

for bad management, would have proven wholly successful. By clubbing together, students can reduce the expenses to a surprisingly low rate, and likewise by boarding themselves. But to many there are objections that arise in this manner of living which compel them to stay away rather than attempt it. A remedy must sooner or later be furnished at the hands of the University. Delay in this matter is detrimental, as past experience shows. From other schools, both within the state and out, that have been furnished such accommodations, we find they have been doubly repaid and awarded with great success.

ROBERT BURNS.

We have often wondered at the encomiums from men of talent and letters upon the life of Robert Burns. Although a lover of those simple melodies, we have often wondered at the eulogies the world has sung in memory of their author. Aye, we have even wondered that Carlyle should have guided his pen and have taken time away from other subjects of greater significance, to tell of the merit and worth of this profligate son of genius, upon this life passed in the luxury of vice, consumed in the unquenchable fires of lasciviousness. We have often thought that with too much lavishness has the world bestowed its laudation, with too much prodigality honor been spread, where only simple praise was due.

A life gifted with genius of a rare and superb quality, empowered with an ability extraordinary as it was grand, prepared by supreme power to fill life's obligation for the world's good, leaving such a life to decay, and stench with sin and iniquity, does it now behoove us to extol the vices and praise the crime of the possessor, for the good he has done the world. Capable of doing much, he did but little. Gifted with talents, he allowed them to waste away, with the remains of his disreputable life. By man's work so shall he be known. Do the few simple melodies

that he has left behind compensate for that which he might have done, which he was prepared for doing? Does this little effort obliterate the past and merit him the honor and love that bring forth these eulogies upon his memory.

Character is everything. One destitute of the principles of true manhood, even after the grave has claimed his miserable and wretched form, deserves not the respect and love of those he so ill used. Those traits of character that proved so detrimental, and snatched from the world its reward, deserves not the praise which it so unjustly receives from the hands of the encomiast. Let old Scotland sing his artful tunes, to his memory, from whose melodious verse she has received her eulogistic songs which the world sings to her country's pride. Let us read with sympathy for the author, those simple, pathetic and even despondent verses that poured from his heart, from the hovels of his Scottish home. Let us cherish with pity, those truthful tales, of which he so sweetly sang. Let our memory of him be sympathetic and sad, not overflowing with praise and laudation for a life so undeserving. Let those that praise his actions, obliterate their words of forgiveness, and place condemnation instead.

Give every man his due, but not extol a character, disreputable as it was disgraceful, until it shines with all the splendor of a well lived life.

The motive that brings us together, at the dawn of a new scholastic year, inspires the breasts of us all, with a certain degree of animation, that arouses us to a determination to begin a new life, and to live it well. Troubled with the ever difficult problem, *What shall we be?* many of us, no doubt, put our shoulder to the wheel, enshrouded by a dim vista of uncertainty, perplexed as to the meagre chances that present themselves, for our success in the warfare of life. And here too frequently, many are apt too dwell, unable to obtain a clear knowledge of the