

Again do we make our appearance before the public in new dress. We have for some time contemplated this step. Indeed it was always our fixed purpose to advance if possible a step or two further towards the ideal college paper, combining beauty of form with soundness of matter. We trust that we have approached our ideal, and leave the verdict to our readers.

ONCE WE DIDN'T CARE.

There was a time we didn't care
For statutes, or the state's career,
Successful wrong possessed no stings,
The gloss of cold material things,
That now embroil distracted men,
Had no attraction for us then.
Pride's wounds, and disappointment's dart
That tears the festering, nerve-knit heart,
The blood-shot eye, the throbbing brow,
The toil, the fret, the torture now,
Once woke no sigh, provoked no tear,—
There was a time we didn't care.

There was a time we didn't care,
When heaven and earth and all were fair,
When free as fleecy clouds on high,
Swift cruising down the sapphire sky,
We traced the balsam-scented ways,
That tunneled deep the greenwood's maze,
And felt the tingling, healthy blood
Heat high each fibre with its flood.
Ere hampered with the whims of dress,
Ere we had studied to impress,
Ere beauty's thrill, ere sorrow's tear,
There was a time we didn't care!

J. BRANSFIELD.