A PARADOX.
Though the college man may,
In his own specious way,
Tell a story whose fictions appall,
But be certain that when
You enter his den,
You will surely find Truth on his wall.
—Lehigh Burr.

THE UNDERTONE.
Love is my crime. If from no fault of thine
Thy face be all too beautiful for me;
If love, reluctant, scruple to resign,
Those dreams of what you tell me may not be;
Let piny all thy heart to grace incline,
Remembering only that I love but thee.
Love is my doom. I still must journey on
Through the dull distances I trod before;
Toil without purpose, hope where hope is gone,
An careless bark far from a friendly shore;
See thee and smile, yea, laugh my soul to scorn,
Knowing I can but love thee more and more.
—Souillet, Collegian.

WITH SMILE SO SWEET.
With smile so sweet, with bow so low,
And look assured, the would-be beau
In rapture viewed the maiden fair,—
Her deep-blue eyes, her waving hair,
Her cheeks with blushes all aglow
The smiling glance she deigned bestow
Made him at once resolve to show
Her home, this beauty rare,
With smile so sweet.

O vain resolve! He did not know
That just beneath the fallen snow
The sidewalks were an icy glare;
But stepped—and wildly clutched the air,
And then she watched him rise to go
With smile so sweet.
—Dartmouth Lit.

HIS ANSWER.
In the hallway standeth Ruth,
Bidding him good-bye:
Says she, “Think you ‘tis the truth
That the cynics cry?

Is it so that true love’s flying,
Absence quickly brings its dying—
‘And out of sight
Out of mind?’”

Straight he answers to her doubting,
Seeing in her eyes
And rose-bud lips, half turned in pouting,
A maiden’s fond surprise—
“As I stand here watching you,
In sooth I deem it can’t be true,
You’re always ‘simply out of sight,’
Though never ‘out of mind.’”

—Lehigh Burr.

IN CHILDHOOD DAYS.
A childish quarrel! All has gone alack.
What picture of our boyhood love more true!
The blue eyes raised repentinently: “Now, Jack,
I didn’t mean it; I’ll make up; will you?”

The sulky foot that scraped the yielding sand,
The downcast look, scarce knowing what to do,
To yield or no, while pouting lips demand,
“Now, Jack, be good; I am not mad; are you?”

—Trinity Tablet.

A STIFF DRINK.
A pilgrim on dark Styx’s brink addressed the boatman drea:
“Dread sir, I would with thee embark, but thou art full,
I fear.”
Quoth Charon: “Sir, dismiss such thoughts! I’m loaded well,’tis clear;
But ne’er will I be found so full that I can’t take on a bier.’

ONE LITTLE NO.
One little No! ’Tis all absurd
Such burning pain for one small word!
How could he hope to win success
Pursuing rainbow happiness?

He heeded not. The passing hour,
Bitter in fruit, was bright in flower.
Did he not know that time had wings,—
Men are such very foolish things!

He says I’ve made the world a hell
By my inconstancy. Ah, well,
The past is past. One cannot be
Constant through all eternity.

His grief, and rage, and dark despair
Seem very hard for him to bear.
One little No! ’Tis too absurd;
Can men’s hearts break from one small word?

—Harvard Advocate.