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

—hect. reflector.

OMNIA TEMPUS MUTAT.
Since the days of our fathers a change has occurred
In the ways of the belles and their beaux;
They used to kiss "under the mistletoe;"
But now they kiss "under the rose."

—Lampoon.

LOVE.
Love is but a ray of light
That falls upon the soul;
A vision veiled within the night;
We see a part, but feel the whole.

—Red and Blue.

CIRCE.
Upon a marble balustrade,
Beside a clustering vine,
With hair unbound, and clasping hands,
Sings Circe to the swine,—
The fairy swine, no barnyard beasts,
But men in durance vile;
Odysseus' sailors rue the day
They touched at Circe's isle.
But when the goddess sits and sings,
Forgiven is the wrong;
Forgetting leader, home, and friends,
They listen to her song.
The picture hangs above your chair;
Some likeness teases me,
And once in hasty mood I said,
"You're just as fair as she."
Pardon the thought. Enchantress, too,
But O, how much more fine!
To make men brutes was Circe's art,
But you make men divine.

—Cornell Era.

He sent her candy, flowers, fruit;
'Twas plain he was much smitten.
Her father gave to him the boot,
She furnished him the mitten.

—Yale Record.

PHANTASY.
Her beaming eyes of deepest blue
Enthralled all who to Yale were true;
Her crimson lips, too, conquests made;
Fair Harvard's sons their homage paid,
And many a gallant came to woo
Petite Elaine.
I begged a kiss a while ago.
The crimson lips, 'tis true, said "No!"
But in her eyes turned up to me
I read the answer differently;
The crimson never had a show,
Yale won again.

—Yale Record.

She had asked me
Would I help her
With her Latin.
'Twas so hard!
Would I help her
Conjugate that
Mean, irregular
Old word,
Disco? She Just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while!
Pretty lips so
Near, so tempting,
Tended strongly
To beguile;
Thought I'd teach her
By example.
Didicussem?
I should smile!

—The University Herald.

THE ISLE OF THE SIRENS.
The waves that ripple on the peaceful shore
Laugh in the gay delight of wanton hate;
With watchful malice, patiently they wait
To catch the distant sound of splashing oar.
And then the laugh becomes an angry roar,
The Sirens' heavenly song, the call of fate.
The waters gape, revealing hell's dark gate,
That opens, closes, opens nevermore.
But ah! the rapture of that wondrous song
Is sweeter far than all the joy of light,
Is bliss more deep than all the pain of death.
Who hath not heard it, live he ne'er so long,
His life is short; his death is calm and bright
Who sinks to sleep lulled by the Sirens' breath.

—Dartmouth Lit.