HACCHUS'S QUERY.

(Translation Anacreontic XIII.)

Our Mother Earth is always drinking rain!
Even the trees from soaking won't refrain!
The sky fills Father Neptune's brimming cup,
And all he leaves Old Sol, through beams, sucks up;
The tipsy moon, which heed the slightest pull,
Comes reeling home most gloriously full.
Why quarrel, then, if my inclinations
Run, like other gods, to deep libations?

—Hobart Herald.

SINCE AGNES DIED.

They say that the brook makes music soft
As ever in its pebbly bed;
That the leaves still whisper sweet aloof,
In springtime, when the robins wed.
Well, yes, they may; I cannot say,
Since Agnes died.

They say that the sunshine still is fair,
That the summer air is still as sweet
When soft the breeze sighs everywhere
In autumn, ere the long days fleet.
Perhaps 'tis so, I do not know,
Since Agnes died.

They say that gladness is not dead,
That the future smiles, and life is gay;
That joy and hope have not all fled,
That comfort has not passed away.
It may be,—well, I cannot tell,
Since Agnes died.

—Brown Magazine.

A Y'S FARMER.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study nature with his I's,
And think of what he C's.
He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's;
And sees when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's,
With many "Haw's" and "G's,"
And their mistakes will he X Q's,
While ploughing for his P's.
In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And while he hoes his soil by spells,
He also soils his hoes.

—E.V.

TO ——.

A broad white brow, from which, on either side,
In living waves, the shining hair retires—
As when one sees the shore and ebbing tide
Touched by the dying sunset's whitening fires.
Dark, earnest eyes of that deep, shadowy gray,
Which oft doth veil the heavens from our sight,
But which at times parts suddenly away
And lets upon us fall the blinding light.
Curved lips that, parted, speak of love,
And, like the half-blown roses which ensnare
The bee that hovers fearfully above—
So, too, they bid one sip the sweetness there.
Sweet girl, in boldness even this poor hand
May tell thy person's charms. But what brave mind
Will dare to loose that jealous, iron band,
By which thy soul's fair beauties are confined?

—Trinity Tablet.