THE BREAK.

The scene is in my room in Weld—a dismal afternoon.
As I've three themelets overdue which must be finished soon,
And in all my courses "hour exams" are coming without stint,
My reflections, if put down in words, would not look well in print.
A gentle knock upon the door, the thought upon me flashes,
"Subscription fiends." My other thoughts are best expressed by dashes.
"Come in," I growl. Another knock—"Come in," in accents brisk,
And other words for which, I think, I'll use an asterisk.
Again the knock. 'Twill surely be some weird subscription crank.
I thunder out, "STAY OUTSIDE, THEN! YOU BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK!
The door swings wide: oh may my tongue forever crack and blister!
In came two pretty female cousins, my mother, and my sister.

—Harvard Lampoon.

A REVISED VERSION.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,
On this cold, hard seat each day!
And I would that my soul could tell me
Just what my papa will say.
O hard is the student's life,
When his lessons are long and tough;
O hard is this psychic love;
I never can learn the stuff.
And the festive grinds go on
To the head of the class each year;
But O for the sight of a vanished crib,
Or the sound of a voice in my rear.
Flunk, flunk, flunk,
For now it is plain to see
That the lesson I learned so late last night
Will never come back to me.

—Brunonian.

A LITTLE CLEAR.

A little dear, whose loving sway
Held me a captive many a day;
A willing slave to Love's device
I lived awhile 'neath sunny skies,
I thought my love would live for aye.

And all the veils which Love supplies
The Blind Boy hung before my eyes.
I thought she was, though mortal clay,
A little dear.

I married then this little fay,
And oh! the bills I've had to pay.
My salary now comes and flies,
I pay the bills with tearful sighs.
I know she is in every way
A little dear.

—Williams Weekly.

HORSES OF FIRE.

Elijah, in translation, rose
Until he reached the sky;
And now, as then, the "horses" are
What makes us stand so high.

—Brunonian.

ABSOLUTELY FRIGID.

We skated on together,
Did Ben and Nan and I;
Sweet Nan was in the middle,
And said with merry eye:

"I'm thinking of a poem,
A passage of which warns me that I'm with bad neighbors,
'A rose between two thorns.'"

"Ha, ha," laughed Ben, and answered,
"Now tell me, if you can, isn't it too cold for roses?
How came you out here, Nan?"

Then Sammy Brown came skating,
Who rivals Ben and me.
In this same Nan's affections,
And skating off went she.
And as they circled by us,
Poor Ben and I, alone,
Unhappy, and dejected,
She said, in mocking tone,
And waved her hand which
Engagement ring adorns,
'It's pretty cold for roses.
But it's colder still for thorns.'

—Brunonian.

A SUDDEN GROWTH.

O 1891, hurrah!
We're glad that you are here;
But how is this?
Some one's amiss;
You are no child, we hear.
We pictured you a little babe
Fresh born,—Time's youngest son,—
Yet, by strange means,
You're in your teens,—
You're eighteen, '91.

—Lasell Leaves