

## ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

How dreary pass the hours away  
When one endear'd for years  
We miss! altho' but for a day,  
That day an age appears.

A book, a flow'r, a torn glove  
However trifling such,  
If only hers we've learned to love,  
We ne'er can prize too much.

The simplest tokens still recall  
The absent one to mind,  
A look, a smile remembered, all  
Sweet souvenirs we find.

Such form the tie that binds fond hearts,  
Space and Time despite——  
Nor fail association's arts  
Those fond hearts to unite.

Such fancies ruder minds disdain——  
Their softening spell resist ;  
But long as Nature's laws obtain  
Such fancies will exist.

And that they do exist 'tis well——  
They civilize and bless——  
Our grosser selves, prone to rebel,  
They chasten and repress.

For love that's pure tends to refine,  
Like solvents sought of old  
For baser metals of the mine  
Transmuting into gold.

“ALEX.”