

We find applause intoxicating sweet,
 But as the years to yester-years retreat
 Its ceaseless sameness soon begins to pall,
 For every cup of sweetness has its gall.

A yearning from our old home soon we feel,
 So back to childhood's fading scenes we steal;
 An aged figure meets us at the door,
 And a mother's embrace is ours once more.

L'Envoi.

All the world can give will slip away
 'Fore the sadd'ned sweetness of yesterday;
 Though every promise of youth you fulfil,
 To a mother's love you're a baby still.

"The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility."—*President Eliot.*

There was a young lady named Fitch,
 Who heard a loud snoring, at which,
 She took off her hat,
 And found that her rat,
 Had fallen asleep at the switch.—*Ex.*

