

Now, recking naught of guilt or guile
 While basking in your beauty's splendor,
 He suns his heart in that false smile,
 Nor dreams 'twill ever be less tender;
 Blind mariner in unknown seas,
 Where shipwreck waits the wariest master,
 He knows not that the siren breeze
 But lulls to lure him to disaster.

Thrice hapless they who find you fair!
 So shines the wrecker's heartless beacon;
 Happy, like me, who've snapped your snare,
 And whom your wiles no more can weaken.
 'Scaped hardly from that treacherous sea,
 How swiftly love is turned to loathing!
 Neptune we thank on bended knee,
 And change our passion with our clothing.

Walter Carey.

"Boy's-Love."

STEPPING down the grassy lane,
 Timorously as a dove,
 Came an artless little damsel,
 Looking out ahead for love.
 (All the wild rose-hedge was budded—apple-boughs
 hung white above.)

"Whosoe'er I first do meet
 With the Boy's-Love in my shoe,
 He's the one I'm sure to wed,
 Sure to wed and love him true."
 She'd a fair face, sweetly peeping from a little hood
 of blue.

She had never had a lover,
 But she'd dreamed of one alway,
 And would find him by the Boy's-Love
 Hidden in her shoe to-day;
 For it is a test worth trying, all the wise old gran-
 dams say.

Should she meet the tanner's boy,
 Should she meet the miller's son,
 She was so in love with loving,
 She would love them either one,
 Nor doubt he was the one she'd dreamed of ever since
 she first begun.

So, she met a rosy stripling,
 And they passed without a word;
 But her heart would beat so loudly,
 She was almost sure he heard,
 And her snowy kerchief trembled like the plumage of
 a bird.

Innocently sideways glancing,
 From her little gingham hood,
 Through her soul she felt the fragrance
 Of that sprig of southernwood,
 And she thought the lad so pretty, and believed him
 wise and good.

Then she lay awake, a-thinking
 Of the lad, the whole night through;
 But he soundly slept till daybreak,
 Just as he was used to do,
 And never dreamed he'd met a damsel with some
 Boy's-Love in her shoe.

Mary E. Wilkins.

Chrysanter's Quest.

THE young knight Chrysanter sat pensively in the
 tapestry chamber at Poplinium, surrounded by six
 beautiful maidens. A cloud was on his brow, a trouble
 in his heart; for he found no meaning in the many,
 many words which flowed musically from those
 rosy lips. And he departed in pain; but came again
 upon the morrow, with a lofty purpose and a bold
 resolve.

"Sweet ladies," he said, "deign to impart your
 secret lore to a humble scholar. Naught is known to
 me of all these mysteries whereof ye discourse,
 neither do I understand the words of your speech.
 Teach me, therefore, I pray you, that I too may speak
 this strangely beautiful language."

Then they taught him until the sun sank in the
 west, and until the twilight faded; and yet was he
 but little wiser than before. And again he departed in
 pain; and through the weary hours of the night he
 pondered upon all that he had heard.

On the morrow he betook him once more to the
 maidens, and cried, "O damsels, your toil is but in
 vain! The mystic language is yet sealed to me, and
 its subtleties baffle my best wit. So soon as I have
 learned fitly to discriminate between a box-pleated
 gore and a double-biased panier puff, behold, even
 then I straightway forget the true difference between
 slashing and shirring, nor am I able, for all my striv-
 ing, to tell what it is to run up frilled tating with a
 basted hemstitch, or to pink the fluting of peplum
 points. Woe is me! I cannot learn this lore!"

But the fair maidens cheered Chrysanter, bidding
 him take heart and give due diligence to his task, and
 all should be well.

Even so it came to pass. The heedful knight waxed
 wiser and yet more wise, until he became like unto
 the maidens, thinking even as they thought, and
 speaking as they spake. In good time he forsook his
 rude oaths, "By Bacchus!" and "Holy Saint Jingo!"
 and "Great Cæsar's ghost!" and learned to say "By
 Bombazine!" and "Rip up my bastings!" and to vow
 by holy Honiton and sacred Sarcenet. And as the
 bird of the desert returns daily to the cool spring
 where it is wont to slake its thirst, so did the knight
 Chrysanter daily revisit the refreshing fountains of
 occult knowledge.

At length he bethought him in what manner he
 might requite those damsels, his teachers, who had
 thus enriched him with the treasures of their wisdom.
 And he made for them many pleasant lays and ditties.
 Likewise, he took counsel with his heart, and framed
 the Seven Goodly Proverbs, that are known by every
 maid, not only in Poplinium, but also throughout all
 the land of Polonaisia. And these are the Seven
 Goodly Proverbs:

1. A basted bias gathers no pleats.
2. Never look a pinked tuck in the seams.
3. One shirr in the mull is worth three in the
 scrim.
4. A basque is known by the stitches it keeps.
5. You may lead a woman to the machine, but you
 cannot make her hem.
6. Better is a slashed gore with bangles, than a
 gusset of tulle and honiton therewith.
7. Frilled tating fulls deep.

To this day, men may read the Seven Goodly Proverbs, worked in letters of gold, in the tapestry chamber at Poplinium; but of all the brave rhymes writ by Chrysender, only these remain:

“Let the double-shirred Peplums from Gussets refrain,
And beware ere they take up the Darts of Gros-Grain!
For, though Paniers should basque in the Pleats of Nainsook,
And though Ruches and Plastrons should join in rebuke,
You may baste, you may bias the Gore if you will,
Yet the Yoke of the Tucker will hang round the Frill!”

J. Bouckman.

An Incomplete Revelation.

WHILE Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago,
When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow,
Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl,
There dwelt, 'mid Penfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows,
She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes;
Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove,
With dainty foot and perfect form and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so,
A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow,
And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawling, nasal tone,
Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast
As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request,
Procured the permit in due form. On Fourth-day
• of that week
He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

“Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed,
I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said
That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay,
So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day.”

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore
Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore,—
(She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, child-like mind.)
And checked the word “Impertinence!” and answered him in kind:

“Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see
The fact that I must be thy wife revealéd unto me.”
And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate,
Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and Fate.

Richard A. Jackson.

The Future of the Classics.

[WRITTEN after reading telegraphic reports of the Phi Beta Kappa address of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and retained, with apologies, after receiving fuller reports (and the orator's subsequent explanations), for the sake of the labor bestowed on the Versification by the author, who is pleased to be assured that his poetical Prophecy is Fallacious.]

No longer, O scholars, shall Plautus
Be taught us.
No more shall professors be partial
To Martial.
No ninny
Will stop playing “shinney”
For Pliny.
Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser
Will stop to read Cæsar.
No true son of Erin will leave his potato
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.
Old Homer,
That hapless old roamer,
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,
Any cur
Safely may snub him, or urge ill
Effects from the reading of Virgil.
Cornelius Nepos
Wont keep us
Much longer from pleasure's light errands—
Nor Terence.
The irreverent now may all scoff in ease
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.
And moderns it now doth behoove in all
Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;
And to chivvy
Livy.
The class-room hereafter will miss a row
Of eager young students of Cicero.
The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's
Down upon Socrates.
And what'll
Induce us to read Aristotle?
We shall fail in
Our duty to Galen.
No tutor henceforward shall rack us
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.
We have but a wretched opinion
Of Mr. Justinian.
In our classical pabulum mix we no wee sop
Of Æsop.
Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast
From Sallust.
With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at us
Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus.
No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias
The bust of Suetonius.
And so, if you follow me,
We'll have to cut Ptolemy.
Besides, it would just be considered facetious
To look at Lucretius.
And you can
Not go in Society if you read Lucan.
And we cannot have any fun
Out of Xenophon.