

Those are the things that we should see,
If we looked below the foamy sea,
With its ceaseless dirge and knell—
Seaweeds, corals, fishes strange,
And many a dainty shell.

OUR HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Tripping down the grassy lane,
All among the flowers,
Playing on the shady lawn,
And in the woodland bowers.
Happy days of childhood sweet,
Happy days and free !
Happy childhood, never more
May it return to me.