

"This only is the witchcraft I have used."

T-ology

NEAR me, one February night,
Sat sister Amy to pour the tea,
And she looked for something among the leaves
When she thought no one would see.

There were "letters," and "journeys," and "money," too,
Then floating a twig of the tea came up,
And she took it out in her soft warm hands
From the beautiful china cup.

Just a brown twig, so lank and long,
She pressed it hard on her tiny fist,
To which it held, and then she blushed
As if she had just been kissed,

For a slight knock came at the outer door;
She started and opened it, growing bold,
And there he stood—as she knew he would—
And Amy's fortune was truly told.