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LITERATURE.

POETRY.

AFTER THE BALL.

By MRS. LEPROHON.

(Written for the *Journal of Education*.)

Silence now reigns in the corridors wide,
The stately rooms of that mansion of pride,
The music is hushed—the revellers gone,
The glittering ball-room deserted and lone,
Silence and gloom like a close clinging pall
O'er shadow the house—'tis after the ball.

Yet a light still gleams in a distant room
Where sits a girl in her first season's bloom;
Look at her closely—say, is she not fair
With exquisite features, rich silken hair
And the beautiful, child-like, trusting eyes
Of one in the world's ways still unwise.

The wreath late carefully placed on her brow
She has flung on a distant foot-stool now,
The bouquet exhaling still fragrance sweet,
Lies crushed and withering at her feet;
Gloves and tablets she has suffered to fall—
How weary she looks after the ball.

Ah, more than weary! Mark how still and white
With rose-tipped fingers entwined so tight,
The grieved pained look on that forehead fair,
One which it never was seen yet to wear,
And the soft eyes gleaming through a mist of tears,
Telling of secret misgivings and fears.

What is it all? Why some April care,
Or some childish trifle, baseless as air,
For the griefs that call forth girlhood's tears,
Would but win a smile in maturer years,
When the heart has learned mid pain and strife,
Far sterner lessons from the book of life.

Ah! far better for thee, poor child, I ween,
Had thy night been spent in some calmer scene—
Communing with heart or friend at will;
Or in innocent slumber calm and still,
Thou wouldst not feel so heart-weary of all
As thou dost to-night, after the ball.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

What poor weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We, too, often ask with sighing,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song out-gushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord to Thee.
For, before the way was ended,
Oft, we've had with joy to own,
Angels have from Heaven descended,
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o'er us
Never pours on us its rain;
Many a grief we see before us
Never comes to cause us pain.
Oft-times in the feared to-morrow
Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown,
Ask not, then, in foolish sorrow,
"Who shall roll away the stone?"

Burden not thy soul with sadness—
Make a wiser, better choice.
Drink the wine of life with gladness;
God doth bid the men, "Rejoice."
In to-day's bright sunlight basking,
Leave to-morrow's cares alone;
Spoil not present joys by asking,
"Who will roll away the stone?"