

INSPIRATION.

I made me a prayer to the lords of the
air,
To the spirits of wind and of rain,
To the stars that gleam and the fires
that flare,
But my praying was in vain.

I sought it in songs of the singing sea,
In whiteness of foam and spray,
In the far, blue hills' sad eternity,
But they said me nay.

And I found it at last where I sought
it least,
'Twas not in the winds of the wild,
For my quest o'er the hills and the
waters ceased
In the eyes of a child.—*Ex.*

Yale's football receipts for the season just ended amount to about \$75,000. The receipts for the principal games were as follows: Yale-Harvard, \$32,000; Yale-Princeton, \$22,000, and Yale-Columbia, \$11,000.

Cram, cram, cram,
On thy old grey books, O, son;
And I would that my tongue could
utter
The relief we'll feel when done.

O well for the football man,
As he lustily shouts in the fray;
O well for the tennis lad,
As he sings to his love in the play.

The stately profs. go on
To their haven off the hall;
But oh, for the joy of a stolen look
At the questions on which we fall.

Cram, cram, cram,
At the foot of thy bed, O son,
For a passing mark on all our work
Will never be easily won.
—*Decaturian.*

Who feels within his veins the throbbing pulse
Of power and purpose urging him to dare,
And yielding to the message treads down fear,
Rending in scorn his own innate despair.

He is the nobleman! No accident
Of ancestry can equal that fine birth
Of spirit which unlocks the dormant soul
And rounds endeavor to its highest worth.—*Ex.*

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was discovered?"
Johnny—"I heard father say they smelt it."—*Ex.*

It is said that Andrew Carnegie and J. P. Morgan may inaugurate a movement to counteract the Rhodes Scholarship and induce men to go to American Colleges.

Princeton is soon to have a new gateway and entrance to the University campus. It was bought with the \$25,000 bequeathed to the University by Mr. Augustus Van Wick.

DER PREIS.

From the German of J. G. Fischer.
No hill in all the land so high,
No vale so dark and deep,
But o'er it some glad bird may fly,
Thro' it some sunbeam creep.

And didst thou dwell in Alpine light,
Or sea-lone pearl-strewn grot
My heart, thro' farthest depth or height,
Thy heart, its home, had sought.
—M.A.V.