is to look back upon those days when each fellow had his own little sphere in which he reigned supreme, and fought his miniature battle for the ownership. I am soon to leave my Alma Mater, and my college days, like those of my old school, will be but memories of the happy past.

LAURENS.

Cold Waves!
'Tis odd I should remember yet
Last summer's flame — that nymph so grave
And sweet; how hand in hand we met
Each parting wave.
I wonder if she guessed the grief
I felt, when from the car she gave,
With that dear little handkerchief,
One parting wave.

Students in Politics.

Not much more than a year ago, the students of this and other colleges all over the country manifested, in mass-meetings, torchlight processions, and volumes of excited conversation, their interest in the quadrennial commotion over the usual change in our national Government. There was nothing particularly remarkable in this, or in the fact that in most institutions of learning approximately accurate canvasses of individual preferences were made, in order to ascertain the exact state of opinion among the students; for similar proceedings are the regular accompaniment of every Presidential election. But there was one point which calls for special notice; namely, the unusual amount of attention paid these demonstrations by the newspapers, and therefore by the country at large. This consideration may be attributed to that constantly growing demand for accounts of how our youth are being educated, which is making the College World column a necessary feature of every great paper; or to surprise at a class which had been so generally in sympathy with the party in power, suddenly developing such a large percentage of disaffected spirits; or to the interest taken by politicians anticipating a close election in the fall of every straw. There is another theory, however, well worthy of attention. Our governmental machine, like many other machines, once carefully planned and built and started, will run for a considerable period even under the care of men who understand it but partially, and care for it not at all. But let some new exigency arise,—let it be required that the machine shall be adapted to perform some extra item in the way of work, or to meet increasing demands upon its efficiency, then our common laborers, our Celtic wire-pullers and manipulators, our "practical politicians," who have been merely carrying out more or less accurately the designs of wiser men than they, are obliged to subside temporarily, and yield to the ideas if not to the actual operations of the mere theorists, the "gilt-edged" idealists whom they have always scoffed at, and affected to despise. Now, the ranks of the latter are recruited largely from the colleges, where advanced ideas of political and social economy find their first foothold preparatory to gradual dissemination among the masses. Hence it happens that when new issues confront the nation and new questions perplex partisan leaders, they turn instinctively to men who have some pretensions to knowledge (in theory, at least) of statesmanship as well as of politics; experience is no longer entirely sufficient to cover defects in education; college graduates come largely to the front, while, as a natural consequence, the rising generation, particularly that cultivated portion of it who are to decide upon the final solution of the problems of the day, command an unusual amount of attention. The present age is fruitful in such issues, while governments abroad occupy themselves with resisting enlarging demands for liberty on the part of their people, or in yielding to the inevitable as slowly as possible, we at home are already wondering whether means could not be found to restrict suffrage, and whether, at least in our great cities, governments of, for, and by liquor-sellers could not be made a little more or a little less democratic.

Without stopping to observe the political standing of collegiates in our country, which is