

escutcheon. In after years the reminiscences he has of cool quiet corridors, dim and undisturbed class-rooms, nights of study, days of lecture, the peacefulness, the repose, the rest are balms that will heal almost any wound. He is grateful, and in his innermost sanctuary daily offers up incense and sacrifice in honour of one who was his Maternal Deity when the fervor of Youth flowed like a mighty current and the eye was not dim and misty. A student may be a medley of conflicting accomplishments and often belie his name but his picturesqueness and romance will always appeal to the world as long as its foolish old heart cherishes an ideal that is human and at the same time divine—which is forever.

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Love Thoughts

ONE RESULT OF READING BURNS' SONGS

BY SEA SHELL.

POOR Robbie, with his thousand loves, with honeyed speech that pulls and shoves until by force of tongue or arms one grasps his treasure in his arms, possessor of a thousand charms,—his heart enjoyed brief wedded bliss, though not through any fault of his.

He cooed so sweetly to the doves, and fondly coaxed them for a kiss, that every maid his passion knew, and to his arms in rapture flew ; —but vanished like the morning dew when through the mists some rising sun peeps, ogles, blinks, and smiles for fun, prepared his pompous course to run.

But I confess such bliss as this,—such as will bubble, foam, and hiss, whose safety valve is but a kiss,—though more than I would like to miss, is less than I would fain possess.

Love is a passion that masters the mind ;
 Turns a man to a fool, or an owl,—makes him blind ;
 And though hatred or envy be lurking behind
 It will sweep o'er the steep and the deep unconfined.
 Love is the lever that lifts mankind.