INTEMPERATE.
The balloon went up, and then it fell,
At least the story is such;
The aeronaut cried, as he struck the ground,
"I've taken a drop too much." — Branonian.

Ten days he drifted on the sea,
Alone, in an open boat;
His food, some nails, a pair of shoes,
And linings from his coat.
Then prayerfully he knelt him down,
Thanked God with upturned face,
That to such fare he had been trained
At his college boarding place. — Wrinkle.

"Who eats the bread of idleness
Will surely get his deserts;"
The father to his graceless son
With serious mien asserts;
And I, who am that personage,
My brain do rack to see
What other things besides loaf-cake
May be in store for me. — Lehigh Burr.

I walked one day with Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town,
I in me long Prince Albert,
She in a new Worth gown.
I talked that day with Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town,
Of things intenth and thoughtful,
Begged her me love to crown.
I pawted that day from Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town;
She'd be a brothah to me, she said,
But wouldn't be Mitheth Brown.
— Wesleyan Literary Monthly.

A WISH.
If aught my wishes could avail,
Your life would be a bed of roses.
But then, they never can prevail,
For man suggests and heaven disposes.
One wish, however, I will make,
In hopes that heaven denies it not,
The bed of roses for your sake,
Hope and pray may not be hot.
— Lehigh Burr.

YOU AND I.
In the pleasant summer weather,
Underneath the azure sky,
Merrily we go together,
You and I.

When the autumn day is dying,
And the stars peep through the sky;
When the zephyrs soft are sighing,
Side by side are
You and I.

In the winter, cold and dreary,
Even then how time doth fly;
We are never dull or weary,
You and I.

In the springtime, ever joyful,
As the bees go humming by,
Where the birds are gay and songful,
There we ramble,
You and I. — Yale Courant.

AN UNFORTUNATE PHRASE.
He sent her twelve Jaque-Minot roses,
All fragrant, and blooming, and fair,
That nestled so sweetly and shyly
'Neath smilax and maidenhair.

She sent him a letter to thank him,
On paper just tinted with blue;
"The flowers are still very fresh, John;
When I see them I think of you."

She posted her letter that morning;
He got it that evening at ten.
She can't understand what has changed him,
For he called on her never again.
— Columbia Spectator.

UNFAIR.
I asked her to make me a pillow;
She answered quite sweetly she would.
I thought me a fortunate fellow;
She was fair; there was reason I should.

Many long months have passed. I have waited.
Now I know what a great dupe I am,
For I'm sure that the pillow belated
More nearly resembles a sham.

Moral.
Because a sweet face you entrances,
Don't put all your confidence there,
For twenty to one are the chances
That the fair one will prove most unfair.
— Yale Record.