Provided a man is a dr.,
This man, it is said, can't do br.,
Than leave town and stay,
In case he can't pay,
And communicate only by lr.

—Yale Record.

They roasted him at college,
This "pious" student man;
When sent to teach the cannibals,
They followed the same plan.

—Wrinkle.

Man wants but little at college,
Nor is he hard to please;
He only begs a little knowledge,
And will take that by degrees.

—Ex.

REALLY A GOOD STUDENT.
The football man as a student
Doth cause his professors much woe,
For outside of football learning,
They deem him woefully slow.
But when to his studies he turneth,
After the season is o'er,
He should have the best of his fellows,
For he knows how to tackle lore.

—Brunonian.

THE SPHINX.
One, gazing on those silent lips of stone,
Through wavering years of doubt and hope, despair,
Darkened a life with shadows vague, unknown,
And stilled the deeds that promised rich and fair.
Another, in whose heart hatred and pride
Had made of life a plaything, would not see
A secret, but in bitterness denied
The monster's untongued question scornfully.
One, whom men named a fool, with drowsy eyes,
Seeing yet heeding not the mystery, went
Upon his careless way, wisely unwise,
Free in his bondage, undisturbed, content!

—Yale Lit. Mag.

PROPOSAL A LA MODE.
He does not kneel there at her feet,
And for her love implore;
He would not spoil his trousers' crease
By stooping to the floor.

No words of love, no vows of faith
He whispers in her ear;
But, twirling his mustache, he asks,
"Can you support me, dear?"

—Yale Record.

OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.
The varying seasons come and go; times change,
And worlds and ages ever onward roll.
Lights dim and clear above horizon's range
Appear, and gleam to light us toward the goal.

Some lights tower high with cheerful gleam to guide,
Like lighthouse fixed upon some beetling shore;
While some with steady, certain flame abide
In humbler walks, to cast their gleams before.

At times we near us see a lesser light
A-shining bravely, and with promise fair;
In sudden darkness dims our wav'ring sight,
And, when we look again, the light's not there.
'Tis ever thus; the loss is to our sphere;
The higher, better, brighter gains the soul:
We hail the change, yet, wildered, feel no cheer,—
And still the ages ever onward roll.

—Tuftonian.

The Land of the Calculus.
O come with me to the Calculus,
A land that is close at hand;
Where the strangest sort of creatures
Disport on the dreary strand.
The Lemniscate and the Lemnia
Hold sweet communion there;
And a rationalized Equation
Is forever in the chair.

An osculating Circle
Whirls round a Cardioid,
While a dusty Cusp endeavors
To evaluate a void.
The Derivative is dancing
In the wildest sort of curve,
And the Transcendental Function
Is showing off his nerve.
You take the right-hand crossing,
Where H approaches V,
And you journey toward the limit;
I believe that is a C.