

Alas ! Where are our John and Joe ?
For at the table is no room ;
So those two lads have met the doom
Of waiting till the second spread.
Then out we go to the wood-shed,
And there a strange sight meets our eyes,
That fills us with a great surprise.
For John and Joe, those rustic beaux,
A march have stolen, as you know.
Their faces washed, and hair combed sleek,
They then their pretty sweethearts seek
Not far—for as the others go,
The girls come out to John and Joe.
And many tender words are said ;
And many vows of fond love made.
Thus we must leave them, hoping aye
To keep in mind the “Threshing Day.”

THE ICE-KING.

The Ice-King, from his palace, hath builded last night,
His bowers of crystal clear,
That glisten, when touched by the sun's golden light,
On willow and' hedge, far and near.

His floor, he hath laid with a carpet of white ;
No echoing tread can be heard.