AN EASTER OFFERING.
I sent my love the Queen of Hearts,
To prove my love devout;
She must have thought me much too smart,
And that she’d found me out.
I sent my love the Queen of Hearts;
She not only sent it back,
But in the letter, when it came
I found a measly Jack.

-Wrinkle.

BEHIND HER FAN.
Behind her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With gorgeous feathers, finely dyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff.

Two blue eyes peep above the ruff,
Two pretty pouting lips. Enough;
That cough means surely come and hide
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.

A breeze! I tack against the tide—
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff—
Behind her fan.

-Yale Record.

AT THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

Tho’ they gaze with rapt attention,
And applaud with might and main,
Yet they do not hear the music,
And the reason I’ll explain.

He is thinking of his dresssuit,
Of his snowy linen tie,
Of his shining patent leathers,
Of his collar stiff and high.

She is thinking of her diamonds,
Of her ostrich feathers gay,
Of her op’ra cloak from Paris,
Of her dress décolleté.

It has cost him many shekels
To escort her as he should
To this great and famous concert;
May it do them lots of good.

-Oberlin Review.

ALL OVER NOW.
I loved a girl once on a time
Much older than myself;
She shook me. Now I’m in my prime,
And she is “on the shelf.”
That’s all over now.

I once composed a little song,
So catchy and so sweet,
It didn’t take the grinders long
To get it on the street.
It’s all over now.

Three colleges were often guyed
For being on the fence;
One tumbled on the other side,
And what’s the consequence?
They’re all over now.

-The Ben Franklin.

Pulchrous maid, how with composure
Canst thou audit this disclosure?
How contemplate this emotion frigidly?
Melancholic perturbation,
Lachrymal precipitation
Evidence my ardent yearning after thee.

At thy smile an amorous spasm
Thrills my torpid protoplasm,
Penetrates the neural cortex of my soul.
Tender glances from thy optic
Make my ravished timepiece stop tick,
And my heart a palpitating vacuole.

Suffer not procrastination,
Let me gaze thy dulcet face on,
Where those limpid opalescent eyes do burn,
Seal with murmured adoration
And ecstatic osculation
A felicitous conjunction sempiterne.

- Harvard Advocate.

SONNET.

“When she comes home.”

And if she never come. There is no need
To picture my heart’s breaking. Those dear eyes,
Heavy with shame, yet never shall surprise
Reproach in mine. There is no call to plead;
She is mine always, and what should I heed?
I do not feel it my place to chastise,
Nor to forgive. There is no call for lies;
I’ll hold her to my heart as mine indeed.
I look to see her after every knock,
To take her in my arms, lift up her face,
And push her hair back (there was always some
Enchantment in one little wayward lock),
And her white forehead is the first dear place
I mean to kiss. And if she never come.

-Riley.