

HELIOTROPE.

AS WE LIST : AND YE LIST.

Amid the chapel's chequered gloom
 She laughed with Dora, and with Flora,
 And chattered in the lecture room—
 The saucy little Sophomora!
 Yet while (as in her other schools)
 She was a privileged transgressor,
 She never broke the simple rules
 Of one particular professor.

But when he spoke of varied lore,
 Paraxtones and modes potential,
 She listened with a face that wore
 A look half fond, half reverential.
 To her that earnest voice was sweet,
 And though her love had no confessor.
 Her girlish heart lay at the feet
 Of that particular professor.

And he had learned, among his books,
 That held the lore of ages olden,
 To watch those ever-changing looks
 The wistful eyes, the tresses golden,
 That stirred his pulse with passion's pain,
 And bade fond youth return again
 Crowned with his coronet of fire.

Her sunny smile, her winsome ways,
 Were more to him than all his knowledge,
 And she preferred his words of praise
 To all the honors of the college
 Yet "What am foolish I to him?"
 She whispered to her heart's confessor.
 "She thinks me old, and gray, and grim,"
 In silence pondered the professor.

Yet once, when Christmas bells were rung
 Above ten thousand solemn churches,
 And swelling anthems, grandly sung,
 Pealed through the dim cathedral arches,—
 Ere home returning, filled with hope,
 Softly she stole by gate and gable,
 And a sweet spray of heliotrope
 Left on his littered study table.

Nor came she more from day to day,
 Like sunshine through the shadows rifting;
 Above her grave, far, far away,
 The ever-silent snows were drifting;
 And those who mourned her winsome face,
 Found in its stead a swift successor,
 And loved another in her place—
 All save the silent old professor.

But, in the tender twilight gray,
 Shut from the sight of carping critic,
 His lonely thoughts would often stray
 From Vedic verse and tongues Semitic,
 Bidding the ghost of vanished hope
 Mock with its past the sad possessor
 Of the dead spray of heliotrope
 That once she gave the old professor.

HARRY PECK.

Acta Columbiana, 1880.

A knight-errant he was, as you shall see, but he did not know it. He sat upright and motionless on the stiff, upholstered chair, and his feet did not touch the floor. One hand was plucking nervously at his pockets, the other was stroking carelessly his beard, small, and black and pointed. He was looking with furtive sympathy across the room at his companion. The dim, smoky flame of the hanging-lamp was just strong enough to feel abashed before the moonlight which seemed to stream down from the sky and make a path across the smooth Bay for the simple purpose of pouring through the narrow, many-paned window of the little hotel and resting upon the tired face of the girl. For although it passed on its course and formed a brilliant pattern on the carpet, yet it lingered about her as if it liked her pale beauty, her shining hair, her youth. She leaned her head back against the chair, and wondered what they were doing whom she had left that morning, that morning which was so long ago. She was alone, save for the presence of the little foreigner, her rail-road comrade, and there was no sound but the soft fall of the waves outside, and the cries which now and then ascended from the bar-room. She started every time the cries rang out, for they were not familiar to her ears. Whenever she opened her eyes, she could feel the glowing, black ones opposite fixed upon her with straining eagerness. He had seen beautiful people like her before, but none that ever looked at him so kindly, none in all the cheerless years his memory could recall.

"What a terrible room, and the moonlight makes it more dreary!"

"I do not what mademoiselle say understand," he stammered, confused by her unexpected utterance. "It doesn't matter," she replied, gently letting her glance drop from the chromos which hung upon the wall and smote the eyes, to the old piano. Here was something mellow, and after the disheartening antemacassers and stuffed birds, the solid brown legs, and the time-worn frame of the ancient instrument filled her with relief. "Will you play something for me?" she asked, turning towards him again.

"Play! I know not it, I am piano-tuner, but." Her words had thrown him into panic. The perspiration had gathered on his thin temples, his lips were twitching with excitement. He was unconscious of what he was doing, he took out a little comb and passed it through his grizzled hair, looking at her all the time.

She said nothing more and a silence fell again between them, deeper than before.

But below, the doors were swinging backwards and forwards, and the noise of heavy boots, and rough voices and clinking glasses became each moment louder and more distinct. The girl moved uneasily, her face wore a strange expression, and sometimes when a prolonged shout, or a broken phrase which should never have been spoken, resounded through the house, she made a smothered exclamation.

He had watched her suffer long enough, he would help her. He rose and with trembling limbs walked towards the old piano. His head was swimming, his heart was throbbing, but he was resolved. Over the keys his stiff fingers fumbled, striving to catch the airs they had once known, and, after many attempts and many failures, the old melodies of boyhood returned to him, and as a feeble bird whose throat had long been rusty might revive some spring and sing a note or two in answer to a woodland call, in some like way the little piano-tuner touched by sympathy grew young a moment and felt forgotten music stirring in his soul.

And she heard no longer the discords from below, but listened to him, and thought of sunshine, and flowers and voices that were full of sweetness, of hands that were skilful in harmony, and of home.

A graduate of Cornell, David Starr Jordan, who worked his way through college by hard, constant, untiring labor outside of school hours, is President of Stanford University at \$15,000 a year, the largest salary paid to any college president in the United States.—*Ex.*