

### THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

**G**HOST flower! Is it thine with moonlight face  
To haunt earth's garden since the stars  
beheld

An Eden lost in the long days of eld?  
Saint-white, so wistful-eyed—thy hiding place  
But seems a stock harsh-fashioned, void of grace,  
E'en like a body bended 'neath a scathe—  
Lo, when the night prepares for dream and  
wraith,  
Forth blooms thy form serene—a glory trace!

Thou art, methinks, a wandering memory  
Of hallowed Love that fled erstwhile before  
The flaming fears of trust betrayed, to dree  
In banishment some coil of doom; no more  
To wake, save as a holy thought, in quest—  
Through dark and mystery—of home and rest.

### GIFT-MUSING.

**T**HINK you the needles weave  
Into the snowy spread,  
For a dear one's bed,  
The white thoughts of a summer eve,  
As, lazily my fingering  
Patterns the thread,  
In daylight's lingering—  
Dear Winifred?

Then—dreams may wing  
To the garden's glow—  
And you'll surely hear in the searching swing  
Of the fond air's flow,  
How the flowers their colors choose  
From the Light's luxuriant offering—  
E'en to bestow  
The odors their differing souls diffuse.