

instead of a common home, when we create and foster among ourselves a stronger feeling of mutual interest, warm sympathy and natural fellowship; when we encourage the idea that we in a fraternal spirit belong together here; when we resolve unanimously that our student brotherhood shall last through life and amount to something more than mere acquaintance; then indeed shall we make our influence recognized and respected. Once thoroughly imbued with this spirit we will not fail in our efforts to vindicate and strengthen the University.

The Student's Scrap-book.

'82

H. W. HARRINGTON.

Hail to the class of '82!
True-hearted girls, and boys in blue;
Not a hand but dares to do
All that's right, and just, and true.
What are the bonds that now we seal
As classmates here? Does each one feel
A stronger tie, that may not break
In party strifes? Ay! let us make
A lasting compact, that shall be
Free from the blight of enmity.
Let each to other lend a hand,
And, as the granite, firmly stand
For right and justice. Who shall say
The future hath not many a day
Of pleasant toil for each to do,
And aught of grand achievement, too?
What though few our numbers be,
If the hearts are strong and free?
Scattered stalks bear finest fruit,
Deepest thoughts are ever mute.
What though thousands press the race?
To him who runs with swiftest pace,
The more that sweat and toil behind,
The richer the reward he'll find.
Were not the Spartan numbers few?
But who has heard of hands more true,
Or deeds more famed? A deathless name—
How dearly bought, when life for fame
Is given! Yet no poorer price,
No less of willing sacrifice,
Will meet the full demand, I trow,
For honored fame doth wreath the brow
With life immortal! Thus the bard
Lives in his song, while heavenward
Rise souls unnumbered, who in time
Paid homage to the poet's rhyme.
So, day by day, full many a life,
Through unremitting toil and strife,
Is given a sacrifice to Fame,
For writing 'mong the stars a name.
And is the goddess then so stern,
That for immortal life in turn
She claims the meagre span of years
(At best but mingled hopes and fears)
Of mortal life? Where lies the need
That life be given in tragic deed?
That courage high which mocks at death
And braves it with the latest breath,
Dares not so much, though brave he dies,
As he who gives in sacrifice
A life of toil at Duty's shrine—
Human on earth, in heaven divine.
There waits for every willing hand
A work that shall be true and grand,
E'en as the soul from whence it springs
Rises above ignoble things,
As 'tis the will of heaven to trace

The soul's true likeness in the face,
So should the life, in accents clear,
Speak out its purpose, without fear
Of cold affront! Be as you act;
Whate'er you are, be that in fact.

ART AS ART.

In the last century a school has appeared which has rejected Raphael as the standard of high art, and has made nature the basis. But pre-Raphaelism has germinated, budded, blossomed and given its highest fruits in such works as Bret's "Val d'Aosta," and Hunt's "Finding of the Savior in the Temple." Its work, which was to stimulate new thought and emotion, to substitute analysis for synthesis, is now done. The inevitable reaction must take place, and Ruskin complains pathetically that "pre-Raphaelitism has lost sight of its God," which we know was intellectuality and conscientious workmanship, rather than men's artistic beauty. The theory of the school was that "Art has but one firm basis, the truth of nature and sound criticism has but one method, to ascertain in the first place what truth is and then to praise artists, or condemn them exactly in proportion to their conformity or nonconformity to the truth." Since a sculptor is to represent a real body, a poem or novel, to reveal human nature or passion; the more real, the more exact the imitation, the higher is the art.

But if this be so in the extreme sense, then photography, casting and stenography would be perfect art, for they are exact imitations. While Raphael's "Madonnas," Michael Angelo's "Last Judgement," Dante's "Divine Comedy," and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," which are each and every one idealization, cannot be classed as art.

Wherein lies Shakespeare's greatness and power but in his creations? Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello are all creations from his wonderful mind. Not one is to be found in real life as in his drama. Their principle qualities; Hamlet's thought, Macbeth's ambition, Lear's misery and Othello's jealousy are displayed at the expense of minor characteristics; and it is only thus that we can be made to feel their power.

As the great works of art which have lived through the centuries show that those who created them purposely deviated from nature, we cannot but conclude that accurate imitation is not the true basis.

But if this theory was conceded to be the true one, how were it possible to reach the standard? "Let the artists mix his paints as he will, he cannot dispose of brightness or darkness as nature does." The brightest white he can obtain is not more than one-twentieth of the brightness of the sun; while white objects in the moonlight must be represented as ten or twenty times brighter than in reality. But if there were not this drawback, the countless number of objects presented by nature, could not be transferred to canvass. When four years were required by Denner to finish a single face, how many years would be required to complete a landscape with the varying clouds and numberless leaves, or the ever changing sea wave with its countless tints and aspects?

It was in this striving after the unattainable that the pre-Raphaelites failed. Their aim was too high, too pretentious; for one of the first things an artist must learn is that his art has limits, that it must make many concessions to and innumerable compromises with nature.

Every day figures, scenes, thoughts and actions do not make sculpture, painting and poetry. As Madame de