saying, "We are alone! I knew it would be so, and my right arm is ready to protect thee. Let famine, war and pestilence come; we care not, for we are all in all to each other. Come! Let us embrace (said in a low tone). Ye gods! your cheeks are pale! My darling, do you doubt me, or is it that you have made an indiscreet attempt to be too kind to the holiday turkey. Seest thou, my love, yonder lamp, just lighted? So let our lives be sparks upon the sea of life. Like the meteors caused by a comet, let us abide in peace the rest of our days. The time is coming when we must part for a short time. I will away, but I come back to return again 'ere you can realize that I have made the attempt to leave thee."

A look of resignation was upon the face of the Lounger, about ten minutes after the entrance of the only woman who had ever figured in his life, when he realized that, instead of saying any of the touching words, customary and fitting on such occasions, he had only swayed back and forth in his chair and groaned. His eyes closed, and his mind was so far adrift that he thought of how an actor would propose, and forgot to play his own part. He had allowed his golden opportunity to pass by; he realized this when he opened his eyes and found himself once more alone. Thus ended one of the grandest romances in history.

THE INWARD LIGHT.
The waters spread before him dark and dim,
And hate and scorn were his farewell from home,
Yet, brave upon that western sea unknown,
Muttering with doubts and fears, and dangers grim,
He sailed, obedient to the light within*
That sparkled for his mighty soul alone;
The hate and scorn of temple, palace, throne,
Laughter and chains—what were all these to him?
And thus, my soul, sail forth upon that sea
Murmuring around this life; with fearless eyes
Gaze deep within, where truth alone abides.
And, as for this great prophet, bold and free,
Who knows what worlds unseen for thee shall rise,
Bathed in the waves of what eternal tides?

A HINT.
"Your figure petite is ever so sweet,
And there's certainly no getting 'round it."
Her adorer was scared, and hence unprepared,
For her question meant more than she hardly dared,
But she coyly found voice to propound it:
"So my figure petite is ever so sweet?
And you're—quite—sure, there's no getting 'round it?"

CHANGE.
The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
No longer sounds; the banjo fiend
Gets in his work instead.

—Trinity Tablet.

SERENADE.
In the gentle light of the silvery moon
He sang a serenade,
On the listening ears of the fleeting night,
To his heart's own chosen maid.
And e'en as the last notes die away,
Up goes the window pane,
And the other fellow politely asks
If he won't oblige again.

—Williams Weekly.

ON BILLS.
At the first of the month I grow morbid and sad,
As I gaze on that pile I believe
In the saying that never was potent before—
"Tis more blessed to give than receive."

—Lehigh Burr.

MY GUESTS.
I opened my door to Sorrow,
I waited her day by day,
I said "She will come to-morrow,—"—
She tarried and time slipped away.

Joy came, her radiant sister,
To break her bread with me,
I clasped her close and kissed her,
I set my soul to her key,
And forgot I had waited for sorrow,
And watched for her coming no more,
When lo! one bitter to-morrow,
Sorrow's self stood at the door!

—Inlander.

A CHANGE.
In cap and bells the jester once,
Amused the laughing town;
But now we see this pastime fall
To those in cap and gown!

—Williams Weekly.