HIS CRUEL FATE.

Mr. Cushing Carrom, '92, who is no longer able to pull in Freshmen to Chapel exercises, is working his friends for Sweet Charity's sake.

PATIENCE.

I looked to the East, and it was golden;
I looked to the West, and it was gray.
I knew that the long, long night was ended;
A moment more and it was day.

I looked to the West, and it was crimson;
I looked to the East, the moon was there.
I knew that the sultry day was ended;
Anon I breathed the cool night air.

The night is long? The day is weary?
Nor night nor day can last for aye.
Endure with hope till thou art stronger;
Or calmly wait till thou canst die.

—Williams Lit.

PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,
By etiquette's command,
All humbly knelt, with heart afire,
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips;
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! Some witch
Is working, North and South;
For though our country's grown so rich,
We've lived from hand to mouth.

—Brunonian.