

Who dares to think life's strongest link
Has e'er with time grown cold ?
That current of electric thought,
With such a priceless treasure fraught,
As millionaire has never bought,
With all his wealth of gold.

Then fairy dear with no compeer,
When wandering fancies meet,
Life's crimson rivers justly try
To win what rubies cannot buy,
And make each with the other vie,
The victory to complete.



A FADED FLOWER.

NO red rose or yellow rose,
Or pinky rose or white,
Yet sweet as any flower that grows,
And once as fragrant, I suppose—
This withered flower to-night.

None purer or more tender,
Or fitted more to wear,
Than was this from vine so slender
Interlaced in fronded splendor,
By spray of maiden-hair.

No blue flower or violet flower,
Or other flower than white,
Could serve the purpose of the hour,
So well as this from woodbine bower,
A month ago to-night.