

OLD MAIDS.

I sincerely hope the heading to these verses will offend none who may read it. The abused and ridiculed mortal "old maid" has long enough been the subject of censure, and I, therefore, raise my voice in her defence, a thing no human being has dared to do before.

I had long tried in vain a subject to find
Of which nothing good had been said,
I had troubled my brains, I had questioned my mind,
I had tortured my poor aching head ;
But I found one at last, and, though you may smile,
And think that from reason I've strayed,
If you will but listen, I'll talk for awhile
Of that ridiculed mortal "old maid."

We are told she is sour, and surly and sad,
And fretful, and peevish and glum ;
That naught in existence can make her look glad,
Or hope for a pleasure to come ;
That light from her bosom forever has fled,
Like sky that is robbed of its gold ;
That like fairest flowers, when summer is dead,
Her heart has grown withered and cold.

Now, is it quite right that we censure her so
Without finding out the true cause
Of her ceasing to smile, and her sighings of woe ?
For, according to natural laws,
There must be some reason that we cannot see,
Some secret that's hidden from sight,
That has broken a chord in the song of her glee,
That has turned her glad morning to night.

Perhaps if the curtains were drawn aside
That hide her past life from our view,
We should see, 'neath a mantle of coldness and pride,
A heart that beats loyal and true
To a pledge that was made e're the frosts of deceit
Had chilled the warm blood in its flow ;
How a promise unkept, like the waves of defeat,
Has quenched the best feelings that glow.