"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,"  
The student wildly cried,  
As on the glaring ice he took  
A fearful, jarring slide.  
—Princeton Tiger.

THE JESTER.  
A fool's a fool,  
And a man's a man,  
And each is one or the other.  
But remember, pray,  
When you've ought to say,  
That a man may be a fool's brother.

Pietro, the Jester, sang this song,  
Long since, to the jingle of cap and bells;  
Whether the sentiment's right or wrong,  
Nothing but sad experience tells.

Pietro is dead, long years ago,  
And the wise men who smiled at his feeble jest—  
Why, strange to say, it has happened so,  
That they are dead like all the rest.

Oh! a fool's a fool,  
And a man's a man,  
And life is a merry jest;  
But whether a man's  
A fool or a man,  
Is a riddle like all the rest.  
—Yale Courant.

TCHAIKOWSKY.  
The violins sawed on the shrill E string,  
The kettledrums joined in the game.  
"The composer's idea in writing the piece?"  
"Probably trying to spell his name."  
—Vassar Miscellany.

TWO GIFTS.  
To one less fortunate than I  
I turned and gave. The beggar said  
"This is my due," and went away  
And spent my coin for bread.  
Another heard the beggar's cry,  
And gave, and mourned his bitter lot,  
And sighed. His coin he laid away,  
And starved, and spent it not.  
—Columbia Literary Monthly.

A VIKING LOVE SONG.  
The North lights shine! Across the wintry sea  
I see their flashes rave!  
Woden is mighty! the Valkyries come  
A woman's soul to save,  
I call thee to my side! What tho' the lights  
Flash in the sky and sea!  
Valhalla's drawbridge falls! The Hero's soul  
Enter full gloriously!  
O make my heart Valhalla for thy soul!  
The halls of heroes blest!  
O be the rainbow bridge of Love thy guide  
In me to find thy rest!  
Then shall my soul rejoice with ecstasy  
Forever to be free!  
O let the drawbridge of the rainbows fall!  
Enter full gloriously!  
—Red and Blue.

HER COMING.  
Why, what is this?—but yesterday  
The country side was bare—  
With sodden field and naked wood  
And nipping icy air—  
Now skies are soft with rifted blue—  
The wintry gray between,  
And over hill and sunny mead  
Dawneth the first faint green—  
But well I wot the reason why,  
For there but yesterday,  
With daffodils tucked in her belt,  
Fair Lydia did stray—  
And misled by her eyes' soft light  
And hair's gold shimmering—  
All nature woke from wintry sheen  
Mistaking her for Spring.  
—Williams Weekly.

A ROSARY.  
Upon the rosary that we call Life  
The beads are days;  
Erewhile each seemed to mean but toil or strife  
In blind and bitter ways.  
Thy coming, sweet, thy presence like a spell—  
O joy thereof!  
Hath wrought the change, the matchless miracle,  
For now each bead means Love!  
—The Lotus.

TO ———.  
Bright are thine eyes as the lone North Star  
Last night as it gleamed on high,  
And thy voice is as low as the meadow brook's flow  
'Neath the sun-hidden brooks where the violets grow,  
Caressed by the West Wind's sigh.  
Heaven unsought by men will be  
Ere its fair realms are blessed by Thee.  
—Harvard Advocate.