THE TECH.

IF I BUT KNEW.
I see her sometimes in the street,
I met her at a ball,
But she scarce seems, when oft we meet,
To notice me at all.
Ah! little maid with laughing eyes,
If 'twere but known to you,
How in my heart wild longings rise
For your gay heart to sue!
Ah! little maid of saucy eyes,
If you the truth but knew,
Would you but laugh and boast your prize?
I wonder what you'd do.
Could, then, your merry heart uprise,
Its womanhood assert,
And take a sweeter, graver guise;
Or—are you but a flirt?

—Red and Blue.

TEMPORA NON MUTANTUR.
When Juno and Minerva came
With Venus to the Mount of Ida,
And each to beauty's crown laid claim,
With Trojan Paris for decider,
Each goddess strove to back her passion
With presents rich, and rare, and dear,
'Twas Paris then that set the fashion,
And Paris sets it too, this year.

—Yale Record.

A PASTORAL.
It seems ter be the proper thing,
When screechin' birds begin ter sing,
Ter write a thirteen line rondeau
Bout buddin' shoots and meltin' snow,—
In short, re-sus-sy-ta-ted spring.
I've got no time for palavering,
I hey my giant beans ter string
An' stacks ov tater rows ter hoe
At Eastertide.
An' then when meetin' 'gins ter ring
Matildy has ter hey' her fling;
I ain't got time ter slick an' go,
I've got ter watch my spring corn grow:
I hate yer dod gast cussed spring
At Eastertime.

—Trinity Tablet.

A TIMELY JOKE.
O Father Time, in the almanac,
I see your urn still flowing;
Why don't you take from off your back
Your scythe, and go to mowing?
"Ha, ha!" laughed Father Time, in glee,
"My stream I still will pour;
But cannot mow, for Fates' decree
That Time shall be no mower."

—Brunonian.