THEN WHERE SHALL WE GO?
A student once rapped at the pearly gates,
But he rushed away with a fear-o!
When he saw as soon as St. Peter came out
That a halo looks just like a o.
—Lehigh Burr

The Senior is the climax
Of earthly good, 'tis true.
If you can cap the climax,
Why not gown him, too?
—The Hustler.

A COLLEGE-BRED MAN.
She said she went with a college-bred man,—
I had half a mind to forsake her;
When she was so wealthy, so witty, and wise,
To only go with a baker! —The Lafayette.

ON THE SANDS.
Upon the seaside sands I wrote,
In thoughtless fantasy,
A name, a name,
A gentle name
Of one right fair to see.
Seasons later there I strayed,
Adown the self-same shore
And sands,
Those softly velvet sands,
Where I had strolled before.

Gone was that name from silvered beach,
Wooded by the curling tides,
Away, away,
As far away
As day the sunset hides.
But gently clasped a hand in mine,
And a voice so sweetly low
Rippled, rippled,
As wavelets rippled
On pearly shells below.

And on my heart,—ah, Cupid, boy!
Was writ, fore'er to stay,
A name, a name,
That gentle name,
Ne'er to be wooed away.
—Yale Courant.

O TEMPORA!
Under corrupt politics
Justice lowly bends;
Surely this will not endure;
Time will make amends,
And in all her beauty stern
Will at length reveal her.
But, alas, unlucky thought!
Time itself's a healer. —Brunnonian.

WAS I RIGHT?
'Twas a lovely moonlight evening,
As on the porch we sat,
And I asked what for her birthday
I should give my darling pet.
She looked up smiling in my eyes,
Her cheeks grew red and hot,
"Why, Charley, you forget—youself;"
I offered on the spot.
—Brunonian.

TWILIGHT.
Faint and far in the distant west,
Fades the light of a finished day;
Wandering winds have sunk to rest,
Birds to the branches wing their way.
Roses, close, lest your petals fall;
Maidens, slumber with dewy eyes;
Droop your heads, white lilies tall,
Like vesper bells of Paradise.

Gently the darkness steals from far,
Over the hills like a soft caress;
Luminous trembles the evening star,
Shedding its silver beams that bless.
Light, and laughter, and labor cease,
Butterflies nestle among the flowers,
Breathing perfumes like dreams of peace,
In this tenderest of Time's hours.
—Polytechnic.

THE YELLOW LEAF.
If the heart were old
That is young to-night,
If the brow were white,
And the lips were cold,
If the tale were told
That is new to-night,
And the song packed tight
In the churchyard mould;
Would the thought be bold
That is free to-night?
Would the wrong be right,
And the faith unsold?
Would the links of gold
That are strong to-night
Be sure or slight,
If the heart were old?
—Southern Collegian.