

A YOUNG BRIDE

To Margaret Bingay.

Slight,—with the grace of lilies in the dew,—
Pale golden hair,—truth-telling lips,—and
eyes

Of the May heaven's softest, kindest blue,—
Winsome,—and tender,—gravely sweet and
wise;

A nature fine, compact of harmonies,
Which, with the growing years in measure grew
To a new depth, a richness ever new,
And from which fuller melodies shall rise.

Now those who love you and have longest known
Your soft perfections in their sweetness all,
Pray that God's blessing on your head may
fall

In passing 'neath a roof-tree of your own.—
That small fair head, so comely and so
bright,—

To be its centre, and its guiding light.