

the transition was quiet and peaceful, as he passed into the spirit world.

Life bears us on like the flow of a mighty river. Our boats glide happily down the murmuring brook, winding between its grassy borders, and the groves of trees and banks of flowers on either side are but the fancies and joys of youth. Eagerly we grasp at the fleeting beauties around us, as the stream hurries on, till at manhood launched upon the more expansive flood, our lives are wrapped in the industries, hopes and fears of the worlds that encircle its shores. Here some struggle but a short time, and then pass beyond the confines of the known.

The high muse answered, "Wherefore grieve
The brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.—*Tennyson.*

J. B. P.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Look out for the *Archangel*. Its wings are extended, and it's a terrible flopper.

The *Besam* is dry. We mean the paper, not the matter.

The *Jewel* inquires why we have "continued" articles in the *STUDENT*. It says, "Continued articles are either to excite curiosity and consequently cause a repetition of the sending of sample numbers, or because the writer has so much to say that it would weary his readers to peruse it all at once. Which is it with you, friend *HESPERIAN*?" Allow us to say, friend *Jewel*, that there are as many different tastes among the readers of our college papers as there are among the editors, and perhaps if you should enter into the spirit of a good story, you would change your tactics. Let me call your attention to the story commenced in this number of the *STUDENT*. If you can comprehend it, I assure you that you will become inter-

ested; provided you have no conscientious scruples against dealing with the element so vividly set forth in this story. Try it and see, editor of the *Jewel*. We assure you that it will not be so long as to be tedious to the average reader. It's not every one who can write such productions, and if you and I can take the time to peruse them, perhaps we may become inspired. Let us try.

The *National Teacher's Monthly* is a magazine of no ordinary character. It contains information which would be worth far more to any teacher than the cost of the periodical. It is intended for teachers, and especially adapted to their wants. It has genius at its head, and is a model of clear expression and richness of thought. The *Monthly* seems to have a great sympathy for the teacher, comparing them to a reappearance of the Ishmaelites. It says: "They are a wandering tribe, without permanent local habitation, their salaries cut down to the lowest notch, and yet, in spite of wind and weather, poor schoolhouses, and poor fare, they still live and prosper, and are doing a grand work, for which generations yet unborn will rise up and call them blessed." This may be true in the main, yet we have serious doubts whether or not the teachers of our common schools are very prosperous. Many a teacher has bid good-by to his calling, simply because he could not "stand the pressure." His scanty income has driven him to the necessity of changing his profession for something more remunerative. Ministers are about the only class of people that can subsist almost entirely on faith, and we doubt not but they would sometimes be in better heart, and much more useful, if their minds were freed from this anxious care of the pocket-book by an increased salary. Let us hope that the time will come when school teachers, ministers of the gospel, and even editors, shall receive enough *aurum et argentum* to satisfy the cravings of nature.