

T H E A R I E L

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### Poetry

Written in imitation of Scott.

'Tis now the hour,  
By stream and bonfire,  
When Fairy Knights are prancing;  
Conceal'd by day,  
From scorching rays,  
At night they're gaily dancing.

His Elfin lay,  
The warrior gay,  
Beside his love is trilling;  
While tiny feet,  
With truest beats,  
The numbers pacy are filling.

The moon so bright,  
Her silvery light,  
A down the vale is flinging;  
Beside the rill,  
The Whisp' poor-will,  
His mournful note is singing.

But Ah! my heart  
Has still a smart,  
Which cannot thence be driven;  
Since one too fair  
For earthly care,  
Has to the tomb been given.

And I am left,  
Of her bereft,  
Who taught me love's first feeling,

To face alone,  
The waldy cold frown,  
My warmest blood congealing.

Yet hope's bright ray,  
My only stay,  
Comes faintly o'er me stealing,  
That I shall meet  
Her spirit fleet,  
When the last trump is pealing.

Everglory

### Hope.

"White as a white sail on a dusky <sup>sea</sup>  
When half the horizon's clouded & half free,  
Fluttering between the dim wave & the sky  
Is hope's last beam in man's extremity."  
Byron

Man, situated as he is in  
midst of such various an numerous  
difficulties and troubles, exposed  
to so much pain and misery, would  
indeed be a most miserable creature  
without the hope of a change. It  
is the pleasing anticipation of some-  
thing more congenial to our feelings,  
our wishes, or our interests, that en-  
ables us to contemplate the future  
without despair, and to endure  
all our toils and labours with  
any degree of patience and submission.



It is a solace in affliction, an alleviation under misfortune and a soothing companion in all our toil. The author of our being has implanted in our minds an ardent and unconquerable desire after happiness. This desire being universal, man, if deprived of the hope of ever attaining it, must become the victim of fell despair, that greatest tyrant of the human soul. Accordingly we see every man engaged in the pursuit of this object, with a quenchless and untiring ardour excited by the hope of its future enjoyment.

It is said that when Jupiter wished to punish the insolence of Prometheus in snatching fire from the chariot of the sun to animate his man of clay, he sent to him a box, out of which, when opened, issued every evil with which man has ever been afflicted, Hope only remaining in the bottom; thus showing that this is the only thing which possesses the power of rendering tolerable the evils and misfortunes of life. If you would know its value, go, view the victim of despair writhing under the most awful agony which can pierce the breast of mortal man, and remember that this would have been the situation of all if deprived of its soothing, its alleviating influences. With what feelings could we look forward to direct our thoughts into futurity if the hope of happiness were forever banished from our minds? The youth looks forward to the time when he shall engage in the busy scenes of life, and the hope of eminence and honour, or of something by far more noble, stimulates him to present exertion. Actuated by the ennobling hope of benefitting his fellow men, the student and the philosopher may be seen pressing on through the mazes of science, with the most untiring zeal and unremitting diligence. With this hope the philanthropic missionary may be seen labouring amid the splendid idolatry of eastern nations, or the boundless forests of the western savage; on the drear and inhospitable coasts of a northern clime, or under the scorching influence of a tropical sun.

Hope nerves the arm to increased effort, and enables us to act with energy and perseverance. Take for example two armies,

about to engage in battle let the one be inspired with the confident hope of success, while the other is pressed down by doubt and fears respecting the issue, and, other things being equal, victory is almost certain on the part of the first. Thus the army of that general who made Europe to tremble, inspired with the confident hope of success by its former victories, was rendered almost invincible against any thing but the treachery of an insidious enemy and the rigour of a northern climate. It was the hope of liberty that emboldened the hearts and nerved the arms of our forefathers in the day of battle, and urged them on through unparalleled sufferings to final victory. What else was it, than this same hope, that in later days, animated unhappy, degraded and insulted Poland, to rise up and reassert her long lost liberties, and to shed the blood of her noblest sons in their defence. No sooner was this hope crushed by a haughty and ambitious tyrant than Poland sunk into worse than her former degradations.

We live in hope. Man, in every situation, is ~~afflicted~~ actuated by it. The labourer pursues his daily employment with the hope of reward. The hope of gain induces the merchant to risk his property and commit himself to the mercy of a wide and trackless ocean. The farmer prepares his ground and sows his seed, then waits in the pleasing expectation of an abundant harvest.

Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, being one day asked what was the most universally enjoyed of all things, answered, "Hope; for," said he, "they have this who have nothing else."

And indeed there is scarcely a human being in his situation ever so bad, who does not cherish hopes of some kind. It must often happen then that these hopes are delusive, and perhaps even destructive to those who entertain them. But man is so fond of hopes that, when every thing beside fails him, still he puts his trust in it however futile it may be, or however little foundation there may be for it; and it is this alone which preserves him from despair.



Hope has been compared to a white sail on a dark and troubled sea, which is followed by the eye, and although ~~every~~ the anchor is parted, and every wave bears it further from the shore, the heart still follows it, untill lost in the blue expanse.

But if, as has been remarked, man will become miserable if deprived of the hope of happiness here, tenfold more wretched will be his condition, if deprived of the hope of future happiness. Accordingly we find that every man has some hope with respect to the future. He hopes, perhaps, in the general mercy of a just and righteous God, ridiculing and discarding the idea of an Infinite God ~~inflicting~~ inflicting upon sinful creatures an infinite punishment. Or, if a future state have nought for them but dread forebodings, he then, it may be, deludes himself into the hope of a total annihilation. Poor and comfortless hope! Yet pitiful as it is, <sup>it was</sup> the only one which a Hume, a Voltaire, Bolingbroke, a Gibbon, and many others could dare to entertain; and to this they cling with a deathlike pertinacity, untill it was torn away on a nearer approach to the awful reality. But it is the Christian's hope alone which can afford us any adequate support amid the numerous ills and frequent misfortunes to which we are subject. When property fails, and friends prove faithless, ~~what~~ this is the only thing which can administer any support proportionate to our need. When laid upon a bed of sickness, racked by pain, ~~worn~~ worn out by disease, and perhaps no kind friend to sympathize in our sufferings, what is it, but this hope, that can afford us any consolation and comfort worth enjoying? And, in the last extremity, what, but the Christian's hope, can then stay the soul? And in fine, it is this <sup>hope</sup> alone, which is <sup>an</sup> anchor to soul, enabling it ride sure ~~and~~ amid the storms of the present life, and which can enable us to derive any pleasure or delight from contemplating ~~the~~ a future state.

J. Sota