

SONG.

Who can tell where echo dwells?
Is it where the tiny bells
Of the flowers bend and swing,
Where the birds forever sing?

Echo, echo, far away.

Who can tell where echo strays
All the happy summer days?
Through the woods she hunts the shadows,
Plays with lambs on grassy meadows.

Echo, echo far away.

Who can tell where echo sleeps?
Is it where a bright stream leaps
O'er a mossy grotto dark,
Lighted by a fire-fly's spark?

Echo, echo far away.

Who can tell what echo knows?
Ah, she never will disclose,
To her secrets she is true.
Listen! She is calling you.

Echo, echo, far away,—

Echo, far away.

—*Yale Lit.*

THE MARK OF THE ROSE.

I opened the book before me—
Between its leaves there lay
A rose, all withered and dried and dead,
Whose fragrance had passed away.

The rose was brown and dull,
But I saw a faint red stain,
For the page was marked with the rose's blood
On the spot where it long had lain.

And now the book of my life
Lies open before my eyes;
There, too, I find a treasured rose,
And crowding fancies rise.

And this rose may fade and die,
And its perfume vanish away,
But its mark on the pages of my heart
Shall last forever and aye.

—*Yale Lit.*

A MYSTERY.

They sat in the hammock at evening
When the shadows were thickening fast,
Thinking more by far of the present
Than of the future or past.

From inside through the open window
Came her mother's voice gently calling,
"You ought to have something around you,
For the dew is rapidly falling."

Neither he nor she had shawl or cloak,
Nor aught else that any could see;
Now, how could she truly answer back,
"Oh, mama, I have lots around me."

University Quarterly.

FAHRENHEIT.

Little Johnnie had a mirror,
But he ate the back all off,
Thinking, rashly, in his terror,
This would cure his whooping-cough.

Not long after Johnnie's mother,
Weeping said, to Mrs. Brown,
"It was a chilly day for Johnnie
When the mercury went down.

—*Tiger.*

NOT TO BE.

I shall lie down and none will me arouse
In the care-taking morning or the swoon
Of the still, languorous, warm afternoon,
When by the deeper brooks the cattle browse,
Or day's suspension when the sun doth house
His aching head beyond the ribbing dune,
In the curved ocean or the night of moon
And falling stars—but I shall always drowse.

Life will go on, for those who cannot choose,
In the familiar way—the startled flame
Of chaffing and impassioned blood suffuse
The cheeks of men and women still they name
Old futile questions to the life I lose,
And getting no reply embrace their shame,

—*Prosser Hall Frye (In Trinity Tablet.)*

LOVE AND LONG AGO.

When e'en the master poet's pains
His lyre soft and low,
Will ever find its sweetest strains
In love and long ago.

The silver lake is peaceful when
Dim twilight sleeps above,
Yet thrice more when it glides our ken
With the peace of happy love.

God's field with starry blossoms gay
Doth still more gaily show,
When in the beautiful far-away
You see the long ago.

O love and long ago! the themes
Of happy rich and poor!
Where poets cease to dream their dreams
These songs will still endure.

Ah, yes, these themes will fill our song
Where bliss is universal love,
Where long ago is ages long,
In realms of light above.

—*The La Fayette.*

A NEW VERSION.

The teacher whacked the boy, one day,
Who disobeyed the rule,
The scholars did not laugh nor play,
To see that lumn in school.

Harvard Lampoon.