

large, crimson handkerchiefs for the crew. They were of a deep crimson, and from that day to this, crimson has been the college color."

The Concordiensis.

EHEU! FUGACES HORAE!

Of man's first tardy rising and the fruit
 Of that forbidden sleep whose mortal snore
 Brought strife into the house and all his woe,
 With loss of ticket and all hope of prize,
 And forfeiture of that once blissful seat
 Where erst with modest rectitude he sat
 In the front bench among the guided youth,
 Sing, academic muse!
 In Morpheus' arms long time he slumbered deep,
 Till, like stern Nemesis, thundering on the door.
 Thus the rathe housemaid: "Mon, you're awful late;
 Apollo now his burning course doth hold
 Across the roseate heavens; it's chappit eight!"
 Thus spake she, and the maiden, swift of foot
 Descends the lofty stair. But, ah! she leaves
 Such anguish and perplexity and pain!
 'Tis but a moment since his watch said six,
 Now two hours past; and so from hour to hour
 We sleep and sleep, and thereby cometh bale.
 What muse shall sing the ending of my song?
 Shall gentle Clio, staid Calliope,
 Or flower-crowned Euterpe with her flute
 Assistance bring? Nay, come Melpomene,
 Wreathing with cypress dark thy tragic brow.
 Sing the sad tale of woe and hurry-scurry,
 The neglected meal, and all unbrushed
 The hyacinthine locks. Oh woe! oh woe!
 What rushing, pushing, clamouring is here,
 What wingèd words vain spoken at the gate
 To the stern guardian of the bolted door,
 Cruel, unmoved! "Too late!"
 Too late! In silent grief he leaves the door
 Resolving to attend an early class no more.

W. & M. in Glasgow Univ. Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE.

The truest measure of Shakespeare is his unconsciousness of himself. His was too vast to be comprehended by his own thought; he so far surpassed all known standards that he had none for estimating himself; and so, apparently, he made no estimate beyond what might be set down in