

His very aim
To inflame
Their hearts in getting treasure.

And so intent;
On avarice bent;
That quite content is he,
In his eagerness
To confess his own cupidity.

J.

LUX TENEBRIS.

The silver stream from sunshine leaping,
Adown to darksome vales below,
Hath all the mist of tears 'tis weeping
Illumed with heaven's radiant bow.

Our tears in sorrow's darkened ways,
When faith looks up with trusting sight,
Are all inwrought with glorious rays
That burn with Love's eternal light.

—*Thormond.*

A "POP."

A maiden quiet,
Said: "Mamma dear,
Tell me the reason why
The college lad
Is awful bad,
And always tells a lie."

" 'Twas last leap year—
So cold and drear—
I 'popped' to Casper Ray.
I said: Let's wed;
The church aisle tread
On joyous New Year's Day?"

"I feared the nay:
He feared the ay,
And thus we sat in thought—
Then, as if wise
To compromise,
The next leap year he sought."

"I like," he said:—
"To look ahead
And see life as a charm.
We'll dwell in peace,
All cares release,
So nothing can alarm."