

Some are heavy worn with care,
And like the yellow leaf,
Passing shadows of despair,
Whose happy days were brief.

So the faces come and go
Along life's busy street,
Some indifference only show
Among the hosts we meet.

Yet behind the flashing glance,
Felt divinely beaming,
Some with sunlit eyes that dance,
Leave us lost in dreaming.

And a face we think about,
One face above them all,—
The face we cannot live without,
The one we most recall.

LOOKING BACK.

WHEN looking back from unborn years
All guilt with hopes sublime ;
These verses may suffice to show
How little now we seem to know,
Of much commingled joy and woe,
Across the wastes of time.

If from the darkening shades of doubt,
New light shall make us free,
Then sorrow's waves may all be lost,
Behind the vast amount it cost,
To steer the skiff on which we crossed
O'er life's white crested sea.