

means too much to the idea of University. Commencement time is the only time of year when college work does not press and when student and alumnus meet with the love of university in their hearts, as their strongest feeling for the time. How full of sweet associations the time is and how much the memory of them must mean in later years.

Edna Caufield.



### ECCE REDITURA

Sweet-heart, why is my sun-beam dulled?  
 And where lost my moon her sheen?  
 My stars are in Lethe dipped and lulled,  
 When thou art away,—my Queen.

Beloved, my day-dream is gloom and chill,  
 The night is dank with my moan,  
 The hour-glass hoardeth its sands so still,  
 For thou, O my Life, art flown.

Dearie, the clouds grow dark and lower,  
 And the storm e'en its bow hath shed,  
 The honey-bee poiseth, but scorneth my flower,  
 Since thou, O my Love, hath fled.

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A crash of Thor's hammer! a flash  
 Of lightning riveth all space!  
 And lo! through the cleft in my chaos,  
 A vision moveth apace!

Dear arms outstretched in yearning,  
 Blue eyes with the old light burning,  
 Mazes of brown hair waving,  
 Sweet lips, kisses craving—  
 Yea, I know thee, Angel Incarnate!  
 'Tis thou—thou art coming, my Sweet.

F. S. D.