

## PHYLLIDA'S LETTER

(1708)

Yr Letter came ; before me laie  
 Ye *Exercise* with long Array  
 Of foreign Wordes, whose *Verbs* despise  
 Ye proper *Tense*, & wax in Size  
 As *Nouns* with *Prepositions* play.

Ye *Grammar* spread its dreary Sway  
 Till all Ye Worlde seem'd old & gray,  
 & while I cursed Ye *Exercise*,  
 Yr Letter came.

& then—Ye book was cast away,  
 For Skies were bright & Life was gay ;  
 I saw againe Yr laughing Eyes,  
 I heard Yr musical Replies—  
 It was a very pleasant Day  
 Yr Letter came.

*Writ att her Majisty's Roial  
 Collidge of William & Mary.*



“THE Blindness of Us The Exalted” in the *Amherst Lit* needs favorable comment. We take the following from the verse of the issue :

## AFTER THE STORM

The wind grows calm, subdues its angry might ;  
 The sea subsides and slowly comes to rest ;  
 And “rosy-fingered dawn,” a welcome guest,  
 Throws off her uncongenial robe of night.

The sun tears through its veil of fleeing mists  
 To gaze upon the ocean's broad expanse ;  
 It seeks an object—that escapes its glance.  
 Nought save the Stormy Petrel here exists.

Some timbers rise and fall upon the sea,  
 Some spars and planks, a corpse or two—that's all ;  
 The sighing waters are a funeral pall ;  
 The waves croon low a dreary elegy.