

Where doth the gentle *Acta*  
 Its words tremendous find?  
 In Webster's Unabridged, where it  
 Is ever on the grind.

Why doth the stately *Rouge et Noir*  
 Come but four times a year?  
 Because, you see, it costs too much  
 To print it oftener.

Where doth the Q. C. JOURNAL  
 Obtain its maxims wise?  
 Hush! now we'll cease, all things are not  
 Revealed to mortal eyes.

It may be that we are not poetical or are destitute of "finer feelings," or don't happen to be "mashers," but we must confess (Philistine though we may be) that the average poetry in some College papers makes us sick. For example:

MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine is sweet and fair,  
 Her eyes are clear and bright;  
 Like gossamer her golden hair,  
 Her hands are snowy white.

My love one only thing doth lack.  
 Would'st know what that may be:  
 Then come a little closer, sweet,  
 Put down thine ear— *It's me.*

—Trinity Tablet.

Or the following:

"Do you love me, sweet?" was the wail he wole,  
 As he pressed her close to his heart's wild throbbing;  
 "Does love's fierce tide irrigate your soul?  
 Is your heart with mine simultaneously bobbing?"  
 Her soulful eyes flew up to his face,  
 And pierced his own with their lovely glitter;  
 Then softly she muttered, with winning grace:  
 "Do I love you, George? Well, I should twitter!"

—College Transcript.

THE *Spectator* published by the St. Laurent College near Montreal, is a Canadian exchange, whose acquaintance we are glad to make. The tone of its articles is less narrow than what we are accustomed to meet with in papers published by Roman Catholic Colleges in the United States, and its views on educational matters are generally sound. The make-up of the paper is good, but more discrimination in the selection of news items would add to its attractiveness as a College paper.

THE *Yale Record* is one of the few American College papers which possess real literary excellence without being heavy. The editors display taste and good judgment in their selections, the majority of which, besides being original, are decidedly above the average. This is, of course, to be expected in a college where the number of students is so large that the editors have plenty of room for choice. One of the *Record's* contributors is an amateur poet of rare feeling and insight as several recent fragments of song from his pen prove. The following lyric, taken from the last number of the *Record*, we consider a gem:

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

"CECINI PASCUA, RURA DUCES."

On an olive-crested steep,  
 Hanging o'er the narrow road,  
 Lieth in his last abode,  
 Wrapped in everlasting sleep

He, who in the days of yore  
 Sang of shepherds, pastures, farms;  
 Sang of heroes and their arms,  
 Sang of passion, sang of war.

When the lark at dawning tells,  
 Herald-like, the coming day,  
 And along the dusty way  
 Comes the sound of tinkling bells,

Rising to the tomb aloft;  
 While some modern Corydon  
 Drives his bleating cattle on  
 From the stable to the croft.

Then the soul of Virgil seems  
 To have broken from its dreams,  
 And to sing again the melodies  
 Of which he often tells,  
 The lowing of the herds,  
 The music of the birds,  
 And the tinkling of the bells

❖ BOY MOTS. ❖

THE bills announce that the "Edipus Tyrannus" was originally produced at Harvard College. Probably its presentations some thousands of years ago in Greece are only regarded as rehearsals. —*Post.*

"FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home," quavered a weak voice from the vicinity of a neighboring gutter, about 12 o'clock last Saturday night. "That you, X.," sang out a passer-by. "Why ain't you at home and in bed?" "In bed, Y, in bed? You must be crazy; I've been there for half an hour. You're too drunk to go home by yourself; pull off and turn in with me, old fellow." —*Southern Col- legian.*

WILL wonders never end?  
 See! see a senior bend  
 His stately head,  
 And a word is said  
 To his little freshman friend.

THIS is an examination. See how sad these boys look! Look at that boy in the corner. He will pass. He has studied hard. He has all his knowledge at his finger ends. See, he puts his knowledge in his pocket because the tutor is looking. Come away children! —*Record.*

FENDERSON was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that is what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to." —*Ex.*

1ST FRESHMAN TO 2ND DITTO.—"Did you get her photo while you were away?"  
 2ND F.—"Well-ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative."  
 —*Princetonian.*

SENIOR, who doesn't see the joke. "My head is pretty large and it takes a little while for the thought to travel through it." Freshman, "Is that what you call 'thought flying through space?'" —*Union Herald.*

TIDE OF TIME.

Trilobite, Graptolite  
 Nautilillus pie  
 Seas were calcareous  
 Oceans were dry.

Eocené, Miocene.