

Do you say the girl is 'hoary, white with eld'?  
 Do you say the cows are 'dust beneath my feet'?  
 Learned sir, I own you're forceful as a rock,  
 Gentle Sir, I simply love your style of talk!  
 Shimmering with scintillations,  
 Cram-jam full of fine quotations;  
 But—the subject of your story is a shock."

### THE YOUNG MAN

"Old gentleman you well describe the sweet,  
 I can see her e'en myself,  
 Like a dancing woodland elf,  
 The tender flowers all unsquashed  
 Beneath her thoughtful feet.

Yet gone your lofty, well beloved band.  
 Fair Thyrsis, Phylis, Zephyr,  
 Amphion, What d'ye call her,  
 Flora, Phoebus, swift Parnassus,  
 Milk-maid, shepherd, Pan."

—W. G. ROBERTS.

Wedmore, Wessex,  
 On the 27th day of July,  
 In the year of Our Lord, 878.

To my beloved pupil,—

Truly I have much desired to hear from you, but in this half-civilized country news travels but slowly. I am sending this letter by a monk, who is leaving on a pilgrimage to Rome, thence to the holy places in Palestine. While in my loved city, Rome, he will deliver this message unto you.

Indeed it is a strange country I have come to, for the purpose of delivering knowledge to the people. I am told that it has been an especially difficult and almost impossible task, on account of the great disturbance the country has been in for nearly the last half century, of which you have likely heard a little. It is now hoped that there will be peace, as the good King, Alfred—may God bless him—after struggling for seven years, has at last arranged for peace with those heathenish and barbarous Norsemen. Some say that they will all become Christians, according to the treaty which they