

.
Yes, the friendship is now broken,
That was once, so fast and true ;
Yet I've never found another,
That can fill the place of you.

A MURMURING STREAMLET.

A murmuring streamlet, as it nears the fall,
Speeds fast and faster still with gathering rush ;
Gliding into a bay it peaceful lies ;
No ripple comes to break its restful hush.
So, on the stream of time a few short hours
May bear us onward with a mighty force,
And put into our lives more than may come
In years, when life goes on its wonted course.
Some characters, like the sweet buds in Spring,
That in one night unfold their petals rare,
May, in a few years, blossom richly forth,
In noblest deeds and highest thoughts to share.
While others may a long time dormant lie,
With wealth of resources both grand and good,
Unknown to them or others, till some touch
Strikes on the chord that long unsounded stood,
Like a drive-wheel, to action rouses them,
Till death is past and Heaven's light they gain.