

A FRIENDLY HAVEN.

Said the whiskered med,
 To the fair co-ed
 "I'm like a ship at sea—
 Exams. are near,
 And much I fear
 I will unlucky be."
 "Then," murmured she,
 "A shore I'll be
 Come rest thy journey o'er."
 Then darkness fell,
 And all was well,
 For the ship had hugged the shore.

—*Columbia Spectator.*

IF ALL THE ROSES.

If he who gladly dances
 Were not compelled to pay
 The man who plays the fiddle,
 And life were not a riddle
 Full of uncertain chances—
 Oh, wouldn't it be gay
 If he who gladly dances
 Were not compelled to pay.
 If all the pretty roses
 Could bloom without a thorn,
 And fate which now denies us
 That which our heart most prizes
 Would never more oppose us—
 What joy would then be born
 If all the pretty roses
 Could bloom without a thorn.

THERE'S NO ESCAPE.

There's no escape for me, for thine
 Are charms that all my love entwine,
 And bid it linger close to thee
 As zephyrs do to meadow lea—
 As sighs do to the swaying pine.
 'Tis Heaven rules; should you consign
 My love to torture keen and fine,
 'Twould linger, wounded, constantly—
 There's no escape.
 But, dear, thy wooing heart benign,
 Love-haloed, is a mercy shrine
 At which I kneel on willing knee,
 And naught can part the chain on me;
 Not even death can break the line—
 There's no escape. —*Rondeau, in Vanity.*