AUTUMN SUMACS.

I came upon a hillside
Upon my journey's track;
A myriad ruddy banners flew
From off the gay sumac
Like warriors gathered for the fight
They stood in brave array,
Contesting every inch of ground—
Like knights of olden day.
I thought I heard the trumpet blow
To call the troops in line;
I saw a hundred sabres flash
And glittering lances shine.
The red-coat soldiers hear the call
And dash to meet the foe—
I hope they'll win the tournament
Ere Autumn lays them low!
—Brunonian.

THE SAME THEN AS NOW.

Said Adam to Eve, "My dear, will you view
With me, the strange animals kept in our 'Zoo'?"
Eve sobbingly answered, while combing her hair,
"Alas! my dear Adam, I've nothing to wear."
—Blue and White.

LOIN DU BAL.

Dat waltz, de las' we dance', honey,
Does yo' remembah still?
I must 'a' been entrance', honey,
An' never tho't of ill,
De las' befo' we left, honey,
I hears dat music yet,
And wif its strains I feel honey,
Er sad an' fond regret.
Er sad an' fond regret, honey,
'Fo' why doan' such bliss las'?
Yo' bet I'll not forgit, honey,
Tho' now it's all long pas'.
I'll not forgit dat strain honey,
It make mah back so sore,
An' not forgit de pain, honey,
Wif which we hit de flo'.
—Tale Record.

AFTERWARD.

'Tis ended! the flare of the torches
Gives way to the light of the moon,
And the gay political button
Is sewed on the gray pantaloons.
—Bowdoin Orient

FROM EXPERIENCE.

Where is the man who has not said
At evening when he went to bed,
"I'll waken with the crowing cock
And get to work by five o'clock."
Where is the man who rather late
Crawls out of bed not more than eight,
That has not thought with fond regard
"Tis better not to work to hard."
—The Bema.

LETTERS.

"Lovingly yours," she used to write,
That was after our summer's fun:
Mark what the rocks and waves had done.
"Lovingly yours," she used to write,
When college begun.
"Ever sincerely"—Ah! a change,
Thus she forgets the lesson she taught;
Somebody else is paying court.
"Ever sincerely"—what a change!
She scarcely ought.
"Cordially"—this very terse,
Such nonchalance will never do;
That summer's faded from her view.
"Cordially"—frigid—very terse.
I wonder—who?
"Yours," ah, well, I expected that,
That was after his winter's fun;
Mark what parties and hops had done.
"Yours in haste," I expected that
Ere college was done.
—Harvard Advocate.

TO A TROUBADOUR OF PROVENCE.

Those wondrous rhymes, that in thy rich wrought lays
Make our dim eyes with vacant wonder gaze,
To thee were but a careless garland wild,
Chance-gathered from those teeming meadows mild
Amid whose verdure Aphrodite strays.
They sparkle, like the noon sun's brightest rays
That set the dancing waters all ablaze.
They bound and leap for joy as doth it child,
Those wondrous rhymes.
O master of Love's verse! teach us the ways
Thy spirit knew, to win some scanty praise
With song like thine, by sadness undefiled,
Full oft with thy old tales are we beguiled
That bring us back the dreams of Love's first days
In wondrous rhymes.
—Brunonian.

The Poet.

Within a corner of the busy street,
Amid the city's feverish rush and glare.
I found a wild flower blossoming as sweet
As though it were nurtured free on Nature's air.

H. A. R.