

Oh do not harshly judge the heart,
 Though cold and vain it seems to be,
 Nor rudely seek the veil to part,
 That hides its deep, deep mystery.

—X.

MY LOVE

When summer breezes softly go
 In aimless travel to and fro,
 And summer heat invites repose,
 My love is like the pale white rose,
 But when the blasts of winter blow
 Against her face the chilling snow
 And Jack Frost bites her pretty nose,
 My love is like the red, red rose.

Geographically Considered.

My love is bounded on the North
 By lovely chestnut hair,
 Which serves to lend an added charm
 Unto her face so fair.
 My love is bounded on the South
 By dainty little feet.
 On East and West by pretty arms
 And hands so white and sweet.
 But then, to tell the honest truth—
 (And surely there is no harm)
 Sometimes the East and West of her
 Are bounded by my arm.

—X.

ANOTHER LOST CHORD

Under a window a freshman sung:
 "Oh Love, I will love you ever;
 If you'll open your lattice and list to my song,
 I'll sing to you darling the whole evening long.
 And part from you, dear, I will never."
 The lattice opened as he had wished;
 Oh, where is the freshman, is he dished?
 Into the darkness the freshman sprang
 And swiftly the premises fled.
 For the strungs of his instrument broke with twang
 When the water bowl fell on his head.

—T. N. B.