'Tis said that those who on this earth
Themselves all fun deny,
In heaven will have a pair of wings
And be exceeding fly.
—Ex.

THE DENTIST.
The dentist bores me terribly,
He's nery in his dealings;
Because he feels down in the mouth,
He's apt to hurt one's feelings.
—Trinity Tablet.

ALIKE.
The preacher's a saint and the gambler's a sinner,
Yet both are alike at the heart's inner core;
When either you find quite content, be certain
He held a full house but the evening before.
—Branonian.

DESPAIR!
Say, pensive freshman, wherefore Discontent
Spreads her black pinions o'er thy clouded soul?
Why on the ground are all thy glances bent?
Why doth stern grief thy mournful breast control?
Say, is it fell oppression's horny hand
That hath thy merry laugh untimely stopped?
Or must thou flee, for crimes, thy native land?
"No, sir, confound it! I've been dropped!"
—Red and Blue.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
His role was to propose; hers to accept;
And so the two rehearsed from day to day;
But scarce an hour ago, he knew full well
It was no more a play.
The audience had cheered with loud applause
The skill wherewith he seemed to act his part,
Nor did they, in their ardor, dream that he
Laid bare his inmost heart.
In agony of doubt, he longs to know
Yet fears to learn the truth. Her lips said, "Yes,"
Was Art the prompter, or did Cupid speak,
And urge her to confess?
—Wesleyan Lit.

ON ACTING.
When men are scoffing at that wondrous art
That with the body mimics our heart,
And call it artless, since 'tis of a day;
Then should I like to pinch them off a rose,
Whose power in its very dying grows,
To let their shame blush childish scorn away.
—Harvard Advocate.

"FISH ON FRIDAY."
The landlady's daughter was singing a song,
In a voice that was sweet as could be;
And the burden thereof was a statement old,
"There are lots of good fish in the sea."
The freshman up stairs of his dinner thought
When he heard of "good fish," did he;
And he sighed—for the day was Friday, alas!—
To think they were all in the sea.
—Tale Record.

TO MY PIPE.
The wind whistles shrill at the casement,
The storm rages fierce without,
But you are so sweet and so pleasant,
My mind is free from its doubt.
Yes, you are an aid and a comfort
While I sit here in my den,
And—hang it! who's loaded you anyway,
For my mouth is full of Cayenne.
—Ex.

THE MUSICIAN'S WOOING.
It was a music teacher bold
Who loved a fair young maid,
And when to her his love he told
Something like this he said:
"Light of my soul! My life's bright rey,
I love you near or fa!"
The maiden turned her head away,
And gently murmured, "La!"
"Such flighty nonsense doesn't go;
You're not the man for me.
I want the man who has the do,
So you're not in it, si?"
—Ex.

The following appeal is supposed to be made by the letter
h to the English people:
"Whereas, by you I have been driven
From ouse, from one, from ope, and from eaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In hexile, hanguish, and hanxiety,
Nay, charged without one just pretense
With hignorance and himpudence;
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you'll mend your helocution."
—Ex.