THE LAMENT OF A CORPSE.
Why do men stoop so low that they
Will meddle with our clay,
And not content with this they're wont
To give us dead away?
—The Tablet.

THE GOLDEN RULE.
I asked of my love in the gloaming
What made her so good and so true,
And she answered me then softly 'smiling,—
"An evil you never can do
If you would do unto others
As you would they should do unto you."
I kissed my sweet love in the gloaming;
It could not be sinful, you see,
Since I only did unto another
What I would she would do unto me.
—Dartmouth Lit.

THE ARBUTUS.
Like some lone maiden in a woodland glade,
Sporting apart without a thought or care,
Who sees the sudden stranger standing there,
Then turns to hide, half curious, half afraid,
Holding across her breast's unconquered space
One hand, which hardly serves to hide the sight,
While with a movement of untutored grace
She checks her hair, which blows in wild delight
And clings in love-locks on her blushing face—
So fair arbutus, 'neath the secret shade
Of leaves that dimly screen new budding grace,
You try to hide your charms, and so evade
Unwelcome suitors to your forest place;
While you blush crimson like a maiden gay
When to her listening heart love throbs its first sweet lay.
—The Tablet.

"MINGLE THE SWEET WITH THE USEFUL."
This proverb caught the milkman's eye,
And turning to his daughter,
Said he, "Let's mix this fresh, sweet milk
With lots of useful water."
—Trinity.

Forget not, brother singer! that though prose
Can never be too truthful or too wise,
Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes.
—Bachelor of Arts.

A PARADOX.
I met a young fellow with whom I'm acquainted;
His manner was gloomy, his aspect was sad;
And never an artist on canvas has painted
So doleful a look as his countenance had.
I gazed at him; wondering much as I passed him
What grief was affecting this misanthrope churl,
And turning aside for a moment, I asked him,
"What causes your sorrow?" He answered,
"A Girl."
I met the same fellow a day or two after:
His manner was sprightly; his aspect was gay;
He shone with good humor; he bubbled with laughter;
As bright as the sky on a fine summer day.
I gazed at him, wondering much as I passed him
At this transformation of yesterday's churl,
And turning aside for a moment, I asked him,
"What causes your gladness?" He answered,
"A Girl."
—Williams Lit.

"FRESHMAN LOVE."
Unhappy he whom hopeless love devours,
Who loves in vain, despairing of success;
In sad despondency he spends his hours
With woeful thoughts, his heart full of distress.
The day has lost its brightness and attractions;
He fosters sentimental thoughts at night;
In Math. confuses radicals and fractions,
And thinks that Pol. Econ. is "out of sight."
He walks about, unhappiness displaying;
Writes poetry of suicide and gore;
He daily leaves the lunch-room without paying;
When seated, gazes blankly at the floor.
He wants to be thought grouchy, life-sick, bored,
And curses ev'ry Senior, Junior, Soph.,
And thinking of the cruel heart's-adored,
He says, "Good morning, Charlie," to a Prof.
His father thinks "the boy will get consumption";
His mother says that "Willie works too hard";
His friends think "twould not be a false assumption
To think his mental faculties were marred."
—The Morningside.

PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.
"The Lord helps those who help themselves,"
The pious parson teaches.
And then he rails against the thieves
Who practice what he preaches.
—Trinity.