A COMPARISON.

A statesman-in-embryo fixes his eye
On a point that is not over lofty and high;
One motive there is that inspires him with vim,
To "get on" is the motto that influences him.

When older and wiser he'll climb a round higher
To Congressman, Senator, and what not aspire,
For now he's "got on," to get honor he strives,
The second great step in political lives.

The time comes at last when, for sake of his health,
He leaves the arena which brought him his wealth.
"Get on" and get honor, his mottoes have been,
He'll spend his last days to get honest, I ween.

--- Trinity 'tablet.

TARIFF FOR REVENUE.

You ask me why to Dora
I send so many rhymes,
Instead of Rose and Nora,
As in the olden times.

I fear I am a sinner,
I ask if you agree,
Sweet Dora gives me dinner,
The others only tea.

--- Harvard Lampoon.

LONGING.

In the mid-silence of the night
I dreamed of thy sweet charms and woke.
I stretched out longing arms, and broke
The stillness, with lament for plight
So hard, for thou had'st fled!

Ah! never had'st thou seemed so dear,
So loved by me thy soft, warm charms,
As when in cold, void space my arms
Groped shivering, nor felt thee near,
Warm quilt that decks my bed!

--- Red and Blue.

THE UTILITY OF POETRY.

I write to Ruth a sonnet sweet,
A poet I, would you believe it?
And then I haste with eager feet
To see if gladly she'll receive it.

Lo! on her lips my word she lays,
Now to her breast she clasps them! Graces,
Receive mine homage all the days,
My lines are fallen in pleasant places.

--- Brunonian.

A DRAWING.

We were seated round about him,
As he drew!
Watched his features close and pondered
Long and deeply, deeply wondered
What he drew.

But when to our eyes his drawing
Was display'd,
Great disgust filled all our faces,
For he'd drawn four beauteous aces,—
So we paid.

--- Columbia Spectator.

SPACE.

The teacher asked, "And what is space?"
The trembling student said,
"I cannot think at present,
But I have it in my head."

--- Collegium Forense.

EVOLUTION.

On Sunday morn he wore a simple knot,
Because his shirt had neither crease nor spot;
On Monday morn he donned a four-in-hand,
For reasons you will shortly understand;
On Wednesday morn he wore a monstrous puff,
For reasons we may fancy good enough;
Thereafter in a sweater he was clad,
For he had just one shirt per week—how sad!

--- Williams Weekly.

HER ONLY FAULT.

(From the German.)

I know of a maiden,
A lovable child,
So joyous, so cheerful,
No wind is more wild.

Her eyes are so light blue,
Her cheeks are so round,
Her brow is snow-white, and
With blonde hair is crowned.

And she, such a noble
Young spirit assumes,
In her there's a flower
Of virtue that blooms.

And yet this fair maiden,
This angel divine,
A terrible fault has,—
She will not be mine.

--- Brunonian.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.

He cannot draw for want of "eye;"
He cannot sing for want of "ear;"
He can't play ball for want of "head;"
Nor bluff for want of "cheek"—how queer!

--- Williams Weekly.