I.

A letter for me,
From the girl that I love!
Just penned by her hand
And caressed by her glove,
A jewel—a gem—ah!
A letter from Emma.

II.

A letter for me,
O, what joy, what surprise!
Just kissed by her lips—
At least blest by her eyes.
'Tis opened—ahem, ah!
A letter from Emma.

III.

A letter for me
From my sweet little bird;
Eight pages, by Jove!
And I can't read a word,
A precious dilemma,
This letter from Emma!

PERSIFLAGE.

"I am no coward," said the Earth.
"And yet you have two constant fears," Remarked the Sun facetiously.
"And what are they?" "The hemispheres."
"And yet one other," quo'th the Moon,
Who high in heaven shone clear and pale.
"And that?" "It is the atmosphere."
And then the Comet wagged his tail.

—The Brunonian.

PROGRESS.

In olden times ye courtly squire,
By etiquette's command,
All humbly knelt with heart afire,
And kissed his lady's hand.

Times change. We kneel and kiss no more
The blushing finger tips.
The modern lover bends him o'er
To kiss his sweetheart's lips.

Amazing paradox! some witch
Is working, north and south:
For though our country's grown so rich,
We've lived from hand to mouth.

—Brown Mag.

A GOOD REASON.
You want to know why I'm jolly,
And full of glee and mirth?
Why, I'm in love with the prettiest girl
That ever trod the earth.

Then why am I sometimes doleful,
The picture of misery?
Why, man, the reason's plain enough—
She's not in love with me.

—Virginia Univ. Mag.

HER BLOTTER.
Her blotter white
And neatly tied
With ribbons pink
And very wide,
And on the criss-crossed under side
I see quite clearly
"From yours sincerely."

A closer look
And then I see
Bits of a note
She wrote to me.
And signed with great propriety—
And friendship really—
"Yours most sincerely."

COUNTER-EVIDENCE.

I always shall remember
How her dainty little hand
Pressed my own with gentler feeling
Than I dared to understand.

How that gracious, tender pressure
Sent a thrill through all my frame,
Till I found myself submitting
To a power I could not name.

But think her not coquettish,
Or bold in making love;
For she stood behind the counter,
And was fitting on a glove.

—Williams Weekly.

ADVICE.

All the winds that sport around me,
Dancing, dancing merrily,
Murmur, murmur, softly murmur,
"Mortal, come and be as we."

The broad trees that sway above me,
Nodding, nodding knowingly,
Wisely whisper, softly whisper,
"Mortal, come and be as we."

The tall grasses bend beneath me,
Laughing, saying playfully,
"Mortal, mortal, foolish mortal,
Leave thy task and be as we."

—Yale Lit.