MAE WARSINY

THE SPARTAN MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

Lo, at the precincts of the Unwalled Town, A Spartan mother bids her beardless boy A last farewell, her pride, her only joy, Off to the wars in quest of high renown.

Her hand is clasped within his big right hand; Aloft her left hand bears the burnished shield Her warrior son in midmost fray will wield, And gazing in each other's eyes they stand.

Graceful as Venus is she, stately, sublime ; Her face, scarce bearing marks of aging care, Still sternly beautiful, her raven hair Resisting all the ravages of time.

Fair as a god, strong limbed and stout of heart, His armor donned, bossed scabbard at his hip, He stands with flushing face and quivering lip, Impatient to be gone—yet—grieved to part. Tearless she gazes in his restless eyes, No sign of pain, no anguish doth she show, No flood of tears, nor burst of sobbing woe, The hand ev'n trembles not that in his lies.

But those dark eyes in their profundity, The grave, calm face, while hiding yet disclose Her sadness, and her love of him who goes, Yea, grief seems hid behind serenity.

Calmly she kisses her warrior's broad front, Slowly his ponderous shield to him doth reach, Firmly she looks on him, and firmly speaks, "Return thou with it or upon it, son."

E. P., '02.

—Old gentleman (to railway porter)—" Porter, the rain is dripping in from the lamphole all over my trousers." Porter (reassuringly)—" No, sir; its quite water-tight, I assure you It's only the oil leaking a bit."—Household Words.

