

THE * HESPERIAN

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

Vol. XXVI.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MAY 21, 1897.

No. 20.

PROFESSOR H. K. WOLFE, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

He came in the day when our walls rose young
By the gray salt shore of the prairie stream,
When from many a thatch where the grass roots
clung

Keen eyes were watching the new light gleam

He came with the sons of the sod-built home,
His young voice rang in the first war wou;
He led the giants that conquered Rome
For the sinewy arm of Nebraska's son.

From the towers that watch by the misty Rhine,
He brought the treasures of other lands:
He placed them high on our temple's shrine
The glad free gift of his loyal hands.

He was one of us, he is one of us,
Wherever the path of his life may turn:
No stone of our walls but is flashing us
His tones that kindle, his words that burn.

KATHARINE MELICK.

His Mother's Face.

It was so lonesome without mamma!
The child stopped short in his play and
sauntered towards the house. The dog
dropped the stick from his mouth and
walked by the boy's side, wagging his
tail slowly. They came to the steps of
the veranda where the boy sat down.
The dog laid his head in his master's lap.

Soon the boy arose. The front door
was open; he tiptoed his way into the
parlor. No one was about. He dragged
a great chair up before his mother's por-
trait and sank almost out of sight among
its cushions. The south wind moaned
through the oak-boughs, and rustled the
first-fallen leaves beneath the window.
The tall clock in the hallway ticked slow
and loud. The dog lay with his head
outstretched upon his paws in the open
doorway. How lonesome it seemed!

Papa had been busy in the library al-
most all the time, since that sad day
when they came from the church without

mamma. Auntie did not laugh and talk
and tell so many stories as she used to
do. Only Rover was the same. Dear
old Rover! What a good old dog!

But where was mamma now? Auntie
said she had gone to be with God; and
papa only wiped his eyes and went away.
But auntie said if he would be good, he
could go to see her some day.

How lovingly the mother-face smiled
down upon him from the great frame on
the high wall! Would she,—would she
speak to him? He smiled, and a gentle
tremor shook his limbs, as if he would
stretch forth his arms to her; for now he
was asleep.

And now she seemed to move. Why,
she had not gone; for now she came and
took him, and clasped him in her arms!
He felt her gentle fingers smooth aside
his hair; and he felt her moist lips press
a kiss upon his forehead. "Mamma" he
cried and turned to clasp his arms about
her neck. "Auntie" he whispered, as
he opened his eyes; and he hid his face
in Auntie's breast and sobbed aloud.

Then Rover came and laid his head in
Auntie's lap.

ROBERT HITT WILLIAMS.

A SENTINEL PINE.

High upon a ridge of red,
Blue-arched heaven over-head,
Watching day-light die away
Over sage grown valleys gray,
Guarded and brown against the line
Of earth and sky—a giant pine.

From a ragged mountain-crest,
Golden gleaming, shrub caress'd
Sun-beams glow in gulches low
Over teepee stones that grow
Dim in darkness: coyotes white
And cry beneath a silent pine.

JOSEPH ANDREWS SARGENT.