

## I WOULD WE HAD NOT MET AGAIN.

I would we had not met again!  
 I had a dream of thee,  
 Lovely, though sad, on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea.  
 What though it haunted me by night,  
 And troubled through the day?  
 It touched all earth with spirit-light,  
 It glorified my way!  
 Oh! what shall now my faith restore  
 In holy things and fair?  
 We met—I saw thy soul once more—  
 The world's breath had been there!  
 Yes! it was sad on desert plain,  
 Mournful on midnight sea.  
 Yet would I buy with life again  
 That one deep dream of thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

## HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,  
 While I go wand'ring o'er land and sea;  
 Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,  
 What need I care, so my heart is with thee.

If, in the race, we are destined to run, love,  
 They who have light hearts the happiest be,  
 Then happier still must be they who have none, love,  
 And that will be *my* case when mine is with thee.  
 It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
 I care not how many bright eyes I may see;  
 Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
 I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.  
 And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—  
 For, even should fortune turn true to me,  
 Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,  
 As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee.

Moore.

## I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, when morning springs  
 From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,  
 And like a young bird, lifts her wings  
 Of gladness on the welkin blue;  
 And when, at noon, the breath of love  
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,  
 And sent in music from the grove,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide  
 The evening spreads her robe of light,  
 And, like a young and timid bride,  
 Sits blushing in the arms of night:  
 And, when the moon's sweet crescent springs  
 In light o'er heaven's deep waveless sea,  
 And stars are forth like blessed things,  
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

Prentice.

## LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;  
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,  
 The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;  
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,  
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;  
 And round the shadowy brow of care  
 Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

Mrs. Hemans.

## TO MY SISTER.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train  
 Of those around thy homage pay,  
 But wilt thou never kindly deign  
 To think of him that's far away?  
 Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,  
 For many years I may not see;  
 But wilt thou not sometimes the while,  
 My sister dear, remember me?  
 Remember me, I pray—but not  
 In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
 When every brake hath found its note,  
 And sunshine smiles in every flower;  
 But when the fallen leaf is scar,  
 And withers sadly from the tree,  
 And o'er the ruins of the year  
 Cold autumn weeps, remember me.  
 Remember me—not, I intreat,  
 In scenes of festal week-day joy;  
 For then it were not kind or meet  
 Thy thoughts thy pleasure should alloy:  
 But on the sacred Sabbath day,  
 And, dearest, on thy bended knee,  
 When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,  
 Sweet sister, then remember me.

Everett.

## REMINISCENCES.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,  
 Dear companions of my golden days?  
 Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,  
 Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.  
 Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,  
 Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?  
 Heaven received thee, and on earth none other  
 Can the void in my torn bosom fill.  
 Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness—  
 Love and gladness I no longer see!  
 She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,  
 Nature seems her sepulchre to me.  
 Where am I?—life's current, faintly flowing,  
 Brings the welcome warning of release;  
 Struck with death, ah! whither am I going!  
 All is well—my spirit parts in peace.

Montgomery.

## DEPARTED DAYS.

The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
 Yes, dear departed, cherished days;  
 Could memory's hand restore  
 Your morning light, your evening rays,  
 From Time's gray urn once more,  
 Then might this restless heart be still,  
 This straining eye might close,  
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,  
 While the fair phantoms rose.  
 But like a child in ocean's arms,  
 We strive against the stream,  
 Each moment farther from the shore,  
 Where life's young fountains gleam—  
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
 And wilder rolls the sea;  
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
 Day breaks—and where are we?

Holmes.