

But when you hear the robins sing
 Their happy song of coming Spring,
 Among the forest trees ;
 Then giving your sweet dreaming o'er,
 Your buds expand and burst once more,
 The eye of man to please.

Oh faithful buds teach us to rest,
 Contented with whate'er we're blest,
 In life's checkered career ;
 Teach us to know life's wintry blast,
 However fierce cannot long last,
 And Spring will soon appear.

—*F. T. COLE, '00.*

STORIETTES.

A gold miner had wandered away from camp and lost his way in the desert, where he was in danger of dying from hunger and thirst. After wandering around for a long time he struck a wagon trail, where he found a small water keg.

"God be praised," he said, as he raised it out of the sand, "it is full of water, which will enable me to again reach camp."

With feverish hands he quickly opened it. A yellow stream poured forth.

"Alas," he cried. "it is only gold."

Long, long ago there lived a man who had but a single idea. Such men move the world.

One day a passer-by asked of him the hour of the day.

He replied, "Believe in me ere it be too late."

The stranger smiled and passed on.

Another asked of him the way to the temple.

He said, "I am the temple."

This stranger feared him and hastened on, thinking "surely this man is beside himself."

The people could not understand him; their minds were too small to comprehend his idea, so they killed him.

They said, "He is dangerous. Away with him."

The man was killed, but his idea still lives.

He was a Nazarene; his idea, universal.

A Rascal and a Beggar were one day traveling along the highway.