

time to tune my harp. Such a theme as Love requires all the strings to sound in perfect harmony. There now. Let me think a few minutes. The strain must be neither very sad, nor yet gay. Something touching and tender. I have it now :—

THE LAMENT OF LOVE.

In all the guise that beauty wears,
Well known by many a fabled token,
Last night I saw young Love in tears,
With stringless bow, and arrows broken—
Oh! waving light, in airy flow,
Rich sunny locks his brows adorn,
And on his cheeks the roseate glow,
With which Aurora decks the morn.

The living light in these blind eyes,
No mortal pen could ere disclose;
Their hue was stol'n from brighter skies,
Their tears were dew drops on the rose.
Around his limbs, of heavenly mould,
A rainbow tinted vest was flung,
Revealing, through each lucid fold,
The matchless form by poet's sung.

He sighed—The air with balmy fragrance breathed;
He moved—the conscious earth confessed the
God,
Her brightest chaplets Mother Nature wreathed
Whene'er his dimpled feet had pressed the sod.
Why weeps Love's young Divinity alone?
While men have hearts, and women charms be-
neath,
Tell me, fair worshipped child of ages flown,
Is every floweret faded in Love's wreath?

With that, he raised his dewy azure eyes,
Ere from his lips the words of music broke;
But still the crystal tears would slowly rise,
And snowy bosom heave before he spoke—
"Oh! come and weep with me," he cried, "young
maid,
Weep, that the gentle reign of love is o'er;
Come venture nearer—cease to be afraid,
For I have hearts and worshippers no more.

"In vain I give to woman's lovely form,
All that can rapture on the heart bestow—
The fairest form no dastard's heart can warm,
Whilst Gold has greater power than Love below.
In vain I breathe a freshness on her cheek,
In vain the graces round her footsteps move,
And eyes of radiant beauty softly speak,
In melting hues, the tender light of love.

"It was not thus," the Urchin sighing said,
"When Hope and Gladness crowned the new
born earth;
In Eden's bowers, beneath a myrtle's shade,
Before man was, Love sprang to birth—

While Heaven around me grateful fragrance shed,
With rosy chains the infant year I bound;
And as my bride, young Nature blushing led,
In vestal beauty o'er the enamelled ground.

"The first fond sigh my bosom stole,
Was wafted o'er those fields of air,
To kindle love in man's stern soul,
And render heaven's best work more fair.
Creation felt that tender sigh,
And earth received Love's rapturous tears;
Their beauty beamed in woman's eye,
And music broke on human ears.

"Whether I moved upon the rolling seas,
Or sunk on Nature's flowery lap to rest,
Or raised my gay wings on the sportive breeze,
The grateful earth with joy the God confessed;
Whilst Mirth and Gladness round my footsteps
played,
And bright haired Hope led on the laughing hours;
As man and beast in holy union strayed,
To share the lucid wave, and virgin flowers.

"Ah! useless then yon shafts and broken bow,
Till man abused the balm in mercy given;
Whilst Gold has greater charms than Love below,
I flee from earth to find my home in heaven!"
A sudden glory round his figure spread,
It rose upon the Sun's departing beam;
With the fair vision sleep together fled,
Starting I woke—and found it but a dream.

"When I try to compose music for love songs,"
said Clary, seeing Anthony look unusually pensive,
"I never succeed. If you understood this glorious
science of music, and could make the harp echo the
inborn melodies which float through the mind, you
would not fail to give them the proper effect."

"Why do you think I should be more fortunate
than your sweet self, Clary?"

"Because you love one bright particular star,
with your whole heart," whispered Clary. "The
heart has a language of its own. It speaks in
music. There are few who can comprehend its ex-
quisite tones; but those who are so gifted are the
best qualified to call them forth. Love must have
existed before music. The first sigh he breathed
gave birth to melodious sounds. The first words he
spoke were song. So Juliet tells us in this little
ballad—and surely she is inspired!"

"What else have you here?" said Anthony,
peeping into the portfolio, and drawing out a sheet
of paper. "Is this bold, energetic looking hand,
my beautiful Juliet's autograph?"

"You are disappointed," said Clary. "You ex-
pected to find an elegant flowing hand, as fair and
graceful as the white fingers that held the pen. Be-
it known to you, cousin Anthony, that people of
genius, especially poets, rarely write fine hands"