Love's Logic.
You ask me, my dear, in your innocent way,
Whether, from what I have seen, I should say
Your soft eyes are green or are blue?
For in green eyes, you promised, sly coquetry dwells,
While the bonny blue eye ever certainly tells
Of tenderness trusting and true.
Now, love, pray remember, although I have seen
In those orbs quite perceptible sparkles of green,
That some one is writing to you,
Whose whole heaven lies in the light of your eyes,
More constant and clear than the sheen of the skies,
And the color of heaven is blue!

The Glee Club Concert at Revere.
The Glee Club went to Revere, March 23d, and gave a concert for the benefit of the Vestry Fund, Unitarian Society. The first song, “Queen of Hearts,” was very well done, being effective in tone and shading, and showing drill and understanding. The “Spanish Cavalier” was next, and this showed lack of practice. “Massa” was fairly done, but the soloist, Mr. Whitney, was a little too slow, and the piece, therefore, dragged. The “Merle and the Maiden” was very well sung. Mr. Warren’s banjo solo well deserved the encore which it obtained. “Ching a Ling,” with Mr. Stewart’s solo voice, Mr. Thompson’s whistling, and Mr. Shortall’s banjo accompaniment, also deservedly won an encore. “Student’s Song,” with solo by Mr. Marsh, was very satisfactory, both in solo and chorus. This ended Part I. Part II. opened with “Der Klein Recruit,” which was sung with spirit, in time and tune; repeated, on encore. Owing to the illness of Mr. Sprague, the “Calliope” was omitted, and the well-known “Peter Gray” substituted, Mr. Whitney singing the solo. The song itself was perhaps well enough executed, but its whole beauty was lost by the absurdity of the same “gags” which characterized its performance of last year, and which we hope will be done away with in future. On an encore, “I’ve Lost My Doggy” was given to the satisfaction of all. The “Moustache Song,” solo by Mr. Shortall, was well executed, but a change of words to those of “Wake! Freshmen, Wake!” would, we think, be more palatable. “Nelly was a Lady,” was very sweetly sung by Mr. Cobb, and the chorus also sang as though they enjoyed it. This was one of the prettiest songs of the evening. The “Volk Song” was also well rendered. The “Tale of Woe,” a pathetic ballad of the Charles Lamb variety, was well sung; very laughable, and encored. The “Uralio Yœdel” came next,—always a favorite, almost always well sung, and particularly well done by Mr. Thompson and the Club. On an encore, a Yœdel duet was given by Messrs. Thompson and Shortall, which was also well received. The programme ended with Mendelssohn’s well-known “Vintage Song,” which completed a very attractive concert. The Club and its leader, Mr. Underhill, deserve great credit for the success of the concert, and Mr. Fay, who presided at the piano, was accurate, prompt, and inspiring in his support.

The Senior Class Dinner.
On Friday evening, March 26th, the Seniors met at Young’s Hotel for their fourth annual class dinner. The attendance was not so large as was expected—only about forty, including several ex-members of the class, being present. After waiting for tardy members, the company proceeded to the dining-room, and, without further delay, began work. The menus were tied with cardinal and gray ribbons, and, on the cover, bore a tasty design from the pen of Mr. Woodbury. After the practical exercises of the evening had been finished, the president arose and introduced Mr. Simpson as master of ceremonies. The latter began by reading a list of punishments to fit the various crimes which are not infrequently committed on such an occasion. The severest punishment was, that any one who in speaking of The Tech should work off the chestnut, “Now is the time to subscribe,” should be compelled to read Henry James’ novel, “The Bostonians.” This punishment was considered by the committee to be worse than death.

The first toast was “The Faculty,” Mr. Anthony, from “Utah,” responding with a dignified