

So every long, cool, balmy night repeats :
“ He to whom nature’s nurse
May lay his hand upon the heart that beats
Within a Universe.”



The Old Style of Proposal.

Not so very long ago,
At the bottom of a lane,
Where the shallow waters flash and flicker by,
Near a stile antique and low,
Walked a simple village swain
And a maiden, not so simple, by her eye.

Oh, his thoughts were great and deep
As he pondered, pacing there :
“ Shall I risk it all, and ask her by the stile ? ”
And the maid, though half asleep,
Felt by something in the air
She had better keep awake a little while.

So he pondered on and on,
Till her patience nearly went,
She wished she were the man and not the maid ;
“ Oh, you stupid, silly John,
I would jump at what you meant,
If you only were to stammer in the shade.”