

II.

The fancy's truth my love has taught,
 But, oh, 'tis little bliss;
 Despite the beauty of the thought
 I grudge that dew-drop's kiss.

—*Exchange.*

FLEETING THOUGHTS.

The snow fell thick on the mountain side,
 Where the frost-killed foliage lay,
 But 'neath the sun of the warm spring tide,
 It melted and faded away.
 Thus many a thought from brilliant men
 Falls light on the youthful mind;
 It glistens a moment, it shines—and then,
 'Tis gone like the breath of the wind.

—*Exchange.*

A PROBLEM

She was a college maiden,
 Wearing a cap and gown,
 And oh, what mighty problems,
 Made her also wear a frown?
 Why, she had received a letter,
 On that lovely April morn,
 And she couldn't tell whether it was written
 In a spirit of mirth or scorn.

Of what use all the learning
 That ever was under the sun,
 If she couldn't tell whether that college man
 Was in earnest or in fun?

She read the letter o'er and o'er,
 While tears on her lashes stood,
 Then she locked the "problem" in her heart,
 And gave it up for good!

—*Exchange.*

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

I.

PLATO.

Thou gazest, my star, on the star-lit skies,
 Ah, were I those skies above!
 That I, with the vision of myriad eyes,
 Might gaze on thee, my love.

II.

UNKNOWN.

A fair, pink rose would I be, my love,
 That, soft by thy warm hand pressed,
 I might know the beat of thy throbbing heart,
 The grace of thy snowy breast.