REVISION.

I wrote some lines, from end to end
In praise of dearest May;
I showed them to a critic friend,
To see what he would say.

"They're crude," said he, "and so are you."
(He was a gruity fellow!)
Just let them lie a year or two,
To ripen and grow mellow.

"Go over them from time to time,
And polish bit by bit;
Perfect the meter and the rhyme,
And sharpen up the wit.

"In half a year, but for the theme,
And for the lady's name,
They'll be so changed you'll hardly dream
The lines could be the same."

I let them lie, I worked them o'er—
Changed epithet and rhyme;
I hardly knew them any more,
They'd mellowed so by time.

"Black eyes" had mellowed into "blue,"
And "ringlets" into "strands;"
"One dimple" ripened into "two;"
"Small," grown to "shapely" hands.

And what was once "nez retrousse;"
Was now a "Grecian" nose;
In fact, the very name of "May,"
Had mellowed into "Rose."—Ex.

BECAUSE.

I met her last fall, when the ground
Was strewn with leaves, which dulled
Of passing feet.
Fair as a blooming rose she was:
I loved her madly then, because
She seemed so sweet.

I wooed her all the winter through,
Till spring far into summer grew;
She was divine.
I won her, and, without a pause,
I married, and rejoiced because
I called her mine.

But, though she was the first in face,
In form, in carriage, and in grace,
Of all that crowd,
In spite of justice and of laws,
I'll be divorced from her, because
She snores so loud.—L. L. in "Yale Record."

Wong Chin Foo asks in the North American Review, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, O most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or, hold; we'll take an ulster.—Burdette