MARY UP TO DATE.
Mary had a little Lamb,
But when she went to College
She swapped him for a Horse, and so
Acquired useful knowledge.
—Kenyon Collegian.

A TRIGONOMETRICAL IDYLL.
A gay and giddy Poly Tech
The coppers had hauled in
"He's been a-stealing signs," they said.
"The judge shall know his sin."

"Explain,"—judge cried,—then Tech replied
(To save himself from fine),
"I couldn't use the tangent,
So I had to take the si(g)ne."
—W. P. I.

"E PLURIBUS."
I saw within the picture-rack
In my friend's room to-day—
A girl with face so beautiful
I lost my heart straightway.

I swore I'd wed the fair unknown—
My friend said, with a laugh,
"You'll have to be a Mormon—it's
A composite photograph."
—Williams Weekly.

THE TALE OF HAFIZ KHAN.
In Bagdad by the Eastern gate,
The lounging beggars tell the tale
Of Hafiz Khan, called Fortunate,
Who dwelt afar in Bosra's vale.

This Hafiz Khan was not a king,
He had no heaps of treasured gold,
Nor did his swaying camels bring
For him rare silks of price untold.

He had no friend, he had no foe,
He never left his city's gate;
He never loved, 'tis said—and so,
They called him Khan the Fortunate.
—Yale Courant.

RONDEAU.
Upon my fan, with courtly air,
A couple, nonchalant and fair,
Move back and forth with dainty grace,
Smiling into each other's face
As if they found love's heaven there.

No sober thoughts disturb the pair—
She with high heels and powdered hair;
He with soft ruffled frills of lace—
Upon my fan.

Ah! who would not these days forswear,
And stiff brocades and buckles wear,
In that idyllic time and place
When Louis XVI. reigned a space
And love with flowers pelted care,
Upon my fan?
—The Lotus.

SUNSET.
O'er all the earth now falls a holy hush,
Each rock and tree in radiant livery drest
Does homage to the pageant in the west.
The stealthy shadows creep from bush to bush,
And from the east Night's volant legions rush
In swift pursuit, while, still unconquered, Day
Beyond the hills withdraws her bright array,
But leaves along the sky a golden flush
Like banner of defiance.

Watching there
In the same window where we stood of old,
The fading glory on her face and hair,
As round the sun the cloud-gates softly fold,
She stands to-night, and through the darkening air
Lies from her heart to mine a path of gold.
—Wesleyan Lit.

LOVE’S ENIGMA.
What word is past forgiveness?
What act so all unfair
That scarce the heart can live 'less
It is harbored there?

What word is past forgetting?
What act is all so true
That, ills of life abetting,
It shines like sunlight through?

"No" to a love bright burning;
False to a "Yes" just said;
"Yes" to a heart's sad yearning;
Faith to a "No" that's dead.
—The Lotus.

We grow like what we love, the poets say.
O mighty Cupid! shall I then some day
Grow shorter by a head, have tiny feet
And beardless lips, and hang my hair, I pray?
—The Lotus.