

## Fun Among the Poets.

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SOME years ago, David Barker, a distinguished poet in the state of Maine, after the birth of his first child, wrote and published the following pretty poem :—

One night as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the door of heaven ajar,  
When through a little angel crept,  
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride  
Awakened from some pleasing dreams  
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—  
That when he leaves this world of pain  
He'll wing his way to that bright shore,  
And find the road to heaven again.

John G. Saxe, not to be outdone, and deeming that injustice had been done to St. Peter, wrote the following as St. Peter's reply :—

Full eighteen hundred years or more  
I've kept my gate securely fast ;  
There has no "little angel" strayed,  
Nor recreant through the portals passed.

I did not sleep, as you supposed,  
Nor left the door of heaven ajar,  
Nor has a "little angel" left  
And gone down with a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride, and see  
If she don't frankly own and say,  
That when she found that angel babe,  
She found it in the good old way.

God grant but this—I ask no more—  
That should your number still enlarge,  
You will not do as done before,  
And lay it to old Peter's charge.

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