

## STARS.

We strolled i' the twilight when the sun had set,  
 And as we strolled, we looked and saw afar,  
 Sending its tiny beam to mortal eyes,  
 A single star.

I looked into her eyes, and then methought  
 That, tho' long lashes interposed their bars,  
 Before me shining bright as those of Heaven,  
 I saw two stars.

Who could resist? I knew 'twas wrong, and yet,  
 Since prudence lover's pleasure never mars,  
 I kissed her. Then, in half a second's time,  
 I saw more stars.

—*Brunonian.*

## TOO YOUNG.

"You're very pretty, Mabel!"  
 Said the boy who held her hand.  
 As they went down the lane together,  
 When summer ruled the land.

"I like you—yes—I,"—but he  
 Failed to utter the word  
 Of endearment; he was bashful,  
 And so nobody heard.

But she knew—the fair little maiden—  
 The word he would have expressed;  
 The barefooted boy beside her,  
 Somehow, she rightly guessed.

And she answered him, quickly dropping  
 Her eyes, like the skies above,  
 "I cannot return it!--I'm rather  
 Too young to be in love!"—*Ex.*

## A SENTIMENTAL REVERIE.

From my pipe the smoke-up curling  
 Wreathes strange fancies in the air,  
 Dim and long-forgotten faces  
 Smile and beckon to me there,  
 As I sit and dream at twilight,  
 In my old revolving chair.

Round the eaves the North wind whistles,  
 Soft and silent falls the snow,  
 On my desk the firelight flickers,  
 Midnight with the lamp's dim glow,  
 And my fancy paints the picture  
 Of a girl I used to know.