

LANCELETS.

A WISH.

Would I were the bee that buzzes
 In and out my lady's bower,
 I would whirl in through her lattice,
 I would woo her, choicest flower.
 From her lips I'd gather honey
 Sweeter than from sweetest rose;
 Honeycomb I'd make of tear drops
 That she weeps when night-mists close.
 I would soothe her to soft slumbers
 By slow buzzing melody—
 Then I'd go and fetch from dreamland
 Dreams to make her dream of me.

—*Yale Courant.*

A NEW VERSION.

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

—*Harvard Lampoon*

WHITE VIOLETS.

"How easily your heart forgets
 What once could thrill it through and through!
 My tribute of white violets,
 All sweet and wet with morning dew,
 Meant more than other flowers then,
 As I meant more than other men,
 My heart of hearts to you.
 "And yet, to-night, you need send them back,
 Crushed close within your letter's fold;
 Do withered leaves and brittle stems,
 And tiny, scentless hearts of gold,
 Bereft of sunshine and of dew,
 Mean less than nothing unto you?
 How easily your heart forgets!
 My violet of violets!"

—*Southern Collegian.*

OUT OF SIGHT.

We stopped before the jeweler's,
 And, there in beauty bright,
 A lovely bracelet was displayed,
 She said 'twas "out of sight."
 She ask me if I knew the price;
 I did, as well I might;
 For I'd inquired the day before—
 And it was "out of sight."
 Her admiration grew apace,
 She hinted left and right,
 I fled unseen, and when she turned
 Why—I was "out of sight."

AN AGE.

The south wind warms the branches bare
 Of the old tree leafless and brown,
 And, cheered by the sunlight's kindly care,
 He fears not Winter's frown.
 The old head white with the storms of life,
 But cheered by his children's care,
 Rests safe 'mid worldly trouble and strife,
 Nor dreads Death's cold despair.

—*James Westervelt in Nassau Lit.*

THE PERVASIVE TOOTHPICK.

The tablecloth was fresh and neat,
 The china bright, the viands sweet,
 And slim and straight beside the meat,
 Stood proudly up—the toothpick.

Stood stiffly, as a toothpick ought,
 Which once was shunned but now is sought,
 For time has turned and forward brought
 To prominence the toothpick.

The dinner done they passed it round,
 And none said "Nay," and no one frowned,
 But all, with dignity profound,
 Applied the nimble toothpick.

Oh, other things of meaner sphere,
 Comb! tweezers! brush! The time draws near,
 Perchance, when each shall be the peer
 Of the promoted toothpick.

PHILOPENA.

Phillis, maid of gay demeanor,
 Fair, with fascination fraught,
 Bade me eat a philopena
 And, consenting, I was caught.
 But the debt I quickly paid her
 Ere the sad time came to part,
 And her keen perception made her
 See the forfeit was my heart.

WOMAN'S WAY.

"Pray kiss and make up, dear;
 Nor hinder my taking
 A kiss for love's slaking—
 See, I'll kiss off the tear.
 No more mad heart breaking—"
 And all of the time she was inwardly quaking
 Lest her nose should get red and her eyes look queer.

—*Red and Blue.*

BE-WEAR.

"This hat is very much worn this year,"
 Said the clerk to a poet wan,
 Who sadly sighed as he turned away—
 "So is the one I have on."

—*The Unit.*