Revealed.

By the author of "Those Changing Skies," which was published through error.

I love this little book you gave,
With trembling hand and tear-dimmed eyes.
I wondered o'er your look so grave,
The secret of it open lies,—
For 'twixt these flowing lines I read
No tale the poet sought to tell,
But your life's joy and your life's need.
Come, smile with me,—for all is well.

M. W.

A SONG.

Knowest thou but joy,
Laughing lip and brilliant eye?
Sing not thou, for joy
Being joy, must shortly die.

Knowest thou but pain,
Tears so salt they sting like fire?
Sing not thou, for pain
Seals the heart from high desire.

But if both are thine,
Joy that shines through sorrow's sadness,
Sorrow mingling song with gladness,
Sing thou then, the world thee hears
And smiles through tears.

IMMORTALITY.

The angry winds around my cottage roar
While all is warmth and cheer within. I seek
In vain to pierce the gloom. A sparrow, weak
And cold, glides in and flits about the floor,
Then on to darkness through another door.
So into life comes man from unknown bleak,
And toils and strives, and then, with pallid cheek,
He passes to the night, and—is no more.

No more? Sure every sea must have a shore.
Whence comes the thought that souls shall live again?
Implanted wish portends a fuller store,
And He who giveth time to mortal man
Can grant eternity as well. In love
I'll trust Him for the life I know not of.

-Lotus.

"APRIL FOOL."

She was a dainty little lady,
Yet she filled my heart with woe
When I asked her if she'd marry me,
And she sternly answered, "No!"

I turned away with feelings dismal,
At my cong'd curt and cool;
Then despair was turned to joyousness,
For she cried out, "April Fool!"

—Bowdoin Orient.

"SCALEY."

"Step on the scales," the grocer said
To a pretty maid one day,
"Of me you buy your meat and bread,
I'll tell you what you weigh."

Then sweetly answered she,
From lips just right to kiss,
"I'm sure 'twould not the first time be
That you have weighed amiss."

—Trinity Tablet.

THE NEEDFUL THING.

"Oh, ye plains of broad Sahara,
Rich in witchcraft's cunning art,
Pray tell me how to win a kiss
From her who holds my heart."

Then the plains of broad Sahara
Sent an answer to me, and
This the whole of what they told me,
"Come and get a little sand."

—Yale Record.

QUESTIONS.

Who can tell how violets grow
In the sweet spring weather
Made of clouds and sunny skies,
Smiles and frowns together?

Laughing eyes as blue as they,
Can you tell me whether
Love will pass, as violets do,
With the sweet spring weather?

—Northwestern.

CONTENTMENT.

Yes, there's plenty of room at the top,
But to get there myself I shan't hump any,
For I think it more pleasant to stop
Lower down where there's plenty of company.

—Northwestern.