and the facultative analysis begins. Sad, indeed, would be our fate were it not for the pleasures that are then at hand. For a succeeding week we may revel carelessly in the lighter joys of life regardless of the virtues of learning and the greatness of human wisdom. Examination terrors will again be over, save the intruding communication that reminds us of our “condition,” or perchance of a worse fate, ere the round of another term begins. In the meanwhile the Lounger offers his sympathy to professor and student alike, and trusts that no faces will be missing when February appears.

DEVOTION.

Somewhere upon this whirling globe
A maiden there must be,—
A maiden fair, with golden hair;
She’s my affinity!
I’ll search her o’er the continents,
I’ll search her o’er the sea;
For she’s the lass who at Dutch Park
Did pour my beer for me.

—Wrinkle.

A REWARD OF MERIT.

The father asked, “How have you done
In mastering ancient lore?”
“I did so well,” replied the son,
“They gave me an encore;
The Faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year.”

—Trinity Tablet.

TWO OF THEM.

Both of their names begin with E,
Eleanor and Ethelwinne.
I love the two; which can it be
That hath the most of love for me?
Until I know, ’twill be no sin
To love both Nell and Ethelwinne.
It seems they did not care for me,
Eleanor and Ethelwinne.
They liked those sails upon the sea,
The drives we took just after tea;
I now know I was “taken in”
By Eleanor and Ethelwinne.

—The Red and Blue.

WING TEE WEE.

Oh, Wing Tee Wee
Was a sweet Chinee,
And she lived in the town of Tac:
Her eyes were blue,
And her curling cue
Hung dangling down her back.
And she fell in love with gay Win Sil
When he wrote his love on a laundry bill.
And oh, Tim Told
Was a pirate bold,
And he sailed in a Chinese junk;
And he loved, ah me!
Sweet Wing Tee Wee,
But his valiant heart had sunk.
So he drowned his blues in fickle fizz,
And vowed the maid would yet be his.
So bold Tim Told
Showed all his gold
To the maid in the town of Tac,
And sweet Wing Wee
Eloped to sea.
And never more came back;
For in fair China the maids are fair,
And the maids are false, as everywhere.

—Yale Lit.

If Love is blind, why should it be
That I, a purblind wight, should see
The love light like a day dawn rise,
And flood with beauty two sweet eyes,—
The light that will not shine for me?
Ah, too unkind, if Love is blind!
And when her face in sorry plight,
With smiles that should be dimpled quite,
Half drowns its sweetness in the tide
Of tears for love still unrequite,
Ah, fain would I my life’s price pay
To charm those tears to smiles away;
Why should the guerdon be denied?
If Love were blind, ah, Grief, how kind!

—Harvard Advocate.