REV. SAMUEL BONES.

The Rev. Sam Bones was a good missionary
Sent to reform the benighted Feejee,
To teach and to preach, and to show by example
How saintly a savage a Feejee might be.
He said it was sinful to serve an acquaintance
As a stew or ragout at an afternoon tea;
He taught them that even a pleasant expression
Was not enough dress for a modest Feejee.
But alack and alas! these degenerate heathen
Somehow didn't reform or convert worth a cent,
And they vulgarly vowed in their coarse Feejee language
That they'd eat Reverend Bones even if it was Lent.
But when they had cooked him one morning for breakfast
Then they mourned him, and called him the tenderest
Of men,
And they wept bitter tears after he had been eaten,
And wished him alive—to eat over again.
And the Tum Tum Quartette, with intuitive feeling,
And a fine sense of what would have pleased the remains,
Sang a requiem which he in person had taught them
To expressively sing, with considerable pains.
They chanted with joy, and that sense of elation
Which comes from done duty and freedom from sin,
The words of that touching, appropriate anthem,
"Oh, he was a stranger, and we took him in."
—Harvard Lampoon.

THE DIVA.

Gone are her bird notes, thin she sings and flat,
Enough to craze Concone or Scarlatti.
Where once she made our hearts go pit-a-pat,
To-day, alas, they only pity Patti.
—Harvard Lampoon.

THE BASIS OF KNOWLEDGE.

In olden time, so I have heard,
A student came to ask a word
Of Doctor Faust, with due submission;
To ask this sage, with all good grace,
"In what consists deep learning's base?"
Said Doctor Faust, "Why, intuition."
In modern times at this we scoff.
A student comes and asks a Prof.:
"Professor, hearken to my mission;
I've come to ask, with all good grace,
"In what consists deep learning's base?"
Then speaks the Prof., "Why, in tuition."
—Cornell Era.

THE BELLES.

See the pretty, graceful belles,—
Charming belles!
What a world of misery their witchery dispels!
How they smile, and pout, and chatter
All the merry hours of night,
While their graces you will flatter,
And to winds your prudence scatter,
As you bask in glances bright,
Keeping time, time, time,
To the swaying waltz, whose rhyme,
With its whirl intoxicates you, while your heart within
you swells,
And your soul in rapture soaring in the seventh
heaven dwells,
Till your head is turned completely by the captivating
spells of the belles, the charming belles,
The winsome belles.
—University Cynic.

DISCARDED.

She liked me well when first we met,
I'm sure she showed it plainly;
She drew me on with smiling grace,
Though I resisted vainly.
I've boldly pressed her slender waist,
Quite fearless of correction;
From every storm by which assailed
She's found in me protection.
And I became her abject slave,
Her inmost thoughts divining;
I went with her to church, to ride,
And calling, shopping, dining.
But now I'm laid upon the shelf,
Like some quite worthless packet;
She never wastes a thought on me,—
Her old last winter's jacket.
—Yellow and Blue.

A SPRING-TIME IDYLL.

Across the road, a figure trim,
Whose glancing eyes beneath the brim
Of her new Easter hat, invite—
Or seem to, with their roguish light,—
To join her in the twilight dim.
His heart beats with a sudden vim
As she throws back a glance at him;
Her eyes exert a subtle might
Across the road.
O mocking fates! For fortune grim
Denies this joy with cruel whim.
His face grows paler at the sight;
He's somewhat in Leander's plight;
To talk with her he'll have to swim
Across the road.
—Williams Weekly.