

filled by the same guest on Christmas Day, 1893

It may be that the sickle of the Reaper is as yet far from us, or it may be that our chair may be vacated soon. What does it matter! so long as we can echo the words of the poetess:—

“Life! we’ve been long together,
Through pleasant and through dreary weather;
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear,
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not “good night,” but in some better clime
Bid me “good morning.”

LOVE’S YOUNG DREAM.

BY MISS FRANK DAVIS.

“Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.”—*Tennyson*.

Yearning!
Why this strange yearning?
This restless heart-burning?
This longing for something unseen and unknown?
These constant day-dreams?
When busy thought teems
With fancies so sweet and so swiftly flown?

Why should I linger
With thoughts deeply tender,
In the sweet, sad gloaming—the day’s dying hour;
While hopes unuttered,
(Tho’ soft sighs fluttered,)
Held me enthralled by their witching power?

Why these shy fears?
These unbidden tears?
When all outward things bright and lovely seem;
Why these soft flushes?
These bright tell-tale blushes?
Why, oh say why? Is it Love’s Young Dream?

HAMILTON.