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We invite correspondence and contributions from the Alumne and former students.

Beauties of English Literature

 Pretty deer is dear to me,
A hare with downy hair.
A hart I love with all my heart,
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
To have a pair of pears,
Although a rake may take a rake
To tear away the tares.

Robertson is not Robert's son,
Nor did he rob Burn's son,
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,
Coughing a coffin brings;
And too much ale will make us ail
As well as other things.

Quails do not quail before the storm,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain at all—
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies—
To dye he's always trying;
Until upon his dying bed
He thinks no more of dyeing.


'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
To feed one's future son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
Else one can not be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring and
shoots
Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it
leaves
The leaves to fall in Fall.

I would a story here commence,
But you might think it stale;
So we'll suppose that we have reached
The tail end of our tale.

Commonsense,

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

 FAR away in the depths of a
forest resound the echoes of a
wood-chopper at work. He
has left his wife and children in the Old
World to rear a home in the New. The
thought of soon having them with him,
spurs him on to fresh activity. Every
day when the sun has reached the top of
his journey, the perspiring toiler sits in
the shade on a moss-covered log, eats his
frugal meal and sports with the birds and
squirrels. Thus he goes on, and in a very
short time a log hut rests on the green
bank beside a laughing stream. A con-
tent wife and children come and fill it
with joy, and the backwoodsman is su-
preinely happy. Cities are leagues away
and they must depend on their own re-
sources to supply the growing wants.
The berry-patch, the little brook, and the