

POETRY.

Here is an illustration of vigor, elasticity, terseness, finish, movement,—

What secret charm long whispering in mine ear,
Allures, attracts, compels and charms me here,
Where murmuring echoes call me to resign
Their secret haunts to sweeter lips than mine ;
Where silent pathways pierce the solemn shade,
In whose still depths my feet have ever strayed ;
Here in the home where grateful children meet,
And I, half alien, take the stranger's seat,
Doubting, yet hoping that the gift I bear
May keep its bloom in this unwonted air ?
Hush idle fancy with thy needless art,
Speak from thy fountains, O my throbbing heart !
Say, shall I trust these trembling lips to tell
The fireside tale that memory knows so well ?
How is the days of Freedom's dread campaign,
A home-bred school-boy left his village plain,
Slow faring southward, till his weary feet
Passed the worn threshold of this fair retreat ;
How with his comely face and gracious mien.
He joined the concourse of the classic green,
Nameless, unfriended, yet by Nature blest,
With the rich tokens that she loves the best ;
The flowing locks, his youth's redundant crown,
Smoothed o'er a brow unfurrowed by a frown ;
The untaught smile, that speaks so passing plain,
A world all hope, a past without a stain ;
The clear-hued cheek, whose burning current glows
Crimson in action, carmine in repose ;
Gifts such as purchase, with unminted gold,
Smiles from the young, and blessings from the old.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH, From Astraea.

The following is a rich blending of humor and pathos :

'I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grieve
At him here;
But the old three cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!'

From the Last Leaf.

Here again is a sportive, yet lofty and beautiful selection from *Bill and Joe*.

'Come, dear old comrades, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by ;
The shiny days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,—
The lusty days of long ago.
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

'You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H. O. N. and L. L. D.,
In big, brave letters, fair to see,—
Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?'

'Ah, pensive scholar what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame :