

"Helen," he said, after they had driven some distance in silence, "can you forgive me for stealing that kiss?" There was no reply.

"You would if you had known how sweet it was," he urged. But she would not talk.

"Helen," he persisted, "you made me very angry once and I shall always be angry until you let me finish what I had started out to say."

She looked up at him questioningly, and somehow he felt that he did not need forgiveness for the kiss that he had stolen.

A fleecy patch of silver passed over the moon, and then all seemed brighter than before. A whip-poor-will sang his trembling call 'way back in the forest and seemed glad. Who could overcome the influence of such a night?

John Winters bent his head and whispered a few words softly in Helen's ear, taking her hand in his. No reply was audible above the even steps of the horses, but Jack Winters was very happy.

N. W. McCALLUM, '99.



SHOULD LOVE DEPART

Devoid of love, all joy would end,
 For fame no greater joys could lend
 To cheer our daily work and care;
 Nor wealth with all its pomp and glare,
 Could act the part of loving friend.

All brave men love, and to defend
 The ones they love, their life they spend
 In struggles which they would not dare,
 Devoid of love.

O love! on thee we all depend,
 Our wounded hearts and minds to mend;
 With thee we never need despair,
 Who wilt our every struggle share;
 But life in sorrow would we spend,
 Devoid of love.

F. T. C., '00.