



FROM THE FRENCH OF STANISLAS, CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

(A. D. 1737-1815.)

## L' AMOUR.

“ Love is an elf full of deceit,”  
 My mother often says to me,  
 “ Although his air is mild and sweet,  
 Worse than a viper foul f’ he.”  
 But yet I fain myself would know  
 Of what great ill a child can do  
 A shepherdess should fearful be.

I yesterday saw Colin go  
 To Amoret, and in her ear,  
 Speaking in tones all soft and low,  
 And with a manner quite sincere,  
 Praise of a charming god told he:—  
 It was the very deity  
 Of whom my mother has such fear!

All my doubts, then, to remove,—  
 This mystery that plagues me so,—  
 I’ll go with Luke in search of Love,  
 And will not let my mother know;  
 Even should he artful wiles employ,  
 We shall be two against one boy,—  
 What harm to us, pray, can he do?

W. P. DOLE.