

I had asked one little question,
 And my heart was filled with hope,
 But the answer never reached me,
 For her brother cut the rope.

—*Yale Record.*

SEA SONG.

Heigh ho, for the dancing waves!
 We'll run a race with the ocean-breeze,
 Along the sandy shore!

Far, far in the azure skies,
 The sea-gulls float along—
 And here on the wind-blown cliffs we'll rest,
 And list to the mermaids' song.

Deep, deep in sea-caves dim,
 Are the homes of the mermaids fair,
 And there they sit and sing, and sing,—
 And comb their dripping hair!
 Gold, gold their glistening locks!
 Blue, blue are their eyes,—
 Their bosoms are whiter than the foam,
 And whoever sees them dies!

Sing, sing to us on the cliffs!
 We're tired and fain would sleep!
 But oh, to lie in your foam-white arms,
 At rest—in the restless deep!

—*Exchange.*