

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

The grey deer leaps from the thicket
At the crack of the frost-racked
beech,
And the howl of the starved wolf
answers

The hoot-owl's hollow screech.
The stars draw nearer and sparkle,
And beneath, the north-light shakes,
And the voice of the Northland
echoes,

Wild voice of the woods and lakes,
Wild voice of the woods and lakes,
Where the whooping wind through
the open rakes,

And the rumbling hills resound
As the straining ice-field breaks.

—*Yale Courant.*

■ The New York Tribune has offered a prize of \$25 for the best essay, not exceeding eight hundred words in length, setting for the benefits which result to colleges and to the student body from college fraternities. An other prize of \$25 will be given for the best similar essay against college fraternities.

HARD LINES.

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat at his cheerless desk,
Hanging his weary head.
Write! write! write!
With haggard and weary eyes;
He sang, as he worked in the waning
light,
The "Song of the Exercise."

Swot! swot! swot!

While the gas is burning dim!
And swot—swot—swot
Till the brain begins to swim!
It's oh! to go and fight
In the land of the Rising Sun,

Where there's never an exercise to
write,

Or a problem to be done.
Professors with children dear,
Professors with gentle wives,
It is not lines we are writing out,
But our unhappy lives.
Write! write! write!

I hear the fiend's wild laugh,
For he knows full well I am writing
both

My lines and my epitaph.

But why do I talk of lines?

I have only just begun,
And no matter how fast my pen may
fly,

My work is never done.

My work is never done,

Though dreary hours go past;
Alas! that I should write so slow,
And my work piles up so fast.

Swot! swot! swot!

Far on through the winter night,
And swot—swot—swot

As soon as it's morning light.
A little weeping would cool my eyes,
But on their swollen brink
My tears must stop, for every drop
Dilutes the watery ink.

With fingers inky and black,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat at his cheerless desk
Hanging his weary head.

Write! write! write!

With haggard and weary eyes;
And still, as he worked in the waning
light,
He sang in a voice that pierced the
night,

This "Song of the Exercise."

—*G.U.M.*

Inquirer: "How do you say Mor-
mon in French?"

P. J. P—nd "More mon? Plus
d'argent of course."