

And now at last we're safe inside,
 The windlass rattles round,
 We thank thee, Lord, who cares for all
 Who're homeward bound.

— *Wesleyan Lit.*

A SEASONABLE LIMERICK.

All hail to the time
 That's prolific of rhyme—
 When the bonnets of beautiful girls,
 All bright with new flowers
 That never saw showers.
 Embower ambrosial curls.

When maidens, bedight
 In their shirt-waists of white,
 On a Sunday parade in the park—
 Every soda fount crammed
 And ice cream parlour jammed
 By frivolous maids on a lark.

When the automobile
 And ubiquitous wheel
 Are a joy to the children of men;
 And the students all find
 It is folly to grind,
 For their heads are grown vacant again.

— *The Adelbert.*