

THE BATTALION.

The woods are dark with shade and bloom,
 The beauty that we knew;
 And tho' all else has lost heaven's smile,
 I cannot change for you.

Like rippling waters pass my days,
 Old friends may slip from view,
 But in that glorious after-life
 I shall not change for you.

—The Wake Forest Student (R. A. L.)

A Kansas farmer who could not get harvest hands put this notice upon his fence:

“Harvest hands wanted. Hired girl pretty and genial. Cabinet organ music in the evening. Pie three times a day. Three spoonfuls of sugar with every cupful of coffee. Hammocks, feather beds, or leather divans at your option for sleeping. Rising hour, nine o'clock in morning. Three hours' rest at noon. Come one, come all.”—Exchange.

Rogers: “Professor, I don't see any more sense in that equation than that two is equal to one.”

Prof: “It is absurd of course, but we have some quite good authority that two is equal to one.”

“What is life? 'Tis e'er to be ready for Eternity;
 Laboring here in faith and love,