

TOUT POUR L'AMOUR.

THE world may rage without,
Quiet is here ;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
Cynics may sneer ;
The great world,—let it go,—
June warmth be March's snow,—
I care not,—be it so
Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
Called for a fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
Hastened a tear.
Naught care I now what foe
Threatens, for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go
Since I am here.

This is my resting-place
Holy and dear,
Where pain's dejected face
May not appear ;
This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly
Since I am here.

Is't your voice chiding, Love,
My mild career,
My meek abiding, Love,
Daily so near ?—
“ Danger and loss,” to me ?
Ah, Sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of *thee*,
And I am here.