CHECKMATE.

Two games I played with lovely Bess,
A game of love and a game of chess.
In chess I was driven to the wall;
In the game of love she gave me all;
And when my men fell all ill-fated,
'Twas not my king alone was mated.

—Yale Record.

A TRIBUTE.

We honor our athletes, our scholars,
Our learned professors, at Yale,
But, Promenade maidens, your coming
Makes the glory of others grow pale.

We honor your loveliness wondrous,
Your bright eyes and beautiful hair,
Your bright faces, now red as the roses,
And now than the lilies more fair.

For your hearts light and merry, we love you,
For your souls pure and free as the air,
For your unconscious grace of your manner,
For your sweetness beyond compare.

For a time—oh, so short!—you are with us,
And then from old Yale you depart,
But you stay, lovely Promenade maidens,
In every true Yale man's heart.

—Yale Record.

SONG.

Friends! let the brimming bowl go round,
On with the merry dance and song;
Let the piper pipe and the harp resound,
For life's not long.

While the oil yet burns in the silver lamp
Let us eat and drink right heartily;
Soon in the cold earth dark and damp
We shall silent lie.

Who knows what lies beyond death's flood?
Whether there be another shore?
Or whether a tavern on its bank
Shall welcome us evermore?

Friends! let the brimming bowl go round,
On with the merry dance and song;
Let the piper pipe and the harp resound,
For life's not long.

—Brannonian.

CHEER.

When the world's awry, when the tide is out,
And the heart is dull the while,
There's naught can dispel the care and doubt
Like a girl's bright, fearless smile.

All the chilling mists of gloom and fear
In a hard life's storm and whirl,
Will vanish before the saucy cheer
Of a sweet-faced, laughing girl.

There's new life in the air of her sunny smile,
Parting lips over lines of pearl;
And contagious hope in the dancing eyes
Of a blithesome, laughing girl.

Not snowflakes white, as they mantle down
Soft and light o'er the scars of earth,
Can as gently cover a vexed heart's frown
As the spell of her cheery mirth.

All the weaker thoughts of a wayward heart
Are folded away like a sail at furl;
Or summoned to play the nobler part
By the smile of a true, sweet girl.

—Brown Magazine.

THE VISION DANCE.

When evening comes with deepening shades that bring respite from toil,
The lads and lasses of the vale flock out in merry file;
Adown the hawthorn lane they trip; their mirth the valley fills,
Till sportive echo wafts it off to wake the Galtee Hills.

For one short hour near that sweet bower
What would I not endure?
My hope is still an eye to fill
With dancing by the Suir.

Across the starry spangled sky slow steals the silvery moon;
The fiddler rasps his resined bow and plays a merry tune;
"The Wind that Shakes the Barley," makes a fit strain for Irish feet,
When by "The Keelrow" followed fast we think the "set" complete.

The girls—the rogues!—in tiny brogues,
An anchorite would lure,
If haply he their charms might see
While dancing by the Suir.

Remembrance brings me many joys, but one I hold divine;
It thrills my throbbing senses like deep draughts of mellow wine.
However dark the present care, one fancy makes it light:
It is the glimpse I catch of home in visions of the night!

They never fail in calm or gale;
Those gleams all bliss secure,
That show to me in memory
Loved dancers by the Suir.

—The Owl.