Equally good are Prof. Sonnenschein's remarks on the necessity to the scientific student of cultivating in himself the poetic spirit, and of the difference between the two. He believes in Coleridge's distinction, who said that the antithesis to poetry was not power, but science. The distinction is between the poetic and the scientific attitude of mind, and both are useful to the true student. "I know of a young man," he says, "trained in mathematics and Latin grammar; who patiently—almost pathetically—read and re-read his Sartor Resartus in the hope of finding a suggestion or some substance of a proposition of Euclid in it, and who did not understand it. Like the mathematical reader of Paradise Lost, he could not make out that it proved anything." "Intellectual manhood," he says in another place, "is not reached till concentration, exact inquiry, begins; but the mind grows poor without the poetical spirit. There is one truth of science and another of poetry, and both are indispensable."

I have left myself little space to speak of the other papers. There is a melancholy poem of Tennyson's—Lord Tennyson we must call him, since he has seen fit so to decorate himself—entitled Vastness; a gloomy comparison between the greatness of the universe, and the petty and disgraceful ways of us poor human beings:

Raving politics never at rest, as this poor earth's pale history runs: What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

and so on, in verses that are certainly vigorous, till one begins to wish Lord Tennyson a better digestion. But we will assent to the conclusion:

What is it all if we all of us end in being our own corpse-coffins at last, Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him forever!
The dead are not dead, but alive.

There is a paper on Austria's Policy in the East, by a writer who understands his subject; another entitled Some American Notes, by a writer who does not believe that a few weeks' run through the United States entitles him to write a book about us, but who saw enough to come to the conclusion that we are all drying up in this country, and that "the typical American is the slowest and most lethargic of men."

There is also an account of Village Life in India, an article on Gouverneur Morris and the French Revolution, and a pleasant paper entitled, on Classic Ground; the classic ground not being Greece or Italy, but the neighborhood of Oxford and the scene of Matthew Arnold's two beautiful poems, Thyrsis and The Scholar Gipsy.

Harper's for December is at hand, and is one of the finest numbers of this ever popular magazine, both in the fields of art and of literature. Its engravings are superb, and its poetry and fiction are of an unusually high order. Besides installments of the regular serials by Constance Fenimore Woolson and W. D. Howells, there is a very interesting farce by the latter entitled, "The Garroters," in the same vein as "The Elevator," "The Register," etc., by the same author. Other leading features in this number are very characteristic stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Charles Egbert Craddock; poems by Wm. Black and Edwin Arnold; and a finely illustrated and very readable paper by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., on "The Nativity in Art."

In the December Atlantic are several articles of interest, among which that of Horace E. Scudder on "Childhood in Modern Literature and Art" deserves special mention. Oliver Wendell Holmes has in this number a pleasant sketch entitled "The New Portfolio," and all would do well to read the anonymous "Essay on Louis Agassiz."

Communications.

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

Dear Mr. Editor: It is a pity that the writer of the article in the last Tech, referring to the conduct of the freshmen on the opening night of the Hollis Street Theatre, could not have been more explicit, and conveyed to the reader a more correct idea of the make-up of the class of '89.

It is undeniably true, that a party of students some twenty-five or thirty in number, and perhaps a majority of them freshmen, did attend the theatre on that evening, and conduct themselves in a very obnoxious manner. It is also true that the few 89 men who went comprise the fresh element of the class, and on their shoulders should rest the blame and censure.

On that occasion the class of '89 did not attend the theatre. The reader of the above-mentioned article would get the impression that the majority of the class went, which was not the case. "'89."