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A Longing.

Sing me a song, my fancy,
A song that is wild and free,
Till the waves roll over the meadows
And the willows bow to me,
And the clouds scud by
In the flecked sky,
And a snow-show'r falls from the wilding tree.

Paint me a scene, my fancy,
A scene of the long ago,
Till the old farm-house in the shadow
Looks out from the maple row,
And a form now still
On a church-crowned hill
With her knitting sits in the doorway low.

J. F. BOOMER.

A Rose and a Ruby.

I plucked a rose that blossomed in a vale,
All wet with dew and blushing deeply red,
And carried it with reverential love
To one who blushed as red as any rose:
She held my rose in her unjeweled hands;
She softly raised it to her laughing lips
And breathed its red and green upon her breast.
Then if I could, I would have given worlds
To teach my rose to blush a deeper red.

I found a ruby, glowing richly red
Mid hugest crags, below great canon walls
In rushing mountain-water, bound the gem
In yellow gold and brought it to my love:
She placed my gift on one all-willing hand;
She laughed to see its warm light flash full red
Against the gold and then—drew on her glove.
A hundred miles I walked to find the thing
And then—I wished it were a simple rose.

—JOSEPH A. SARGENT.

Notes and Observations.

Before we go clean daft over college settlement schemes, why doesn't somebody propose and advocate the founding of such an institution right in our midst, for the enlightenment of our own heathen, and the uplifting of the degraded? Suppose now the college settlement organizers should call together a band of

respectable people whose business it should be to spend a large portion of their time in the north wing of the library, endeavoring to secure by example what preaching and pleading and pounding have failed to secure. Suppose this little settlement was instructed to show by meek example that it really is not nice for a flock of pretty girls, even though decorated with the whole Greek alphabet—to sit around a table and chatter, chatter, chatter, that it is not so elevated as it seems for a fair maiden to sit on a table swinging her pretty number seven feet while she talks to a friend. It might be shown that it is contrary to a spirit of christian brotherhood for A to get up and throw his chair at B and try a boxing match with C—even in the north wing of the library. It could even be proved, I judge, that the sum of all morality is not to bother your neighbor when he is peaceably doing his best to fulfill the requirements of sixteen or so of the most ardently inspired professors that ever taught. Let us have a college settlement at home. I'd give a nickle to help pay the salaries of those who would sacrifice their lives in the work.

If I were a senior, a real *bona fide* senior, whom the dear faculty had with much reluctance permitted to pass into the doubtful portals of the second semester, there are several things I think I should do and not do.* Of course I should not tell my bosomest friends how I squeezed through the faculty key-hole and proved in black and white that I had