

WE have paused to watch the quiver  
 Of faint moon-beams on the river,  
     By the gate  
 We have heard something calling  
 And a heavy dew is falling  
     Yet we wait.

It is no doubt very silly  
 To stay out in all this chilly  
     Evening mist.

Still I linger hesitating,  
 For her lips are plainly waiting  
     To be kissed.

So I stoop to take possession  
 Of the coveted concession  
     On the spot;  
 But she draws back with discreetness,  
 Saying with tormenting sweetness,  
     " I guess not."

Her whole manner is provoking ;  
 " Oh, well, I was only joking,"  
     I reply ;  
 She looks penitently pretty,  
 As she answers, " What a pity !  
     So was I."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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AFTER BROWNING.

If every fly was a humming-bird  
 And every thorn a fig,  
 And every bush a Christmas-tree  
 And every tune a jig  
 And every spring were whiskey  
 And every man a king,  
 We'd win the pennant every year  
 And wouldn't do a thing.