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A G I F T

FOR

THE HOLIDAYS.

BY

M. P. J.

"The giver makes the gift
More precious."

AUBURN:

JAMES M. ALDEN.

1850.

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L'ENVOI.

A sweet message of love I bring,
Kind words of affection and truth,
Like the draught from the fabled spring—
The source of perpetual youth—
Stainless and pure,—and gushing up
From the fount in the heart concealed,
Whose treasures, o'erflowing their cup,
Aye delight to be thus revealed.

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A G I F T
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Meeting of the Years.

I saw them meet, the Old Year and the New,
In ærial pomp beside my wild-wood home.
Night lay upon the forest, cold and still,
Like hope upon my pathway. The bright
moon

Pour'd from her silver bowl a flood of light
Upon earth's ermine robe of drifted snow,
O'er which innumerable diamonds flash'd,
Dazzling my weary eye with piercing gleams,
Shifting and quivering, even amid the gloom
Of the dark foliage of the noble pines
That border the bright hill-side. Lo! a sound
Of spirit pinions passing to and fro,
Among the moving branches, while the trees
Majestically bow'd their plummy heads
Unto the airy ministers of heaven,

Whose voices blend in a mysterious hymn
 Of liquid melody, that fills the night
 With worldless worship to the Living God ;
 Worship far more appropriate and pure
 Than all the studied harmony of words
 That man has mind to frame, or voice to
 chant.

Flashing like ice-drops in the morning beam,
 A group of glorious creatures swept along :
 First, one of lofty and majestic mien,
 And strange and dreamy beauty, which the
 eye

Could gaze upon forever, and not tire.
 Her foot upon the snow-drift left no print,
 And waked no echo ; silently and swift
 She moved, like a bright dream, all unadorn'd
 Save her own heavenly beauty. In one hand
 She held the seal of fate and key to heaven ;
 The other grasp'd a sceptre of strange power,
 The touch of which changes all things on
 earth,

And writes on all life's glories, "Vanity."
 I knew the silent angel ; she is Time,
 The eldest daughter of Eternity ;—
 Immortal youth and chastity are hers.

* * * * *

* * * * * At her side

With measured solemn pace, and weary air,

A fair ethereal creature held her way;
Her feet were stain'd with blood, and her dark
locks
Were thickly gemm'd with tears, and deep sad
sighs
Were breathing round her, like the atmosphere
Which the green nightshade gathers round its
bower.
Her ample robe, which had been purely white,
Was written o'er with myriad tales of sin,
And dark deceit, and suffering, and woe;
While glittering here and there, like radiant
gems,
Amid the dross and blackness of the mine,
Worthy and generous deeds were chronicled,
And penitential tears were sprinkled o'er,
In beautiful relief to the dark lines
That spoke of shame and wrong. She bore a
vase,
Filled with sweet faded flowers which she had
torn
From many a bleeding stem.

Hark! A deep peal
Startled the dreaming midnight, and a sigh
Heaved the dark bosoms of the solemn wood,
And died in cold dark silence. Lo! a sound,
And a young regal spirit was display'd

In robes of glistening white. A radiant smile
Play'd o'er her features, like the morning
beam

Upon the robe of May. Her right hand bore
A dewy cluster of the richest balm
That ever grew on Gilead. But a sword,
Keen as the quivering lightning, graced her
left.

"Sister!" she cried, as the Old Year advanced,
"God calls thee to thy rest. I come to bring
Healing unto the wounds that thou hast made,
And to inflict others as dread and deep."

They joined their hands a moment, while the
winds

Paused on their moonlit pinions. Then young
Hope

Came with her magic smile, and golden curls,
Gemm'd with sweet dewy buds from the wild
rose;

Her silver lute was perfectly in tune,
And warbled symphony to all her songs
Of soul-enthraling promise. Gracefully
She led the welcome New Year. But I saw
Time walking still beside them, unperceived
By those who revell'd in their joyousness.
The Old Year dropp'd the pale flowers from her
grasp;

Gather'd her robe of record round her form,

And the pavilion of Eternity
Inclosed her in its misty drapery,
And she was gone forever. Then remained,
Of all the pageant of that midnight chime,
One pensive angel, with bright fragrant tears
Upon her smiling beauty. Carefully
She gather'd from the snow those scatter'd
flowers,
Wreath'd them in garlands for her breast and
brow,
And sung such sweet sad legends of their
bloom,
Mingling their incense with her tuneful song,
That the pent waters of my swollen heart
gushed
And flowed in cooling drops o'er all the wounds
That burned within my bosom. Memory!
How kind thou art, thus to preserve life's flow-
ers,
And soothe the mourning spirit with thy hymn,
When years have past, and Hope sped gayly
by,
To dwell with young glad hearts.

MRS. L. J. PEIRSON.

Youthful Friendship.

THE days of youthful friendship,
 When heart to heart is lightly bound
 In rosy wreaths that bind them round,
 More beautiful than strong ;
 And, even in breaking, scatter flowers,
 The rapid growth of sunny hours,
 That heal their wounds ere long.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

Friendship's Influence.

———— I am now
 Happy in quiet feelings ; for the tones
 Of a most pleasant company of friends
 Were in my ear but now, and gentle thoughts
 From spirits whose high character I know ;
 And I retain their influence, as the air
 Retains the softness of departed day.

WILLIS.

Love.

WHEN the tree of Love is budding first,
Ere yet its leaves are green,
Ere yet by shower and sunbeam nursed
Its infant life has been ;
The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
The buds from off the tree,
As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part,
And the bitter tear that follows is
The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
'Tis the fire-fly's light at even,
'Tis dim as the wandering stars that burst
In the blue of the summer heaven.

A breath can bid it burn no more,
Or if, at times, its beams
Come on the memory, they pass o'er
Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
A being and a power,
And smiled in scorn upon the dew
That fell in its first warm hour ;
'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's
head,
Whose task is to destroy ;
'Tis the lamps on the altars of the dead,
Whose light but darkens joy.

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
The infant buds of Love,
And tread his glowing fire to earth,
Ere 'tis dark in clouds above ;
Cherish no more a cypress-tree
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

HALLECK.

Life's Joys.

'Tis sweet to mingle sighs and tears
With those whom we have loved for years ;
And sweeter still with them to share
Life's joys, unmixed with pain and care.

The joys of life ! oh, they abound
Like flowers upon a fertile ground,
When cultured well and nursed with care,—
A beauteous sight, and prospect fair.

BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Maidens who Love.

MAIDENS who love are full of hope,
And crowds hedge in its golden scope ;
Therefore, they love green solitudes,
And silence for their better moods.

PROEM TO THE " FROISSART BALLADS."

Some things Love Me.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill,
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still !

To my feet the river glideth,
Through the shadow, sullen, dark ;
On the stream the white moon rideth
Like a bark :

And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,—
Even me.

Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around ;
Countless voices rise to cheer me,
From the ground ;

And the love bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine,

Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine :

There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,—
Even me.

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boat-like, as 'twould woo me
Far away ;

And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky :

There they hang and smile above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this deary world that love me,—
Even me.

Now when flows the tide of even,
Like a solemn river, slow,
Gentle eyes akin to heaven
On me glow ;

Loving eyes that tell their story,
Speaking to my heart of hearts;
But I sigh, "A thing of glory
Soon departs."

Yet when Mary fades above me,
I must think that there will be
One thing more in heaven to love me,—
Even me.

T. B. READ.

Life.

LIFE is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

BURNS.

Society of Children.

COME the band of children :
A tender nest of soft young hearts,
Each to be separately studied ;
A curious eager flock of minds,
To be severally tamed and tutored.
And a man, blest with these,
Hath made his own society ;
He is independent of the world,
Hanging on his friends more loosely,
For the little faces around his hearth
Are friends enow for him ;
If he seek others, it is for sake of these,
And less for his own pleasure.
What companionship so sweet,
Yea, who can teach so well
As these pure budding intellects,
And bright unsullied hearts ?
What voice so musical as theirs,
What visions of elegance so comely,
What thoughts and hopes and holy prayers,
Can others cause like these ?
If ye count society for pastime,—

What happier recreation than a nursling,
Its winning ways, its prattling tongue,
Its innocence and mirth ?
If ye count society for good,—
How fair a field is here,
To guide these souls to God,
And multiply thyself for heaven !

M. F. TUPPER.

The Gift.

YE may search the earth, and the shoreless
deep,
For the fairest things in their cells they keep ;
Ye may gather the light of an eastern mine,
And offer it up on affection's shrine ;
But ye'll never find it cherished there
Like a simple gift, with the heart's pure prayer.

MRS. L. P. SMITH.

The Secret of Happiness.

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief,
Or is thy heart oppressed by woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief;
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of
gold?

'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathe freely its perfumes through the ambient
air.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shall know.

CARLOS WILCOX.

Beauty's Smile.

WHAT heart of man unmoved can lie,
When plays the smile in Beauty's eye.

Hogg.

The Heart's Guests.

WHEN age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way ;
When evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day,—
Then shall we sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past—
In the heart's silent chamber
The guests will gather fast.

Guests that in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
And we shall hold communion
As in the days before.
They may be dark and sombre,
They may be bright and fair ;
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters,
Who shall be our hearts' guests ?
How shall it be, my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests ?

Shall we not mid the silence
Hear voices, sweet and low,
Speak the old familiar language,
The words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that lone chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold?
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And evening twilight gathers
Round our retiring day.

MRS. C. F. ORNE.

Immortality.

A VOICE within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

DANA.

The Builders.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low ;
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,—
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
'To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

LONGFELLOW.

Young Thoughts.

YOUNG thoughts have music in them :—love
And happiness their theme.

HALLECK.

A Bright Thought.

I HAVE seen change—though youth is on my
brow,
I have seen change. I've trod the glittering
way
Of the loud throng—and lived in lighted halls ;
Fate too, has called me to another scene,
And time has brought its trial. I have passed
To life's extremest quiet, and laid down
In thankfulness of spirit, that my heart
Found joy in that sweet silence. I have said,
Let the world heave on in its ocean-noise,
I ask but friends and home—and if to these
Heaven add the boon of love, my lot is full,
And rapture yet may light my pilgrimage.

G. MELLEN.

Woman's Sympathy.

How sweet is woman's love, is woman's care !
When struck and shattered in a stormy hour,
We droop forlorn, and man, with Stoic air,
Neglects, or roughly aids,—then, robed in
power,—
Then Nature's angel seeks the mourner's
bower.

GALLEY KNIGHT.

Life is but a Gleam.

THIS life is but a gleam,
A fountain's spray,
An echo, or a dream,—
Passing away.

A shadow quickly past,
One hour of day,
A flake on ocean cast,—
Passing away.

MRS. E. M. SIDNEY.

We are Growing Old.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past :
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears ;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.
Oh ! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow ;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled
That steered with us from that early mark,—
Oh, friends ! we are growing old !

ANONYMOUS.

A Friend.

POOR is the friendless master of a world ;
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

YOUNG.

The Two Oceans.

Two seas amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle,
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle.

The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams ;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one with murmur and roar
Bears fleets round coast and islet ;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

STERLING.

Love's Sympathy.

THERE is a secret sympathy in love ;
The powerful loadstone cannot move a straw,
No more than jet the trembling needle draw.

SEDLEY.

The Streamlet.

How silently yon streamlet slides
From out the twilight-shaded bowers !
How, soft as sleep, it onward glides
In sunshine through its dreaming flowers !

That tranquil wave, now turned to gold
Beneath the slowly westering sun,
It is the same, back on the wold,
Whose foam this morn we gazed upon !

The leaden sky—the barren waste—
The torrent we this morning knew,
How changed are all !—as now we haste
To bid them, with the day, adieu !

Ah thus, should Life and Love at last
Grow bright and sweet when Death is near ;
May we, our course of trial passed,
Thus bathed in beauty, pass from here.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

Lines to a Lady.

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide—
Instinct take the place of duty—
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
Kindly beckoning back the Old,
Turning, with a power like Midas,
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness
Wearing even a welcome guise,
As when some bright lake lies open
To the sunny skies ;—

Every wing of bird above it,
Every light cloud floating on,
Glitters like that flashing mirror
In the self-same sun.

WHITTIER.

My Sister.

SUNNY and golden be
The lot in store for thee ;
Peace smile upon thy path where'er thou goest ;
Health freshen on thy cheek—
Its vermilion to bespeak
How full and rich to thee each joy thou
knowest.

Blest, sister, be thy love—
Blest here, and blest above !
Oh ! be thy warm affections not in vain ;
But deep, and pure, and true,
Yield pleasures young and new,
To glad thy breast, like angel's, free from stain.

Thine, sister, be for aye,
That hope which springs on high ;
Thine be the task to guard its sacred light,
With vestal's holy care ;
Thy faith, this duty rare,
Wilt prove,—and, proving, turn to day all night.

J. S. JENKINS.

A Picture.

FAR up the porch, there grew an Eastern rose,
That, flowering high, the last night's gale had
caught,

And blown across the walk. One arm aloft—
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to the shape—
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she stood.

A single stream of all her soft brown hair
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the flowers
Stole all the golden gloss, and, wayering
Lovingly lower, trembled on her waist—
Ah, happy shade—and still went wavering
down.

But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might have
danced

The greensward into greener circles, dipt,
And mix'd with shadows of the common
ground!

But the full day dwelt on her brows, and sunn'd
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-bloom,
And doubled his own warmth against her lips,
And on the bounteous wave of such a breast
As never pencil drew. Half light, half shade,
She stood, a sight to make an old man young.

KEATS.

Music.

Who hath heard from summer trees,
The sweet wild song of summer birds,
When morning to the far-off breeze
Whispers her bidding words ;—

Or listened to the bird of night,
The minstrel of the starlight hours,
Companion of the fire-fly's flight,
Cool dews, and closed hours ;—

But deemed that spirits of the air,
Had left their native homes in heaven,
And that the music warbled there
To earth a while was given ?

For with that music came the thought
That life's young purity was theirs,
And love, all artless and untaught,
Breathed in their woodland airs.

HALLECK.

The Mother's Love.

WHEN the mournful Jewish mother
Laid her infant down to rest,
In doubt, and fear, and sorrow,
On the water's changeful breast ;
She knew not what the future
Should bring the sorely-tried :
That the Prophet of her nation,
Was the babe she sought to hide.

No! in terror wildly flying,
She hurried on her path ;
Her swollen heart full to bursting
Of woman's helpless wrath :
Of that wrath so blent with anguish,
When we seek to shield from ill
Those feeble little creatures
Who *seem* more helpless still !

Ah ! no doubt, in such an hour,
Her thoughts were harsh and wild ;
The fiercer burned her spirit,
The more she loved her child ;

No doubt a frenzied anger
Was mingled with her fear,
When that prayer arose for justice
Which God hath sworn to hear.

He heard it! From his Heaven,
In its blue and boundless scope,
He saw that task of anguish,
And that fragile ark of hope ;
When she turn'd from that lost infant,
Her weeping eyes of love,
And the cold reeds bent beneath it—
His angels watched above !

She was spared the bitter sorrow
Of her young child's early death,
Or the doubt where he was carried
To draw his distant breath ;
She was called his life to nourish
From the well-springs of her heart,
God's mercy re-uniting
Those whom man had forced apart !
HON. MRS. NORTON.

The Human Heart.

THE human heart! 'tis a thing that lives
In the light of many a shrine ;
And the gem of its own pure feelings gives
Too oft on brows that are false to shine :
It has many a cloud of care and woe
To shadow o'er its springs,
And the One above alone may know
The changing tune of its thousand strings.

MRS. L. P. SMITH.

Woman's Eye.

——— WOMAN'S eye,
In court or cottage, wheresoe'er her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high
To be o'erpraised even by her worshipper—
Poesy.

HALLECK:

Faith, Hope, and Energy.

DESPAIR thou not! droop not thy wing,
However dark thy fortunes are ;
Beyond the desert is a spring,
Behind the cloud a star !

The time must come for all to fail ;
Tie after tie breaks fast apart ;
The oil consumes ; the light grows pale ;
The ice forms round the heart.

But then despair thou not! But keep
A steadfast soul—on thee shall stream
The light that God hath given in sleep,
The teachings of a dream.

There, Death and Health appeared to me
To struggle for a noble form,
Too young, too beautiful, to be
The birthright of the worm.

But Death was winning! On the arched,
High brow great agony was shown ;
And from the pale lips, fever-parched,
Broke the half-stifled moan.

When lo! two beings toward him trod,
Whose look told innocence of sin:
With woman forms—those forms which God
Hides angel-spirits in.

They laved the fever from his brow,
They chafed the numb'd limb free from pain,
And Health beheld her roseate flow
Exulting in each vein.

And, till the eternal portals ope,
That dream shall never fade from me—
Those angel sisters, FAITH and HOPE,
Nursing young ENERGY.

C. DONALD MACLEOD.

The Past Year.

THE stars of the old year shone last night,
And bright were the beams they cast,
But my spirit likened each burning ray,
To the torch-light of the Past;
For methought that many a heart would chill,
To gaze on that glowing sphere,
Should Memory's chords that evening thrill,
To the dreams of the olden year.

MISS LUCY HOOPER.

The Heart.

Who has robb'd the ocean cave,
To tinge thy lips with coral hue ?
Who from India's distant wave,
For thee, those pearly treasures drew ?
Who, from yonder orient sky,
Stole the morning of thine eye ?

Thousand charms, thy form to deck,
From sea, and earth, and air are torn ;
Roses bloom upon thy cheek,
On thy breath their fragrance borne.
Guard thy bosom from the day,
Lest its snows should melt away.

But one charm remains behind,
Which mute earth can ne'er impart ;
Nor in ocean wilt thou find,
Nor in the circling air, a heart ;
Fairest, would'st thou perfect be,
Take, O take that heart from me.

DR. SHAW.

The Sunshine of an Eye.

If I am doomed to waste my passing days
Amid the city's tumult, far away
From the sweet music of the wilderness,
Its merry waters, and its laughing winds,
And leaves, and reddening blossoms—let me
have

The sunshine of a bright and gentle eye
To cheer me in my bondage. So my life
Shall glide away in perfect quietude,
And when the hairs are gray upon my head,
And my voice falters, I shall deem it well
That I have passed my life in this sweet mood ;
Nor when I go down to the sepulchre,
Shall I need friends to soothe me in the hour
Of my departure.

H. W. ROCKWELL.

Woman's Tear.

Oh! too convincing, dangerously dear,
In woman's eye, the unanswerable tear.

BYRON.

Memory.

THE day will come when Memory lingers
Sadly o'er her sweetest dream,
Weaving for aye, with fairy fingers,
Semblance of joys that once have been ;
And in our age we fain would see
In that vain dream, reality.

While waiting for that sober time,
With pleasure's tempting path before us,
Gayly pass on, nor feel the ills
Fast-fleeting Time may scatter o'er us ;
But lay up Memory's joyous store
To glad the heart when young no more.

MRS. G. NORMAN.

Affection.

O ! there is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken ;—when two find,
The softer and the manlier, that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind.

PERCIVAL.

Retrospect.

As we look back through life,
In our moments of sadness,
How few and how brief are
Its gleamings of gladness ;
Yet we find midst the gleam
That our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine,—
A few flowers unfaded :—
And memory still hoards,
As her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture,—
Some exquisite pleasures.
One hour of such bliss is
A life ere it closes ;
'Tis one drop of fragrance,
From thousands of roses.

P. M. WETMORE.

Pity and Love.

Soft Pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where Love has been received a welcome
guest. SHERIDAN.

Sonnet.

THERE moved a beauteous form on easy wing,
Chanting through Nature a melodious song ;
Borne on the breeze, I heard it softly sing,
And 'mong the vocal woods its strains pro-
long :

It floated on the rose's sweet perfume—

With melody inspired the vernal streams,
And like an angel decked with golden plume,
It shone reflected in the sun's bright beams.

As wishfully I gazed upon its charms,

Unconsciously it near me softly stole,
And, sweetly smiling, cast its magic arms

With bliss transporting round my youthful
soul.

I asked its name—"Love," was the answer
given—

"I came to minister delight—my home is
yonder Heaven."

ANONYMOUS.

Joy In Every Thing.

THERE is a spell in every flower,
A sweetness in each spray,
And every simple bird has power
To please me with its lay.

And there is music on the breeze
That sports along the glade;
The crystal dew-drops on the trees
Are gems by fancy made.

O, there is joy and happiness,
In every thing I see,
Which bids my soul rise up and bless
The God who blesses me.

MRS. A. P. DINNIES.

The Sorrow Words

GIVE sorrow words, the grief that does not
speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it
break.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Heart's Yearning.

THERE is a yearning within each breast,
A secret wish that is not repress,
To live in the heart of some cherished friend,
When with kindred dust the form shall blend.
It takes a chill from the icy breath
That comes to thee from "the reaper Death."

Cherish the thought—'tis in kindness sent,
With every act of our life 'tis blent ;
Although we trace not the hidden spring,
And sterner warning aside would fling,
Through a long, proud life, this wish man
bears,
An angel that's cherished unawares.

Alice G. Lee.

The Wish.

As half in shade, and half in sun,
This world along its course advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that shall ever meet thy glances !

Moore.

Nella.

WHEN first you look upon her face,
You little note, beside
The timidness which still betrays
The beauties it would hide ;
But, one by one, they look out from
Her blushes and her eyes ;
And still the last the loveliest,
Like stars from twilight skies. ■

And thoughts go sporting thro' her mind,
Like children among flowers ;
And deeds of gentle goodness are
The measure of her hours. ●
In soul or face she bears no trace
Of one from Eden driven,
But, like the rainbow, seems tho' born
Of Earth, a part of Heaven.

HILL.

Wedded Love.

HIGH the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above.

ROLLESTON.

What is most Beautiful.

"WHAT is most beautiful, hill or dale,
Forest or prairie, mountain or vale?
Answer me, Dryads, from breezy shade,
By cooling stream or in woodland glade!"
And a low, sweet whisper was on the air—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not there."

"Kingly old mountains, so stately now,
With your crowns of snow on each hoary
brow,
Speak from your seats of a thousand years,
What is most beautiful, cloud-wrapp'd seers?"
And a voice came down in the pine-woods
dear—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

"Ocean, old ocean, thou rollest along,
Chiming to heaven thy ceaseless song,
Zoning the earth with thy boundless sea,
Surely, more beautiful nought could be!"
And a Naiad sang from the blue depths near—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

" Stars, as ye hymn in your orbs on high,
Stars, as ye wheel in the mystic sky,
Stars, prophet-stars, in your seer-like tones,
Answer me down from your burning thrones !"
And a voice was heard, as a voice from a
bier—

" The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

I ceased, but a sound went by me still,
And echoed each old eternal hill,
Murmured the wood, the sea, and the plain,
And sang the stars from their high domain—
" In the maiden meek, in the maiden fair,
Oh! look for the soul of the beautiful there."

C. J. PETERSON.

A Child's Face.

OH! looking on a child's fair face
Methinks should purify the heart;
As angel presences have grace
To bid the darker powers depart,
And glorify our grosser sense;
With a reflected innocence!

HON. MRS. NORTON.

All Men are Brothers.

ALL men are brothers, speak to them as such :
Kind words are moneys put at usury,
Which yearly grow with added interest,
Until the sum's a mountain. Ne'er omit
The chance to make you friends. Buoy they
are
Laid down in Life's wild channel ; and when
storms
Come up, and blackness shrouds the watery
waste,
Their aid may frighten shipwreck from your
side.

ANONYMOUS.

The Spring of Love.

OH, how the spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day ;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKSPEARE.

My Love.

SHE loves her kind, and shuns no duty ;
Her virtues sanctify her beauty ;
And all who know her say that she
Was born for man's felicity—
I know that she was born for mine.
Dearer than any joy of wine,
Or pomp, or gold, or man's loud praise,
Or purple power, art thou to me—
Kind cheerer of my clouded ways—
Young vine upon a rugged tree !

Poem to the "FROISSART BALLADS."

The Star's Reply.

THOU bad'st me shine—and when my ray
Won thee to thoughts of heaven,
From earth and "care and toil away,"
My light was freely given.

Would'st thou a star's love-beam retain
To guide thine earthly way ?
Then know—thy thoughts must pure remain
"Beneath its heavenly ray." ANON.

Heigh-ho.

LIKE the dew-drop born
From the blush of morn,
Is the girl I love, heigh-ho!
A lily's her cheek,
Where the rose blooms meek,
And she's mild as a dove, heigh-ho!

She folds her heart
From the world apart,
Like a flower at night, heigh-ho!
Though she shrinks away
From the garish day;
Of her home she's the light, heigh-ho!

As the altar spark
That illumes the dark,
She's ever the same, heigh-ho!
Or a calm, sweet star,
Shining down afar,
Sure from heav'n she came, heigh-ho!

I'm a wild, gay lark,
Like a rudderless bark,
She'll never be mine, heigh-ho!
But I'll worship still,
With a holy thrill,
At her saintly shrine, heigh-ho!

A. A. IRVINE.

The Likeness.

THOU art too like thy mother, boy!
Thy soft blue eye, thy chestnut hair,
Thy dimpled cheek, and, lurking there,
That rosy laugh so full of joy,
And love, and glee, are her's alone,—
And her's thy voice's lute-like tone.

Thou art too like thy mother, boy!
Whene'er I listen to thy sigh,
Thy mother gone seems hovering nigh;
And when I call thee all my joy,
I see her smile upon thy cheek,
And, breathless, wait to hear her speak.

J. S. JENKINS.

Imagination.

THE atmosphere is magic, as it bathes
The brow and bosom with Lethean balm ;
And beauteous angels wait there, radiant
With the pure blissful light that gushes forth
From Heaven's half-open portals ; and their
wings

Glance ever at our bidding, swift as thought.
How sweetly do they bear us in their arms,
From this dull workshop of the heart and brain,
To their own blest dominion ! where each
breeze

Is laden with delight. How tenderly
They lay us in the arms of those we love,
While the full heart is throbbing, and the eye
Pouring from its rich depth an ardent flood
Of ecstasy unmingled, unalloy'd.

Then hands are clasped, and lips are fondly
pressed,

That never meet save in that magic land ;
And words are breathed, and ecstasies are felt,

That Earth knows nothing of. There comes no
doubt,

No withering suspicion, no mistrust,
Into that joyous world. All there is pure,
Faultless and beautiful,—and full of bliss.

MRS. L. J. PIERSON.

Memory.

As silent burns the everlasting flame

Amid the darkness of the heathen's tomb—

A lambent light which Time cannot con-
sume—

So, in my heart, unquenchable, the same,

Love's unconsuming fire, no age can tame,

Burns ever, star-like, giving tireless light

To thy sweet Memory, drest in saintly white,
Which there lies treasured; while thy precious
name,

The fountain whence my inspiration came—

Like Hesperus among the lights of Heaven—

Burns in the centre of my thoughts, which sit

With twinkling vigils, like the stars of even,

Each, for its own life's sake, now watching it—
Showing the soul it never can forget.

T. H. CHIVERS.

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom, bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
Thou openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts, and shortening days portend
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye,
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

A Perfect Woman.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food :
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A creature breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

WORDSWORTH.

Love Never Fades.

COME—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow !
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets
blow.

There—in the beautiful South,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That Love never fades, though violets die !

PROCTOR.

There's Rest in Heaven.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring ;—
Should pleasure, at its birth,
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day :—
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eyes above—
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom ;—

Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

J. H. BRIGHT.

*** Fear for Thee.**

Oh, much I fear thy guileless heart,
Its earnestness of feeling,
Its passions and its sympathies,
To every eye revealing :—

I tremble for that winning smile,
And trusting glance of thine ;
And pray that none but faithful ones
May bow before thy shrine.

Oh ! when the breath of flattery
Is warm upon thine ear,
And manly brows are bending
In humble homage near ;—

May no dream of tenderness arise
Which earth may not fulfil,
And no fountain open in thy heart,
Which time hath power to chill.

WHITTIER.

To a White Chrysanthemum.

FAIR gift of Friendship, and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness, thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscathed by heats,—by wintry blasts un-
moved,—
Thy strength thus tested,—and thy charm im-
proved.

Emblem of innocence, which fearless braves
Life's dreariest scenes, its rudest storm
derides,
And floats as calmly on o'er troubled waves,
As where the peaceful streamlet smoothly
glides;
Thou'rt blooming now, as beautiful and clear
As other blossoms do when Spring is here.

Symbol of hope, still banishing the gloom
Hung o'er the mind by stern December's
reign!

Thou cheer'st the fancy by thy steady bloom,
With thoughts of Summer and the fertile
plain,
Calling a thousand visions into play,
Of beauty redolent, and bright as May.

Type of a true and holy love; the same
Through every scene that clouds life's varied
page;
Mid grief—mid gladness—spell of every dream,
Tender in youth—and strong in feeble age!—
The peerless picture of a modest wife,
Thou bloom'st the fairest mid the frost of life.

MRS. A. P. DINNIE.

Beauty.

BEAUTY, my Lord!—'tis the worst part of
woman!

A weak, poor thing, assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time.

GOFF.

Humility.

THE loaded bee the lowest flies,
The richest pearl the deepest lies ;
The stalk the most replenished,
Doth bow the most its modest head ;
And thus humility we find
The mark of every master mind ;—
The highest-gifted lowliest bends,
And merit meekest condescends,
And shuns the fame that fools adore—
The puff that bids a feather soar.

ANONYMOUS.

Feast of Roses.

AND all is ecstasy ; for now
The valley holds its feast of roses,—
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open like the season's rose.

MOORE.

Lobe of Flowers.

SHE loved all simple flowers that sprung
In grove or sun-lit dell,
And of each streak and varied hue,
A meaning deep would tell ;
For her a language was impressed
On every leaf that grew,
And lines revealing brighter worlds
That seraph fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth ;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left :—
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft !

They tremble on the Alpine height ;
The fissured rock they press ;
The desert wild, with heat and sand,
Shares too, their blessedness ;

And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

Wedded Love.

BUT happy they!—the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle stars unite; and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural of, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace,—but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
will,
With boundless confidence;—for nought but
love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

THOMSON.

Autumn.

THE beech-nut falling from its opened burr
Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust's song
Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,
Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills
Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike
Upon the hollow air, let loose their tongues.
The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,
Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum
Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,
Like a wing'd violet, floating in the meek
Pink-colored sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
Within the pillared mullin's delicate down,
And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.
Lazily wings the crow, with solemn croak,
From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps
The grasshopper, and the spider's tiny clock
Ticks from its crevice.

A. B. STREET.

The Widow's Mite.

AMID the pompous crowd
Of rich admirers came a humble form—
A widow, meek as poverty could make
Her children. With a look of sad content
Her mite within the treasure-heap she cast—
Then timidly as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift
Was witnessed by an eye whose mercy views
In *motive*, all that consecrates a deed
To goodness : so He blessed the widow's mite
Beyond the gift abounding wealth bestowed.
Thus it is, Lord, with thee ; the HEART is thine,
And all the world of hidden action there,
Works in thy sight, like waves beneath the
sun

Conspicuous !—and a thousand nameless acts
That lurk in lowly secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers that fall
Beneath the proud man's foot, to thee are
known,

And written with a sunbeam in the book
Of life, where Mercy fills the brightest page.

MONTGOMERY.

She Walks in Beauty.

"SHE walks in beauty," like the moon,
When blushing at a world's delight,
Her misty wimple half withdrawn,
She dawns upon the gazer's sight.

The dainty rose upon her face
Doth ever lightly come and go;
The smile and blush each other chase
As Love and Joy alternate glow.

But more than beautiful is she—
Her blue eyes tell of holier things,
Of generous feelings warm and free,—
Of fancy's wild and Genii wings.

"She walks in beauty," and in grace,
She speaks with low melodious tone,
And o'er her form and in her face
His dearest magic Love has thrown.

But flattery's voice has not beguiled
Her lofty soul to selfish art,
For never throbbed in Nature's child
A warmer, truer, happier heart!

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

To ———.

OH, what a world of bright and blissful dreams
Wake at thy glance, like flowers beneath the
sun,
Sweet thoughts unfolding in those fervid beams,
Like budding rose-leaves opening one by one.
And as a soft hue steeps the ruby rose,—
One rich, soft hue, melting through every
fold,
Yet at the crimson core more deeply glows,
Where none its blushing beauty may be-
hold,—
Thus are my thoughts, all tinged with love for
thee ;
Thus brightly glowing, where no eye may see
Their beauty ; burning in their silent shrine,
Like gems soft gleaming in the dusky mine.
My heart shall yield its secret but in death,
E'en as the crushed rose pours its sweetest
breath.

ANONYMOUS.

The Flight of Time.

TIME! Time!—in thy triumphal flight
How all life's phantoms flee away!
The smile of Hope—and young Delight,
Fame's meteor beam—and Fancy's ray;
They fade—and on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride—
The broken wrecks of Fortune's war.

Where hath the morning splendor flown,
Which danced upon the crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
When life is an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night,
Which destiny hath overspread;
Enrolled upon that trackless flight
Where the dark wing of Time hath sped.
J. G. BROOKS.

The Past.

WHATE'ER of joy the coming year may bring,
The past—the past—I never can forget.
MRS. S. J. HALE.

Winter.

WINTER has come again. The sweet south-west

Is a forgotten wind, and the strong earth
Has laid aside its mantle to be bound
By the frost fetter. There is not a sound
Save the skater's heel, and there is laid
An icy finger on the lip of streams.
And the clear icicle hangs cold and still,
And the snow-fall noiseless is as thought.
Spring has a rushing sound, and Summer sends
Many sweet voices with its odors out,
And Autumn rustleth its decaying robe
With a complaining whisper. Winter's dumb!
God made his ministry a silent one.
And he has given him a foot of steel
And an unlovely aspect, and a breath
Sharp to the senses—and we know that He
Tempereth well, and hath a meaning hid
Under the shadow of his hand. Look up!
And shall it be interpreted?—Your home
Hath a temptation now. There is no voice
Of waters with beguiling for your ear,
And the cool forest and the meadows green

And now I see, with eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A creature breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason first, the desperate will,
 The courage, insight, strength and skill;
 The nerves, the muscles, and the mind;
 And all that yearning and all might
 In a contrivance of an angel's light.

W. B. YEATS

THE GIFT FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The very pulse of the machine;
 A creature breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason first, the desperate will,
 The courage, insight, strength and skill;
 The nerves, the muscles, and the mind;
 And all that yearning and all might
 In a contrivance of an angel's light.

There's Rest in Heaven.

Shout no sorrow o'er the woes
 Its darkened shadows bring
 And hopes that cheer thee less
 Die in their early spring—
 Should pleasure, at its own
 Fade like the hues of even—
 Turn thou away from earth—
 There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life should seem
 To thee a toilsome way,
 And gladness cease to beam
 Upon its clouded day:—
 If, like the weary dove,
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,
 Raise thou thine eyes above—
 There's rest for thee in heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,
 And gayly fleet the hours,
 Unstained by earthly gloom:—

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Witch not your feet away ; and in the dells
 There are no sunny places to lie down.
 You must go in, and by your cheerful fire
 Wait for the offices of love, and hear
 Accents of human tenderness, and feast
 Your eye upon the beauty of the young.
 It is a season for the quiet thought,
 And the still reckoning with thyself. The year
 " Gives back the spirits of its dead," and Time
 Whispers the history of its vanished hours ;
 And the heart calls his affections up,
 Counteth his wasted ingots. Life stands still
 And settles like a fountain, and the eye
 Sees clearly through its depths, and noteth all
 That stirred its troubled waters. It is well
 That winter with the dying year should come.

WILLIS.

The Heart's History.

THE faded flower, the dream of love,
 The poison and the dart,
 The tearful trust, the smiling wrong,
 The tomb—behold, oh child of song,
 The history of thy heart !

BULWER.

Never Blush for Love.

—— WHY should I blush
To own mine honest love? Is love a thing
To blush for?—Love!—the sacred root of all
The household pure affections, things of truth
And piety next what we owe to heaven.
Love that makes friendship poor—that mocks
 enchantment—
Itself possession endless! That's example
Of loyalty! Its master better served
Than monarchs on their throne, his throne
 himself!
The more abounds in sunshine of content,
Than density of clouds to quench the light.
Whole in itself! Love, that is chastity
Of more than vestal perfectness! The world
For choice, yet one with leave of heaven se-
 lecting,
And giving all the rest to negligence!
As the refiner, the alloy, when once
He finds the extracted gold.

KNOWLES'S John of Procida.

Rosalie.

“ Oh ! pour upon my soul again
Thy sad unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain ;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

“ No—never came from aught below
This melody of wo,
That makes my heart to overflow
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before, that with it brings
This nameless light if light it be—
That veils the world I see :

“ For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres ;
And something blent of sighs and tears,
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh ! nothing, sure, the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this,—
So like angelic bliss.”

So at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops at the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

W. ALLSTON.

Sunrise.

THE welkin glows. What floods of purple
light
Announce the coming of the king of day!
The streaming rays that every moment grow
More tremulously bright, like guards uplift
The diamond-pointed spear, and swiftly run
Before his chariot. Lo!—with dazzling pomp
The gates of morning burst, and forth he comes,
In light ineffable, and strength supreme,
Best image of the God that rules the world.
Hill-top, and sacred spire, and monument,
Receive him first, with princely reverence,
And blushing, point him to the vales below.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The Duty of Woman.

——— No!—"Tis never woman's part,
 Out of her fond misgivings to perplex
 The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves ;
 'Tis hers to weave all that she has of fair
 And bright in the dark meshes of their web,
 Inseparate from their windings. My poor heart
 Hath found its refuge in a hero's love ;—
 Whatever destiny his generous soul
 Shape for him, 'tis its duty to be still,
 And trust him, till it bound or break with his.

TALFOURD'S *Ion*.

Ambition.

THE world may scorn me if they choose—I care
 But little for their scoffings. I may sink
 For moments ; but I rise again, nor shrink
 From doing what the faithful heart inspires.
 I will not flatter, fawn, nor crouch, nor wink,
 At what high-mounted wealth or power de-
 sires :—

I have a loftier aim to which my soul aspires.

PERCIVAL.

Music and Moonlight.

MUSIC sure is Moonlight's sister,
Or the twain must wedded be ;
For, as when Endymion kissed her,
Dian smiles on harmony.

Music, every ear entrancing,
May the noon-day hour control ;
But, o'er moon-lit waters dancing,
Melody enslaves the *soul*.

Music, ancient authors tell us,
Is to Phœbus close allied ;
But the god might well be jealous,
Hearing her by Luna's side.

Music, too, doth Cupid cherish,
For she is the nurse of Love ;
And no infant passions perish,
Blessed by Dian from above.

Music breaks the maiden's slumbers ;
Moonlight lends its kindred charms ;
Vanquished by the magic numbers,
Sinks she in her lover's arms.

Music, then, is Moonlight's sister,
Or the twain so well agree,
Thoughts of Cynthia, when we've missed her,
Mar the sweetest harmony.

S. J. BELL.

Estranged Affection.

THE heart may languish, and the eye may
weep,
For those whom Heaven has called from life
and care ;
Yet there's an earthly pang than these more
deep,
Which sharpens sorrow, and which brings
despair,
Which wrings the heart, and lays the bosom
bare.
Yet 'tis not death—each living man must
die ;
Death culls the sweetest flower, the form most
fair—
The one deep cloud which darkens every
sky
Is changed affection's cold, averted eye.

ANONYMOUS.

The Ray of Gladness.

THOUGH the moon o'er yonder river
Seems a partial glance to throw,
Kissing waves that brightly quiver,
Whilst the rest in darkness flow—
There's not a ripple of that stream
Unsilvered by some hallowed beam.

Thus in life the bliss that mellows
Ils, that else the soul would blight,
Seems to fall upon our pillows
Like that glance of partial light—
Yet each spirit sunk in sadness,
Feels in turn its ray of gladness.

R. M. WILDE.

A Moral.

ONE riseth by another's fall ;
And some do climb so fast,
That in the clouds they do forget
What climates they have past.

WARNER.

The Unknown Way.

A BURNING sky is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward, wearily,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way ;
Above its windings pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay ;
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland !
Oh whither dost thou lead,

Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead ?

Goest thou by nestling cottage ?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt on the wall ?

By steeps where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year ?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender stars appear ?

Or, happy, dost thou linger,
On barren plains, and bare,
Or clamber the bold mountain's side,
Into the thinner air ?

Where they, who journey upward,
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back ?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

Dost thou, O path of the woodland !
End where these waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach
With a boundless sea before ?

BRYANT.

She's Beautiful.

SHE'S beautiful !—Her raven curls
Have broken hearts, in envious girls ;—
And then they sleep in contrast so,
Like raven feathers upon snow ;
And bathe her neck—and shade the bright
Dark eye from which they catch the light,
As if their graceful loops were made
To keep that glorious eye in shade ;
And holier make its tranquil spell,
Like waters in a shaded well.
She's noble—noble, one to keep
Embalmed for dreams of fevered sleep.
An eye for nature—taste refined,
Perception swift, and balanced mind,—
And, more than all, a gift of thought,
To such a spirit-fineness wrought,
That on my ear her language fell,
As if each word dissolved a spell.—WILLIS.

Beauty in Death.

THE eyes which death had quenched,
Kept there their life and living lustre still ;
The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering
hand,
Forestalling time, had changed to early gray,
Disporting from the ivory forehead fell
In ringlets which might tempt the breath of
May ;
The lips now cold as clay,
Seemed to breathe warmth and vernal fra-
grance there ;
The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair.
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved
A beauty which from earth had passed away !
And it had caught the mind which gave that
face
Its surest charm, its own peculiar grace.—
A modest mien,
A meek submissive gentleness serene,
A heart on duty stay'd, sedate,
Simple, sincere, affectionate,
Were in that virgin countenance portrayed.
SOUTHEY.

To a Friend.

FLOWERS there are which, early springing,
Perfumed from the tender spray,
Still around sweet odors flinging,
Breathe delight from their decay.
Petals faded—yet surviving—
Precious dust will fragrance yield :
Dust departed—still reviving—
Odors are to sense revealed.

Thus, oh friend, when life is ending,
Virtue round thy dying bed,
With a life's remembrance blending,
Flower-like shall its fragrance shed.
Though thy dust, the grave compressing,
Mixed with other dust shall be,
Deeds of goodness ever blessing,
Flower-like still, shall breathe of thee.

ANONYMOUS.

Hope the Best.

To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise,
And may itself procure what it presumes.

YOUNG.

Thy Image.

OH ! deep within my inmost heart
Thy treasured image lies,
Enshrined with all that's holy there,
That death or change defies—
And yet my woman's tongue could ne'er
Frame words to tell thee thou art dear.

No, woman's love is ever found,
A silent, hidden thing ;
Where hopes and fears alternate rise,
Like shadows o'er a spring,
That, in some lone and silent wood
Is gushing in the solitude.

No, like the voiceless perfume breathed,
Where flow'rets deck the ground,
That hidden in their verdant screen,
Else, scarcely might be found,—
I would that o'er thy sense may steal,
The half a woman's heart can feel.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

Love's Voyage.

LAUNCHED is the bark, the sail unfurled,
The helmsman at his post ;
His ocean is the wide, wide world,
His compass has been lost :
And vain is now his utmost skill
To lower the swelling sail ;
But on at random, wanders still,
This play-thing of the gale !

His lighted torch-mast, once a guide,
Now throws its beams around,
To show how useless was the pride
Which wreath-cords round it bound :
His arrow holds its station still,
Unmoved by each fond art ;
That pointed arrow never will
From Love's gay trappings part !

Away, away the vessel speeds,
Unchecked its devious course—
No threatened danger ever heeds,
While passion's breeze lends force ;
In vain may Prudence, from afar,
With lifted hands exclaim !

Hope ever lights her beacon star,
And Love pursues the flame !
Onward, still onward—where's the clime
Through which he has not been ?
And who will dare predict the time,
When he may *next* be seen ?
That bow-wrought bark ! ah, who may tell
When last it floated by ?
Or guess what echoed its farewell,
The light laugh or a *sigh* ?
Love's Ocean is the wide, wide world,
Young hearts its waves composing ;
His bark is launched, his sail unfurled,
And none shall see its closing.
When fair the breeze that wafts him on,
Each trace how sweet to mark !
But tempest-tost—his rudder gone—
God speed the little bark !

MRS. A. P. DINNIES.

To a Kiss.

HUMID seal of soft affections,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss !
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss !
ANONYMOUS.

The Hand of Love.

THERE is a silent hand of love,
That calms the storm to rest—
That makes the angry clouds remove,
And smoothes the ocean's breast.

'Tis seen amid the splendid hues
That in the rainbow meet—
It paints the spray with pearly dew,
Perfumes the flowers so sweet.

We see its impress on the sky,
In fields with verdure crowned—
'Tis heard in nature's burst of joy,
It circles earth around.

JANE T. BRADFORD.

Beauty of the Mind.

With affections warm, intense, refined,
She mingled such calm and holy strength of
mind;
That, like heaven's image in the smiling brook,
Celestial peace was pictured in her look.

CAMPBELL.

Effect of Nature's Beauty.

— WHENCE the thrill,
That indescribable, electric thrill,
That rushes through the spirit, as some tone
Of nature's melody awakes the ear ;
Or when some balmy zephyr bathes the brow :
Or as the wandering eye marks some rich tint
In Summer's rosy garland, when the wind
Bends the elastic grain, and slender flower ;
Or when the rich old forest gently waves,
His dark green plumes, answering in majesty
To its impassion'd whisper ? When the clouds
Heave up in glorious forms, and dazzling hues ;
Or lie, like sleeping beauty, softly bright ;
Or, sometimes, when the trembling star of eve
Looks lovingly upon us ? Is it not
That these things touch some half-unconscious
cord,
That vibrates with the memories of the past,
Ere earth enshrined the spirit ? It must be
That in the secret treasury of the mind,
There lies a blazon'd volume of the scenes,
The trancing beauty and rich hymn of heaven,
With which the spirit was familiar once,

And which it longs for ever; wandering on
Amid the maze of earth, of sense, and sin,
Catching at every shadow which appears
In Fancy's magic mirror, like the form
Of some bright bliss which Memory's piercing
eye,
Sees in that hidden volume; wailing still
In bitter disappointment, as it grasps
The vain and empty shade, or sees it flit
In smiling scorn away.

MRS. L. J. PIERSON.

True Friendship.

CELESTIAL happiness, where'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend,
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit!—in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
froze;—
True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe;
Virtue alone entenders us for life,—
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
YOUNG.

Time's Changes.

THE waves that on the sparkling sand
Their foaming crests upheave,
Lightly receding from the land,
Seem not a trace to leave.
Those billows in their careless play,
Have worn the solid rocks away.

The Summer winds, which wandering sigh
Amid the forest bower,
So gently as they murmur by,
Scarce lift the drooping flower.
Yet bear they in autumnal gloom,
Spring's withered beauties to the tomb.

Thus worldly cares, though lightly borne,
Their impress leave behind ;
And spirits which their bonds would spurn,
The blighting traces find,
Till alter'd thoughts, and hearts grown cold
The change of passing years unfold.

MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Count Life by Virtues.

WHY should we count our life by years,
Since years are short, and pass away ?
Or, why by fortune's smiles and tears,
Since tears are vain, and smiles decay ?

O! count by virtues—these will last
When life's lame-footed race is o'er ;
And these, when earthly joys are past,
Shall cheer us on a brighter shore.

MRS. S. J. HALE.

The Heart of Woman.

THE heart of woman, like the diamond, has
Light treasured in it. There a ray serene
Of Heaven's own sunshine ever more hath
been ;
And though each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
If man but kindly keep that heart he'll find
Sweet gleams of consolation there enshrined.

ANONYMOUS.

Harmony of the Universe.

God made the world in perfect harmony,
Earth, air, and water, in its order each,
With its innumerable links, compose
But one unbroken chain; the human soul
The clasp that binds it to His mighty arm.

A sympathy throughout each order reigns—
A touch upon one link is felt by all
Its kindred, and the influence ceaseth not
Forever. The massed atoms of the earth,
Jarred by the rending of its quivering breast,
Carry the movement in succession through
To the extremest bounds, so that the foot,
Tracking the regions of eternal frost,
Unknowing, treads upon a soil that throbs
With the Equator's earthquake.

A. B. STREET.

Constant Love.

Love that is steadfast brooks not sacrifice;
It may submit a while; but in the end,
It ever claims its own—the paramount
Of all affections.—KNOWLE'S *John of Procida*.

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WOMAN.

WOMAN! blest partner of our joys and woes!
Ever in the darkest hour of earthly ill;
Untarnished yet thy fond affection glows,
Throbs with each pulse, and beats with every
thrill!

Bright o'er the wasted scene thou hoverest still,
Angel of comfort to the failing soul;
Undaunted by the tempest, wild and chill,
That pours its restless and disastrous roll,
O'er all that blooms below, with sad and hollow
howl.

When sorrow rends the heart, when feverish
pain
Wrings the hot drops of anguish from the
brow;

To soothe the soul, to cool the burning brain,
O! who so welcome, and so prompt as thou?
The battle's hurried scene and angry glow,—
The death-encircled pillow of distress;—
The lonely moments of secluded wo—
Alike thy care and constancy confess,
Alike thy pitying hand, and fearless friend-
ship bless.

SANDS.

Forget me Not.

FORGET me not—although we part,
Or I shall know too well,
The words I trusted to your heart,
Were slighted when they fell ;
For, never can returning years
Bear one fond thought away,
Once sealed by woman in her tears,
Although her life decay.

Forget me not—although I die,
Nor think that love is past,
Because this fond, devoted eye
Has looked on thee its last ;
For love, the love of olden years,
That knows no faltering trust—
Grows deeper when 'tis wet with tears,
And stronger in the dust.

HENRY MORFORD.

Trifles.

It is a note
Of upstart greatness to observe those trifles
Which noble minds neglect.—BEN JOHNSON.

A Reply

TO ONE WHO SAID, "WRITE FROM THE HEART."

AH! woman still
Must veil the shrine,
Where feeling feeds the fire divine ;
Nor sing at will,
Untaught by art,
The music prisoned in her heart !

Still gay the note,
And light the lay,
The wood-bird warbles on the spray ;
Afar to float ;
But homeward flown,
Within his nest, how changed the tone !

Oh! none can know,
Who have not heard
The music-soul that thrills the bird ;
The carol low,
As coo of dove,
He warbles to his woodland-love !

The world would say
'Twas vain and wild,
Th' impassioned lay of Nature's child ;
And feeling, so
Should veil the shrine,
Where softly glow her fires divine !

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

Sonnet.

OH ! weary not of suffering sent from heaven—
A messenger of God's, to teach the soul
The noblest lessons unto mortal given,
Endurance, fortitude, and self-control,
While milder virtues follow in its train :
Sweet sympathy that bids us keenly feel,
And probe with gentle hand another's pain,
That we, with soothing words the wounds
may heal :
Divinest charity. faith's warmest glow,
And clear-eyed duty spring from founts of wo :
The purest hearts by sighs are purified,
And those who float upon grief's bitter stream
Drink from the light of Paradise a beam,
Which proves through sorrow's waves to
bliss they guide.

MISS M. L. LAWSON.

Despise not Love.

DoST thou despise
A love like this ? A lady should not scorn
One soul that loves her well, however lowly.
Love is an offering of the whole heart, mad-
ame,—

A sacrifice of all that poor life hath ;
And he who gives his "all," whate'er that be,
Gives greatly, and deserveth no one's scorn.

PROCTOR.

The Heart.

YON tower, ruinous and gray—
The white moon folds it in a silver vest ;
The changeless ivy clings to it in love ;
'Tis like the human heart, which hath one side
In shadow cast, but on the other lies
The pearly light of Heaven, and velvet foldings
Of a noiseless wing.

MRS. E. O. SMITH.

God Is In Thee.

WHEN the gloom is deepest round thee,
When the bonds of grief have bound thee ;
And in loneliness and sorrow,
By the poisoned springs of life
Thou sittest, yearning for a morrow
That will free thee from the strife ;

Look not upwards, for above thee
Neither sun nor star is gleaming ;
Look not round for some to love thee ;
Put not faith in mortal seeming ;
Lightly would they hold, and leave thee,—
Man and woman would deceive thee.

But in the depths of thine own soul
Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
Energies that long have slumbered,
In its trackless depths unnumbered ;
Speak the word ! the power divinest
Will awake, if thou inclinest.

Thou art Lord in thine own kingdom ;
Rule thyself—thou rulest all !

Smile, when fortune's proud dominion
Roughly touched shall rudely fall.
Be true unto thyself, and hear not
Evil thoughts that would enslave thee.
God is in thee!—Mortal, fear not ;
Trust in Him, and he will save thee !
Exhortation of SIEGFRIED MAHLMANN.

Beauty.

——— BEAUTY gives
The features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions : she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset ; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud :
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus—and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all.
WILLIS.

Purity of Woman's Love.

YES, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray ;
The heart will melt before its smile,
And earthly objects fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
And master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

G. P. MORRIS.

Hope's Spring.

HIDDEN, and deep, and never dry,—
Or flowing, or at rest,
A living spring of *hope* doth lie
In every human breast.
All else may fail that soothes the heart,—
All, save that fount alone ;
With that and life at once we part,
For life and hope are one.

MRS. A. M. WELLS.

Girlhood.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as soft as Summer air,
And fresh young lip, and brow of pearl
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined, and flowing hair :
A mind, rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower :
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke ;
And even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

WHITTIER.

Maidenhood.

MAIDEN, with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse.

Deep and still that gliding stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth steal.

And that smile, like sunshine dart
Into many a sunless heart—
For a smile of God thou art.

LONGFELLOW.

Womanhood.

For thou art woman—with that
 Life's dearest hopes and memor
 Truth, Beauty, Love—in her ado
 And earth's lost Paradise restored
 In the green bower of home.

What is man's love? His vows:
 Even while his parting kiss is
 But woman's love all change will
 And, like the ivy round the oak,
 Cling closest in the storm.

And well the Poet at her shrine
 May bend, and worship while
 To him she is a thing divine,
 The inspiration of his line,
 His loved one and his Muse.

If to his song the echo rings
 Of Fame—'tis woman's voice
 If ever from his lyre's proud string
 Flow sounds like rush of angel
 'Tis that she listens while he sing
 With blended smiles and tears.

Smiles—tears—whose blessed and blessing
power,

Like sun and dew o'er summer's tree,
Alone keeps green through Time's long hour,
That frailer thing than leaf or flower,
A Poet's immortality.

HALLECK.

All Things are Music.

ALL things are music. And a soul it hath,
Twin-soul with man's, responsive in each
chord.

It speaks his feelings, mourning in his woes,
And smiling in his joy. It fills his heart
With an exulting bliss, stirs up the blood,
Prompts him to battle, melts him into love,
And lifts his thoughts in rapt desire to heaven!
E'en as the rose-tint paints the lily pale,
Heightening his best emotions it is found.
In fountain-fall, in whispers in the wood,
In choral symphonies among the stars,
But most in woman's voice, melting and low,
Like wind among the reeds, or like the gush
Of cool clear waters from a spring it comes,
His weary spirit soothing into rest.

H. KEESY.

A Love Song.

GIVE me but thy heart, though cold ;
I ask no more !
Give to others gems and gold,
But leave *me* poor.
Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles ;
Cast o'er others all thy wiles ;
But let thy tears flow fast and free,
For *me*, with *me* !

Giv'st thou but one look, sweet heart ?
A word—no more ?
It is Music's sweetest part,
When lips run o'er !
'Tis a part I fain would learn,
So pr'ythee, *here* thy lessons turn,
And teach me, to the close,
All Love's pleasures—all its woes !

PROCTOR.

Woman's Truth.

WOMAN'S truth and woman's love,
Trusting ever,
Faithless never—
Blest on earth, is blest above.

Minst'ring oft in sorrow's hour,
Loving truly,
Fondly, dully,
Proving e'er affection's power ;—

Guarding well the hallowed flame,
Burning brightly,
Daily, nightly,—
Knoweth she reproach nor shame.

Ne'er forgetting, ne'er forgot,
Richest treasures,
Joyful pleasures,
Ever be her happy lot.

J. S. JENKINS.

Lines sent with a Bouquet.

FLOWERS are Love's paper pictured o'er
With gentle hopes and fears ;
Their blushes are the smiles of Love,
And their soft dew his tears !
Ah ! more than poet's pen can write,
Or poet's tongue reveal,
Is hidden by their folded buds
And by their rosy seal.

Mute letters ! yet how eloquent !
Expressive silence dwells
In every blossom heaven creates,
Like sound in ocean shells.
Press to my flowers thy lips, beloved,
And then thy heart will see
Inscribed upon their leaves the words
I dare not breathe to thee.

PARK BENJAMIN.

Stanzas.

I OFFER thee no pledge ! I ask for none
To bind thy love in endless constancy ;
I only know that what affection won,
Will keep my heart still faithful unto thee.

I ask thee not when brighter eyes are near,
And lips more lovely gently smile on thee,
To turn unconscious, from the young and fair,
And give thine undivided thoughts to me !

Free as the eagle by the spirit's wing,
Upward and onward its unwearied flight ;
No cloud—no fetter, would my proud heart
bring,
To check its progress to the realms of light.

But oh ! should sorrow dim the bright'ning
scene,
Or disappointment's shade upon thee fall ;
Then think what fond devotion mine hath been,
And still, beloved one ! on its fervor call.

Mine the dear privilege, where'er thou goest,
 To mark thy course, and glory in thy fame,
 While love's deep tide continually o'erfloweth
 From my full heart in blessings on thy name.

MRS. A. P. DINNIES.

Mother and Child.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon
 That youthful mother as she soothed to rest
 With a low song her loved and cherished one—
 The bud of promise on her gentle breast;
 For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
 May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of
 bliss,
 When Innocence upon the breast of Love
 Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

MRS. A. B. WELBY.

Be Doing.

We were not meant to struggle from our birth,
 To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways
 range;
 Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving
 will!
 Up and be doing! God is with us still.

LOWELL.

The Bride to her Husband.

As the fragrant heart of the virgin rose,
When at dewy morn its leaves uncloze ;
As the flake of snow when it first finds rest,
On the feathery moss of the mountain's breast.

As the young moon's light on streamlet thrown
Where gentle ring-doves drink alone ;
As the gem that lies in the deep, deep sea,
So pure, so true is my love for thee !

MRS. L. J. PIERSON.

Think of those Behind.

WHEN from land and home receding,
And from hearts that ache to bleeding ;
Think of those behind who love thee,
While the sun is bright above thee !
Then, as down the ocean glancing,
With the waves his rays are dancing,
Think how long the night will be
To the eyes that weep for thee.

MISS H. F. GOULD.

Love's Mistake.

ON mission pure, from realms divine,
Young Love was sent to Virtue's shrine,
But wild and gay, he stopped to play,
With sportive Beauty, by the way.

She led him through her fragrant bowers,
She chained his wings with wreaths of flowers,
She charmed him with her magic smile,
And softly murmured—" Rest awhile !"

Alas ! his eyes were blinded quite
By Beauty's dazzling glance of light ;
And while the glorious Syren sings,
The boy forgets his angel-wings !

Yet still he sometimes leaves his play,
And asks, " to Virtue's shrine" the way ;
But Beauty weaves anew her chain,
And Virtue looks for Love in vain !

MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

An Evening Walk.

THE crisp frost crackles sharp the foot beneath—

How sigh the melancholy winds along,
Tossing the boughs, or wailing o'er the heath,
The year's wild funeral song!

Hist! yonder stealing timidly away
The startled rabbit patters o'er the snows—
Rings o'er the hill the farm-boy's carol gay,
As whistling home he goes.

In fits, the keen blast from the icy north
Over the clear cold sky is calling out—
And hark! from woodland highway echoing forth,
The sleigher's merry shout!

Beneath the hill-side, in the moonlit glade,
Where the glip lake reflects the cloudless sky,
Group the gay skaters in the dreamy shade,
Or glide like spirits by.

The moon is down—and slowly, one by one,
The stars light up as kindling altar-fires:
How the rapt soul, by high emotions won,
To yon bright realm aspires!

We all are prisoners in these bonds of clay—
But often vague, mysterious memories come,
And, struggling free, the spirit soars away,
Athirst for heaven and home!

C. J. PETERSON.

Faded Flowers.

FRAGILE, yet sweet remembrancers! to me
Ye bring dim dreams of the years' golden prime;
Wild mingling melodies of bird and bee,
That pour on summer-winds their silvery
chime;
And of soft incense burdening all the air
From flowers, that by the sunny garden-wall
Bloomed at your side; nursed into beauty
there
By dews and silent showers,—but these to *all*
Ye bring. Oh, sweeter far than these the
spell
Shrined in those fairy urns for me alone.
For me a charm sleeps in the honeyed cell,
Whose power can call back hours of rapture
flown;
To the lone heart sweet memories restore,
Tones, looks, and words of love, that may
return no more.

MRS. S. H. WHITMAN.

Cast not Affection from Thee.

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted :
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token !

If thou hast loos'd a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee ;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruis'd a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing ;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown,
With a bright draught fill'd—oh ! nev

Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth,
To cool thy parch'd lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee ;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee ;
And like that string of harp or lute,
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd ;—
Gently, oh ! gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shatter'd.

MRS. HEMANS.

Love's Home is Heaven.

OH love, immortal love ! not all in vain
The young heart wastes beneath thy weary
chain,
Burdened and fainting with the fond excess
Of its impassioned, mournful tenderness.

The weary bark, long tossing on the shore,
Shall find its haven when the storm is o'er ;
The wandering bee its hive, the bird its nest,
And the lone heart of love in heaven its home
of rest.

MRS. S. H. WHITMAN.

Poetry.

NATURE's all poetry: her outward show,
Soft whispering vales, and smoothly swelling
hills, [below
Bright birds, and flowers, like foot-prints left
By angel's feet when sent to heal our ills ;
The gentlest zephyr, and the bubbling rills,—
These all are parts of that immortal strain,
Which from the birth of Time till now distils
Its music deep and wondrous, and again
Binds a lost earth to heaven by an eternal strain.

The soul of poetry is that clear light
Which from the throne of the eternal God
Shines forth, unchanged by years, forever
bright,
To gild the universe he spread abroad ;
Which, e'en in spirits clogged with earth's dull
clod,
Creates the feeling of the beautiful ;
Bears the wrapt soul up where no step has trod,
Blunts sorrow's sting, pain's wildest throes
can lull,
And gives to mortal grasp such flowers as an-
gel's cull. S. WALLACE CONE.

The Waning Moon.

I've watched too late ; the morn is near !
One look at God's broad, silent sky !
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
How in your very strength ye die.

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
The task of life is left undone.

See, where, upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars,
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night,
Upon the gathering beds of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon !
The encroaching shadow grows apace,

Heaven's everlasting watchers soon,
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
Well may the sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Since thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

BRYANT.

The Maiden's Prayer.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid ;
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press,
Like a new snowflake, white and mute ;
And then from slumbers soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.
O, God, if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy from thy throne,
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and purest one ;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light ;

If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we !
How hardly, if she win but heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven !

WHITTIER.

A Laugh.

SHE had that charming laugh, which like a
song,
The song of a Spring-bird, wakes suddenly
When we least look for it. It lingered long
Upon the ear,—one of the sweet things we
Treasure unconsciously. As steals along
A stream in sunshine, stole its melody,
As musical as it was light and wild
The buoyant spirit of some fairy child ;
Yet mingled with soft sighs that might express
The depth and truth of earnest tenderness.

L. E. LONDON.

A Farewell Song.

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me,
When Spring's low voice awakes the flowers ;
For we have wandered far and free,
In those bright hours—the violet's hours !

I go—but when you pause to hear
From distant hills, the sabbath-bell
On Summer's wind float silvery clear,
Think of me then, I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,
When clearly shines the ruddy blaze ;
For dear hath been its hour of mirth
To me, sweet friends ! in other days.

And, oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting wo ;
When hearts to tender thought are stirr'd,
Think on me then !—I go ! I go !

MRS. HEMANS.

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