

but useless charge. More than two-thirds of their number were left dead upon the field.

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A SKATING SONG.

Ho, weary lads! Let's off for sport—  
 Another happy day—  
 Let's have a skate, and from its fort  
 We'll drive dull care away.

The crystal pond is frozen o'er  
 With glassy ice quite clear,  
 Let's leave the barren, bleaky shore—  
 What need have we to fear?

We'll don our tasseled skating caps,  
 Our guards and sweaters too—  
 And then no kind of "Hockey" raps  
 Shall give a cause to rue.

We'll "crack the whip" and "do the roll,"  
 "Cut stars" and make "grapevines,"  
 Or drive the "shinney" to its goal,  
 Right through each other's lines.

The lassies, too, will grace the scenes  
 Of these cold, dismal nights;  
 And in the silv'ry pale moonbeams  
 They'll look like fairy sprites.

The frosty winter's breath invites—  
 Come now, then, college men—  
 We'll celebrate with icy rites  
 Till summer comes again.

J. E. S., '97.

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"I'm a roaring lion, wife," said he  
 Who long had lingered at the bar;  
 When she remarked: "It seems to me  
 A razzled, howling jag-u-ar.

—*Exchange.*

"Oh, would I were a bird!" she sung,  
 And each disgusted one  
 Thought to himself the wicked thought,  
 "I wish I were a gun!"

—*Exchange.*