

A VALENTINE.

"True love hath gems to render,"—
 So runs the song of old.
 Yes, and in fairer casket
 Than silver wrought, or gold.

The pearl of love unchanging,
 Set round with perfect trust,
 Eternal, never losing
 Its gleam thro' taint or rust.

Love's passion in the ruby
 Gleaming like heart's blood, red,
 Set in gold of action,
 Not in words lightly said.

The sum of all love's beauty.
 In one clear fire-eyed stone
 Set in the heart of that one
 Who dares to love alone.

—*The Mt. Holyoke.*

LITERARY QUESTIONS.

Is Thomas Hardy now-a-days?

Is Rider Haggard pale?

Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?

And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Lawrence Sterne? Was Herman Grimm?

Was Edward Young? John Gay?

Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?

And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? was J. A. White?

Chief Justice Taney quite?

Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?

Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?

John Suckling vealy, pray?

Was Hogg much given to the pen?

Are Lamb's tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Maple Dodge in time?

Did C. D. Warner? How?

At what did Andrew Marvel so?

Does Edward Whimper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cook?

Or Richard Boyle beside?

What gave the wicked Thomas Payne?

And made Mark Akenside?