

A Bar Harbor Idyl.

THEY met at breakfast—she as sweet
 As newly opened morning-glory;
 And he a "little god" complete—
 A mutual "hit!"—the old, old story!
 His eager gaze, his candid stare,
 Said more than Harvard lip could utter;
 She read his thoughts, and, blushing rare,
 Ingenuously passed the butter.

They took a pull up Frenchman's Bay,
 He at the oars, she sternly steering;
 Had Yale but seen his stroke that day!
 Her face at each recover nearing,
 A half-forbidding air it took,
 But he, the mute rebuke defying,
 Cried "Pardon! but I always look
 Where I see Harvard's color flying."

They drove, of course, to Schooner Head.
 —Ah, boys are bold, but maids are mockers! —
 She with Manhattan coyness said:
 "How nice you look in knickerbockers!"
 He reddened, turned, she caught his eye,
 Then with the reins his fingers fumbled;
 She touched his arm with half a sigh,
 And — well — in fact, he almost "tumbled."

When eve had all her burners lit,
 Down the plank walk they promenaded;
 The bats across their path would flit,
 But bats that night he disregarded.
 The moon o'er Ironbound shone clear;
 From boat to boat sweet notes were calling;
 Yet scarce a whisper reached her ear
 Save "Let's go back; the dew is falling!"

Next morning saw them at the pier,—
 The wary youth, the pretty schemer;
 Her sapphire eyes wrung out a tear
 As he, reluctant, took the steamer:
 The plank is drawn, the paddles whirl,
 He turns no longer to distress her.—
 Well! he secured an Annex girl,
 And she beguiled a Yale professor.

Edward A. Church.

A Fair Attorney.

ALAS! the world has gone awry
 Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
 For she has grown so learned I
 Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
 Whene'er I dare to woo her now
 She frowns that I should so annoy her,
 And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
 Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
 A sunny waif from Eldorado;
 I've learned how true the poet sings,
 That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
 When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
 I felt some hidden grief impended;
 When she declined a caramel,
 I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
 With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
 Strange birds that never plumed their backs
 When Father Noah braved the billow.

Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
 The splendid triumphs that await her,
 When, in the court, a breathless hush
 Gives homage to the keen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing *noes*
 From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
 'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
 Should have her heart bound up in leather.
 'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,
 Though Pallas' arms the Fair environ;
 But worse to have her quoting Kent
 When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
 Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
 No barrister will pick a flaw
 In logic so extremely clever.
 The sheriff will forget his nap
 To feast upon the lovely vision,
 And e'en the Judge will set his cap
 At her, and dream of love Elysian.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Her Bonnet.

WHEN meeting-bells began to toll,
 And pious folk began to pass,
 She deftly tied her bonnet on,
 The little, sober meeting-lass,
 All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her
 tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,
 She smoothed her bands of glossy hair,
 And innocently wondered if
 Her bonnet did not make her fair; —
 Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring
 such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
 And set the bows beneath her chin; —
 Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
 Then thought her vanity a sin,
 And she must put such thoughts away before the
 sermon should begin.

But, sitting 'neath the preached word,
 Demurely, in her father's pew,
 She thought about her bonnet still, —
 Yes, all the parson's sermon through, —
 About its pretty bows and buds which better than
 the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
 The reflex of her simple soul,
 She looked to be a very saint, —
 And maybe was one, on the whole, —
 Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.

Mary E. Wilkins.

A Portrait.

MADAME, at sound of Gabriel's trump,
 Would give no vulgar start nor jump,
 But slowly rise with tranquil grace,
 Lay all her pinion plumes in place,
 Make them secure with safety-pins,
 Account to Heaven for her sins,
 And take the Paradisic road,
 A charming angel *à la mode*.

Edith Lapham.



PANCHA.

[DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.]