

quote. It is so seldom that the Oxford deigns to become either poetical or humorous.

From distant Chicago and Boston,  
Where Culture unceasingly hums,  
Ashore from the seas he was tossed on  
The studious cosmoplite comes:  
I see you in cabs from the station  
Arrive from your various abodes,  
O men from the Ends of Creation,  
O Scholars of Rhodes!

They stream past the porch of St.  
Mary's—  
Australia's, America's sons,  
The men of the Veldt and the Prairies  
Who cover the Dean with their guns,  
Colonials from isles that are coral  
On mental improvement intent,  
Whose marks for their Character  
Moral  
Are ninety per cent.—

It fills me with noble emotion  
Whene'er I am prompted to think  
Of Peoples dessever'd by Ocean  
Conjoined by a mutual link,—  
Of Oxford the Hub of the Nations,  
Myself (a conception sublime)  
Transcending the cold limitations  
Of Space, and of Time;

O how can the Muses be mute on  
A theme so attractive as this?  
Alas! 'tis the Tongue of the Teuton  
That poisons the fount of my bliss:—  
No time has the Bard for your praises,  
No leisure for sonnets and odes,—  
He's learning Colloquial Phrases,  
O Scholars of Rhodes!

“What caused him to change his mind?”

“Why he started to buy a few quinine pills at the drug store and they said they only sold them by the quart.”

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In commenting on the arrival of their new matron, the O. A. C. Review speaks as follows:—

The fact that she was last employed in a hospital for the insane, is we think, particularly appropriate, and we feel sure that Miss Nelles will feel perfectly at home amongst us. This statement is very suggestive but a perusal of the paper has forced us to the conclusion that the writer of this paragraph didn't know what he was talking about. The Review is one of the brightest and best exchanges that has reached us this month.

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The lives of foot-ball men remind us,  
That they write their names in blood  
And, departing leave behind them,  
Half their faces in the mud.

—Student.

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At Johnson City, Tennessee, a college will be opened in December for the benefit of those who were unable to attend college in their youthful days. Already about two hundred grey bearded men from Chicago have matriculated for the freshman class.—Athenaeum.

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“Did Harwood buy the cottage at swampy glen?”

“No.”

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Freshman—I thought you took Algebra last year?

Sophomore—I did, but the faculty encored me.—Ex.