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FANCIES.

The evening sun the low horizon lights,
And drifting cloudlets wend their airy flights,
In varied hues that shame the painter's art,
And thrill the soul where beauty holds a part;
When strips of gold the silver bars divide
And purple billows just above them ride,
With edges gilt or bound with silver grey,
'Tis then imagination holds her sway.
I stood and gazed upon the beauteous scene,
And at my side near by my heart's fair queen
See you, I asked, yon cloud that floats alone,
Like isle volcanic into ocean thrown?
A quiet spot it looks, a safe retreat
Where ocean Gods to hold their courts might
meet.
It's length is twice it's width, and near the end
Two castles towering heavenward there stand,
That cast their shadows thrown by setting sun,
Slender and long, the light blue ocean one,
Dost see it as it takes its onward flight
Through the surrounding circles tinted white?
And turned she then those beauteous eyes to
mine.
Her lips exposed the pearls that they confine,
I see, but it looks, you sentimental bilk,
More like a mouse drowned in a pan of milk.

CULTURE AND LIFE.

[Commencement Oration. Delivered by H. H. Wilson, June 12, 1878.]

Perhaps ^{at} no period of the past has the desire to see and know things as they are been as strong as it is to-day. Never have men been so willing to sacrifice their cherished opinions, their ancestral faith

in this noble search after truth. Every line of thought is pursued to its utmost limit. Every theory, every hypothesis has intelligent, energetic, devoted advocates. While we may sometimes tremble for the safety of our own opinions, the prospect must still be gratifying to all those who believe in the final triumph of truth. When we think of the future, we anxiously inquire what agency is to calm this troubled sea agitated by these contending elements. Let us see what influence we may expect culture to have on life. By culture I mean not the mere charm of society, but culture that comes from a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said and done by mankind. What influence may we expect such culture to have on life? life, not in the sense in which the economist considers it, but that higher, inner life which concerns the individual alone.

Much of late has been said of the conflict between science and religion. That there should be a difference of opinion between the advanced men of science and the zealous advocates of religion is not strange. Indeed it would be far more strange if such a difference did not exist. Man's hardest trials always lie in the direction of his greatest activity. The temptation of the artist is not in the desire for wealth, but in the tendency to regard the