THE 3TECH
The man who knows it all
And keeps it, we adore;
But he who knows it all
And tells it is a bore.
—Lockport Journal.

Let not his death your vision dim
With sympathetic tear;
His fate's twin scales are balanced trim
To justice. For it's clear,
Since beers have often loaded him,
He ought to load a bier!
—The Syracusan.

Two dollars in—there are clouds, you know,
Hence, vain repining!
"So to the theatre she wont go!
With a silver lining.
—Trinity Tablet.

SEA SHELLS.
Hold your ear close to this shell;
Wait while I coax the sea note
Out of my deep organ's throat,
Hold your ear close, listen well.
Nay, I've a note to my hand;
If I but sound it—Farewell,
Sea music's gone from your shell!
Now for the thirsty white land;
All this note means is sand.
Hear the cool sea music swell.
Hold your ear close to this heart;
Wait while I find the love chord
On the world's wide organ board.
There! your eyes tell me in part
How the good harmonies start.
Hold your ear closer awhile;
One more note—dare you await
This bitter treble of hate?
God has some shells in the pile!
That's plain enough for your smile.
—Harvard Monthly.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,
As they stood on the ball-room floor.
He looked around the room to see—
And she speaks to him no more.
—The Oracle.

My love is like a lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She bears herself so daintily,
With such a queenly air.

But I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
And neither does she spin.
—Oberlin Review.

BEFORE THE STORM.
On eastern hills the warm light falls,
On belfry heights and ivied walls,
Across the lake long shadows creep,
The weary roses nod in sleep,
Night enters now the world's wide halls.
Through gathering gloom the plover calls,
And silent forest sentinels,
Their solitary watches keep
On eastern hills.
The woodman as he homeward crawls,
Knows that the lull which now enthalls
Valley and height in slumber deep,
Foretells the tempest soon to sweep
In wild, tumultous madrigals,
On eastern hills.
—Columbia Spectator.

SKATING SONG.
The stars shine bright thro' the frosty night,
And the lake is smooth and glistening,
The moon hangs low o'er hills of snow,
With shout and song the skaters go,
While the silent pines are listening.
The dark shores glide on either side;
Their form in the dimness dying;
How fleet, how fleet, our hurrying feet
Their ringing music sharply beat,
In the path of the North wind flying.
No care I know can hasten so;
We are far too fleet for sorrow;
Our hearts are light, and our joyous flight
Leaves all that is cheerless far from sight,
The past, and the fear for to-morrow.
Then once more turn, the smooth lake spurn
Beneath our feet, and glowing,
A something real of joy we feel,
While the ice resounds to the striking steel,
And the winter wind is blowing.
—Nassau Lit.

QUATRAIN.
Those indolent persons who carefully try,
All mental exertions to shun,
Apply but the rule as they lazily live,
That "half a loat's better than none!"
—Williams Weekly.