

FLOWERS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

A SELFISH LOVER.*(Philodemus.)*

Philinnium is small—her complexion is brown—
Her hair curls like parsley—her cheek is like down :
Her tongue has more magic than Venus's zone,
She grants me all favours, and asks me for none.
I will, therefore, adore my Philinnium, until—
I can meet with a girl more adorable still !

THE SUCCESSFUL TRICK.

(Rufinus.)

I tried an artifice one day to prove
If I had really all Ereutho's love,
"Sweet girl," I cried, "to foreign climes I stray—
"Forget me not, when I am far away !"
She wept—she shuddered with divine despair,
And tore the grape-like clusters of her hair.
"Stay, stay !" she sobb'd : then, I reluctance feigned,
And, slowly melted by her tears, remained.
Blest lover ! seemingly constrained to grant
As hard-won favour what myself did want !

"DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS."

(Rufinus.)

Ione, Doris and Rhodanthe pray'd
My prompt decision—which, the fairest maid ?
Like the three goddesses of old, they stood
Bare to my gaze—a jealous sisterhood
Soft was the bloom upon Rhodanthe's face,
The form of Doris breathed ideal grace,
But, when I looked in sweet Ione's eyes,
I felt too dazzled to award the prize.
Then, scared to think I might, like Paris be
Curs'd by two goddesses, I crown'd all three !