

tions with us. The sweetly plaintive song of the sparrow suggested an interpreter—that its “fancies into fancies linking” should be transferred from the leaves of the forest to the leaves of memory—that the bird should be asked to confess all that was in its little overful heart; therefore:

THE POET AND THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

THE POET:

Sweet sprite of the forest unseen
'Mid its canopies somber and green,
Art thou Love that is baffled and crossed?
Is the cry that we hear,
So plaintive and clear,
Sweet Love in the wilderness lost?
Ah me—me—me!

THE SPARROW:

And dost thou not know, my sweet swain,
That Love's the twin brother of Pain,
And reaches the heart through a wound?
I'm not Love that is crossed,
I'm not Love that is lost,
I am Love in the wilderness found.
Ah me—me—me!

THE POET:

Aphrodite was born of the sea,
And so it has happened for me—
My white lily bloomed on the tide;
Her sweet-breathed charms
Floated up to my arms—
Fate must have decreed her my bride.
Blest me—me—me!