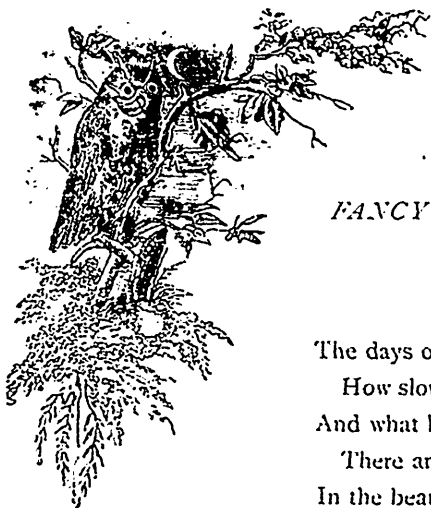




FANCY'S REALM.

Heigh ho !
 The days of our youth
 How slow they go !
 And what blissful joys
 There are coaxing me,
 In the beautiful land
 Of Futurity !

There
 Hopes and dreams
 Are realized :
 Each cherished wish
 Idealized :
 Success and Fame,
 With loud acclaim
 Shout out the glory
 Of our name.

Would that this land
 Were not phantasy,
 And all of its joys
 Not illusory,
 That we'd taste of its bliss
 As it seems to be,
 In this desolate land
 Of Reality !

—J. R. O'CONNOR, '92.