

Scenes of sadness, yet of pleasure,
Once again, I say farewell ;
Of the changes yet before us,
Of our future, who can tell ?

July 16th, 1866.

TO LOUISIA F. FOR HER ALBUM.

THIS is now thy glorious spring time,
Bright with sunshine, joy and glee ;
Hope, the syren, lures thee onward,
When still brighter days may be.

Hear the voice of one, whose morning
Once was sunny as thine own,—
Warns thee not to trust too fondly,
Hopes that perish one by one.

Keep thy treasure, where the mildew
Of this earth shall touch it not ;
And a sweet and calm contentment
Shall o'ershadow all thy lot.

June, 1867.