

[For the Maple Leaf.

T O———

Am I not thine—thy truest friend ?  
 Thine by a deathless tie—  
 A friendship which will never end,  
 A love that may not die ?

Yes, I *am* thine—around thy heart  
 My mem'ry still doth twine,  
 And of my inmost life, a part  
 Is thine, *forever* thine.

I linger o'er the vanish'd hours,  
 Sacred to love, and thee,  
 And on their graves I scatter flow'rs,  
 Sweet flow'rs of memory.

I *know* that often on thy way,  
 In sorrow, or in glee,  
 Thy heart will turn to life's young day,  
 And kindly think of me.

And yet our paths are sunder'd wide,—  
 Between us, billows roar—  
 My bark is *tossing* on the tide—  
 Thine moor'd by home's green shore.

Over thy calm, unbroken life,  
 May no dark clouds descend,  
 Oh ! may no notes with discord rife  
 With thy heart's music blend.

But may the strongest, *purest* ties  
 Of hearth, and home be thine,—  
 A type on earth of Paradise—  
 Affection's holy shrine.

Perchance, on earth, we ne'er may meet,  
 But on the evening air,  
 Wafted to heav'n with incense sweet,  
 I'll breathe thy name in pray'r—

And, though thy lips move not in words,  
 Thy heart will pray for me,  
 And o'er the tuneful spirit-chords  
 Will sweep the melody.

Thus—thus on *earth*—and then, in *heaven*,  
 When life's short dream is o'er,—  
 Where friendship's ties are never *rev'n*—  
 We'll meet to *part* no more.

EDLA.

August, 1854.