A QUERY.
He asked a miss what was a kiss,
Grammatically defined.
"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined."
—Yale Record.

THEY DIFFERED.
"Oh, would I were a bird!" she sang;
And each disgusted one
Thought to himself the wicked thought,
"Oh, would I were a gun!"
—University Chron.

HER LIGHT GUITAR.
Her light guitar she sweetly plays,
With the sweetest, witching little ways
Of smiling at me as I lie
Admiring her, and vainly try
To still the heart her beauty aways.
Her graceful form the fire's red rays
Encircle with a maddening maze
Of mellow light, and richly dye
Her light guitar.
I would I knew of lover's lays
To sing her now, while glad she stays
Her song to make me sweet reply;
I rave, since riches, love, and I
Uncared for are, when'er she plays
Her light guitar.
—Amherst Lit.

THE THEOLOG. TO HIS CO-ED LOVE.
Thou'rt dearer far to me than gold,
O maid upon my breast reclining!
The sweet love-light I now behold
Behind your gold-rimmed glasses shining.
My love for you burns like the sun;
Indeed, 'tis brighter, stronger, steadier;
My Worcester, Webster all in one,—
My unabridged encyclopedia.
—Yale Record.

THE POET'S SONG.
Many a song wrote the poet;
Over the earth they went.
Toiled he early and toiled he late
Till life was spent.
Dying, he lay at sunset
Under the glorious light,
And a gleam from the inmost heaven
Shone on him bright.
Ended for him the earth-songs,
The last one incomplete;
Death stopped the singer, and straightway Life
Lay at his feet.
Out through the sunset portal,
Into the deathless day,
The soul of the poet passed that night
Swift on its way.
And the song he left unfinished?
He learned in another sphere
The grander chords of the larger life
He knew not here.
He finished the song in heaven;
Its echoes fell to earth.
In the soul of a poet he could not know
New songs had birth.
—Wellesley Magazine.

We clip the following significant verses from the University Chronicle:

THE EDITOR.
The editor sat in his sanctum,
Letting his lessons rip;
Racking his brain for an item,
And stealing all he could clip.
The editor sat in his class room
As if getting over a drunk;
His phiz was clouded with awful gloom,
For he made a total flunk.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.
O chuck your ideas into our Gopher box,
On one side of the page or on two!
We'll copy them all out so neat and plain,
For we've nothing else to do.