A little iron,
A cunning curl,
A box of powder,
A pretty girl.
A little rain,
Away it goes;
A homely girl
With a freckled nose.  —Ex.

TO SCIENCE.

O thou preceptress of the human mind,
Unfailing guide to knowledge and to truth,
To all thy votaries of age and youth
Dispensing wisdom of the rarest kind!
Our greatest love! In thee we ever find
Sweet inspiration and the power to bless;
From ev’ry sordid thought of earth resigned,
In thee alone is found our happiness,
For thou dost all our heart and mind possess.
To thee, sweet science, and thy sister Art,
Is given the love of all our soul and heart,
A deep, unselfish love, and fierce its flame,
Though pure the joys its kindling hopes impart;
To thee we dedicate our life, our name,
In hope to reap reward in everlasting fame.
—Red and Blue.

MEDLEY.

I remember in my dreaming
The place where I was born,
The mouth of the old river,
The ears upon the corn;
The eyes of the potatoes,
The limbs of all the trees,
The foot of a big mountain,
The veins within the leaves;
The fingers of the whiskey,
The brow upon the hill,
The necks of all the bottles,
The woodpecker with the bill;
The weeping of the willow,
The whisper of the pine,
The laughing of the brooklet,
The blushing of the wine.
—Yale Record.

MY GERMAN.

What is it gives me daily blues,
And gives my language lurid hues,
And bids me to invoke the muse?
My German.

What is the cause of all my woes?
What robs my night of sweet repose,
And will condition me, I s’pose?
My German.

What makes me long for fairer climes,
And summer skies, and better times,
When like a fate the old bell chimes?
My German.

What is it I wish far away,
Wish to have go, and go to stay?
Perhaps 'tis wrong, but—"shall we say?"
My German.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

Now don’t fall in love with the first girl you meet;
Think it over.
I’ve no doubt that to you she is awfully sweet;
Think it over.
I’ve been there myself, and know just how you feel;
She appears like a dream, but she’s horribly real;
If you do not look out you will lose in the deal;
Think it over.
—Wrinkle.

FASHION’S FOLLY.

I knew a maiden fair and sweet,
Whom I had loved for years;
At last one day I told her this,
Although with many fears.
At first she did not say a word,
Then, in a pleasant way,
She looked out to the west, and said,
"It is a pleasant day."
She had not heard a single word,
She’s told me since with tears;
She wore her hair, as some girls will,
Down over both her ears.
—Vassar Miscellany.

NO MONOPOLY.

We leaned across the friendly stile,
The gentle moonbeams lit her face;
The sweet influence of her smile
Annihilated time and space.
Quoth I: "The breezes kiss your cheek;
O happy, happy breezes they!"
Sighed she, this maiden so petite,
"Who gave them a monopoly?"
—Bowdoin Orient.