

A chance, now and then, for the boys and the girls
 To indulge in a little flirtation,
 When roguish young Cupid, midst dimples and curls
 Would quietly take up his station ;

And, true to his nature, of pity bereft,
 Would practise, with consummate art,
 His skill with the bow as he shot right and left
 Those arrows which reach to the heart.

At the close of the day, when the singing was ended,
 'Twould cause not the slightest alarm,
 If to some blushing maiden, as homeward she wended,
 We gallantly offered our arm.

And once at her house, if we stopped to take tea,
 We would sit in the moon's silver light ;
 Or if to the plan the dear girl would agree,
 We would stay and "snuff ashes" all night.



GOING TO CHURCH.

You'll remember the meeting-house on the hill side,
 Its counterpart not in creation ;
 For to preachers and teachers its doors opened wide
 Of every denomination,