The ballet,—'tis no solemn show,
And yet it oft appears
That bald heads in a shining row
Suffuse the front in tiers.

—Yale Record.

A WRITTEN LESSON.
I was happy that day,
For I knew what to say,
And I knew how to tell it;
But I found with dismay,
As is always the way
When I know what to say
And know how to tell it,
That I know what to say
But I never can spell it.

—Vassar Miscellany.

A true friend have I, a strong one indeed;
He is always at hand whenever there's need;
Each day he is drawn by me more and more,
But his presence the chambermaid seems to abhor.

A comfort in trouble he is without doubt,
The impress of his friendship is always about;
But since day by day he grows stronger and stronger,
Our acquaintance can hardly continue much longer.

Indeed, this may seem strange that a friend old and true
Should be set aside for one that is new.
The proverb proves false concerning friends of this type,
So this one I'll drop and get a new pipe.

—Lafayette.

SONG.
Ask not the hour, for what care we
How Time speeds on his way?
The golden moments pleasures are
Throughout the livelong day.
Then fill up the cup, for what care we
How Time speeds on his way?
The fairy hours flitting by
No wand but Pleasure's obey.
While the sun shines bright and the winds blow sweet,
And the heart is young and free,
We will have no care but to dance and sing
Under the chestnut tree.
Then fill up the cup, for what care we
How Time speeds on his way?
From sun to sun till the day be done
We will live under pleasure's sway.

—Brunonian.

THE RHYME OF A HAND.
I'm sitting alone to-night by the fire,
Alone with my old pipe, and,
As I send the graceful blue rings higher,
I dream of a dainty hand,
Of a little hand I held last night,
The fairest in all the land.

My heart leaps high with the flickering flame
As I live that moment o'er;
And my pipe's odoriferous smoke's the same
As an incense burnt before
The shrine of that hand I held last night.

But my heart sinks low as the fitful blaze,
For where's the joy that can last?
My pipe is out, and as cold as the ways
In which my life has been cast.
Ah, dear little hand that I held last night,
Could I but recall the past!

The future may hold many joys in store,
May honor, & en glory bring;
But can it o'er give what I value more
Than the little hand I sing?

'Twas four aces and a king.

—Lafayette.