

SHE PINNED A ROSE ON ME.

She sweetly bit the stem off short,  
And pinned a rose on me;  
She had to slightly raise her head,  
For she was small, you see.  
And we were all alone just then—  
She sweetly bit the stem off short  
And pinned a rose on me.

I pressed my lips upon her brow  
And love o'erflowed her eyes;  
She did not say, "How dare you, sir!"  
But heaved soft, happy sighs.  
She was my mother, sweetheart, all—  
I pressed my lips upon her brow,  
And love o'erflowed her eyes.

IN OLDEN STYLE.

Good mistletoe, I wish to say  
'That none alive, be who he may,  
Less superstitious is than I,  
Or signs or omens more defy,  
Old, foolish customs less obey;  
I'm modern quite in every way,  
No beau or powdered popinjay  
Am I, nor could be should I try,  
Good mistletoe.

And yet 'twas just this very day,  
With ribbons red, and holly gay,  
I saw you hanging there on high,  
'Twas dark, and Polly laughed and—why  
You wouldn't blame a convert, pray  
Good mistletoe?

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