish, but turned quickly round at the sound of sobbing. Euprosyne is far from home. F. E. H.

Notes from Colorado.

Georgetown, the Eldorado of Colorado, is the largest town, as well as the county-seat, of Clear Creek County. The town is located in the beautiful and pleasant valley of Clear Creek, some twelve miles from its junction with Fall River, and six or eight miles from the source which is at the base of the range. The valley through which the creek flows is surrounded on three sides, hemmed in, as it were, by huge, massive mountains, which seem to defy the ingenuity of the yankee to explore their rugged sides or develop the rich silver deposits buried in them. On the east of the town stands Griffith, a large, long peak reaching down the creek for a mile, and forming connection with Leavenworth just south of town. The slope from these two mountains forms a branch of Clear Creek which flows down through the city, uniting with the main branch within the limits of Georgetown. Leavenworth Mountain covers the whole south end of the town, except where Main Branch comes down between it and Democrat Mountain. The face of the moun-