

EXCHANGE VERSE

A trifle, surely, but tell me, pray,
 What have you done with my earnest plan
 To "live for the good of the human race,"
 To "think and work for my fellow man."

Last night it mastered my every wish
 And never a trace of it now I find;
 'Tis vanished and gone like a sun-spied mist,
 And naught finds dwelling in heart or mind.

Save the haunting gleam of a curly head
 And a mischievous, mocking, girlish face,
 And an echo of laughter, trilling out
 In eerie music about the place.

How should I know that soft, warm lips
 Could wield such perilous, ruthless might?
 And you — are dancing with someone else,
 The kiss and its giver forgotten quite.

*(For the mistletoe hung in the paneled hall
 And a kiss is a trifle after all.)*

—*The Morningside.*

 JUBILATE.

Radiant and glorious, upon field and wood
 Rests now the full warmth of the morning sun,
 His kindly course begun,
 And all the grove which late in silence stood
 Is musical with myriad songs made one;

Made one in Alleluia unto thee,
 O Lord, by the bird choirs whose common voice
 Sings loud, "Rejoice, rejoice!
 In beauty and in glory cometh He
 To fill each waiting soul by Love's own choice." —*Ex.*

