

What must be must be, little one,
 The brown hair turn to gray,
 And the soul like the light of the early night
 Slip gently far away. —*Yale Lit.*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

It was after the Frat house dance, you know,
 That they rested together awhile on the stair;
 And each of the girls wore a carnation red
 Tucked in her bosom or twined in her hair.
 And each of the men slyly laughed to his chum
 To see the success of his deep-laid plan;
 For each red carnation so gracefully worn
 Was proof that the girl had been kissed by a man!
 —*Sibyl.*

THE ROSE.

It's smiling leaflets all bedewed
 With nature's fairest drops; pursued
 By morning rays in their delight
 That smiling zephyrs oft have wooed;
 Oh, lovely rose!
 Fast fading flower,
 Thy life is but a soft, sweet strain,
 To die away, and ne'er return again;
 Thy fairest leaf must fall away,
 Thy withering stem must see decay—
 And yet, thou hast not lived in vain,
 Sweet dying flower. —*Southern Collegian.*

A LETTER AND A CONVERSATION.

"And women aren't cruel—O Grace
 You remember the day that I met you?
 So you think that the years can efface
 All the pain of it! Learn to forget you—
 Let some other girl take you place.—
 God knows that I'd like to! But there,—
 I thank you for thinking *that* of me!
 But sometimes—afterwards—if you care
 Think of me—with nobody to love me.
 But no more of that. Yours in despair.—
 "What's this? Mrs. Malcom Montclair
 At Home. Monday, the third of November—"
 "Who's that, Bess?" "I don't know, I declare—
 Grace McKenzie? Oh yes, I remember,
 That girl with dark eyes and red hair."
 —*O., in Williams Weekly.*