Applied Mechanics.

Beneath my window in the street,
An organ grinder playeth dreary,
Mournful melodies, replete
With age and all that maketh weary.
As in the text-book it is taught,
(I remember, though I’m racked with pain),
His load of tunes indeed hath wrought
Distress proportional to the strain.

H. E. H. ’94.

Inconstancy.

A red, red rose within a garden thickly bushed,
Bloomed fragrant in a bower there,
And wafted out her sweet aroma on the hushed
And gentle breezes, through the garden fair.
A gilded youth strolled leisurely among the plants,
Which bloomed in fragrance at his side,
And saw them not,—but cast upon the rose a glance,
And caught her wafted perfume rare, and cried,
“Ah, this, my bower, and thou, my flower, Oh, blushing rose!”
And plucked the tender stem; then sat him down
Upon a rustic seat in languid pose,
And crushed the flower in ruddy gown!

To those to whom the moral’s plain,
The reading hath not been in vain;
To those who see no moral in it,
This hath been a wasted minute.

H. E. H. ’94.

THE PENITENT RAVEN.

The raven’s house is built of reeds,
Sing alas and woe is me!
The raven’s couch is spread with weeds,
High on the hollow tree.
And the raven himself, telling his beads,
In penance for his past misdeeds,
Upon the top I see.
Telling his beads from night till morn,
Sing alas and woe is me!
In penance for stealing the abbot’s corn,
High on the hollow tree.
Sin is a load upon his breast,
And nightly disturbs the raven’s rest,
High on the hollow tree.
The raven prayed the winter through,
Sing alas and woe is me!
The hail it fell and the wind it blew
High on the hollow tree,
Until the spring came forth again,
And the abbot’s men, to plant the grain
Around the hollow tree.
Alas, alas for earthly vows!
Sing alas and woe is me!
Whether they’re made by men or crows
High on a hollow tree.
The raven swooped upon the seed,
And met his death in the very deed,
Beneath the hollow tree.

—Williams Weekly.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

(A Chemical Formula.)

Dissolve the soft autumnal skies;
Add frosts till in a slight excess;
Take of the sharp north wind enough
To strip from off the trees their dress.
Bank up slow-drifting clouds of gray,
That mourn for Nature’s dreary fate;
Add to all this sufficient cold—
Result: a white precipitate.

—Unit.

A HIGHWAYMAN.

Young Cupid, in a rogue’s disguise,
Stole to a lonesome heath;
A brace of pistols in his belt,
A sturdy heart beneath.
And there I met him all alone;
I sang a merry measure,
Until he pulled his pistols, and
Demanded all my treasure!
But as I saw behind his mask,
I gave a happy start,
And to this highwayman of love
I gladly gave my heart.

—Williams Weekly.