"Tempus fugit," said the Romans;
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge."

—Yale Record.

COUNTRY AND TOWN.
Summer's reign is nearly past
Over farm and hill,
Work is finished now at last,
All the world is still.
Dolly, with her pretty hands,
Lays the meal again,
Then beside the doorway stands,
Waiting for the men.
'Mid the tumult of the town
Summer fades and dies;
Twilight gives to earth a crown,
Evening gems the skies.
In her parlor after tea,
Just from eight to ten,
Sitteth lonely Dorothy,
Waiting for the men.

—Red and Blue.

LOVE AND FOOTBALL.
A man and a Vassar maiden,
With wind and waves atune,
Talked low of love and football,
'Neath a mellow Newport moon.
The Vassar maid had hinted
That Vassar girls might play
At Rugby, 'gainst his college,—
And beat them too,—some day.
"If you should play," he whispered,
"Your college against mine,
I'd like to play left tackle
On the opposing line."
Then drooped her head, the maiden,
With blushes red as flame,
And said, "Since this may be so,
Let's have—a practice game."

—Intender.

THE WEATHER.
We grumble and we growl at it,
Exclaiming in dismay;
We twist a young moustache in rage,—
"Was ever such a day?"
We use bad language? Well, perhaps,
Or else we say, "Alack!
What man can train for championship
On such a muddy track?"
But what a blessing when we meet
That oft-encountered maid
Who absolutely will not talk,
No matter what you've said;
For even she bestirs herself,
Awakening from her dream,
And even waxes eloquent
Upon the threadbare theme.
I wonder really, you know,
I wonder, really, whether
We fellows could get on at all
Without the "blooming weather."

—The Occident.

A WINTER SERENADE.
While the moon climbs up the slope,
And the hours downward creep;
When the stars shine cold like gleams of light,
Sleep, my beloved, sleep.
When the waves' long throbs are hushed,
And the lonely night winds sigh;
When the trees uptoss their ghostly arms
Into the quiet sky;
When the leaves like phantoms flit,
And in whirling circles meet;
While night rules all, and the world is still,
Thy sleep, my love, be sweet.

—Vassar Miscellany.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.
Those violets blue
With their faces so bright,
Sent kindly by you,
Those violets blue,—
Such an exquisite sight,
Filled my heart with delight,
Those violets blue
With their faces so bright.
The memories they bring,
Of the days that are past,
To my being still cling.
The memories they bring,
Time never shall blast;
But they ever shall last.
The memories they bring,
Of the days that are past.

—E. S. M., '96.