

Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet !
 And if no precious gums my hands
 bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I
 go
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for
 evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love re-
 conciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept
 before."

Her own words, which were
 sung at her husband's funeral in
 St. Paul's, and at Miss Willard's,
 at Evanston, are the most fitting
 close to this imperfect sketch :

" And friends, dear friends,—when it shall
 be
 That this low breath has gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, ' Not a tear must o'er her fall ;
 He giveth His beloved sleep ! ' "

" LOVED ONCE."

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I classed, appraising once,
 Earth's lamentable sounds,—the welladay,
 The jarring yea and nay,
 The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
 The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller ;—
 But all did leaven the air
 With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
 Than these words—" I loved ONCE."

And who saith, " I loved ONCE ?"
 Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love foresee,
 Love through eternity !
 Who by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
 Not God, called LOVE, His noble crown-name,—casting
 A light too broad for blasting !
 The great God changing not from everlasting,
 Saith never, " I loved ONCE."

Nor ever the " Loved ONCE,"
 Dost THOU say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend !
 The cross and curse may rend,
 But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end !
 It is man's saying—man's ! Too weak to move
 One sphered star above,
 Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
 With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, " We loved once,"
 Blasphemers ? Is your earth not cold enow,
 Mourners, without that snow ?
 Ah, friends ! and would ye wrong each other so ?
 And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
 Whose prayers have met your own,
 Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
 Such words, " We loved them once ?"

Could ye, " We loved her once,"
 Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight ?
 When hearts of better right
 Stand in between me and your happy light ?
 And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
 Ye find my colours fade,
 And all that is not love in me, decayed ?
 Such words—Ye loved me ONCE !