

And now turning to something in a lighter vein, The Critic finds the following "Elegy Written in a College Laboratory" to be most pleasing. Although he would not object to "holding a dainty little hand," himself.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE LABORATORY.

NOT BY GRAY.

The welcome gong now sounds the close of the lab.
The whistling crowd troops gaily out the door.
Each man betakes himself his separate way,
And leaves the room as silent as before.

Beneath that rugged pile the dust heap there,
Where daily increase heaps it higher still,
The sad remains of shattered test-tubes lie,
Which thus their ordained destiny fulfill.

For them no more the blazing gas shall burn,
Or busy student ply his awkward care,
The paths of learning lead through unseen ways,
And future bills cause sadness and despair.

Then hark, O zealous student entering here,
Prepare with fortitude thy path to tread;
For ruin and disaster wait you here,
And dangers hover daily round you head.

—*John Hopkins News Letter.*



Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat
Methought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.

No other hand into my soul
Could so great solace bring,
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.—*Ex.*