

"It is the only part that is worth while," she answered me, softly.

There was mischief in her eyes when she again raised her face to mine.

"And how about my French?" she asked.

"It is a beautiful language," I declared. "Won't you let me hear you speak it?"

She put both her arms about my neck and drew my face down to hers.

"Je vous aime," she whispered.

"Which, interpreted, is to say—what?" I inquired.

She told me, in her own sweet way.

R. T. STROHM, '98.

"AT SUNSET."

I sit me, when the day is spent,
In a borrowed spot, which Nature lent,
With plants and flowers of Summer bloom
And sweetest scents of rose perfume.

The sun is painting the Western sky
In myriad streaks of crimson dye,
Reflecting back to earthly things,
Those dying beams, on golden wings.

They tinge the waters with mellow red,
These passing beams of silken thread,
And dance upon the ripples bright
In fullest measures of soft'ning light.

They rest a moment in deep, red glow,
Just a moment, 'ere they go,
On His church, Who, with beauty crowned,
Every sunbeam that evening found.

The moment gone, away they steal
To other climes, their joys reveal,
While I, in wond'ring, deep'ning thought,
Marvel much, what God has wrought.

F. J. S.