

The Twin Flower.

When a child I saw thee
 In the wooded dells,
 Saw thy beryl bells
 Swinging, swinging to the notes of morning thrush ;
 Wonder, wonder filled me,
 As the night that hovers
 In thy fir-tree covers
 Answered, answered quick with hyaline ablush.

Dreamed and dreamed I often
 Of the beryl bells
 In the wooded dells
 Swaying, swaying to the echo of thy name ;
 Felt life's hardness soften
 In the light elysian
 Of the youthful vision—
 Woodsy darkness all ablush for very shame.

Ah, to-day I saw thee
 In the wooded dells,
 Saw the beryl bells
 Glowing, glowing to the thrush's even-song,
 Sung from fir-spire sweetly ;
 And I wonder, wonder
 That from thee asunder
 Yearful, yearful life has holden me so long.

Dawn and sunset flower
 By the firs and fells
 In the wooded dells
 Twining, twinning by the glow of vested flame
 Lights of mor : and even hour,
Know the Night that hovers
'Neath the daisy covers,
Rose of Sharon ever blushes with its fame !

Break in heavenly rhyming,
 Fairy beryl bells
 In the wooded dells,
 Blush the woodlands with the tinct of fame divine !—
 O the radiant chiming,
 Throb and thrill of Beauty,
 Love and Life and Duty,
 Through the Rose-lit chambers of this soul of mine !

THEODORE H. RAND.

[We are extremely grateful to Dr. T. H. Rand for the contribution of *The Twin Flower*. This exquisite poem has not heretofore