

doesn't seem to *smoke* and surely does not get *full* oftener than once a month and that is his lawful privilege. Perhaps this temperate life may have something to do with his youthful appearance, for we must admit there are few *mellow* old fellows who have no wrinkles on their brow, even after the strictest life and a *short* college career. Were I an artist and to the manner born, I might get somewhere near the exact order of his features—are they classic or romantic? Some closer observer must tell. If curves are an element of Grecian beauty, I would incline to set him down among the very finest, for does not the curvilinear prevail in his phiz? As for his nose—well that must be taken by the instantaneous process of photography. Perhaps a few of us might get a leave of absence on the first full moon night that's

coming and with one to show us how to adjust the camera, we might catch the exact truth anent this important feature, for it does make a difference whether a man's nose be Roman, Grecian or Gothic. As to the symmetry of his members—well the instrument remains yet to be found by which we can form any opinion as to the possibility of his taking any interest in football or the german; but a head supposes arms and legs, therefore the 'Man in the Moon' must have some theory of dress. I incline to think he must favor ample garments. Is he a Conservative or a Grit? a Republican or a Democrat? Ah, who shall tell!—A latent sense of something tells me to keep out of politics and to get out of reach of the weary readers of all this lunacy—therefore, good bye.

LOON.



A PRAYER.

High favored lily, mother and yet maid,
 Whose advent dignified our lowly earth
 By the ornature of a stainless birth;
 Above the choir, that 'neath God's throne arrayed,
 Chant endless canticles of praise, thou'rt said
 To reign in glory o'er the tuneful mirth.
 But once, we know, upon our orb thou wert
 Among and of us; that thy sandals laid
 Their impress on the sands of Galilee.
 Knowing our weakness and our many woes,
 Our pangs of conscience and our contrite throes,
 Deign, mother mild, to lend thy sympathy
 To all deep buried in murk misery
 Whose plaintive heart-cry up to Heaven flows.

W. '81