

## SUSPENSE.

Fiercely the wintry storm against my brow  
Dashes the whirling snowdrift through the night  
And rages on o'er frozen hill and vale,  
While through the moaning wind I wander far,  
Unheeding all its fury, for my heart  
Is restless as the unquiet storm itself ;  
While far away beyond the wintry sea  
My spirit seeks a little chamber, where  
Beside her evening lamp, in loneliness,  
A maiden, more than others beautiful,  
In quiet reverie turns o'er the page,  
And thinks of him who writes these foolish words,—  
Is it with smiles or with a tear or sigh ?  
O stormy tempest, speak our destiny !



TO \_\_\_\_\_.

Could I but come to thee, dear tender heart,  
Could I but come and there a welcome find,  
For some short respite from the ceaseless strife  
And sorrow of the world ; could I but bind,  
With the soft, silken cords of love your heart  
In such divine and sweet entanglement  
That from my side you never would depart,  
The world would then be joyous, bright and free,  
Life ecstasy, and labour a delight,  
And each new day a balmy summer dream,  
And each new eve a shining summer night,  
Where music to the raptured ear is borne ;  
Then every struggling ill within my soul  
Would fade away like mists at early morn.

