

PERADVENTURE, A LANCELET.

The Critic is gone. And I, who needs must take his place, have bought a new pen, refilled the inkbottle, sharpened the shears, and am now ready to do justice, or mayhap injustice, to contemporary college journals. But as my pen is such a new and untried article, such as unknown quantity whose value is yet to bedetermined, I will trust to the shears to express my thoughts, and let each reader express his own criticism.



A PICTURE OR TWO.

They're windows, these pictures, towards
life's sweetest days;
Oh, could they be doorways instead!
Oh, could we still saunter where now we
but gaze
Thro' windows of fancy toward life's sweetest
days!
Oh, could we but brighten the world's dimming
haze
To the fair skies of youth overhead!
They're windows, these pictures, towards life's
sweetest days;
Oh, could they be doorways instead!
The Bowdoin Quill.