

true manhood. On the other hand, I am with a quiet Christian character, whose conversation is not only free from fault-finding, but is ever feeding my hungry soul with the sweet morsel of a thought that leads to something higher, nobler and purer. I then feel that life is worth living. Of course, ever one errs and falls short of that which he would be, but what is more to be admired than the princely spirit which desires to do more good each day that comes. In addition to this he has that spirit of consideration which is so fruitful of good. When a wrong is done him, he just asks these questions: Was I to blame? Who was harmed the most, the evil-doer or I? Would it make matters better or worse for me to fly at him in a rage and curse and slander and fight like an untamed beast? Now wouldn't it be better to consider all things before committing such a vile act? How much better to consider matters in this way than it is to begin slander and say he who treated me so wrongly is a beast, a low-down beast, I won't stand it! I'll take up for my rights. I'll be a beast, too. I don't want to take the noblest revenge and keep myself in check by returning good for evil. Some people might stand it but I won't I'm going

to make bad matters worse." "I think," says Q—, "we are all to ready to do harm. I believe I'll turn over a new leaf, and do good awhile. My conscience is much clearer." "Now," says X— to Y— "What is the best thing on earth?" "I hardly know, there are so many good things," was the reply. "What do you say, Q—?" "That's hard to say." "Well," says X—, "I think the best thing on earth is a pure, gentle, Christian lady." "Correct! Correct!" was the quick reply from Y— and Q—. "And," continued X—, "The worst influence for bad is a bad woman. In fact, any companion, no matter what his character is, his influence with his associates is exactly what his character is." "I tell you, boys," says X—, "the meanest I ever did feel was one day while I was at a religious college. I was playing with good boys. I got angry at one of them and cursed him terribly. Well, a good boy, a boy who I knew was good, came up and gently said, 'Why, aren't you ashamed? Why, I am surprised at you!' Well, I wanted to sink into the ground when I thought fully of what I had done. The better man took hold of me, and I apologized." "Hark! There's study call, let's adjourn."



For the deceptive Freshman—
"I know thy works."—Rev. 3:1.

For the omniscient Sophomore—
"No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you."—Job 12:2.

For the forward Junior—
"What is man that thou takest knowledge of him?"—Psalms 144:3.

For the departing Senior—
"The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."—Job 3:17.

Adhere so firmly to the truth that your yea shall be yea, and your nay shall be nay.—Young.



Yale buys annually \$7000 worth of books for her library; Harvard spends \$18,000 for the same purpose, and Columbia \$43,000.