Football hath of half backs
And full backs not a few,
And what with bruised and mangled forms,
It hath its drawbacks, too.

—Ex.

HER FOUL-WEATHER FRIEND.

He came to see her stormy nights,
When he had nowhere else to go;
She liked to see him at such times,
And so she called him her rain beau.

—Siobud.

HIS MARKS.

"What mean these marks, my son?" he wrote;
The son's reply below I quote.
"A's average, and B is bad,—
Of these, you know, not one I had.
But E,—that's excellent,—I'd two,—
As well as you could wish I'd do.
The C means work done carefully,—
While D,—well, dangerously near to E."

—The Unit.

AT BOARDING SCHOOL.

A dozen maidens, more or less,
At ten o'clock to bed were sent;
But they would not remain there long.
Alas! on mischief they were bent.
Tiptoeing softly from their rooms,
They met together in the hall,
But what to do they could not tell,
So set to thinking one and all.

"CAUTION."

"One kiss, Kate, dear! What do you fear?
There's no one but your brother near;
And he is such a little thing—
What harm can such an infant bring?"

"My brother's small, nor old is he,
But, having eyes, he'll surely see;
And having seen, I've learned full well
It is the little things that tell."

—Yale Record.

RECOLLECTIONS.

As I sit beside my table
Recollections come and go,
While I gaze upon the picture
Of a girl I used to know.
My heart seems almost breaking.
Do you ask me what she did?
When I said, "May I go with you?"
She replied, "I've got a bid!"
—The Unit.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Came the West Wind, careless rover,
Came and lightly kissed the rose.
No one knows,
No one knows the whole world over.
Why she turned her head away;
Turned, his coming would not greet,
When the West Wind kissed her sweet.
Then the West Wind, reckless lover,
Lightly, lightly shook the rose.
No one knows
How, dismayed, he sighed above her,
For her petals, one by one,
Fell, down-dropping strewn they lay;
Then the West Wind stole away.

—Wellesley Magazine.

LONGINGS.

"Tis strange
When Duty's voice sounds clear,
We idle lie;
When opportunities appear
We pass them by.

"Tis strange
What most we long to do
Is left undone;
We wait our timely moments through
Till they are gone

"Tis strange
When noble thoughts inspire,
Our hearts misgive;
We find the lives we most admire
So hard to live.

"Tis strange
We hope to gain the prize
Without the cost,
And thus the gift that in us lies
Is often lost.

O for a willing, tireless heart,
Content to play the humble part.
Content to toil to gain the prize,
Content to make the sacrifice
To reach at last its grand ideal
And make its dear ambition real!

—Brown Magazine.