A SOLUTION.
She asked me to paint her portrait,
I vowed that it couldn't be done,
That the colors to match her fairy charms
Were not to be found 'neath the sun.

For e'en though I caught her eyes' turquoise
And the tawny-gold gleams of her hair,
Still the petal pink flush of her rounding cheek
Must ever be my despair.

But, alas! for the wreck of illusions,
And the doom to which phantasies float;
Precisely the tint of her cheek's peerless glow
I found the next morn—on my coat.

—The Princeton Tiger.

SAD FATE.
Forest glen,
Lion's den.
Savage tones,
Rags, bones.

—University Chronicle.

"Non paratus," dixit Sophie,
With a meek and sorry look;
"Omne rectus," dixit Profie,
"Nihil" scripsit in his book.

—Beacon.

WHERE FIRELIGHT FALLS.
(Rondeau.)
Where firelight falls from crackling logs aglow,
And shadows ficker on the dusky walls,
And upward through the smoke the sparkles go,
I sit and listen to the wind, that calls
Through barren trees along the woodland halls.
Outside, the world is blind with driving snow
And sharp with frost, but that no whit appails
Me, where I sit and watch the smoke-wreaths slow,
Where firelight falls.

For dreaming in the ruddy luster shed
I think of one sweet twilight yet to come,
When from the rattling boughs the leaves have fled
And all without the frozen world is dumb,
And in my dream I see one little head
Where firelight falls.

—The University Cynic.

When the shadows round us hover
And the daylight fades away,
Then it is the maid and lover
Gladly yield to Cupid's sway,
And they seem to feel elation,
Do these lovers of the dark,
In the faint illumination
Which is furnished by a 'spark.'

—Brunonian.

RONDEAU.
There are more fair on this bright world than thou,
And lovelier eyes shine 'neath some fairer brow;
Fair daintier curls some Venus-shoulders woo,
And whiter pearls gleam 'twixt lips' rosy hue.
Yet art thou mine, forever more, and now.
Life is but transient, yet love shall teach us how,
How long, how sweet was life when death shall bow
His hoary head; and what, though it be true,
There are more fair?
'Tis not the fairest face that can endow
The soul with love more beautiful; thy simple vow,
The holiest, chastest, dearest accents knew,
And slowly, 'gainst the world, it sweetly drew
My doubting heart to thee. I care not, though
There are more fair.

—Cornell Era.

BLANK VERSE.

I.
Ye boyes were noisie during classe,
Ye Profie was a cranke;
He called on neither to recite,
But gave them each a—

II.
Ye Profie walketh downe ye streete,
Nor thinketh he of pranke,
Till biffe! His toe striketh a naile,—
Soft swore he: "—!"

III.
But straightwaye were ye boyes repaide,
For them ye Profie yanke.
And oh! It was ye wronge Profie!
Then felt they—

IV.
It was from this but dayes three
When two younge heartes sanke;
They eache hadde a note from Prex,
Which ran: "—!

—Unit.

VERY PROBABLY.
"What a beautiful thing is thought," said she;
"A boon it is to myself and Jim.
I sit and think he is thinking of me,
And he sits and thinks I am thinking of him."

—Cornell Era.