As they sit upon the sofa,
A familiar tune she trills.
"Draw me nearer," is the whisper;
The enraptured youth fulfills.
—Oberlin Review.

INCONSISTENT.
They used to think the world was flat—
'Tis round we now aver—
But still to corners of the earth
We often times refer.
—Trinity Tablet.

ALWAYS APROPOS.
Said he, "May I speak a word with you?"
Said she, "I'm at your disposal"
Whether or not 'tis apropos."
Said he, "'Tis apropos-al."
—The Lafayette.

THE GERMAN BAND.
It had but one tune and they didn't know that,
Yet the band played on.
When phazed by a sharp they would put in a flat,
And the band played on.
Till I, getting desperate, hurled a brickbat;
The Leader knows where it hit at,
And close in its train came a maltese dead cat,
Still the band played on.
—Yale Record.

AT THE SYMPHONY.
I sit and listen and love it all,
Here by the orchestra.
The violins, how they plead and call,
Taking the voice of her!
The brasses brave have a martial tone,
The cymbals clash in strife;
The grave bassoons half muse, half moan,
Chanting the deeps of life.
The 'cellos brood, and the flutes rise clear
In a cry that soars and sings;
The rippling harps ensnare mine ear
With a vibrant rush of wings.
O sweet with words no lips may dare,
This speech of the orchestra!
And yet, that burst from the wood-wind there,
Was it weal or woe of her?
—Trinity Tablet.

ALAS.
A lass more sweet
You will not meet
In any street,
Alas!
A miss above
All dreams of bliss,
She takes my love
A miss.
—Cornell Era.

JAMIE'S WORD WT' THE SEA.
(A Waitin' for Jennie.)
Ye'll no fret ye mair the noo,
Wull ye, sea?
Like ye've done the winters through,
Roarin' at the sands and me.
Ye were wearyin' yersel' l
Till her bit,
Wee, licht fullstep by ye fell,
Ay, but lookee noo! an' quit!
Ken ye no the way she rins?
Hoo her hair,
Ower-muckle fer the pins,
Blaws aboot her everywhere?
Ye'll no stop yer clattrin' din?
Puir blin' thing!
Ye'll no see her happy rin;
"Jamie!" ye'll no hear her sing.
Hoots! Awa', ye loupin' sea,
Doon yer' sands,
Jinnie's callin' doon tae me!
Jinnie's handin' oot her hands!
—Columbia Lit.

WINTER AND SUMMER.
Beneath the arbor's clamb'ring vine
Pierced by a moonbeam here and there,
I tightly held your hand in mine,
And softly smoothed your rippling hair.
Your head upon my shoulder lay,
You whispered you were mine alway—
'Twas last July.
The summer now, alas, is spent;
Our ways no longer blend,
On books and college I'm intent,
While you to pleasure tend.
But oft I drop philosophy
To pause a bit and think of thee—
And last July.
When winter snows deck hill and dale
In white to rival thy soft arms,
Pray, will my pleadings still avail?
Still may I claim thee and thy charms?
Or wilt thou then my colors furl?
And prove thyself a summer girl—
By Christmas Tide.
—Ex.