

thoughts" on the "Promised Land." Some "advanced thoughts" on Hebrew and metaphysics are in order, and would be relished by the class.—*The Student.* Same here!

* * *

Prof.—"Mention an oxide." Student.—"Leather." "Oxide of what?" Student.—"Oxide of beef." Exit professor.

* * *

A Yankee woman recently married a Chinese laundryman, and three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail to be cut off, saying, in explanation, "Too much Yank."—*Ex.*

* * *

"Tell me this," he softly murmured,
"Do you love me true?"
And she answered, shyly blushing,
"Love you? yes I do."

Turning then his glance upon her,
Solemnly and slow,
"Thanks," he answered, absently,
"I only wished to know."—*The Polytechnic.*

* * *

Some philanthropist sent a bible to a Milwaukee editor in hopes of doing him some good, and he thought it was a new publication, and wrote a review of it, in which he said the production was a failure. If it was intended for a novel it lacked plot, and if it was for a history it was full of improbable incidents. He couldn't recommend it.

* * *

"I am not easily discouraged, and was very sensible throughout my entire literary career," remarked a man that was selling blotting pads. "Instead of labelling my manuscript 'Important' or 'Copy' in red ink, as most young writers do, I used to scribble modestly in one corner 'For the editorial wastepaper basket,' and —"

"Well," suggested a listener.

"They *always* went there," he said with a sigh, and the resignation in his tones made the crowd feel three years older.

* * *

The following old-time Harvard regulations will be of interest: "No freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard, unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full. Freshmen are to consider all other classes as their seniors. No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on or have it on in a Senior's chamber or in his own if a Senior be there. All Freshmen shall be obliged to go on any errand for Seniors, graduates, or under graduates at any time except in studying hours or after studying hours in the evening. The scholars shall never use their mother tongue, except that in public exercises of oratory or such like, they be called to make them in English. They shall honor as their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors, and aged persons by being silent in their presence (except they be called upon to answer). None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs. No scholar shall buy, sell, or exchange anything to the value of sixpence without the allowance of his parents, guardians, or tutors."—*Ex.*

Poet's Corner.

PRIZE POEM: THE NEW WORLD.

I.

Fair western world on which no white man gazed
Till o'er the wide mysterious waste of waves
Columbus sailed; and on the shore stood friends
Who gazed upon the barque and little crew

Till all had faded in the golden west,
And darkness settled on the lonely sea.
Then whispered they with voices low and sad,
"Will they return to vine-clad Spain, their home,
Or perish in some far-off clime alone?"
Far o'er the sea the little vessel passed
Till all grew tired of the moaning waves;
And at the dismal creaking of the masts,
The hollow beating of the sails; they turned
Their longing eyes far o'er the dark blue sea
And thought of home, and friends, and vine-clad Spain.
In dreams the tender voice of Philomel
Their souls did soothe; and wandered 'neath the moon,
With love-lit eyes, fair maids, whose silv'ry laugh
Stole o'er their slumb'ring sense like music sweet.
At last they said, "There is no land beyond.
Our home is far away. There orange groves
Shed perfume sweet, there roses bloom beneath
A smiling sun, and grapes are blushing fair
Upon their emerald vines. We will return
To those we love. Undaunted still thou stoodst,
Columbus, on the prow, divinely borne.
Thy dreams and nobler grandeur far than theirs,
Night's darkest shadows gather over thee
Alone, with weary eye soon to behold
Visions more grand than all thy wildest dreams.

II.

So God a torch doth wave; thy mighty heart
Beats high, thy task is done; Aurora fair,
From Love's soft couch in beauty rises up
With Tithon's kisses blushing sweet, and over
The restless sea stole silver smiles. Oh sea,
Laugh on for ever! 'Tis a glorious deed.
O noble man! thy name shall never die.
All Pleasure's paths are far from Glory's gate,
And many at the threshold fall away
And are forgot; the wearer of the wreath
Must watch and wait; most weary is the way
Ere rests the head upon the lap of Fame.
Sweet thought; to live in death. Now myriads,
Columbus, bless thee for this heritage,
Our home, oh tender thought, the happy scene
Of childhood's days; O, holy land where sleep
Our dearest loves, who toiled, and wept, and prayed
For us, they held enshrined within their hearts.
How clings the soul to old familiar spots!
How sad the stranger's lot to roam alone,
Far from his childhood home and native land;
Oh God, we bless Thee for our glorious home,
More fair than far-famed Tempe's greenest vale,
Or garden of Hesperides, where dwelt
The maids whose melody was borne on air,
Perfumed with golden fruits and rarest flowers.
But here no dragon tears the hungry soul,
The fruit is ripe, the flower doth bloom for all.
Here was a home for the oppressed who fled
Far o'er the lonely sea for Freedom's sake.

III.

O noble sacrifice for truth and right!
Here all may find a home. O struggling souls,
Who live in poverty, and want, and woe
From shadows dark come forth to light and hope.
Across the boundless deep we stretch our hands
To welcome you from the foul pestilence
Unto the land where all is bright and pure.
Here yellow cornfields wave, and millions dwell
In cities, emulous of happy homes.
Afar the prairies blaze with summer's bloom;
Luxuriantly by noble rivers laved,
Where sail the stately ships with treasure borne
From the vast inland seas, the matchless lakes,
Fountains of mighty rivers. Glorious land,
Set in the westering sun for a new dawn
Of hope, to mourning nations sunk in woe.
The earthly paradise long sought in vain,
A Land of Promise for the Olden World.

T. B. P. STEWART,