

And we thought him a ninny at college,
By a fond mother's apron strings bound,
Drinking in, with his scholarly knowledge,
Grave morals refreshingly sound !

Ah ! well, we have all of us squandered
Our talents in years that have passed,
And the paths where our footsteps have wandered
With clouds are for ever o'ercast ;
And 'twere better, ere carping at others,
Whose folly their sense has outgrown,
We should look, loving sisters and brothers,
At some sad little sins of our own.

Here's one from a delicate maiden
I knew in a halcyon time,
When we lived in a luminous Aiden,
Where pealed a perennial chime,
And we prattled thro' sunshiny hours,
Or wrangled in innocent strife,
Ever culling the sweetest of flowers
Which grow on the margin of life.

She has gone — but her memory hallows
The years of that childhood serene,
When we waded knee-deep in the shallows,
Or sportively played on the green ;
Or listened where high on the branches
The birds carolled early and late,
Ever heedless of dread avalanches
Hurled down by the fingers of fate.

Here are letters from warrior cousins,
Who are dearer than brothers to me ;
Here are letters by tens and by dozens
From others far over the sea ;
And here, in the centre reposing,
With its face ever open to view,
Is a letter a likeness enclosing,
And the likeness, dear friend, is — of — you —.

Of you as you were when I knew you,
Down there on the Devonshire coast.
And in fancy I ever endue you
With traits that I cherish the most ;
For I know that though years now quiescent,
Now rough, may have furrowed your brow,
Yet the past but foreshadowed the present,
And what you were then you are now.

—F. M. DE LA FOSSE.