

THE
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Qui non Proficit, Deficit.
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May.

Rolling, blue-eyed Nell,
Mocking, blooming Nell,
What makes you smile
So all the while,
As the dropping sunlight free?
Your heart, I know,
Is all aglow
With a warmth that burns for me,
And still you keep
Your bosom deep
Like a rippling, summer sea.
Rolling, blue-eyed Nell,
Laughing, happy Nell,
Your placid eyes
Are twilight skies,
And the star of joy is there,
That shines serene,
On every scene,
That is dark with nightly care,
Yet far away
Gives life and gay
To a world that's always fair.
Rolling, blue-eyed Nell,
Changing, fairy Nell,
Like winds of Spring,
Your joys do bring
Winning fragrance to my soul,
And then at eve
I do receive
Such a breeze of sweet console
From buds so rare,
So plump with care,
That alone to me unroll.

SEPTEMBER

Rolling, blue-eyed Nell,
Gosh! I loved you, Nell.

But bach'lor hood
Has robbed the wood
Of its spring-time glories green,
And leaves now brown
Are falling down
And e'er on my way are seen
To sport and fly,
As winter's night,
And the cold nights intervene.
Rolling, blue-eyed Nell,
Jove! you've faded, Nell,
Ah! well you know
Youth's bright rainbow,
In the teens it beams, they say,
And storms, so well,
It does foretell
This false banner of the day,
How like to you,
How changed? once true!
You may just, just fade away.

F. M. L.

Prof. Allen's Address.

Since its opening in the autumn of 1871, the University has been favored with three admirable addresses, that of Sterling Morton, Judge Woolworth's, and this just published of Prof. Allen of the Wisconsin State University.

Prof. Allen is a scholar and teacher by inheritance, his ancestors for several generations having been graduates of Harvard College, while his father was for years the principal of the Eton of New England, the leading preparatory school