

Students' Quarter.

CLOUDLAND BAY.

'Tis a dip in the shore of sunset-land,
 Away and away to the west,
 All its waters flow red from the sun,
 Its islands are stars on its breast.

There are ships sailing there with white sails set,
 They anchor or drift at their will;
 Let the wind blow fair, or the wind blow foul,
 Their havens come home to them still.

" Ah, there is the port where I'd be
 And forget all the toiling to-day;
 Sweet wind, fill the sails with your breath,
 Waft me swift to that cloud-wrapt bay."

You may sail if you will, a night and day,
 Straight down to the sun on your quest;—
 But the bay floateth on like a cloud,
 Away and away to the West.

M. E.

ON THE " RHYME OF THE DUCHESS MAY."

A DIALOGUE.

Quickman :—Have you read the " Rhyme of the Duchess May " yet, Mr. Slogoer ?

Slogoer :—Well, yes, I picked it up one day and ' ran it through ' in a double sense.

Quickman :—Why, what do you mean ? Is it not a masterpiece of poetical literature ?

Slogoer :—It may be,—but, if so, I am no judge.

Q. :—I am perplexed, I confess, at this strange sneer of yours. I would rather consider you prejudiced against the poem, than as one who has no appreciation of its merits.