

## A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

Quite hidden away 'mongst the pillows  
Of her own little favorite nook,  
I chanced to find sweet blue-eyed Nellie  
Half-dreaming there over her book.

Her cheeks were ablush with deep crimson,  
Her loose hair of bright golden brown  
Seemed almost to hold fast the last rays  
Of the sun as he slow sank down.

One soft, little white hand light rested,  
Her deep-dimpled chin underneath,  
The dainty curved, half-parted pink lips  
Betraying her small pearly teeth.

One moment I watched the sweet picture,  
One moment then tenderly kissed her ;  
The dearest, most precious of maidens,  
My own bonny blue-eyed sister.

*University Cynic.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

Our lives are precious jewels  
Of varied size and hue,  
Some scattered wide asunder,  
Some almost hid from view.

Some flash their radiant brightness  
Across the other's light,  
And dim the milder beauty  
That might be made so bright—

Friendship, thou gift of Heaven,  
Thou chain of mystic worth,  
Unite these gems of beauty  
To brighten our fair earth.

When all their brilliant blushes  
Shall blend and shine as one :  
The chain of Life completed—  
Friendship thy duty's done.

*University Cynic.*

## MY FIRST LOVE.

I remember the day that we parted,  
The wierd west was aglory, a flame ;  
And I sobbed I should die, broken hearted—  
But I cannot recall the chit's name.

*Trinity Tablet.*

## TWILIGHT.

When the shadows lengthen,  
And the breezes strengthen,  
E'er the lamp is lighted,  
While the embers glow  
In that peaceful hour  
Memory holds her power,  
And on hearts benighted  
Shines the long ago.  
Then, when all is quiet,

And the noise and riot  
Of the city's bustle  
Fades upon the ear,  
Then so near her lovers  
Memory sadly hovers,  
You may hear the rustle  
Of her garments near.

Then, around us darkling,  
E'er the stars are sparkling,  
And the sacred seven  
On the moon await,  
As the earth grows dimmer  
We may see the glimmer  
Of the walls of heaven  
And the Golden Gate.

*—Southern Collegian.*

## ONLY ONCE.

It was a pitiful mistake,  
An error sad and grim ;  
I waited for the railway train,  
The light was low and dim.

It came at last, and from the car,  
There came a dainty dame ;  
And looking up and down the place,  
She straight unto me came,

"O Jack !" she cried ; "O dear old Jack !"   
And kissed me as she spake ;  
And look again and frightened cried.  
"Oh, what a sad mistake !"

I said : "Forgive me, maiden fair,  
That I am not your Jack ;  
And as regards the kiss you gave  
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I often stood  
On the platform lighted dim,  
And only once in a man's whole life  
Do such things come to him.

*—The Columbia Spectator.*

## THE FRESHMEN'S FRIEND.

Would that autumn were here !  
For the spring of the year  
Is my time of depression and sorrow.  
Why do tradesmen all send  
In their bills without end  
At a time when I can't beg or borrow ?  
I'm accustomed to pass  
In review each new class—  
Lonely lads from home and from mother !  
And on such as are rich  
My trained eyes straightway pitch,  
And I cling to them close as a brother.

And these young friends of mine  
Pay for supper and wine,  
And my clothes—you should see my chaste get-ups !  
I'm their mentor, their god,