ANOTHER PROVERB EXPLAINED.

The faithful camel of Sultan Sed
Had dropped his heavy pack,
And thought upon his straw-stuffed bed
To rest his weary back.

But when no easy bed he saw,
The noble beast well knew
The Sultan's sons had seized the straw—
To suck their cider through.

The camel's lips unsteady hangs;
His eyes hot teardrops weep;
Upon a single straw, with pangs,
He strives at night to sleep.

And now, dear friend, without a doubt,
You're on the proper track:
That was the straw you read about
That broke the camel's back.

—Brunonian.

A VASSAR VERSE.

Little maid, I've lost my heart,
Canst tell me aught about it?
I lost it in the path one day,—
The path of life, a weary way,—
And be the world or grave or gay,
I'm very sad without it.

Little maid, I've found a heart,
Canst tell me aught about it?
I found it in the path one day,—
The path of life, a merry way,—
And now be skies or blue or gray,
I could not live without it.

—Vassar Miscellany.

A MAIDEN'S PLAINT.

"My heart is sick, my heart is sad,
But oh, the cause I dare not tell;
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well!
I'm not myself, I'm not the same,
I am, indeed, I know not what.
I'm changed in all except my name.
Oh, when shall I be changed in that!"

—Lasell.

THE LAMENT OF THE LATE RISER.

'Tis dark. It seems
As if 't were early morning.
Half thoughts, half dreams,
Into my mind are swarming.

Upon my ear,
A deep-toned knell is falling.
I wake, and hear
The bell to chapel calling.
I rise and dress,
For haste its sounds betoken.
My shoes, I—bless,
For now the string has broken.
I'm late. A cut
Is added to my sorrow.
The chapel's shut!
I'll rise at six to-morrow.

—Dartmouth Lit.

A MATTER OF TASTE.

"What part of speech is kiss," she sighed.
Said he, without the least compunction,
"Some say it is a noun, but I"
(He kissed), "I say it is a conjunction."

—Blue and White.

THE FIRST TOWN MEETING.

Men cannot reach the Northern Pole,
Though hard indeed they try.
The question now before us is
To find the reason why.

Now science tells us that men once
Dwelt in the Arctic space;
And summer lasted all the year.
Ere Nature fell from grace.

But soon the snowstorms filled the land:
They hated shovelling snow.
And meeting at the Northern Pole
They voted South to go.

And when the votes had all come in,
It's naturally supposed
A Yankee motion passed; it was,
"I move the Poles be closed."

—Brunonian.

FULL STUDENTS.

There's one place in a college course
Where sports may strike a snag,
'Tis when they—they think full students are
Just specials on a jag.

—Red and Blue.

ON THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

According to the wise man's view,
Each one must paddle his own canoe.
But he is surely dull,
Who spends his life in paddling thus,
For good success with most of us
Depends upon our "scull."

—Brunonian.