Blasted Aspirations.

The muses’ aid I did invoke, 
Lest my attempt should end in smoke; 
The subtle spirit thus to me spoke 
(The blow was hard—cruel the stroke): 
"To be a poet is no joke; 
Be something else—else you’ll be broke!"
—Columbia Spectator.

The naked hills lie wanton to the breeze, 
The fields are nude, the groves unfrocked, 
Bare are the shivering limbs of shameless trees: 
What wonder is it that the corn is shocked?

The Girl of the Day.

Accomplished! Well, yes, I should state! 
Her gifts are as rare as her beauty, 
No, her music is not very great, 
She plays now and then as a duty. 
"Then she writes—perhaps verse?" you inquire. 
Well, no, she is not literary, 
And to art she doesn’t aspire— 
In short, of all study she’s wary. 
"Accomplished! Why, how can that be 
If she’s none of these gifts to commend her?" 
Well, her talent you quickly would see 
If a box of bonbons you should send her:— 
Mixed chocolates simply entrance! 
—And Huyler’s she usually favors— 
By their size and their shape at a glance 
She can tell all their different flavors. 
—Yale Record.

Old Times.

Ah! good old times of belles and beaux, 
Of powdered wigs and wondrous hose; 
Of stately airs and careful grace, 
Look you at our degenerate race. 
No more the gallant spends his time 
In writing of his love in rhyme; 
No more he lives unconscious of 
All earthly things save war and love. 
We modern men have toils and cares 
To streak our pates with whitened hairs, 
And have to crowd our love and all 
Into one short and weekly call. 
—Bostonian.

New Year’s.

I’ve thoughts at New Year’s—solemn, 
No ‘resolves’ as you call ‘em. 
Make me 
So blue. 
But on January first, 
What I hate by far the worst, 
My note 
Comes due. 
—Uni.

Tempora Mutantur.

Sir Richard Hooker, so ‘tis said, 
The many works of Horace read; 
And as he read he also kept 
The cradle rocking, wherein slept 
His infant boy. 
The student who reads Horace now 
No cradle has to rock, I trow; 
But when examinations vex, 
He, just to gain a Latin “Ex,” 
Doth “cribs” employ. 
—Brunonian.

Then as Now.

'Twas at the Junior Promenade 
I met her just three years ago, 
Before my dreams began to fade 
And life was one resplendent glow. 
But now, as ring the night’s alarms, 
I pace my chamber sore dismayed. 
I hold my youngest in my arms, 
And join the Junior Promenade. 
—Columbia Spectator.

The Associated Press.

He explained the whys and wherefores, 
All the thuses and the therefores 
Of the city’s daily paper, 
To the young and charming Jess; 
'Bout the local matters catchy; 
Padded clippings quite so patchy, 
Horrid copy quite so scratchy; 
And “Associated Press.” 
At this name the maiden started, 
While a smile her sweet lips parted, 
And she looked, oh! how inviting! 
This bewitching little Jess. 
Then he took in manner rightful, 
Hugs numerically frightful, 
And she murmured, “How delightful 
This Associated Press!” 
—Bowdoin Orient.

How We Shall Spend Christmas Evening.

Some will read Shakespeare and Browning; 
And some read the Bible, methinks; 
Some will work hard at their duties, 
The rest will play Tiddledy Winks. 
—Brunonian.