

Prof. of Clinics—"Well, Mr. A—, what do you make of this—votary of Bacchus?"

Sr. Med.—"Were you much intoxicated last night?"—No answer. Can you remember whether you were injured in a fight or in a fall?"—No reply.

Doctor—"Come my man! why don't you answer the gentleman's questions?"

Patient (surprised)—"Me? I thought he was talking to you."—*The Student.*

SOCIALISM.

In ecstasy the sun pours forth its gold,
And sends each ray upon an errand blest;
Fresh beams within their bosoms graces hold,
Which carry with them peace and joy and rest.
Nor does it cease its noble work,
Day in, day out, it rains its gifts on all,
Where bright joy reigns, or sorrow's dark clouds lurk,
On good and bad its benediction fall.

As suns, so we, kind words our golden rays,
Our deeds should burn with cheerfulness and love;
To cheer sad hearts and light to men God's ways,
Is our grand work assigned us from above.
'Tis better far to give than to retain;
It costs not much and manifold the gain.

G. I. F. in Notre Dame Scholastic.

The following verses, which we clip from the "Buff and Blue," strike us as being sublimely ridiculous, and hence worthy of repetition:

"I sometimes think I'd rather crow
And be a rooster, than to roost
And be a crow. But —I dunno.

"A rooster, he can roost also,
Which don't seem fair when crows can't crow,
Which may help some. Still, I dunno.

"Crows should be glad of one thing though,
Nobody thinks of eating crow,
While roosters, they are good enough
For anyone, unless they're tough.

"There's lots of tough, old roosters, though,
And, anyway, a crow can't crow,
So, maybe, roosters stand more show;
It looks that way. But I dunno."