

A LAFUL OF LYRICS.

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OLD LETTERS.

A cup for memory.—CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

I TAKE them out of my escritoire,
Yellow, and sere, and faded with age;
And my thoughts glide back to dim days of yore
As I read again each familiar page.

Here is one from my college chum,
In a bold round hand, now the paper's yellow:
It runs in this wise, "Say, won't you come
And spend your holidays with me, old fellow?"

Dear old Tom! he was rather fast,
Fond of sport, and women, and wine;
Quixotic, too, but that's all past,
For he's become food for the worms lang syne.

He fought a duel, 'twas in Venice, I think,
With a rival there for a beautiful maid,
And his rival's sword his blood did drink,
And low in the dust poor Tom was laid.

But a right good fellow he was, I'll say,
He's helped me out of many a scrape;
True to the core, though odd in his way,
Together we've had many a hair-breadth
'scape.

Now duelling's almost one of the things
Of the past. Thank God! for it's most unfair;
'Tis a Christless code as the laureate sings,
Unworthy of gentlemen everywhere.*

* Speaking of duelling reminds me of a story of a kind and a timid man who agreed to settle a difference with pistols in a dark room. The timid man crawled up the chimney, up which the kind man, not wishing to injure his adversary, fired. The sculいた of Santa Claus came down in a heap—it was his last meal.